

LAKEWOOD

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FADE IN:

AERIAL VIEW

Daybreak. The morning sun peaks above the horizon, spilling tangerine glow across an ocean of pines and fir.

A small TOWN can be seen miles in the distance, nestled in peaceful repose, ensconced by forest and farmland. Uninterrupted stretches of country roads radiating from it.

EXT. MAIN STREET, LAKEWOOD, DELAWARE - MORNING

Modern-day factory and farm town. Quaint, charming, but not entirely bereft of chain stores and restaurants.

VARIOUS SHOTS:

- Hardware store. Coffee stops. Rust-flecked water tower.
- Mom and pop shops, most of them yet to open. A shopkeeper sweeps her doorstep.
- Strip mall with an Olive Garden and a Starbucks, anchored by a Home Depot. American flag being raised on the flagpole.
- The pharmacy. The main intersection. Only a few cars and pickup trucks on the road at this early hour.
- Various homes. First a trailer park, then a plat with middle-class colonials.

INT. SUBURBAN HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - MORNING

ANGLE FROM

under a bed. The bedskirt billowing slightly from a cold, open-window breeze. Silence. Peaceful and eerie all at once.

An ALARM CLOCK sounds from OFF-SCREEN, unmistakable from its unique *chirp* as a cellphone alarm.

It carries on for longer than it should... until it's gently silenced with a practiced tap.

A beat.

Two feet plant onto the floor. Sigh.

INT. SUBURBAN HOME - KITCHEN - MORNING

A beleaguered but quite unbroken WOMAN stands at the island, packing two lunches -- one in a cute lunchbox, the other in a brown bag.

This is AMY CARR.

Forty-two years old. Moored to practicality, stabilized by the quotidian aspects and duties of her life. Her mouth firmly set and almost stern, her eyes tired but intent, betraying an underlying malaise at unprovoked intervals.

She keeps an eye on the time. The daily race.

INT. SUBURBAN HOME - FOYER - MORNING

Amy stands at the front door, waving a small wave outside as we hear a school bus RUMBLE away.

She closes the door.

A beat. Then she casts a contemplative gaze upstairs.

INT. SUBURBAN HOME - NOAH'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Cluttered, clothes strewn about. Cardboard boxes stacked next to a seldom used drawing desk. An apparent indifference.

Footsteps are heard approaching. Amy slowly opens the door.

A teenage boy lies with his back facing the door. Partly dressed in jeans and a black T-shirt. Seemingly how he slept.

This is her son. NOAH.

Amy lingers at the doorway for a moment, certain he's awake, about to say something, but the words die in her mouth.

A beat. She closes the door, leaving him be.

INT. SUBURBAN HOME - KITCHEN - MORNING

Amy's back at the island. The brown bag lunch is all that remains. She empties its contents back into the fridge.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOME - MORNING

Seated on the front steps, dressed in workout clothes, Amy laces-up her running shoes.

SEE her sensible sedan parked in the driveway, as well as a slightly beaten down, white CHEVY SILVERADO pickup truck. Delaware license plates.

Through the Silverado's windows, SEE Amy as she puts in her earbuds and starts off on her run, passing nearby homes in this architecturally homogeneous, middle-class neighborhood.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - MORNING

OVERHEAD VIEW

A winding river of road bisects matching shores of forest. Not a car in sight. But then, a runner. Barely a spec.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - SAME

Now at ground level with Amy. She's reasonably fit, but this isn't exactly easy. She keeps pace along the lonely backroad.

One foot in front of the other. One step at a time.

Silence, save for the sounds of her breaths. Her effort. And the buzz of insects and birdsong. Sunlight dapples the road, slicing through the phantom-like morning haze.

This is a respite. Time to herself. Finding solace in silence.

She wipes her brow at the first sign of sweat. Angles her arm to view her RUN MAP app on her iPhone. Her outlined course is taking her far outside of town. Far from home. And she still has a long way to go.

So she keeps running.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - MORNING

Some time has passed. Amy's finding some of her stride.

The morning sunlight plays at her face. Her footfalls tap the road with a steady, heartbeat-like cadence.

But the quiescence is soon disrupted by her ringing cellphone. She flicks a look at the display: "HEATHER."

Amy thinks twice about answering, but ultimately does.

AMY

Hey.

HEATHER (V.O.)
Out for a run?

AMY
Am I breathing that heavy already?

HEATHER (V.O.)
Ha, no. Bob said he saw you as you
were leaving the neighborhood.

AMY
Yeah, I -- yeah.
(then)
Listen, is it okay if I call you
when I'm done?

HEATHER (V.O.)
I'm on my way to work.

AMY
Okay, then later.

HEATHER (V.O.)
I... I'm just calling to see if
you're alright.

Beat.

AMY
I know.

HEATHER (V.O.)
So you are?
(off Amy's silence)
You're doing (okay)?

AMY
(over)
I'm good. Thank you.

HEATHER (V.O.)
Okay.

AMY
I'll call you later.

HEATHER (V.O.)
One more thing -- sorry.

AMY
I'm not built to do all this at
once.

HEATHER (V.O.)

Yeah, I thought it was that, if you can keep up a conversation while you're running, you're not running fast enough.

AMY

You're dead to me.

HEATHER (V.O.)

I was thinking maybe we all hang out tonight. All the gals. Have some wine, maybe order a pizza.

AMY

Um...

HEATHER (V.O.)

Or no pizza.

AMY

No, I'm trying to get past you referring to us as *the gals*.

HEATHER (V.O.)

You should hear what I call all of you when you're not around.

This elicits a small, welcome smirk. Heather's a good friend.

AMY

Um, I'd have to get a sitter for Emily.

HEATHER (V.O.)

How's she doing?

AMY

She's too young for it to be on her radar.

HEATHER (V.O.)

(sheepishly)

What about Noah?

AMY

Um. Same. Not great.

This is clearly a weighty topic.

HEATHER (V.O.)

I'm sorry.

AMY

...Yeah.

Beat.

HEATHER (V.O.)

Well, maybe Mackenzie can babysit Emily.

AMY

At your house?

HEATHER (V.O.)

Or yours. Or Karen's. Wherever you want.

Amy's just not feeling up to it.

AMY

...Maybe another night.

HEATHER (V.O.)

Okay. I'll see what night works for everyone.

AMY

You mean, *the gals*?

HEATHER (V.O.)

Fuck off. Get back to your run. Ciao.

AMY

Don't say "ciao."

HEATHER (V.O.)

Too bad, I did. Bye.

AMY

Bye.

They mutually end the call.

Amy's small smile fades as she digests the real reason for the call.

But, she carries on, settling back into the peacefulness and solitude of her morning run.

That is -- until a new call comes in, this time from: "WORK"

Her face creases with frustration. She answers.

AMY (CONT'D)
This is Amy.

GREG MINOR (V.O.)
Hey, it's Greg.
(then)
...You alright?

AMY
What do you mean?

GREG MINOR (V.O.)
You sound out of breath.

AMY
Oh. Yeah, I'm jogging.

GREG MINOR (V.O.)
Oh, sorry.

AMY
I'll be back in the office on
Monday.

GREG MINOR (V.O.)
You took the day off?

AMY
Yes.

GREG MINOR (V.O.)
We can do that?

She stops. Getting slightly annoyed.

GREG MINOR (V.O.)
Are you there?

AMY
Yes. I'm here. What is it?

Amy takes the opportunity to catch her breath a bit.

GREG MINOR (V.O.)
Did that S-Corp ever turn in an
amended return?

AMY
It's in the file.

GREG MINOR (V.O.)
I can't find it. You're handling
that audit, (right)?

AMY
(over)
Maybe ask Patricia to help you find it.

GREG MINOR (V.O.)
I can't stand Patricia.

AMY
I know. But she's two seats down from you.

GREG MINOR (V.O.)
And you're running.

Another call comes in. Amy checks the display: "MOM". She sends it to voicemail.

AMY
I'm *trying* to.

GREG MINOR (V.O.)
Right, sorry.

AMY
I'll see you Monday.

GREG MINOR (V.O.)
Okay, bye. Oh -- um...

Amy cuts the call. Gets back to her run.

A moment later, her phone rings. It's her mother calling again, per the iPhone display.

Amy once again sends it to voicemail, but this time after brief debate over answering.

It's not long before the semi-expected follow-up TEXT MESSAGE comes in: "*Why are you avoiding me?*"

Amy sighs. Tries to suppress her need to respond, but ultimately succumbs to a nagging sense of obligation.

She presses the HOME button on her iPhone, conjuring SIRI.

AMY
Text Mom.

SIRI (V.O.)
What do you want to say to: Mom?

AMY
I'm not avoiding you. Out for a
run, a jog--

Frustrated by her fluster, mostly caused by her shortness of
breath, Amy stops the voice-to-text. Restarts the process.

AMY (CONT'D)
Text Mom.

SIRI (V.O.)
What do you want to say to: Mom?

Her efforts at over-annunciation are hampered by panting.

AMY
I'm not avoiding you. I'm jogging.
Will call you back later.

SIRI (V.O.)
Here's your message to: Mom.
(reading back)
"I'm not avoiding you. I'm jumping.
Will call you baking--

Annoyed, Amy ends the message playback. Scraps it altogether.

Goes back to her run.

She takes a quick look at her Run Map. She's closing in on
the halfway point.

She turns on some music.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - MORNING

Music fills Amy's earbuds. Accepting distraction in place of
some unrealistic chance at deliverance. Maybe even starting
to enjoy it some.

But alas, the music fades out when a new call comes in from:
"ROOSEVELT ELEMENTARY." Amy answers without delay.

AMY
Hello?

MISSES FISCHER (V.O.)
Misses Carr, hi, it's Misses
Fischer from Emily's school.

AMY
Hi. Is everything alright?

MISSES FISCHER (V.O.)
Yes, everything's fine. Emily's
here in the office; she asked if
she could speak to you.
(to Emily)
Here you go, sweetie.

EMILY (V.O.)
Hello.

AMY
What is it, honey?

EMILY (V.O.)
I don't have my dinosaur. I wanted
to bring it in for the art show.

AMY
What dinosaur, honey?

EMILY (V.O.)
The one I painted at the pottery
place during Liam's birthday.

AMY
You didn't leave the party with it?

EMILY (V.O.)
They said we had to come back to
pick them up. Remember I said that
to you --

AMY
Right-right-right. Okay, it's fine.
What time's the thing, the art
show?

EMILY (V.O.)
After lunch.

AMY
Alright, I'll pick it up and bring
it by the school before then.

EMILY (V.O.)
Okay.

AMY
It's fine, sweetie. I'll take care
of it.

EMILY (V.O.)
Thank you.

AMY
You're welcome, honey. Go back to
class now, okay?

EMILY (V.O.)
Okay. Love you.

AMY
Love you. Bye.

Amy ends the call without waiting to see whether or not
Misses Fischer wished to speak further.

Wasting no time, Amy presses the button to again summon Siri.

AMY (CONT'D)
Look up "Clayground" in Wilmington,
Delaware.

SIRI (V.O.)
*Here's what I found: Clayground on
North Main Street. Would you like
to call them?*

AMY
Yes.

SIRI (V.O.)
Calling: Clayground.

After a few rings... a pleasant-seeming elderly woman, NORMA
HOWLEY, answers.

NORMA HOWLEY (V.O.)
Thank you for calling Clayground,
this is Norma.

AMY
Norma, hi, my name's Amy Carr. My
daughter Emily was there last week
for a birthday party. I was hoping
I could swing by in a little while
and pick up the pottery she
painted.

NORMA HOWLEY (V.O.)
Yes, of course.

AMY
It's a dinosaur.

NORMA HOWLEY (V.O.)
Do you know what it looked like?

AMY

I think she painted it green.

NORMA HOWLEY (V.O.)

No, sorry, what the dinosaur looked like. We have a few different kinds.

AMY

Oh, the big one, the brontosaurus.

NORMA HOWLEY (V.O.)

The -- What was it called?

AMY

Brontosaurus. The one with...

Amy's distracted when a LAKEWOOD POLICE CAR drives past, heading in the same direction she is. No lights or sirens, but moving quite fast.

NORMA HOWLEY (V.O.)

...Hello?

AMY

Sorry. It's the one with the long neck.

Norma still seems unclear, but nevertheless...

NORMA HOWLEY (V.O.)

I can call the owner and see if she knows what it is.

AMY

It's definitely there. The lady running the party --

NORMA HOWLEY (V.O.)

-- That was the owner. --

AMY

-- Okay. She said she had to put the kids' pottery in the kiln, and that they'd be ready in a few days to pick up.

NORMA HOWLEY (V.O.)

Okay, dear. I'm sure it's here somewhere. It's not the stegosaurus, right? That has a long neck.

AMY
It's not the stegosaurus. My
daughter's name is painted on the
bottom.

NORMA HOWLEY (V.O.)
Emily, you said?

Another call comes in. The display: "MOM."

AMY
(sotto)
Jesus Christ...

NORMA HOWLEY (V.O.)
I'm sorry?

AMY
Sorry, yes, Emily.

NORMA HOWLEY (V.O.)
Okay, dear. We'll find it. Come by
anytime.

AMY
Thank you.

The conversation's over, but Amy stays on the line, debating
whether to answer her mother's call. She brusquely does.

AMY (CONT'D)
I'm jogging.

AMY'S MOTHER (V.O.)
I tried calling you.

AMY
I know, I'm jogging, I said.

AMY'S MOTHER (V.O.)
I know, I heard you.

This conversation's already going nowhere.

AMY
So can we talk later?

AMY'S MOTHER (V.O.)
We're boarding soon.

AMY
I thought you were flying home
tomorrow.

AMY'S MOTHER (V.O.)
No, today. Tomorrow's the
fourteenth.

AMY
...I know.

Beat.

AMY'S MOTHER (V.O.)
We're getting in late; can you pick
up the car for us?

AMY
I'm not driving all the way to the
airport, Mom.

AMY'S MOTHER (V.O.)
No, we had to bring it in for an
inspection. It's at --
(off-phone)
Where is it?
(then)
-- Reliable Auto Body. They'll
charge us a storage fee for each
day we don't pick it (up).

AMY
(over)
Emily has soccer practice at five.

AMY'S MOTHER (V.O.)
It's right down the road from
Noah's school.

AMY
I know where it is.

AMY'S MOTHER (V.O.)
Maybe he can get it after school.

AMY
He's not at school.

AMY'S MOTHER (V.O.)
Is he sick?

AMY
He's -- no, he just stayed home.

AMY'S MOTHER (V.O.)
Again?

Amy sighs. Her baseline concern concealed behind agitation.

AMY'S MOTHER (V.O.)
Why are you breathing like that?

AMY
I told you, I'm running.

AMY'S MOTHER (V.O.)
Have you been sleeping?

AMY
More than this time last year. Much
more than the year before that.

Beat.

AMY'S MOTHER (V.O.)
Maybe you should be home.

And that's when another police car speeds past -- no, make
that two more. This time, STATE POLICE cruisers.

Further down the road, they turn their LIGHTS and SIRENS on.
Pick up their pace even more. Moving with urgency.

Amy watches the police cars, considering them with curious
study. This clearly isn't a common occurrence around here.

AMY'S MOTHER (V.O.)
I just want you to know we're
thinking of you.

This returns Amy from her musing.

AMY
I thought you'd forgot.

AMY'S MOTHER (V.O.)
Of course I didn't forget.
(sincerely)
I love you.

AMY
...I love you too.

Amy checks her phone when another call comes in.

AMY (CONT'D)
Work's calling me.

AMY'S MOTHER (V.O.)
We're starting to board. Okay.
You're getting the car, right?

AMY

Yes.

AMY'S MOTHER (V.O.)

Thank you. Bye, honey.

AMY

Bye.

Amy switches calls.

AMY (CONT'D)

This is Amy.

GREG MINOR (V.O.)

Hey, it's me. We found that amended return.

AMY

That's what you called to tell me?

GREG MINOR (V.O.)

Yeah. I thought you'd want to know.

AMY

(plainly)

I'll be back in the office on Monday, Greg.

GREG MINOR (V.O.)

Okay. ...Maybe we can grab lunch?

AMY

...Sure.

Amy cuts the call. Does her best to refocus on her run.

EXT. LAKESIDE ROAD - DAY

WIDE SHOT

across a shimmering lake. Amy in the distance, jogging. Reduced to near invisibility by the magisterial landscape.

C.J. (V.O.)

Reliable Auto Body.

AMY (V.O.)

Hi, I'm calling to see if my parents' car is ready. It was in for an inspection.

EXT. LAKESIDE ROAD - SAME

Amy keeps a steady pace on the shoreline-hugging road, slowing whenever necessary.

C.J. (V.O.)
What's the last name?

AMY
It'd be under their last name:
Donnelly.

C.J. (V.O.)
Yeah, it's ready. You picking it
up?

AMY
I was hoping to around noon.

C.J. (V.O.)
Um, you might want to wait a
little. The street's blocked off.

AMY
Fountain Road?

C.J. (V.O.)
Yeah, the cops have barricades up.
Guessing there was an accident or
something. Probably some idiot on
their phone.

AMY
...Yeah.

As Amy ponders this, she receives another call: "HEATHER."

AMY (CONT'D)
Okay, I'll be by later.

C.J. (V.O.)
We'll be here.

Amy switches calls. Still a bit preoccupied.

AMY
Hey.

HEATHER (V.O.)
Hey. So, Wednesday seems to work
best for everybody.

AMY
Huh?

HEATHER (V.O.)
For us all to hang out. I forgot
Karen's in Chicago for work, but
she's back on Tuesday.

AMY
Oh. Okay. Hey, did you hear about a
car accident on Fountain Road?

HEATHER (V.O.)
No. Where?

AMY
Near Reliable Auto Body. A guy
there told me the street's blocked
off.

HEATHER (V.O.)
Must be a pretty bad accident.

Amy slows to a stop. Takes a breather.

AMY
Well, he wasn't positive it was an
accident...

A sonorous little *chirp* from Amy's phone draws her attention.
She looks at the display -- it's a schedule reminder: "WALL
GUY - 10AM." She groans.

HEATHER (V.O.)
What?

AMY
Someone's coming to fix my wall at
ten. Totally forgot. Damn it...

HEATHER (V.O.)
I can see if Bob can fix it after
work.

AMY
No, no. It's fine.

HEATHER (V.O.)
What's wrong with it?

AMY
Noah kicked a hole in it last
month.

HEATHER (V.O.)
Oh.

A brief uncomfortable silence. Amy glances at the time on her phone. It's already 8:43 A.M. She sighs her exasperation.

HEATHER (V.O.)
You gonna be okay?

AMY
I'll have to head home now if I'm
going to meet him in time.

HEATHER (V.O.)
I meant... about everything.

Beat.

AMY
Yeah. I'll be fine.

Amy's tenuous tone leaves Heather unconvinced.

HEATHER (V.O.)
Call him and reschedule. Keep
going, finish your run.

AMY
I'm already turning around. Because
everything sucks.

Heather tries again to brighten Amy's mood.

HEATHER (V.O.)
Wednesday night. Wine, pizza,
seldom-fun Karen.

AMY
She sucks, too.

HEATHER (V.O.)
I effing hate her. Alright, I'm
pulling into work, I gotta go.

AMY
Don't say "ciao."

HEATHER (V.O.)
I won't. But only because you have
to cut your run short.

Silence. Amy knows Heather's dying to say it.

AMY
Don't say (it).

HEATHER (V.O.)
 (over)
 Ciao.

AMY
 (tiny smirk)
 Bye.

HEATHER (V.O.)
 Bye.

They end the call.

Amy stares ahead in silence, facing the long road from which she came. After a beat...

...she starts walking back in that direction.

And we stay with her.

Observing her, step by step. Watching as a complex mixture of emotions imprints itself on her countenance.

A quick look at her Run Map reminds us she still has quite a long way to go.

But, still, she carries on. Moment by moment.

One step at a time.

Until --

WOMP!!... WOMP!!... WOMP!!... WOMP!!

An ALARM. Blaring in her ears. She winces, yanks out the earbuds, startled, then looks at her cellphone.

She straightens upon reading a message that's come in:

"THIS IS A CODE RED ALERT FROM THE LAKEWOOD SCHOOL DEPARTMENT. YOU WILL RECEIVE A RECORDED MESSAGE FROM THE SUPERINTENDENT WITH INFORMATION AND INSTRUCTIONS. DO NOT DISREGARD THIS CALL."

Within seconds, and barely before Amy can even digest what she read, the call comes in. She answers immediately, met by a recorded message from the SUPERINTENDENT.

AMY
 Hello?

SUPERINTENDENT (V.O.)
*This is the Lakewood School
 Department.*
 (MORE)

SUPERINTENDENT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
The State Police have issued a Code Red Alert. All Lakewood schools have been placed on lockdown due to an ongoing incident.

Amy's face collapses with horror.

SUPERINTENDENT (V.O.)
Parents are asked to direct all communication to law enforcement officials. The direct line for the Lakewood Police Department will be texted to you, and will remain on all county social media accounts.

A text comes in. It's the direct-line phone number.

SUPERINTENDENT (V.O.)
We ask for your patience and understanding as police deal with this matter. Thank you.

Amy cuts the call in a hurry. Dials the direct-line number. It's busy. She tries again. Still busy.

Still busy.

AMY
 Fuck. Okay.

She thinks. New idea. She pulls up: "ROOSEVELT ELEMENTARY" in her recent calls. Calls them.

Ring... Ring...

AMY (CONT'D)
 Come on-come on...

...Ring... Finally --

MISSES FISCHER (V.O.)
 (distressed)
 Y--hello-he(llo).

AMY
 (over)
 Misses Fischer, this is Amy Carr, Emily's mother. What's going on, what's happening--

MISSES FISCHER (V.O.)
 We're-- we don't know yet. We're finding out--

AMY

The message said you're on lockdown. Is Emily okay? Please tell me (she's okay).

MISSES FISCHER (V.O.)

(over)

She's okay. We're okay. It's not here.

AMY

What? What do--

MISSES FISCHER (V.O.)

Misses Grant said it's the high school --

AMY

-- Who's Misses Grant?

MISSES FISCHER (V.O.)

The art teacher. She has a niece at the high school.

AMY

What did she say?
(off her distraction)
What did she say?

MISSES FISCHER (V.O.)

It's bad. It's bad. There's--
(off-phone)

The second and third graders are all in--

The call ends. Amy wastes little time. Summons Siri.

AMY

Call Noah.

SIRI (V.O.)

Calling: Noah.

It rings... and rings... until finally going to voicemail.

NOAH (V.O.)

What's up, it's Noah.

AMY

Noah, it's me. Something's happening at your school. Call me when you get this.

Amy ends the call. Dials Heather. It goes straight to voicemail.

HEATHER (V.O.)
*Hi, you've reached the cellphone of
 Heather Euclid, Outreach Director
 at--*

Amy cuts the call. Dials Heather back.

This time it rings. After the third ring --

HEATHER (V.O.)
 (panic-stricken)
 Oh my God, oh my God --

AMY
 -- Heather --

HEATHER (V.O.)
 -- Mackenzie's in there --

AMY
 What's--

HEATHER (V.O.)
 --Oh my God--

AMY
 What's happening?

HEATHER (V.O.)
 There's a shooter at the school.
 Somebody's shooting--

AMY
 (sotto)
 Oh God.
 (then)
 Did you talk--

HEATHER (V.O.)
 I'm leaving work now. Bob's on his
 way to the school, too.

AMY
 Did you talk to Mackenzie?

HEATHER (V.O.)
 No. I can't reach her. Oh-my-God-oh-
 my-God.

AMY
I'll try calling her. You focus on
(driving).

HEATHER (V.O.)
(over)
Were you able to reach Noah? Did
you talk to him?

AMY
He's not at school today --

HEATHER (V.O.)
-- No --

AMY
-- He stayed home. --

HEATHER (V.O.)
-- No he didn't.

AMY
What? Yes he did. He was in his
(bedroom)--

HEATHER (V.O.)
(over)
I saw him leave. He had his
backpack.

The color drains from Amy's face.

AMY
...Are-- Are you sure he was--?

HEATHER (V.O.)
--Bob's calling-I have to go.

AMY
-- No, Heather, wait-wait-wait--

Heather cuts the call. Amy redials Noah. This time, it goes
straight to voicemail.

NOAH (V.O.)
What's up, it's Noah.

AMY
Noah, call me back. As soon as you
get this, call me back. Please,
please call me back!

She hangs up. Unsure for a moment what next to do.

Then dialing 911. It's busy at first.

AMY (CONT'D)
No-no-no, come on.

She redials. This time she's met by an AUTOMATED MESSAGE.

911 AUTOMATED MESSAGE (V.O.)
*Our dispatchers are experiencing an
unusually high call volume. Please
remain on hol--*

A 911 dispatcher, DEDRA WILKINSON, answers. Phones ringing like crazy in the background.

DEDRA WILKINSON (V.O.)
9-1-1, what is your emergency?

AMY
My son's a student at Lakewood High
School. There's someone with a gun.

DEDRA WILKINSON (V.O.)
Lakewood P.D. and Delaware State
Police are on the scene now, ma'am.

AMY
I can't reach him -- he's not
picking up.

DEDRA WILKINSON (V.O.)
What's your son's name, ma'am?

AMY
Noah Carr.

DEDRA WILKINSON (V.O.)
Card?

AMY
Carr. Carr, like the vehicle, two
Rs--Have the police said anything?
Is he okay--is my son okay?

DEDRA WILKINSON (V.O.)
I'm having a hard time hearing you,
(ma'am).

Amy pulls the earbuds microphone closer to her mouth.

AMY
(over)
Is my son okay?!

DEDRA WILKINSON (V.O.)
The police aren't releasing any
information right now.
(then)
Your son's a student there?

AMY
Yes, he's--yes. I didn't think he
went today, but my neighbor just
said she saw him.

DEDRA WILKINSON (V.O.)
She saw him go into the school?

AMY
Yes--no, no -- she saw him leave
the house with his backpack. I
can't reach him; his phone's going
straight to voicemail.

DEDRA WILKINSON (V.O.)
The police have set up a staging
area--

AMY
What? I can't hear (you).

DEDRA WILKINSON (V.O.)
(over)
What's your name, ma'am?

AMY
Amy Carr.

DEDRA WILKINSON (V.O.)
Okay, Amy. The police have set up a
staging area at the town library.
Do you know where that is?

AMY
Yes.

DEDRA WILKINSON (V.O.)
Good. The police want all parents
to go there.

AMY
I'm -- I'm not home.

DEDRA WILKINSON (V.O.)
Do you have a vehicle?

AMY
I'm not close to it.

DEDRA WILKINSON (V.O.)
You're not close to--?

AMY
To my house. To my car. I was out
jogging when the alert came in.
(then)
Can the police come get me?

DEDRA WILKINSON (V.O.)
There are no available units. Are
you near the library now?

AMY
No. But...

She takes a quick look at her Run Map app. Swiping across the
digital landscape. Finding the library on the map.

AMY (CONT'D)
...it's closer.

DEDRA WILKINSON (V.O.)
I'm having trouble hearing you,
(ma'am).

AMY
(over)
I'm closer to the library than I am
to my house and my car. But I'm
still not close.

DEDRA WILKINSON (V.O.)
Try getting someone to pick you up
and bring you there.

AMY
Please just tell me if my son is at
the school or not.

DEDRA WILKINSON (V.O.)
I don't have that information. The
school is on--

AMY
--He was home when I left.

DEDRA WILKINSON (V.O.)
-- I understand.

AMY
-- He was still in bed.

DEDRA WILKINSON (V.O.)
 I understand. The school is on lockdown. Find a ride, find someone to bring you to the staging area if you can't get there yourself.

AMY
 Please don't hang up. Please.

Amy's heart-wrenching pleas seem to crack through Dedra's job-required neutrality.

DEDRA WILKINSON (V.O.)
 You can keep calling back. You can ask for me if I don't answer. My name's Dedra Wilkinson. They'll put you through to me if they can. It's Amy, right?

AMY
 Yes, Amy Carr.

DEDRA WILKINSON (V.O.)
 Okay, Amy, try to stay calm. I know it's difficult right now, but try.

AMY
 Okay. Thank you. Okay.

The call ends. Amy calls Heather. It rings and rings...

AMY (CONT'D)
 (sotto)
 Come on, pick up, pick up...

HEATHER (V.O.)
Hi, you've reached the cellphone of Heather Euclid, Outreach Director at the Lakewood YMCA, where Caring, Honor, Respect, and Responsibility are our core values. I'm not available to take your call right now, but if you'll please leave your name, number, and the time you're calling, I'll get back to you as soon as possible. Thank you and have a great day.

Finally: Beep.

AMY
 Heather, I need you to pick me up. I'm still out on-- I don't even know where -- near the turf farms;
 (MORE)

AMY (CONT'D)
I need to get to the staging area.
I can't reach Noah.

She steals a look at her Run Map.

AMY (CONT'D)
Please call me as soon as you get
this.

Amy's faltering. She summons Siri.

AMY (CONT'D)
Call Karen.

SIRI (V.O.)
Calling: Karen.

Karen picks up after two rings.

KAREN (V.O.)
Hey, you're up early.

AMY
I need you to come pick me up. I
need a ride; I'm out by the turf
farms.

KAREN (V.O.)
I'm not home.

AMY
Jesus, Karen, I need you to pick me
up!

KAREN (V.O.)
Amy, I'm not home. I'm still in
Chicago for work. I don't get home
until Tuesday.

Amy reacts, remembering she already knew this.

AMY
You're useless, you're so fucking
useless.

KAREN (V.O.)
(confused)
What-- Why are you--?

Amy cuts the call. She turns around, staring at the
impossibly long road ahead. And then...

She again summons Siri.

AMY
Directions to Lakewood Library.
Fastest route.

SIRI (V.O.)
*Getting directions to: Lakewood
Public Library.*

The route/directions appears on the map, as does the nearly three-mile distance she must travel.

SIRI (V.O.)
*Starting route. Continue straight
for half a mile, then turn left.*

She stares ahead. Steeling herself. Then takes off running.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - MORNING

AERIAL VIEW

of Amy on the long stretch of empty road. Running. Willing her body forward.

LAKEWOOD POLICE (V.O.)
Lakewood Police Department.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - SAME

Amy struggles. Laboring. Her footfalls landing heavy. Scrabbling for an unrestricted breath.

AMY
My son's a student at Lakewood High School.

LAKEWOOD POLICE (V.O.)
What's your son's name, ma'am?

AMY
Noah Carr. C-A-- C-A-R-R. Noah Carr. He's a sophom-- no, a junior.

LAKEWOOD POLICE (V.O.)
We have a staging area set up at--

AMY
Yes, I know-I know-I know.

LAKEWOOD POLICE (V.O.)
You and your husband will be provided more information there.

AMY

There's no-- It's only me, I'm trying to get there.

LAKEWOOD POLICE (V.O.)

Good. Do it as soon as you can.

AMY

No-no, don't hang up --

LAKEWOOD POLICE (V.O.)

Ma'am, I need to keep the phone lines open.

AMY

I don't care. I need you tell me if my son is at the school.

LAKEWOOD POLICE (V.O.)

You said he's a student.

AMY

He's a student, but I don't know for sure he's there today. I thought he stayed home, but my...

Amy livens when, up ahead, she sees -- a CAR heading her way. She waves her arms. Wide. Wider. Crosses more into the road.

AMY (CONT'D)

Hey. Hey!

LAKEWOOD POLICE (V.O.)

Hello...?

The car slows as it nears...

...but then swerves around her and continues down the road.

AMY

No-no, stop! Please, help me!

She gets back to her phone call, only to find --

AMY (CONT'D)

Hello. ...Hello?

-- the police have ended the call.

There's little time to dwell on it. Amy gets back on the run. Fear stealing over her. Heart hurrying in her chest.

Still in motion, determined, she again summons Siri.

AMY (CONT'D)
Call Noah.

SIRI (V.O.)
Calling: Noah.

Straight to voicemail.

NOAH (V.O.)
What's up, this is Noah.

Amy's about to leave another message, but instead acts upon a new idea. She pulls up her UBER app.

CLOSE ON

her phone display. There are very few Ubers around. The closest one is five minutes away. Amy sends for it.

But now, she has to wait for it to show up. This means, she has to stop running.

Which is agonizing.

She pulls up a local NEWS STATION on her phone. Tunes into a REPORTER's live broadcast --

REPORTER (V.O.)
...have the main building surrounded, but as you can see, there are still police coming in and out of it. Details remain unclear, but we're hearing unconfirmed reports of multiple victims.

Her face clouds with dread.

REPORTER (V.O.)
Possibly as many as ten. The extent of their injuries remains unknown at this point.

The news report throws back to the DESK REPORTER.

DESK REPORTER (V.O.)
Truly awful news. We'll keep you updated here at Channel Five as more information--

A call comes in. Amy answers without delay.

AMY
Hello--who's this?

It's the HANDYMAN. He sounds a bit annoyed.

HANDYMAN (V.O.)
I'm here to fix your wall. I'm at
the front door.

AMY
I have to go, I can't talk.

HANDYMAN (V.O.)
You said ten o'clock, right?

AMY
There's been an emergency. I--
(struck by a thought)
Is there a white pickup truck in my
driveway?

HANDYMAN (V.O.)
No. Just a car.

Amy's eyes cramp with despair. She hangs up. Thinks. Problem-solving. Calls back --

C.J. (V.O.)
Reliable Auto Body, this is C.J.

AMY
This is Amy Carr, I think you
answered when I called before.

C.J. (V.O.)
Yeah-yeah, right. Hey.

AMY
The car accident you said you saw --

C.J. (V.O.)
Yeah, it's not an accident.

AMY
I know, I know. Listen, my son is a
student at the high school.

C.J. (V.O.)
Oh. ...Oh.

AMY
I need you to do something for me
Please.

C.J. (V.O.)
...Uh-kay.

AMY

What do you see outside? What's happening?

C.J. (V.O.)

Still the same. Cops have the street blocked off.

AMY

Okay. Okay-okay, I need you to get as close as they'll let you get to the school.

C.J. (V.O.)

I can't leave, I'm working.

AMY

Please. I'm begging you.

C.J. (V.O.)

Um...

AMY

I need to know if my son's there.

C.J. (V.O.)

They're not gonna let me in the school.

AMY

You don't have to go in the school. You don't have--

Amy flames out. Takes a breath. Raw in her fight to hold it together.

AMY (CONT'D)

Do you have kids?

C.J. (V.O.)

I have a son. Chaz.

AMY

Chaz.

C.J. (V.O.)

Yeah. He's nuts. I call him "The Chazmanian Devil."

AMY

Well, imagine if you were unsure if Chaz were in that school right now and someone could find out for you by looking to see whether his car was in the parking lot or not.

C.J. (V.O.)

He's only three.

AMY

My son was three once, too. Now he's seventeen, but he's still my--

(beat, refocusing)

Get as close as they'll let you, and tell me if you see a white pickup truck. A Silverado, a Chevy Silverado. The license plate is... seven, three...

(struggling to remember)

...six-something. But seven, three, six are the first numbers. It would be parked in the student lot, out front.

C.J. hesitates.

AMY (CONT'D)

Please. I'm absolutely begging you.

His better angels prevail.

C.J. (V.O.)

Okay. Alright. I'll call you back once I'm there.

AMY

Thank you. Thank you.

Amy hangs up. Checks the status of her Uber. It's somehow still five minutes away.

AMY (CONT'D)

Shit...

She tries Noah again. Straight to voicemail.

NOAH (V.O.)

What's up, this is Noah.

This time Amy waits in silence after the beep. As if she has so much to say she doesn't even know where to start.

She finally hangs up, without as much as a word.

Changing gears, she calls Heather.

Heather answers. Frantic. Muffled, chaotic noise the b.g.

HEATHER (V.O.)
Hello? Hello?

AMY
Heather, it's me.

HEATHER (V.O.)
Amy?

AMY
Yeah, it's (me).

HEATHER (V.O.)
(over)
We're here, we're at the library.

AMY
What are they saying?

HEATHER (V.O.)
Nothing yet. Just to wait.
(then)
Did you reach Mackenzie? She still
won't answer. Did you reach her?

AMY
(confused)
...What?

HEATHER (V.O.)
You said you were going to call
her. Did you talk to her?

AMY
Oh. I-- I didn't, no.

HEATHER (V.O.)
(off-phone)
She couldn't reach her either. I
don't know, Bob, I don't know!

AMY
Heather? Heather! I need you to
pick me up.

HEATHER (V.O.)
I'm at the staging area.

AMY
 I know, I need to get there. I'm
 still --
 (checks Map app)
 -- three miles away. (Jesus...)

HEATHER (V.O.)
 (over)
 I can't. I can't leave, not until I
 know Mackenzie's okay.

AMY
 Ask Bob if he--

Heather murmurs off-phone. Other voices in the b.g. as well.

HEATHER (V.O.)
 They're saying something...

AMY
 What are they saying? What are th--

HEATHER (V.O.)
 I've gotta go--

Heather cuts the call.

AMY
 No-no, don't hang--

Amy checks on the Uber. Now only four minutes away.

AMY (CONT'D)
 (sotto)
 Come on...

Then she calls back 911. After three maddening rings --

911 AUTOMATED MESSAGE (V.O.)
*Our dispatchers are experiencing an
 unusually high call volume. Please
 remain on hold for our next
 available representative.*

The hold time is filled by silence and metronomic beeps.
 Until the same automated message repeats shortly thereafter --

911 AUTOMATED MESSAGE (V.O.)
*Our dispatchers are experiencing an
 unusually high call volume. Please
 remain on hold for our next
 available representative.*

Precious time being wasted.

While on hold, Amy gets a call back from: "UNAVAILABLE."

She debates, not wanting to lose her spot in the 911 queue --
-- but then answers.

AMY
Hello? Hello?

It's difficult to make out who's calling. Noise in the b.g.
Jumbled voices, sirens.

C.J. (V.O.)
Hey, it's C.J.

AMY
Hello? I can't-- Who is (this)?

C.J. (V.O.)
(over)
It's C.J. From Reliable Auto Body.

AMY
Are you there? Are you at the
(school)?

C.J. (V.O.)
(over)
I'm at the barriers. I can see the
parking lot.

AMY
Did you see the truck? My son's--

C.J. (V.O.)
Yeah, it's here. White Silverado.

AMY
And you're positive it's--

C.J. (V.O.)
Yeah, yeah. Delaware plates. Seven,
three, six, two, two, six -- I'm
looking at it right now.

Though not entirely unexpected, this nevertheless hits Amy
like a punch to the gut.

She takes a second, collects herself.

AMY
Okay. Okay. Stay there.

C.J. (V.O.)

-- What?

AMY

-- Stay near the school. See if you can find out anything.

C.J. (V.O.)

Lady, I gotta get back to work.

AMY

Please. I'm trying to get there. Just-- please. Please. Just for a little longer. Let me know if you hear anyone say the name Noah Carr. Or, or if you see --

This is hard. The tears come. Her voice frays.

AMY (CONT'D)

-- if you see a boy, a teenage boy with brown hair...

C.J. sighs. Acquiescing.

C.J. (V.O.)

I'll wait. I'll stay. Go do what you need to do. I'm here.

The call ends. Amy realizes --

AMY

Shit.

-- she still has 911 on hold. She swaps back to that call.

911 AUTOMATED MESSAGE (V.O.)

-- *call volume. Please remain on hold for our next available representative.*

Amy sways a little. Dizzy. Breaths turning shallow.

911 AUTOMATED MESSAGE (V.O.)

We are experiencing unusually high call--

Someone finally answers.

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)

9-1-1, what is your emergency?

AMY

My son's at Lakewood High School.

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)
Police are on the scene, ma'am.

AMY
I know, I-- There was the lady, the
other dispatcher -- Dedra. She said
to ask for her.

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)
She's a 9-1-1 dispatcher?

AMY
Yes, Dedra Wilkins--Wilkinson. She
said she'd take my call.

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)
...Um, okay, lemme...
(indecipherable off-phone)
Okay, I'm patching you through.

Ring-Click.

DEDRA WILKINSON (V.O.)
Misses Carr.

AMY
Yes, it's--thank you. My son's at
the school.

DEDRA WILKINSON (V.O.)
Are you on your way to the staging
area?

AMY
I'm trying -- I need to be there. I--
Noting Amy's clipped, somewhat garbled speech --

DEDRA WILKINSON (V.O.)
Are you feeling okay?

AMY
Yeah. No. I feel dizzy. I'm --

DEDRA WILKINSON (V.O.)
Do you have a medical condition?

AMY
No, no. I'm just-- no.

DEDRA WILKINSON (V.O.)
What's your location?

AMY

I can't-- I can't catch my breath.

DEDRA WILKINSON (V.O.)

I understand. Do you know your location?

AMY

I don't--

(checks Map app)

Hillcrest... Road? Hillcrest Road.

DEDRA WILKINSON (V.O.)

Do you feel like you might pass out?

AMY

...I don't know. Maybe. Did you talk to my son?

DEDRA WILKINSON (V.O.)

Stay where you are. We'll try to get an EMT unit out to you. It might take -- a while.

AMY

I called an Uber. It's...

Checking her Uber app, Amy's gripped with worry and anger in equal measure.

AMY (CONT'D)

What, no. Fuck, fuck!

DEDRA WILKINSON (V.O.)

-- Misses Carr? --

AMY

-- How is he fifteen minutes away now? He was just-- Why is this happening?

Amy's breaking down. Getting dizzy, more disoriented.

DEDRA WILKINSON (V.O.)

Stay where you are, Amy.

AMY

I can't.

DEDRA WILKINSON (V.O.)

If you feel like you're going to pass out, you should stay where you are.

AMY
I need to know my son's okay.

DEDRA WILKINSON (V.O.)
Can you call the Uber driver?

AMY
Yeah-- yeah.

DEDRA WILKINSON (V.O.)
Okay. Call him. You're doing great.
Just try to stay calm, focus on
your breathing. Deep breaths in and
out. Okay? I'm with you.

AMY
Thank you.

DEDRA WILKINSON (V.O.)
Okay.

The call ends.

Every fiber of Amy's being wants to keep moving, but she
summons colossal restraint. Remains where she is.

PRE-LAP: The purring ring of an outgoing phone call.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Amy continues to wait on the side of the road. Each second
feels like an eternity.

The UBER DRIVER answers the call.

UBER DRIVER (V.O.)
Hello.

AMY
Is this the Uber driver?

UBER DRIVER (V.O.)
Yeah. Is this Amy?

AMY
Yeah-yeah. How close are you?

UBER DRIVER (V.O.)
Um, like twenty minutes away.

AMY
(sotto)
Oh God...

Amy trembles. Anxious.

UBER DRIVER (V.O.)
I'm really sorry. Traffic's backed
up; some streets are blocked off.

Concern cinching tighter, Amy regards the daunting,
uninterrupted stretch of road before her.

AMY
I can't -- I can't wait here.

UBER DRIVER (V.O.)
Where should I pick you up?

AMY
I can't--

She kills the call. Starts running again.

Willing herself forward. Fighting for every step.

Moments later, another call comes in. From: "UNAVAILABLE."

AMY (CONT'D)
Hello?

C.J. (V.O.)
It's C.J.

AMY
What's happening? Did you see him?

C.J. (V.O.)
No, but--

AMY
-- Did they say something?

C.J. (V.O.)
No, but they took his truck.

Beat. Amy's brow furrows.

AMY
...What?

C.J. (V.O.)
Yeah, a bunch of cops started
looking through his truck, inside
the cab, and now they just towed
it.

AMY
Why?

C.J. (V.O.)
I dunno.

This gives Amy a fair amount of pause.

AMY
Is, um -- is there anyone you can ask?

C.J. (V.O.)
Ah, not really. The cops are all behind the barricades.

Amy hears something behind her. Turns. Sees a CAR in the distance, heading her way. She tries flagging it down.

AMY
...Hang on. Hang on--hang--
(to car)
Hey! Stop, please. Help!

The MALE DRIVER passes by --

AMY (CONT'D)
No, please, stop!

-- but then slows to a stop just up the road. Doesn't quite pull over to the shoulder. Clearly skeptical about this.

Amy hurries over. The Male Driver lowers his passenger side window only halfway.

MALE DRIVER
Is everything okay?

AMY
No. I need a ride. Please. My son...

MALE DRIVER
-- Um...

AMY
My son's-- He's at the school --
I'm --

Amy tries the door. It's locked.

MALE DRIVER
Whoa--hey --

AMY

I can't -- I can't keep running. I -
- I don't feel good.

MALE DRIVER

Do you need me to call 9-1-1?

AMY

No. Yes-- no, I need a ride.

Amy pulls on the door handle again. Desperate to get in.

MALE DRIVER

What are--? Stop.

AMY

I need a ride. Please. Open the
door --

MALE DRIVER

-- Don't --

AMY

Open the door! There was a
shooting. I have to get there.

This context-free mention of a shooting all but eliminates
the Male Driver's willingness to help.

MALE DRIVER

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

He starts to put up the window...

AMY

No, please --

...then inches the car away. Amy stumbles alongside,
pleading.

MALE DRIVER

-- I'm sorry --

AMY

-- No, wait, no!

She keeps yanking on the door handle. Harder. Frenzied.

MALE DRIVER

Lady, let go of my car. Let go! I'm
sorry, I can't --

AMY
-- No-no-no-no --

MALE DRIVER
-- Let go.

With that, the Male Driver pulls free and speeds ahead, leaving Amy alone in the middle of the road.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Amy lumbers down the road. Her skin pale. The daytime sun burning her glassy eyes. Dazing her. Dehydrating her.

A call comes in. She doesn't bother -- or perhaps have the wherewithal -- to check who it is before answering.

AMY
...Hello?

DEDRA WILKINSON (V.O.)
Misses Carr, it's Dedra Wilkinson.
How are you feeling?

AMY
(weakly)
...I don't know.

Beat.

DEDRA WILKINSON (V.O.)
I have Detective Paulson from the
State Police on the line.

Amy stops dead. What little color remained in face, drains.

AMY
Oh God...

She's met by the authoritative, if occasionally contemptuous, voice of DETECTIVE PAULSON.

DETECTIVE PAULSON (V.O.)
Misses Carr.

AMY
Yes?

DETECTIVE PAULSON (V.O.)
I have a few questions about your
son Noah.

Amy's face is frozen in a rictus of fear. Fraught silence.

DEDRA WILKINSON (V.O.)

Amy?

AMY

Is he...?

DETECTIVE PAULSON (V.O.)

He's -- still inside the school.

AMY

What does that mean?

(off his silence)

What does that (mean?!)

DETECTIVE PAULSON (V.O.)

(over)

I need to know if--

AMY

--Is my son alive?!

DETECTIVE PAULSON (V.O.)

Yes.

Amy uncoils with relief.

DETECTIVE PAULSON (V.O.)

I need to know if you keep any
firearms in your house?

AMY

What? Why are you--?

DETECTIVE PAULSON (V.O.)

I need you to answer the question,
ma'am.

AMY

His father -- there are a few
hunting rifles.

DETECTIVE PAULSON (V.O.)

Does your son have access to them?

Despite her shock and physical debilitation, Amy senses --
and fears -- where this might be going.

AMY

...I think so--Why are you asking
me these questions?

DETECTIVE PAULSON (V.O.)

Has Noah received any packages
recently?

AMY

What-- Packages from where?

DETECTIVE PAULSON (V.O.)

Has he ordered anything from a gun retailer?

AMY

I want to know if my son's okay.

DETECTIVE PAULSON (V.O.)

Has he ordered anything -- ammunition...?

AMY

No. Not that I know of.

DETECTIVE PAULSON (V.O.)

Does he take any prescription medication?

Amy's visage warps. Sharp, stifled sobs escape her.

DEDRA WILKINSON (V.O.)

Amy, please answer the detective's questions.

DETECTIVE PAULSON (V.O.)

The more information we have --

AMY

Lexipro. Just -- just 10 milligrams.

DETECTIVE PAULSON (V.O.)

How has his mood been lately? Has he--

AMY

He's been--

DETECTIVE PAULSON (V.O.)

--Go ahead.

AMY

He's been... upset.

DETECTIVE PAULSON (V.O.)

That's a recent development?

Long beat.

AMY

Since two years ago.

DETECTIVE PAULSON (V.O.)
Did he ever say why?

Things start to slow down for Amy. Her gaze thickens.

AMY
His father -- my husband -- passed
away, two years ago.

DETECTIVE PAULSON (V.O.)
On this *exact day*?

AMY
...Tomorrow.
(pause)
In a car accident. We were driving.
(long beat)
I was driving.

A clattering landslip of grief silently tumbles from Amy's
shoulders to her knees.

DETECTIVE PAULSON (V.O.)
We're going to need you to come
down here.

AMY
Please tell me what I've done.

DETECTIVE PAULSON (V.O.)
(confused)
What you've...?

Beat.

DETECTIVE PAULSON (V.O.)
Stay where you are. We're going to
send a car out to bring you here.

Long beat.

DEDRA WILKINSON (V.O.)
Thank you, Detective.

Silence on the line.

DEDRA WILKINSON (V.O.)
He hung up.

Amy is reduced to rubble.

DEDRA WILKINSON (V.O.)
I can pray with you, if you'd like.

A long pause... then Amy quietly ends the call.

She stands in silence. Weak, wan. Barely hanging on.

Her addled gaze crosses to a nearby OPEN FIELD, where the tall, sun-kissed grass beckoningly bends and sways.

EXT. OPEN FIELD - MOMENTS LATER

Amy wanders further afield. Stops, slowly lowers herself to the ground. Sits. Waits. Glassy-eyed. Disoriented.

She closes her eyes. A warming bath of sunlight on her face. A gentle breeze glides across the field.

During this protracted, silent escape... her cellphone rings.

After several more rings, she finally answers. Numb.

AMY

Hello?

NORMA HOWLEY (V.O.)

Hi, this is Norma from Clayground.

(off Amy's silence)

Hello?

AMY

...I'm here.

But Amy's barely there.

NORMA HOWLEY (V.O.)

Oh good. Hi. I wanted to let you know I found your daughter's dinosaur.

AMY

Thank you.

NORMA HOWLEY (V.O.)

I kept looking for the kind you said, the brontosaurus. I called the owner; she said she didn't know what that was either. So then, finally, I looked on the computer, on the internet, to see what the heck was going on. And so, it turns out there's no such dinosaur as a brontosaurus.

(then)

(MORE)

NORMA HOWLEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Here, I'll read you what it--
 "Brontosaurus finally met its end
 in the 1970s when researchers
 determined a skull found in a
 quarry in 1910 was actually the
 skull of an apatosaurus." And
 that's what we have here:
 apatosaurus. T-Rex and others, too.
 Stegosaurus. But the one with the
 long neck is an apatosaurus. That's
 why I couldn't find your daughter's
 project. But, we have it now.
 Crisis averted, as they say. It's
 here if you still want to pick it
 up.

Amy doesn't react at first. The information slowly seeping
 through the cracks. Until a chortle forces through...

Then laughter. Her emotional system overloaded. Now laughing
 harder.

NORMA HOWLEY (V.O.)

Are you okay, dear?

AMY

No.

NORMA HOWLEY (V.O.)

It's nothing to be embarrassed
 about.

AMY

It is. It's embarrassing. It's
 embarrassing, it's... sickening,
 it's-- To be that wrong about
 something. To spend your life
 thinking you know something, only
 to find out in a single phone call
 you didn't know it at all. That
 what you knew it as wasn't even
 real, and that it was actually
 something else -- the entire time.
 That it was capable of something so--
 (beat)

And you had no idea. Except, except
 maybe you did. The way he blamed
 me. The way I blamed him. And the
 question of whether I did all I
 could for him. And how that
 question was answered today. In a
 phone call.

A beat.

NORMA HOWLEY (V.O.)
 I -- I didn't mean to upset you.
 I'm sorry if--

The phone drops from Amy's hand after she cuts the call.

She breaks down in tears, crying her heart out.

In time... her crying abates by degrees as disbelief and guilt lay claim to her.

She regards her cellphone, lying in the tall grass. Serving as a memento of the unvarying responsibility of parenthood.

A long beat... then she reclaims the phone. Dials her son. Swaying. Dazed. Barely clinging to consciousness.

NOAH (V.O.)
What's up, this is Noah.

Beep.

AMY
 Noah. It's your mom.
 (long pause)
 Noah, the police... the police--
 They think something awful. I don't
 want to believe them, honey. But,
 um, I can't stop shaking, because --
 because I don't know. I don't know
 if I should. Or, or if I'm a
 fucking horrible human being for
 even thinking they're right. For
 even *considering* it. But...
 (sighs, surrendering)
 Noah, if you're hearing this. If
 you're alive. If you're doing what
 they say you're doing. Please stop.
 Please turn yourself in. Please.
 Don't do this anymore.

She lowers the phone without hanging up, the message never actually reaching a conclusion.

Sunlight invades her vision. Blurring it. She squints and flutters as all the world slows...

...and then falls away.

FADE TO:

EXT. OPEN FIELD - DAY

CLOSE ON

Amy's cellphone, lying on the grass. It rings and rings.
"LAKEWOOD POLICE DEPT." on the display.

THEN FIND

Amy lying face-down in the grass. Unconscious. Awkwardly
postured. The ringing phone failing to rouse her.

WIDER ANGLE

to reveal a POLICE CAR on the road, inching along. Searching
for Amy, it would seem. But the tall grass keeps her out of
sight, despite only being about fifty feet away.

The ringing stops when the call finally goes to voicemail.

The police car pulls away...

...ushering in silence, save for the serene, thin breeze.

A long moment after, Amy finally awakens. Slowly. Her
faculties restoring in degrees.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Amy steps out of the open field, back onto the road. Still
getting her bearings.

She looks in the direction she'd previously been heading,
which ultimately would have brought her to the library...

...then looks in the other direction, back in the direction
from which she came.

A long, indecisive beat.

Then she starts back in the other direction.

VARIOUS SHOTS of her walking. Shell-shocked.

Amy's slow walk home continues, aware that the concept of
"home" itself is, once again in her lifetime, shatteringly
different.

The perfect weather, the evocative greens surrounding her --
all juxtaposed against her unyielding grief.

But Amy's oblivious to it all.

Which is why she scarcely even notices when her phone rings. It rings all the way through to voicemail.

No reaction whatsoever from Amy. Thousand-yard stare.

Seconds later, the phone rings again. So close to the first call it no doubt is from the same caller.

After several rings, she's finally reeled in from the doldrums. She answers.

AMY

Hello?

Commotion in the b.g. of the call. Urgent voices, sirens.

C.J. (V.O.)

It's C.J. again. Listen, there's something happening here. I don't know what's going on, but the cops are searching more cars.

AMY

Why?

Amy slows to a stop. Given pause.

C.J. (V.O.)

I dunno, but they're doing it. I see -- one... two.... three -- four, they're searching four more cars. They've got the dogs sniffing them, too, just like with your son's pickup.

This gets Amy's mental gears grinding again.

C.J. (V.O.)

The tow trucks are back, too.

The diffuse pieces of a thought begin to cohere in Amy's tax auditor, data-processing mind.

C.J. (V.O.)

But listen, I gotta go, I gotta get back to work.

AMY

Alright. ...Okay...
(something strikes her)
Wait-wait -- C.J.?

C.J. (V.O.)

Yeah.

AMY

Where are those cars parked? The ones they're towing.

C.J. (V.O.)

They're all in that same parking lot.

AMY

The student lot?

Amy turns around. Starts walking. Picking up her pace. Once again heading in the direction of the library.

C.J. (V.O.)

Yeah, I guess.

AMY

Can you see their license plates?

C.J. (V.O.)

No, they're too far away.

AMY

What about when the tow trucks bring them out? Will they pass by where you're standing?

C.J. (V.O.)

I gotta get back to (work).

AMY

(over)

I know-I know. When you get back there, you can run those plates, right? As an inspection station, you can look up who those cars are registered to. Right?

C.J. (V.O.)

...Well, yeah, but --

AMY

Please, C.J. I'm really fucking desperate here.

Beat.

C.J. (V.O.)

...Yeah, okay.

AMY

Thank you.

C.J. (V.O.)
I'll call you once I'm back at the shop.

AMY
Thank you.

With that, Amy picks up her pace. A spark of hope restored.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

WIDE SHOT

of Amy once again on the run.

PRE-LAP: the ring of an outgoing call.

HEATHER (PRE-LAP)
Hello?

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - SAME

Amy's stride is steady, her breathing nearing control.

AMY
Heather, where are you?

HEATHER (V.O.)
We're on our way to the hospital.

AMY
Oh God, is Mackenzie--?

HEATHER (V.O.)
No-no, she's okay. She was on the other side of the school when it happened. She hurt her arm; she fell when -- when she was running.

AMY
Did you talk to her?

HEATHER (V.O.)
For a minute, on the phone.

AMY
Did she say anything about Noah?

HEATHER (V.O.)
No -- I don't know.

AMY
No or you don't know?

HEATHER (V.O.)
I don't know, Amy! She was crying
her fucking head off!

Amy sees that she has another call coming in.

AMY
Call me if you hear anything.
Please.

HEATHER (V.O.)
I w--

Amy switches over.

AMY
C.J.? ...Is that you? Hello?

The call ends after brief, oddly muffled silence.

Without checking to see who just called, Amy immediately
presses the button to summon Siri.

AMY (CONT'D)
Call 9-1-1.

SIRI (V.O.)
Calling: 9-1-1.

After one ring --

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)
9-1-1, please hold.

AMY
No-no--

She's placed on hold. But two seconds later --

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)
9-1-1, what is your emergency?

AMY
I need to speak with Dedra
Wilkinson.

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)
This is 9-1-1. What is your
emergency?

AMY

Put me through to Dedra. She said
to put me through to her.

The 911 Operator murmurs something off-phone. Then --

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)

I'll transfer you.

Amy's put back on hold. Dedra answers a moment later.

DEDRA WILKINSON (V.O.)

Misses Carr?

AMY

I'm here. They're towing--

Amy receives another call. She flicks a look at who's
calling. Her eyes widen with shock --

It's Noah! She stops dead.

AMY (CONT'D)

Oh my God, it's him, he's calling.

DEDRA WILKINSON (V.O.)

Who's (calling)?

AMY

(over)

My son, he's--

Amy swaps calls (doesn't hang up).

AMY (CONT'D)

Oh my God, Noah!

The odd, muffled background noise suggests it was him who
called moments ago.

NOAH (V.O.)

(hushed)

...Mom?

AMY

Noah, I'm here, I'm here! Are you
okay? What's happening?

NOAH (V.O.)

(terrified, quiet)

He's here-- I--

The call dies. Amy's world crashes.

AMY
Noah? Noah?!

Amy immediately tries him back. Straight to voicemail.

NOAH (V.O.)
What's up, it's Noah.

Beep.

AMY
What happened? Call me back!
Please! Call me back!

Amy hangs up, redials Noah.

NOAH (V.O.)
What's up, it's No--

She ends the call. Panic rising. A new call comes in.

AMY
Hello-hello?

DEDRA WILKINSON (V.O.)
Misses Carr, it's Dedra Wilkinson
again.

Amy's back on the move.

AMY
I just spoke to him -- I just spoke
to my son.

DEDRA WILKINSON (V.O.)
Okay, what did he say (to you)?

AMY
(over)
He -- he sounded scared. He said:
"He's here" or -- or "He's coming."

DEDRA WILKINSON (V.O.)
Did he say who?

AMY
It was "He's here." Oh my God.

DEDRA WILKINSON (V.O.)
I have Detective Paulson on the
line again.

AMY
What the hell's happening?!

DETECTIVE PAULSON (V.O.)
Misses Carr.

AMY
Did my son do this? He sounded
scared? He said someone was
(there).

DETECTIVE PAULSON (V.O.)
(over)
Misses Carr, I need you to listen
to me.

Amy takes the directive. She stops running.

DETECTIVE PAULSON (V.O.)
Your son is not the shooter.

Relief washes over Amy like a breaking wave. But then --

AMY
Then -- then why did you ask me all
those things? Why would you make me
(think that)?

DETECTIVE PAULSON (V.O.)
(over)
But -- he is still inside the
school.

AMY
Then get him out!

DETECTIVE PAULSON (V.O.)
We're working on that right now.

AMY
You -- you got other kids out. My
friend's daughter's out. Why could
you get other kids out --

DEDRA WILKINSON (V.O.)
-- Misses Carr, please --

AMY
-- but not my son?

DETECTIVE PAULSON (V.O.)
Your son -- Noah -- is...

Detective Paulson sighs. Resigns to a hard new reality.

DETECTIVE PAULSON (V.O.)
There are five people barricaded in
an interior classroom. Your son is
one of them. Our Crisis Negotiation
Team is in contact with the
suspect.

This hits Amy like a punch to the gut.

DETECTIVE PAULSON (V.O.)
Time is our greatest ally in a
situation like this, so the longer
we can maintain contact with the
suspect, the better our chances
this will all work out the way we
want it to.

AMY
Who is he?

DETECTIVE PAULSON (V.O.)
I'm not at liberty to say.

AMY
Have you spoken to him?

DETECTIVE PAULSON (V.O.)
Our Lead Negotiator has.

AMY
I want to talk to him.

DETECTIVE PAULSON (V.O.)
That's not --

AMY
-- He has my son. I want to talk to
him. --

DETECTIVE PAULSON (V.O.)
-- I understand, but this is a law
enforcement matter--

AMY
Then tell him not to hurt my son.
Please. Tell him...

Amy falters. Emotionally runs aground.

DEDRA WILKINSON (V.O.)
Amy, I know it's hard right now,
but--

AMY
Why did you search his truck?

DEDRA WILKINSON (V.O.)
I'm sorry?

AMY
I'm talking to the detective. You
searched and towed Noah's truck.

DETECTIVE PAULSON (V.O.)
We hadn't determined the suspect's
identity at that point.

AMY
You towed four other cars, too.

DETECTIVE PAULSON (V.O.)
How do you know that?

AMY
Because I do.
(right to)
Is he a student?

DETECTIVE PAULSON (V.O.)
I can't release that information
(right now).

AMY
(over)
You can tell me that much. Please.
At least let me think my son has a
fighting chance if it's another
student.

Beat.

DETECTIVE PAULSON (V.O.)
It's not a student.

Amy takes the hit. Does her best to roll with it.

DETECTIVE PAULSON (V.O.)
Contact us right away if your son
tries to call you back.

This redirects Amy's train of thought.

AMY
I need to call him.

DETECTIVE PAULSON (V.O.)
 No. Do not call him. I said, if he
 calls y--

Click. Amy's already dialing Noah. Straight to voicemail.

NOAH (V.O.)
What's up, this is--

She cuts the call. Texts him: "*CALL ME!!*" Presses SEND, tucks away her iPhone, and gets back on the run.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Amy forces herself forward. Resolved to be there for her son.

G.P.S. VOICE (V.O.)
In two hundred feet, turn right.

A quick glance at her Map app shows her finally getting closer to the library.

But, then a change comes over her. *This isn't good enough.*

Without stopping, she summons Siri.

AMY
 New directions.

SIRI (V.O.)
*Ending directions to Lakewood
 Public Library.
 (then)
 Where would you like directions to?*

AMY
 Lakewood High School. Fastest
 route.

SIRI (V.O.)
*Getting directions to: Lakewood
 High School.*

MOMENTS LATER

Still on the run. The phone rings. An incoming call.

AMY
 Hello?

C.J. (V.O.)
 It's C.J. I ran those plates.

AMY

You -- what did--?

C.J. (V.O.)

You want the VINs...? What?

AMY

No, no. The owners -- the names of who owns the cars.

C.J. (V.O.)

Yeah, I got the names. Their addresses, too. I gotta do this quick. The first one's--

AMY

No, no, text it to me. I don't have a pen.

C.J. (V.O.)

Alright, okay. I'll screenshot it.

AMY

Thank you. Thank you for (everything).

C.J. (V.O.)

(over)

Yeah, sure.

AMY

And take care of The Chazmanian Devil. Take good care of him.

C.J. (V.O.)

Okay, yeah. I hope everything turns out alright.

Amy cuts the call. Immediately calls Heather.

HEATHER (V.O.)

You've reached the cellphone of Heather Euclid, Outreach Dir--

AMY

Damn it, Heather, pick up.

Amy redials. This time it rings. After two rings --

HEATHER (V.O.)

Amy.

AMY

Yeah, are you at the (hospital?)

HEATHER (V.O.)
(over)
Yeah-yeah, we're here.

AMY
Are you with Mackenzie?

HEATHER (V.O.)
Yeah, she's here. How's Noah?

AMY
He's still inside the school.

HEATHER (V.O.)
What?!

AMY
Just listen --

HEATHER (V.O.)
Oh my God, is he...

AMY
Put Mackenzie on the phone.

HEATHER (V.O.)
She's still in a lot of pain.

The text comes in from C.J. Amy quickly opens it, sees the screenshot of C.J.'s computer screen. Registration info.

AMY
Just put her on! Or-or put the
phone on speaker.

HEATHER (V.O.)
Um, hang--
(then on speaker)
Okay.

AMY
Mackenzie, honey. Can you hear me?

MACKENZIE (V.O.)
Yes.

AMY
Okay. I need you to tell me if you
know any of the four people whose
names I'm about to say.

MACKENZIE (V.O.)
...Okay.

AMY
 The first one's...
 (looking at screenshot)
 "Tyler Wilkes." Do you know Tyler?
 He drives a -- a Nissan (Sentra).

MACKENZIE (V.O.)
 (over)
 He's in my homeroom.

AMY
 Okay. Okay, what about "Dawn
 Flores?"

MACKENZIE (V.O.)
 I don't know her.

AMY
 But does she go to your school?

MACKENZIE (V.O.)
 I think so. I think she's a senior.

AMY
 So she's old enough to drive.

MACKENZIE (V.O.)
 Yeah.

AMY
 Okay, what about --

HEATHER (V.O.)
 -- Amy, what are you doing? --

AMY
 Stop, Heather. Please.
 (right back to)
 What about "Gabriel Fallon," or --
 or Gabe Fallon?

MACKENZIE (V.O.)
 ...No.

AMY
 He doesn't go to the high school?

HEATHER (V.O.)
 (to Mackenzie)
 That's Dakota's dad.
 (to Amy)
 Gabe is Dakota Fallon's father. He
 runs the rec league.

AMY

Does Dakota drive a black Honda Civic?

MACKENZIE (V.O.)

Yeah.

AMY

Alright, so it's registered to-- okay.

(then, lastly)

What about "Robert Ellis?"

Silence.

AMY (CONT'D)

Do you know a student named --

MACKENZIE (V.O.)

Sorry, I was thinking. No.

AMY

Not at all? I don't just mean someone your friends with.

MACKENZIE (V.O.)

No.

AMY

No one with that last name at all? Even with a different first name?

MACKENZIE (V.O.)

No.

HEATHER (V.O.)

She said no, (Amy).

AMY

(over)

What about a teacher? Or, or a custodian?

MACKENZIE (V.O.)

No.

AMY

You're positive?

MACKENZIE (V.O.)

Yeah. I do the yearbook.

AMY
 You do the yearbook. So you know
 all the-- Okay--alright --

Amy cuts the call. Her body moving fast, her mind moving faster.

She immediately summons Siri.

AMY (CONT'D)
 Call work.

SIRI (V.O.)
Calling: Work.

The purring ring of an outgoing call.

RECORDED GREETING (V.O.)
*Thank you for calling the Delaware
 State Division of Taxation. If you
 know your party's extension, pl--*

Amy punches in an easily remembered extension.

TRANSFER RECORDING (V.O.)
Transferring to:

GREG MINOR (V.O.)
Greg Minor.

Ring.

GREG MINOR (V.O.)
 Hi, this is Greg.

AMY
 Greg, it's Amy.

GREG MINOR (V.O.)
 Oh. Hey.

AMY
 Call me right back on your
 cellphone.

GREG MINOR (V.O.)
 Ah, wh--

AMY
 Right now. Call me right back.

She kills the call. Still running. Seconds later, a call comes in.

AMY (CONT'D)

Greg?

GREG MINOR (V.O.)

Yeah.

AMY

I need you to look something up for me on the internal drives.

GREG MINOR (V.O.)

Uh-kay. An audit you're handling?

AMY

No-no-no, it's not an audit. It's not an audit.

(laying it on the line)

I need information on someone.

Greg's suspicious. This isn't a normal request, apparently.

GREG MINOR (V.O.)

What are you talking about, Amy?

AMY

I need you to pull up someone's state returns. Robert --

(looking at screenshot)

-- Robert John Ellis. 415 Lauriston Street, Apartment 9, in Milsboro.

GREG MINOR (V.O.)

Okay -- but why am I pulling his *returns*?

AMY

I need the phone number listed for him on it.

GREG MINOR (V.O.)

...That's illegal, Amy.

AMY

I know-I know, that's why I asked you to call me on your cellphone; I didn't want to get you in trouble. Please, Greg. This is extremely important.

Another call comes in. Amy checks, doesn't recognize the number. She's unsure about whether to swap calls.

AMY (CONT'D)

Shit.

(then)

Please, Greg.

Beat.

GREG MINOR (V.O.)

...Yeah, okay. I'm getting it now.

Typing and mouse clicks heard in the b.g.

AMY

Thank you.

GREG MINOR (V.O.)

Alright, here he is: Robert John Ellis. Milford, Delaware. Age forty-two. He filed Single, no dependents. ...Oh.

AMY

What?

GREG MINOR (V.O.)

Well, there's eight months of underreported SSDI.

AMY

Is there a cellphone listed for him?

GREG MINOR (V.O.)

Assuming it's still valid. (302) 159-2218.

Amy pulls up the NOTES on her phone. Types along with Greg.

AMY

3...0...2...

GREG MINOR (V.O.)

...159.

AMY

1... 5--

Another call comes in, taking over the iPhone display. She's torn over whether to swap calls.

AMY (CONT'D)

Shit.

She decides to send that call to voicemail.

AMY (CONT'D)
Okay. 1, 5...?

GREG MINOR (V.O.)
9.

AMY
9.

GREG MINOR (V.O.)
2218.

Amy catches up. Finishes.

AMY
Thank you-I've gotta go-thank you.

GREG MINOR (V.O.)
Is everything okay?

The phone rings again. From the same number that just called.

AMY
I'm trying.

She swaps calls. Unsure who's calling.

AMY (CONT'D)
Hello? Hello?

UBER DRIVER (V.O.)
Yeah, hey, it's the Uber driver.

AMY
I'm on the road, I can't talk.

UBER DRIVER (V.O.)
I've been driving around--

AMY
I'm gone, I'm already on the road.

UBER DRIVER (V.O.)
Um, wait -- is that you?

AMY
What, yeah, this is Amy. I can't wait for you.

UBER DRIVER (V.O.)
No, I mean in the gray sweatshirt.
Is that you?

Huh?? Amy turns around, looks. Stunned to see --

-- her Uber, two hundred feet down the road, pulled over.
She starts in its direction...

AMY
That's you?

Now gaining more speed...

UBER DRIVER (V.O.)
Yeah, in the silver Camry.

And now full-on running for the car.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

The Uber speeds down the road, passing through more populated areas than we've been in thus far.

INT. UBER - SAME

Amy in the backseat, keying in a phone number on her cellphone. The Uber Driver steals a quick look back at her.

Amy vacillates between Robert Ellis's phone number -- which she previously typed in her Notes -- and the phone keypad.

Her fingers slow as she's nearly finished keying-in Robert's phone number. As if finally realizing she has no idea what she's going to say, should her son's captor actually answer.

Her finger hovers over the SEND button...

She finally presses it. Puts the phone to her ear (no more earbuds).

It rings. More than once. The line's not disconnected. Nor is she being sent to voicemail. Amy steels herself. This is actually happening.

Finally -- someone on the other end answers, evidenced by the faint, nondescript noise in the b.g. But they say nothing.

AMY
...Hello? ...Is someone there?
(long beat)
Robert?

The shuffling noise in the background abruptly stops.

AMY (CONT'D)
...Is this Robert Ellis?

Long pause. Then we finally hear ROBERT ELLIS.

ROBERT ELLIS (V.O.)
Who are you?

His voice is disarming. Cracked, frightened. Paranoid.

AMY
I'm Amy. I'm... I hoped we could
talk.

ROBERT ELLIS (V.O.)
...Do... do you have a star?

AMY
(perplexed)
...a -- ?

ROBERT ELLIS (V.O.)
I see them. I know. I've always
known.

Beat.

AMY
Robert, I need to know my son's
okay. Please.

The Uber Driver flicks a glance in the rearview mirror.

AMY (CONT'D)
His name is Noah. He's there with
you. He has brown hair. Just like
his father. He's a good boy. He's a
good kid. They're all good kids.
They're all... kids.

Long silence...

Click.

AMY (CONT'D)
Shit. Shit...

She dials him back. But it goes to voicemail.

DEFAULT GREETING (V.O.)
*We're sorry, the mailbox is full.
Please try your call again later.*

She fast-texts Noah: "ARE YOU OKAY???"

Bated breath as she awaits a reply.

Her heart excites with anticipation when text bubbles appear, indicating that Noah is typing...

But then... they disappear. Her heart sinks.

EXT. COUNRTY ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

The Uber speeds down the road. RAINCLOUDS form overhead.

PRE-LAP: The ring of an outgoing call. Right to voicemail.

 DEFAULT GREETING (V.O.)
 We're sorry, the mailbox is full.
 Please try--

INT. UBER - SAME

Amy kills the call in the middle of the greeting. As she starts dialing Robert again, a call comes in --

-- this time from: "NO CALLER I.D."

Amy answers. Presses the phone to her ear.

 AMY
 Hel(lo)?

 DETECTIVE PAULSON (V.O.)
 (all over her)
 How did you get his number?!

 AMY
 I --

 DETECTIVE PAULSON (V.O.)
 I told you, our Crisis Negotiation
 Team was in contact with him. I
 told you that!

 AMY
 I didn't do anything.

 DETECTIVE PAULSON (V.O.)
 We have his phone controlled; we
 heard you talking to him.

 AMY
 He has my son.

DETECTIVE PAULSON (V.O.)
That's right, and now the
likelihood of him getting out this
safely just got--
(takes a breath)
The suspect's cut off all contact
with us.

AMY
...Because -- ?

DETECTIVE PAULSON (V.O.)
How do you know his number?

Amy demurs.

DETECTIVE PAULSON (V.O.)
Do you know him?

AMY
No.

DETECTIVE PAULSON (V.O.)
Then how did you know his name?
None of that information's been
made public yet.

AMY
I found it.

DETECTIVE PAULSON (V.O.)
How?

AMY
I just did. Does that matter right
now?

DETECTIVE PAULSON (V.O.)
It does if you're assisting him in
any way.

AMY
You heard me talking to him. Did it
sound like I was *assisting* him?
Maybe if you were doing more to get
my son out of there, I wouldn't
have to--

DETECTIVE PAULSON (V.O.)
You've made the situation worse,
Misses Carr. I don't know how else
to put it.

This hits Amy like a sledgehammer.

DETECTIVE PAULSON (V.O.)
(long beat)
Are you still on your way to the
staging area?

AMY
...Yes. No.

DETECTIVE PAULSON (V.O.)
-- Where are--

AMY
I'm not going to the staging area.
I'm going to the school.

DETECTIVE PAULSON (V.O.)
There's nothing you can do there.

AMY
I have to be there for my son.

DETECTIVE PAULSON (V.O.)
You won't be allowed on the
premises.

AMY
Then I'll get as close as I can!

Beat.

DETECTIVE PAULSON (V.O.)
Get to the staging area, not the
school. As soon as possible.

He bluntly ends the call, leaving Amy in his wake.

She sits in silence for a long beat -- then loses it. POUNDS
HER FISTS against the back of the passenger seat.

But only for a moment. She pulls it together.

Hanging on by a thread.

EXT. TOWN ROAD - DAY

The Uber courses through a more populated area.

A distant clap of thunder, followed by light rainfall.

INT. UBER - DAY

Wipers swat rain from the windshield. Then --

CLOSE ON

the Uber Driver's map. The high school is only a mile away.

IN THE BACKSEAT

Amy has Noah's contact page up on her phone. The default photo of him, around age twelve. Her husband and their daughter also in the photo.

Smiles. Happiness.

The LOW BATTERY warning appears on the screen. "20% REMAINING." Amy swipes away the warning. Closes the home screen. Leans back in her seat.

But... it's impossible for her to sit idly. She dials 911. Unhurried this time. Seeking a mental lifeline.

DEDRA WILKINSON (V.O.)
9-1-1, what is your emergency?

Amy is quietly coming apart at the seams.

AMY
Can I speak with Dedra Wilkinson?

DEDRA WILKINSON (V.O.)
This is-- Misses Carr?

AMY
Is this -- ?

DEDRA WILKINSON (V.O.)
Yes, hello, it's me, it's Dedra.

AMY
Hi.

DEDRA WILKINSON (V.O.)
How are you holding up, Amy?

AMY
Not good.

DEDRA WILKINSON (V.O.)
I understand. Are you still on the road?

AMY
Um-hm. But, I'm in a car now.

DEDRA WILKINSON (V.O.)
Good.

Rainfall taps against the car. Quiet and calm. An unsettling sense of surrender and inevitability.

AMY

I didn't want to be alone.

DEDRA WILKINSON (V.O.)

I understand. I'm here.

AMY

How can this be happening?

DEDRA WILKINSON (V.O.)

You just have to stay strong,
Misses Carr.

AMY

And -- and of all --

DEDRA WILKINSON (V.O.)

You have to stay strong.

AMY

But I'm not.

DEDRA WILKINSON (V.O.)

Yes you are. You're doing
everything you should be doing
right now for your son.

Amy's voice wavers. Her eyes brim with tears. A mask of self-possession being lowered, revealing undue shame.

AMY

I'm holding on by a thread.

DEDRA WILKINSON (V.O.)

No, you're doing great.

AMY

I've been holding on by a thread
for two years. I don't know if
everyone sees it if or nobody does,
but I've *barely* been holding on.

(long beat)

He shouldn't be there right now. He
should have stayed home...

DEDRA WILKINSON (V.O.)

But that's not what happened, and
that's nobody's fault.

AMY

It's mine. He probably went to -- to prove he could handle it. To show me, "See, Mom, you overbearing-- I don't still need the therapy, or the medication, or the fucking lectures that always end up in a fight. See? I can deal with this on my own; I don't need you telling me, or controlling, how I'm supposed to be dealing with it. And piling your grief on me because that's the only way you can deal with it."

Long beat. Dedra lowers her own mask.

DEDRA WILKINSON (V.O.)

Misses Carr, I don't ever tell people to ask for me when they call. To be honest, I'm probably gonna get catch some shit for it once this is all over. But...

(beat, then)

I've been doing this for twenty-three years. I've dealt with all sorts of situations. A lot of really awful ones. First-hand. But today -- there's never been a day like today. I have children. They're grown now, but I have children. What's going on -- what you're going through -- I can't even begin to *imagine* what that feels like.

Amy wipes away tears with her shirtsleeve.

DEDRA WILKINSON (V.O.)

It's not easy. It's never easy. We're all hanging on by a thread. That's the road. And every day, we wake up with no idea what's right around the bend. But, I'm here with you on it. And, I'm praying for you.

AMY

Thank you.

DEDRA WILKINSON (V.O.)

You're welcome.

(long beat, then)

Now, how close are you?

Amy looks up at the Uber Driver's cellphone-mounted G.P.S.

AMY

About another mile. But we're
starting to hit a little traff--

Amy stops when a call comes in. Checks the phone display.

DEDRA WILKINSON (V.O.)

Are you there?

AMY

I think the detective's calling me
again.

DEDRA WILKINSON (V.O.)

Take it.

Amy hesitates. Paralyzed. But, Dedra's emphatic.

DEDRA WILKINSON (V.O.)

Misses Carr, if the police are
calling, you need to answer.

AMY

I'm afraid.

DEDRA WILKINSON (V.O.)

-- Misses Carr --

AMY

What if he's calling to tell me
Noah's...? Oh God.

(then)

Can you stay on the line? I want
you to stay with me. Please.

DEDRA WILKINSON (V.O.)

Yes, I'll stay on the line. Now,
please, answer the call.

AMY

Alright. Okay. I'm --

Amy answers the call.

AMY (CONT'D)

Hello?

DETECTIVE PAULSON (V.O.)

Misses Carr.

AMY
Don't. Not yet. Please -- don't say
anything yet.

Amy readies herself. Adds Dedra to the call.

AMY (CONT'D)
Dedra?

DEDRA WILKINSON (V.O.)
I'm here.

DETECTIVE PAULSON (V.O.)
Who's that?

DEDRA WILKINSON (V.O.)
It's Dedra Wilkinson, Detective.
I'm the 9-1-1 dispatcher you spoke
with (before).

AMY
(over, categorically)
I want her on the line.
(long breath)
Okay.

DETECTIVE PAULSON (V.O.)
We haven't been able to reestablish
contact with the suspect.

AMY
So -- so, what does that-- Is my
son okay?

Beat.

DETECTIVE PAULSON (V.O.)
We don't know.

Amy tenses. Her hands start to tremble.

DETECTIVE PAULSON (V.O.)
I have Sergeant Brandt from our CNT
unit on the line.

Amy's met by the verbal equanimity of SERGEANT BRANDT.
Female. Twenty years on the job. Sympathetic but decisive.

SERGEANT BRANDT (V.O.)
Misses Carr.

AMY
Yes...?

SERGEANT BRANDT (V.O.)
As Detective Paulson stated, the
suspect's stopped communicating
with our negotiators. That puts us
at a distinct disadvantage in a
situation like this. It's critical
that we reestablish that
communication.

AMY
...Okay.

Sergeant Brandt treads lighter. Proceeding delicately toward
something.

SERGEANT BRANDT (V.O.)
You were able to make contact with
the suspect --

Amy begins to figure out where this is heading.

AMY
No.

DETECTIVE PAULSON (V.O.)
-- Misses Carr --

AMY
No. This can't-- I already made
things worse, you said.

DETECTIVE PAULSON (V.O.)
The situation's changed.

SERGEANT BRANDT (V.O.)
Misses Carr, this is not something
we're asking lightly. Under almost
no circumstances would we normally
allow anyone other than our
negotiators to speak with a
suspect.

AMY
But that's what you're asking me to
do right now.

DETECTIVE PAULSON (V.O.)
Before, you said you wanted to talk
to him --

SERGEANT BRANDT (V.O.)
Detective.

Detective Paulson yields. It's clear Brandt holds primacy.

AMY
I know... I know.

SERGEANT BRANDT (V.O.)
It's your choice.

Amy's mind swims with indecision.

AMY
What if I say something wrong?

SERGEANT BRANDT (V.O.)
You won't. We're going to tell you--

AMY
I could say something that makes
him--

SERGEANT BRANDT (V.O.)
-- We're going to guide you through
all of it. We'll tell you what to
say.

AMY
How? You're not here.

SERGEANT BRANDT (V.O.)
We can be on the line with you. Do
you have access to (another--)

AMY
(over)
Why can't you just call him from my
phone?

SERGEANT BRANDT (V.O.)
It's not just the phone number the
call's coming from; the suspect is
refusing to speak with us.

Crushing silence but for the sound of tapping rainfall.

SERGEANT BRANDT (V.O.)
We're not asking you to play
negotiator. All we need is enough
information to determine the status
of the situation in that classroom;
that will inform our next course of
action. You won't need to say much;
you shouldn't say much.

DETECTIVE PAULSON (V.O.)
Let him do most of the talking.

SERGEANT BRANDT (V.O.)
 Yes, and keep him talking. Time is
 our friend here. We'll text you a
 short list of things to say. But,
 first, we need to reestablish
 contact.

AMY
 I can't.

DEDRA WILKINSON (V.O.)
 Yes you can, Amy. You can do
 (this).

AMY
 (over)
 No, that's not-- He stopped
 answering.

DETECTIVE PAULSON (V.O.)
 No he didn't. --

AMY
 -- Listen to me. Please. I called
 him back; he sent my call to
 voicemail.

DETECTIVE PAULSON (V.O.)
 I told you, we controlled his
 phone. We can listen-in on his
 conversations--

AMY
 Fine, but I can't reach him!

DETECTIVE PAULSON (V.O.)
 -- and -- we can also block
 incoming and outgoing calls. We
 sent your calls to his voicemail;
 not him.

Amy's overcome. Her mind reeling. Her heart breaking.

AMY
 Why is he doing this?

SERGEANT BRANDT (V.O.)
 There doesn't appear to be a
 motive. Not in the traditional
 sense.

AMY
 This is just -- random?

SERGEANT BRANDT (V.O.)
It appears so.

Amy labors for a scintilla of rationale. Something. Anything.

AMY
What stars...? What was he talking
(about)?

DETECTIVE PAULSON (V.O.)
(over)
He thinks the stars on houses are--
(stops, sighs)
Those big, decorative stars -- the
kind some people have on the
outside of their house?

AMY
...Yeah?

DETECTIVE PAULSON (V.O.)
He's convinced they're signals.
That they're a secret way of
communicating to each other that
they're part of the same...
organization, secret group.

AMY
What...?

SERGEANT BRANDT (V.O.)
The suspect's mentally ill, Misses
Carr.

AMY
But -- but, we don't have one of
those stars on our house.

DETECTIVE PAULSON (V.O.)
That doesn't matter. None of that
stuff actually matters.

SERGEANT BRANDT (V.O.)
Misses Carr, your son's safety --
and his classmates' safety -- is
our chief concern right now.

AMY
(coming undone)
But you don't even know if they're
still alive.

DEDRA WILKINSON (V.O.)
It's okay, Amy, you're okay.

The conversation's reached a crossroads. Everyone hates that any of this is happening -- but it is.

DETECTIVE PAULSON (V.O.)
 Either we're doing this or we're
 not. And if we are, we have to
 right now.

Amy's face is a canvas of crushing self-doubt.

SERGEANT BRANDT (V.O.)
 Do you have access to a second
 phone line, Misses Carr?

At first, Amy is about to say, "No," but then realizes that she actually does: the Uber driver's phone.

Doubt abrades by inches as Amy's resolve begins to resurface.

EXT. TOWN ROAD - DAY

AERIAL VIEW

of the Uber on the road, under rainfall. Busier, more cars passing. Beginning to encounter a traffic slowdown.

PRE-LAP: The ring of an outgoing call.

INT. UBER - SAME

CLOSE ON

two cellphones, positioned next to each other. One is Amy's phone, the other is the Uber Driver's.

The Uber Driver's phone maintains an ongoing call. The thin earbuds cord stretches from it to Amy's ears.

Amy's phone is set to speakerphone. Still ringing the phone number she tracked down for Robert Ellis.

Ring... Ring... Ring...

AMY
 He's not picking up.

Sergeant Brandt responds on the Uber Driver's phone, via Amy's earbuds.

SERGEANT BRANDT (V.O.)
 He might have put down his phone.
 Don't hang up.

Ring... Ring... Ring... Ri--

ROBERT ELLIS (V.O.)
...Hello?

Robert answers on Amy's phone, set to speakerphone.

Amy swallows hard. Suffers from a poverty of words.

ROBERT ELLIS (V.O.)
Hello?

SERGEANT BRANDT (V.O.)
Misses Carr.

ROBERT ELLIS (V.O.)
Are you there?

AMY
Yes. ...Yes, I'm here.

Sergeant Brandt surreptitiously coaches Amy (through her earbuds), none of which Robert Ellis can hear.

SERGEANT BRANDT (V.O.)
Okay. Good. Stick to your notes.

Amy's eyes dip down to her cellphone. On it, see that she has pulled up the TEXT MESSAGE ostensibly sent by Sergeant Brandt. Terse, specific, scripted sentences.

Amy asks the first scripted line --

AMY
Are... are you okay?

ROBERT ELLIS (V.O.)
Yes.

AMY
Is everybody else?

ROBERT ELLIS (V.O.)
...Yes.

AMY
Is my son okay?

DETECTIVE PAULSON (V.O.)
Stick to--

SERGEANT BRANDT (V.O.)
(to Detective Paulson)
Sh-shh.

AMY
His name is Noah.

Beat.

ROBERT ELLIS (V.O.)
Yes.

SERGEANT BRANDT (V.O.)
See if he'll ask Noah a question
for you.

AMY
Can you ask him something for me?
Please?

SERGEANT BRANDT (V.O.)
Ask something the suspect wouldn't
know the answer to, but Noah would.

Amy thinks for a moment.

AMY
Can you ask him...

SERGEANT BRANDT (V.O.)
Something specific. His favorite
color, a pet's name...

AMY
Can you ask him...

DEDRA WILKINSON (V.O.)
Amy...?

Amy bends under the weight of her guilt. Then... it starts to
break her.

AMY
Can you tell him, I'm sorry?

SERGEANT BRANDT (V.O.)
Misses Carr --

Robert Ellis doesn't respond. Amy loses more charge of her
emotions. Struggles to repress her swelling rage.

AMY
I want to talk to my son. Can --
put me on speakerphone. I'd like to
talk to him.

SERGEANT BRANDT (V.O.)
Easy. Do not challenge him.

The Uber becomes ensnared in traffic. Red BRAKE LIGHTS, from the cars ahead, glow amorphously through the rivulets of rain streaking the windshield.

An excruciatingly long silence.

Robert Ellis finally puts his own phone on speaker, changing the prevailing soundscape.

AMY

Noah...?

Nerve-shredding silence. Until...

NOAH (V.O.)

...Mom?

Relief crests over Amy. But she has to keep it together.

Sergeant Brandt instantly relays this information to the Crisis Response Team, off-phone --

SERGEANT BRANDT (V.O.)

(quiet, into walkie)

Proof of life confirmed. Hostage
One: Carr, Noah.

AMY

Yes, honey. I'm here. I'm here.

(beat)

Are you... are you okay?

NOAH (V.O.)

...Yes.

The vehicle thrums with tension.

AMY

Is everyone okay?

(off Noah's silence)

Noah, is everyone --?

NOAH (V.O.)

Um... um, not everyone.

A pall drapes over the phone call. This is game-changing.

SERGEANT BRANDT (V.O.)

(hushed, into walkie)

Victims reported. Possible
casualties. Have EMTs on immediate
standby.

(to Amy)

(MORE)

SERGEANT BRANDT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Keep the suspect busy--keep him
talking.

(into walkie)
I need the tactical unit in
position. Now.

AMY
Um... ah...

DETECTIVE PAULSON (V.O.)
Ask him -- ask about the stars.

AMY
Can you tell me about the stars,
Robert?

ROBERT ELLIS (V.O.)
They're everywhere. I've seen them.
Have you seen them?

Amy's profoundly unsure how she should answer. Endeavoring to
avoid landmines.

AMY
...Have I?

SERGEANT BRANDT (V.O.)
Yes. Tell him you have.

Beat.

AMY
Yes. I've seen them.

ROBERT ELLIS (V.O.)
They're signs.

AMY
...Okay. ...Signs of what?

ROBERT ELLIS (V.O.)
They think I don't know. It's them -
- the Five Points. They don't think
I know. I've always known. I've
always--
(off-phone, hostile)
Get back -- get--!!

Commotion erupts on the phone.

AMY
What's happening? --

SERGEANT BRANDT (V.O.)
(into walkie)
-- We have activity. Get SWAT in
there! --

AMY
-- Noah? Noah?!

The burst of chaos stops. Almost as abruptly as it started.

ROBERT ELLIS (V.O.)
They keep moving. I told them, no
moving.

AMY
Noah? Are you there? Noah?

NOAH (V.O.)
(sobbing)
Yes.

AMY
I'm here, honey. I love you. I love
you.

NOAH (V.O.)
I love you too.

AMY
I love you. I'm so sorry. I'm so
sorry.

ROBERT ELLIS (V.O.)
Stop talking!

SERGEANT BRANDT (V.O.)
SWAT's twenty seconds out. Keep him
talking. Just twenty more seconds.

Amy's alarmed by this, rightly fearing the possibility of
calamity.

AMY
(to Sergeant Brandt)
What are they going to do?

ROBERT ELLIS (V.O.)
(angry, suspicious)
Who are you talking to?

AMY
No one.

ROBERT ELLIS (V.O.)
What are who gonna do?

AMY
Nothing, nobody.

SERGEANT BRANDT (V.O.)
Fifteen seconds...

AMY
Okay. Okay, um, Robert, are you there?

ROBERT ELLIS (V.O.)
Yes.

AMY
Can you, ah, can you tell me more about -- about...

ROBERT ELLIS (V.O.)
No.

Unnerving, steely silence from Robert.

ROBERT ELLIS (V.O.)
I need to finish.

Amy blanches. The earth crumbles beneath her feet.

AMY
No -- No-no-(no).

ROBERT ELLIS (V.O.)
(over)
I need it to stop.

SERGEANT BRANDT (V.O.)
Ten seconds --

Movement on Robert's end of the phone -- the STUDENT HOSTAGES reacting to something. Then cellphone-muffled voices.

AMY
No, please, Robert, no!
(then)
Noah?!

Everything happening fast now. Chaos rising.

AMY (CONT'D)
They don't know about the stars, Robert. They're just kids. They have nothing to do with --

SERGEANT BRANDT (V.O.)

(over)

-- Don't antagonize him. SWAT's in the hallway right now! --

AMY

-- what you think is happening!

DEDRA WILKINSON (V.O.)

Amy, listen to the officers.

ROBERT ELLIS (V.O.)

The Five Points are watching. They'll know when it's over.

AMY

Robert, please! Noah!

NOAH (V.O.)

Mom!

DETECTIVE PAULSON (V.O.)

-- Misses Carr! --

AMY

Please don't do this. There's no conspiracy. No secret covenants --

SERGEANT BRANDT (V.O.)

(into walkie)

Get SWAT in there now!!

SMASH!! SMASH!! Against the classroom door. Bedlam erupting.

ROBERT ELLIS (V.O.)

Stay back! Stay--!

AMY

(over)

They're stars, plastic stars -- you buy them at *Home Goods*, for fuck's sake! They're not signals! Please!

SMASH!! Twenty riotous voices bleeding into one.

AMY (CONT'D)

Noah! Noah!!

Then -- GUNSHOTS.

AMY (CONT'D)

Noah!!!

Robert's phone goes dead.

Amy is stunned to silence. But then -- she's rushed with panic. She WHIPS open the car door, BURSTS outside --

EXT. FOUNTAIN STREET - CONTINUOUS

-- and RACES past the logjam of vehicles. Pelted by rainfall. A maelstrom of emotions. The world nearly reduced to silence.

Running. Running. Running. No phone, no earbuds. No more conversation. Stopping for nothing.

The uncertainty killing her. But her resolve undiminished.

Passing by cars. Homes. Storefronts. Citizens.

Lakewood a fever-dream blur. An American town torn asunder.

But then --

Reaching an impasse. The first set of POLICE BARRICADES.

Amy gapes ahead -- craning to see -- tracing along the length barricade. Refusing to stop. Refusing to not be there.

No delay -- she changes course -- trying to circumvent the barricade -- proceeding with dispatch.

Now rounding a store -- racing through a narrow ALLEY. Lashed by rainfall. Finally emerging --

-- on a less locked-down section of Fountain Street. The High School now visible up ahead. State and local police vehicles, SWAT van on the scene.

Amy bombing down the street -- legs on fire -- faster-faster! -- the devastating uncertainty -- getting closer now -- closer!

Threading between umbrella-carrying ONLOOKERS. Collective shock and heartache. Tears mixing with rain.

And then finally -- getting as close as she can.

Pushing through the crowd -- bellying-up to the barricade, hands white-knuckled on it -- held back by a POLICE OFFICER when she tries to push through.

AMY

Noah!! ... Noah!!!

The high school seen in the distance. Too far. She's screaming into the void. Her face twisting with anguish.

INT. LAKEWOOD LIBRARY - EVENING

The STAGING AREA. A grim yet orderly affair. Lakewood P.D. and Delaware State Police, volunteer staff. And a small number of worry-stricken PARENTS and GRANDPARENTS.

CAMERA FINDS

Amy, seated alone amidst rows of empty folding chairs. Catatonic. Waiting at the foothills of a mountain of grief.

V.O. MONTAGE

Overlapping VOICE-OVER, initiated by the Beep of Amy's voicemail --

AMY (V.O.)

Hi, you've reached Amy Carr, please leave a message.

AMY'S MOTHER (V.O.)

Oh my God, Amy! Oh my God! We just landed and found out what's happened! Is Noah alright?! Are you with him? Please call me right away! --

HEATHER (V.O.)

-- We're still at the hospital. Did you get to the staging area? --

GREG MINOR (V.O.)

-- It's Greg. I just heard-- people just told me your son goes to school there. I hope he's okay. I hope you're okay. --

NEWS REPORTER (V.O.)

...authorities are expected to hold a press conference within the hour. Meanwhile, residents of Lakewood are calling on state and local leaders to finally address the need for stricter background checks on the sale of semi-automatic rifles...

Amy's head raises when she ostensibly hears something...

A flash-flood of relief and unbridled joy when she sees --

-- Noah. Alive and unharmed.

Amy leaps from her chair. Races to him.

Sergeant Brandt, who is among the State Police Officers who brought Noah, watches as Noah runs to meet his mother.

Amy and Noah collapse into each other's arms, cry into each other's shoulders. Overcome. Overwhelmed. Returning from the benthic depths of fear, guilt, and sorrow.

INT. UNMARKED POLICE CAR - EVENING

Sergeant Brandt drives. Amy and Noah sit together in the backseat (as passengers, not arrestees).

Outside the car, a POLICE OFFICER moves aside a barricade to allow the vehicle's egress from the library parking lot.

The police car pulls away from the scene. As it does, hear Norma Howley's voicemail in VOICE-OVER.

NORMA HOWLEY (V.O.)

Misses Carr, hi, it's Norma Howley, from Clayground. We're going to be closing in a few minutes, so I just wanted to see if you still planned on coming by. If not, that's okay, we'll be here tomorrow.

Amy and Noah both stare ahead, yet to fully shed their shock.

NORMA HOWLEY (V.O.)

Oh, and -- well, I thought a lot since we last spoke, about what you said. You seemed really upset. Anyway, I thought you might like to know I looked up that dinosaur again, on the internet, and it turns out it is a dinosaur after all. It was, then it wasn't, and now it is again. It's-- Here, I'll read it: "Decades after scientists decided that the famed dinosaur never actually existed, new research says the opposite. The original Apatosaurus and Brontosaurus fossils appear different enough to belong to separate groups."

Amy regards her son. Lovingly brushes back his bangs. His brown hair. Just like his father's.

NORMA HOWLEY (V.O.)

So, you did know after all. It was exactly what you thought it was.

He was indeed.

NORMA HOWLEY (V.O.)
Be well, dear.

AERIAL VIEW

of the car, coursing the river of road below, then CAMERA
turning to face the gloaming of the evening sky.

FADE OUT.

THE END