

run.

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for mom

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SOMEWHERE IN A HOSPITAL

It's life or death. In front of us, doctors huddle over a patient, their hands moving at lightning speed. But then-

We PUSH IN. Past the apnea monitors, breathing ventilators and tubes to finally reveal the patient in front of them:

A PREMATURE BABY

Purple, sickly, and covered in tubes.

OXYGEN SHOOTS THROUGH A TUBE in her throat as doctors try to resuscitate the baby. It's hard to watch. *It's really hard to-*

INT. DELIVERY ROOM

The baby's MOTHER, still in her hospital bed, wrings her hands nervously. There's no husband or family nearby. Then-

A doctor enters. We reveal he's pushing an empty wheelchair.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

The doctor wheels Mother with urgency. No one says a word.

INT. NEONATAL INTENSIVE CARE UNIT

Mother, shaking with nerves, is pushed into the room by the doctor. But when she sees the incubator, she pushes herself.

Doctors make way for her. Mom looks inside the incubator...

...and cries.

But these are not tears of sorrow. Because inside the plastic incubator, and still purple, sickly, and covered in tubes...

...is a now-stabilized baby.

Fact: there is no one happier and more in love than our Mother as she looks down at her newborn daughter. But then-

MOTHER
Will she be okay?

The doctors shuffle. They're searching for the right words.

FADE TO BLACK.

asthma.

an inflammation of the airways in the lungs, causing difficulty in breathing.

hemochromatosis.

an excess accumulation of iron in the bloodstream, causing rashes and nausea.

arrhythmia.

an abnormality of electrical impulses in the heart, causing irregular heartbeats.

gastritis.

an irritation of the stomach lining, causing pain and a feeling of fullness.

diabetes.

an impairment of the pancreas to produce insulin, causing unstable glucose levels.

paralysis.

an inhibition of muscle function, causing an inability to move, feel, walk, or run.

A BOX OF TISSUES

sits on textbooks. Suddenly, someone GRABS the box and places it on a desk in front of a very emotive pair of HANDS. We're-

INT. CHURCH CLASSROOM

The Hands hold onto the box. Their owner is talking. Crying.

CRYING HANDS (O.S.)

Who's going to tell him to brush
his teeth before breakfast now?
Who'll remind him to take care of
his skin? Or tell him to go to
Costco to buy the right Nivea?

(beat)

I'm sorry. This happens to
thousands of parents every year. I
can do this. I'm strong. I hope.

Crying Hands breaks down and new hands arrive to comfort her. Meanwhile, the tissue box is GRABBED again and passed along.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Thank you for sharing, Diane. This
can be so challenging. Especially
for parents like us, who spend more
time with their children than most.

Every hand the box comes to grabs it, takes a tissue, and passes it along. Everyone is crying, deeply invested as-

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

But if I remember correctly, there's
actually one other parent here going
through the same thing. One other...

The tissues land in front of a final pair of hands. But these hands don't notice. Because these hands are on their phone...

WOMAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)

Connie. How do you feel?

The hands drop the phone and we reveal their owner: MOTHER.

MOTHER

How do I feel about...?

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Chloe's going to college in a few
months. How do you feel about it?

We reveal the front of the room: A MEETING LEADER waits on Mom. On a board behind the Leader: "HOME SCHOOL ASSOCIATION MONTHLY MEETING." And under it, in another font: "REQUIRED."

MOTHER

Good.

MEETING LEADER (WOMAN'S VOICE)

Good... Just good, or...? C'mon
Connie, you can be honest with us.

Mother studies the room. Staring back at her are tear-stained parents with wet tissues. Beat. Mom holds back a laugh. Then-

MOTHER

Okay. First of all, we haven't heard back from colleges yet so nothing's confirmed. But as far as how I feel? I've taken care of Chloe for 17 years. And in all that time, I haven't travelled, gone out, or dated. She's going somewhere where she gets to do all those things. And more, if you know what I mean. So yeah, I feel fucking great.

The parents are stunned. Some laugh to hide their confusion.

CRYING HANDS

But what about...? Chloe is...

Mother waits for Crying Hands to finish, but the woman can't.

MOTHER

...Smart? Brave? Faced more emotional and physical challenges from the moment she was born than most adults have by the time they're 40? Chloe's the most capable person I know. If there's someone to not worry about...

Mother grabs the box of tissues... and passes it right back.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

It's her.

CLOSE ON A TEENAGER'S EYES

Determined eyes. They study something intently. But then, YELLS and CHEERS ERUPT nearby and the eyes are distracted.

INT. CHURCH PLAYROOM

The eyes belong to DAUGHTER, 17 and sitting at a large table.

In front of her, a DOZEN KIDS (8-12) huddle around a TV. Two of them have PlayStation controllers. On screen: "FATALITY!"

WINNER

Suck on my nipples, Trevor.

WINNER (11) talks shit to the LOSER (10). Loser talks shit to the onlookers. And Daughter returns to what she was studying:

HER PHYSICS HOMEWORK

On it, a diagram of a wheel and a series of multiple choice options. Daughter's eyes refocus. Back in the zone. But then-

More CHEERS. On the TV, a bloody rematch. But instead of watching the screen, Daughter now redirects her attention to-

WINNER'S AND LOSER'S FINGERS

dancing on their controllers. Tapping, moving, spinning and-

LOSER

Son of a bitch!

DAUGHTER

--You're not using your breaker.

PAUSE. The kids turn to Daughter. Daughter addresses Loser.

DAUGHTER (CONT'D)

He's using the same combo. So you need to stop him from charging up, right? It's what the breaker's for.

Winner and Loser turn back to the screen. Before pressing start, Loser studies his controller, looking for the right-

DAUGHTER (CONT'D)

R1 and Forward.

The GAME RESUMES. Winner and Loser's fingers dance just like before: tapping, moving, and spinning. But this time around-

Loser STOPS Winner from charging up and RIPS WINNER'S AVATAR TO SHREDS. BLOOD AND GUTS SPEW ONTO THE SCREEN. "FATALITY!"

WINNER

Little bitch! You cheated!

DAUGHTER
Whoa, relax! It's just a game--

WINNER
--Whatever, cripple. I'd be good
too if I didn't have any legs.

Beat. The room gets dead quiet. And we reveal for the first time that Daughter uses a wheelchair.

Her legs are paralyzed.

Daughter studies Winner. But then instead of tearing into him--

DAUGHTER
Yeah, I guess you're right.

Daughter coolly turns back to the table and the kids are left uneasy and quiet. They timidly return to the video game. Then--

NIVEA BOY
Hey.

NIVEA BOY, 17 and son of Crying Hands, whispers to Daughter.

NIVEA BOY (CONT'D)
Are you okay?

DAUGHTER
What? Yeah. He's like 10-years-old.

CLOSE ON DAUGHTER'S EYES

They try to refocus on the homework. But they can't.

EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT

Mother waits with other parents, silent while they socialize. Their children file out. Daughter is the last to arrive.

She wheels out and scowls at Mother. Mother scowls back.

DAUGHTER
I hate this place.

A smirk creeps across Mom's face. Then a smile on Daughter's.

MOTHER
Me too.

Mom pushes Daughter towards their car. And away from people.

EXT. PACIFIC NORTHWEST - DAWN

Light creeps onto a beautiful landscape. Pine trees and mountains travel into the distance. Fog hovers over us.

The light slides onto a single road that splits the forest. Soon, it approaches a humble house tucked along the road.

INT. DAUGHTER'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The light glides in. On the WALLS: A POSTER FOR THE UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON along with pictures from all around the world.

On the DESK: arts, crafts and electrical wiring. On the SHELVES: video games, consoles and textbooks. And by the BED-

The ALARM CLOCK GOES OFF. Daughter groans. This is ritual.

BEGIN DAILY LIFE SEQUENCE.

CUT TO:

Daughter's process to get out of bed isn't easy, but she makes it look like it is. She lifts herself off the bed-
-and into her wheelchair, placed exactly where it should be.

INT. DAUGHTER'S BATHROOM - MORNING

Daughter COUGHS UP mucus from her lungs. Waits. Then repeats.

INT. STAIRCASE - MORNING

Daughter rolls up to the staircase. It's a steep drop. But then she presses a button on a remote control and we reveal-

A STAIR LIFT

Daughter gets in. With the control, she guides the lift down.

CLOSE ON A FRIDGE

Inside is a busy assortment of homemade juices, fruits, veggies and non-fat yogurts. A hand reaches inside and we-

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Mom cooks. She chops vegetables, puts them on a food scale, scrambles eggs, adds fruits and powder into a blender and we-

CUT TO:

Mom and Daughter eat together, comfortable in each other's silence. But Daughter can't finish her food. This is normal.

MOTHER

Eat.

CLOSE ON AN ASTHMA INHALER

Daughter presses down and BREATHES IN the medication. We're-

INT. GARAGE - MORNING

Mom stretches Daughter's legs. Daughter, on a physical therapy bed, closes her left nostril with her thumb as-

MOTHER

Keep holding. 5-6-7-8. And exhale.

Daughter exhales. Her leg twitches. Her body shakes. And then-

MOTHER (CONT'D)

Keep holding. 2-3-4. Now switch hands. Holding. 6-7-8. And inhale.

Daughter inhales through her other nostril. Her body relaxes.

INT. DAUGHTER'S BATHROOM - MORNING

After showering, Daughter applies cream to her body. And we see for the first time: her back and arms are full of RASHES.

CUT TO:

Daughter opens a SMALL DISPENSER labeled "MORNING." Inside it is A HANDFUL OF PILLS. Daughter swallows the pills with water.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Wearing clothes that hide the rashes, Daughter waits at the dining table: a workspace of books, papers, notebooks. Then-

MOTHER

So morning we'll do an hour and 30
in Physics, and just 45 in Lit
since I just gave you a few long
chapters. And then second half of
the day, you can move to Bio. Cool?

Cool. Mom hands Daughter the physics exam from earlier: 93%.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

Let's go over what you got wrong.

CLOSE ON A LANCING NEEDLE

It pricks Daughter's finger. A drop of blood appears. We're-

INT. KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

Daughter touches a BLOOD METER to her finger and waits for
the results on the screen. In the BG, Mom cleans the kitchen.

Finally, Daughter's blood sugar levels appear... "153 MG/DL."

DAUGHTER

Just a little over.

CUT TO:

Mother adjusts the dose on an INSULIN PEN. Then Daughter
lifts up the side of her shirt. Mother delicately injects.

INT. LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Daughter studies from a textbook. Then turns a page to see-

A PHOTO OF SMILING COLLEGE STUDENTS

It's cheesy but Daughter's fingers run over the photo, only
to linger a bit longer over the face of a cute college boy.

Meanwhile, we hear TIRES CRUNCH outside and then... DING DONG.

Daughter's eyes dart to the FAMILY ROOM WINDOW, where she sees-

THE MAILMAN

returning to his van. Daughter's eyes light up.

What if...?

Suddenly, Daughter PUSHES off the table and SPEEDS OVER to-

INT. FOYER - CONTINUOUS

But Mother's already at the front door, with the MAIL in hand.

MOTHER

--Jesus, Chloe! Inhaler!

DAUGHTER

I'm fine.

Daughter, breathing just a little heavier, eyes the mail with suspicion. And Mom, fake-annoyed, fans it out for her to see.

MOTHER

I told you: if there is even one college letter, I will close my eyes and deliver it straight to you.

Daughter's satisfied. Mother tosses the mail into a laundry hamper next to her, picks up the hamper and opens a door to-

THE BASEMENT STAIRCASE

It's dark. The only room in the house without wheelchair access. Mom walks down with ease. Daughter watches after her.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

Trust me: that day could not come sooner. Get back to work.

CLOSE ON DAUGHTER VOMITING

She grips the sides of a toilet until her nausea passes. We're-

INT. DAUGHTER'S BATHROOM - LATER

On the counter, Daughter picks up a new DISPENSER labeled "AFTERNOON." Inside are more pills. Daughter swallows them.

EXT. GARDEN - EVENING

It's magic hour. All the veggies, fruits and flowers glow.

CUT TO:

Mom steps out of the house. The garden is her happy place.

CUT TO:

With wine in one hand, Mom first waters the plants. And then after watering, she picks out an assortment of vegetables for-

INT. KITCHEN - EVENING

Mother cooks dinner. One hand stirs the garden vegetables while the other massages her lower back. She winces in pain.

CUT TO:

Mom and Daughter eat together. Daughter picks at her food.

MOTHER

Eat.

INT. PANTRY - LATER

Mother stands on her toes to grab a container on the top shelf. When she reaches in, she realizes it's almost empty.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Daughter checks her blood sugar. Mother exits the pantry and-

MOTHER

What are you at?

DAUGHTER

121. Dangerously low...

Mother reveals TWO DOVE CHOCOLATES in her hand, but then only gives ONE OF THEM to Daughter. Mother pockets the second one.

MOTHER

121 is barely low.

DAUGHTER

Dammit.

Daughter eats the chocolate slowly. She savors every bite.

CLOSE ON A TIMER

CRANKED to "30 MINUTES." It TICKS AWAY as we WIDEN to reveal-

INT. FAMILY ROOM - EVENING

Daughter operates a clunky, old DESKTOP COMPUTER. On the internet, Daughter searches for a video on YouTube when-

MOTHER

When's the last time we saw a movie?

On the couch behind Daughter, Mother reads a tabloid while a massage cushion gets to work on her lower back. Meanwhile-
 Daughter presses play on an ELECTRIC SOLDERING TUTORIAL and-

DAUGHTER
 I dunno.

CLOSE ON A MIRROR CABINET

which opens to reveal a BEVY OF PRESCRIPTION PILL BOTTLES. On them all: the name "CHLOE SHERMAN" and COMPLEX MEDICAL TERMS.

INT. MOM'S BATHROOM - LATER

Mother sorts through the bottles, looking for the right ones.

MOTHER
 Liver, lungs, stomach... heart.

CLOSE ON A SOLDERING IRON

Solder melts against the heat of the iron and slides onto two flux-covered ELECTRIC WIRES. Just like in the video. We're-

INT. DAUGHTER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Daughter puts down the iron. She's good at this. She tucks the wires into a small electric board and places the board inside-

A HOMEMADE 3-D PRINTER

Daughter flips a switch on a control panel and looks at the printer. It doesn't turn on. She tries again. Nothing. *Bummer.*

MOTHER (O.S.)
 What's wrong with it?

Mother is standing behind Daughter. Now with a glass of water.

DAUGHTER
 I dunno. The wiring, maybe? If I had an iPhone, I could probably just tell you, but you know...

MOTHER
 You'll figure it out.

Mother hands her the CUP OF PILLS. Still focused on her 3-D printer, Daughter swallows the pills with the glass of water.

DAUGHTER

Night, Mom.

Daughter returns to her work. Mother kisses her on the cheek.

MOTHER

Night, baby.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

From the driveway, we can see Mom close Daughter's door and leave the room. Daughter keeps working. Late into the night.

END DAILY LIFE SEQUENCE.

CLOSE ON A DIAGRAM OF A HUMAN HEART

A PEN JOTS NOTES around the diagram. We're-

INT. LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Daughter studies from a Biology textbook. Her head bobs to the HIP HOP MUSIC PLAYING from her headphones. Suddenly-

A STREAK OF LIGHT sweeps across the room. Daughter notices, takes off her headphones... and hears TIRES CRUNCH outside.

What if...?

Daughter pauses her work and turns to the WINDOW, only to see-

MOTHER

unloading grocery bags from her car. *Not the mail.* Beat. But then she spots DOVE CHOCOLATES in one of Mom's shopping bags.

And her interest is piqued.

CUT TO:

Mother enters the house with the bags, puts them on the KITCHEN ISLAND and then returns to her CAR. Daughter watches.

But just as Mom grabs the last batch, her CELL PHONE RINGS. Mother takes the call. Beat. Daughter thinks. *She's got time.*

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - EVENING

Mom prepares dinner. Around her, all the signs of a laborious meal. Mother plates the lasagna, adds on roasted veggies and-

MOTHER

It looks like a lot, but it's not.

She brings it to Daughter, who's watching closely. We can tell Daughter's now carrying a heavy weight on her shoulders.

Mom sits down and dives into her food. But Daughter can only pick at it, debating whether or not to speak up until finally-

DAUGHTER

Am I a burden?

MOTHER

What?

DAUGHTER

I don't do as much as I can around the house. Right? I could do more.

MOTHER

Um. What do you want to do?

DAUGHTER

I dunno. Something that helps you.

MOTHER

Something that helps me. Like what?

DAUGHTER

Cooking. That takes you a bunch of time. We could split days. Or you take mornings and I'll do evenings.

MOTHER

Okay. And what would you make?

DAUGHTER

Anything. I could start with like simple recipes. I know puttanesca. And I'd only get better with time.

MOTHER

Why?

DAUGHTER

Because... You do everything for me.

(MORE)

DAUGHTER (CONT'D)

You teach me, you drive me, you coach me, you take care of hospital stuff for me, you clean after me, you cook lasagna for me... And I do the dishes. That's not fair.

MOTHER

(beat)

You're right, you really do take advantage, don't you?

Daughter's eyes instantly well up. Mother is taken aback.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

Hey, I'm kidding. I'm obviously kidding. What is going on?

Fighting back tears, Daughter thinks about what to say until-

DAUGHTER

...Are you okay, Mom?

MOTHER

Why would I not be okay?

DAUGHTER

Because most parents don't need to do all that for their kids.

Beat. In a single graceful moment, Mom enters "parent-mode." She grabs a forkful of lasagna and feeds it to Daughter.

MOTHER

It's good, right?

Daughter nods.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

Wanna know why? Because I put time into it. I put time into it for the same reason I put time into teaching you and coaching you and... all those other words you used. I'm your mom. It's my job to take care of you when you need me, *and you need me*. But that's okay.

(beat)

How many times do I tell you about Grandma? When I needed her, Grandma gave up everything to provide for me because I was her daughter. And one day, you're gonna do the same for your girl or boy... or girl. But that's just being a parent.

Mother wipes away Daughter's tears and pushes her hair back.

MOTHER (CONT'D)
 Of course I'm okay. I'm healthy,
 I'm happy, and I have you. Got it?
 (beat)
 Plus, what would I do with the
 extra time, huh? Everyone in this
 county has the IQ of a turtle.

Daughter can't help but laugh. Mom joins her. They're a team.

INT. DAUGHTER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Daughter turns off the lights and lifts herself into bed when-

MOTHER (O.S.)
 By the way! Dr. Qasabian had me
 stop by her office today.
 Apparently, the company that makes
 Zocor went under.

DAUGHTER
 Oh.

Mother enters the room with the cup of Daughter's pills and-

MOTHER
 Crazy, right? Anyway, she wrote you
 a new prescription to replace it...

Mother sits. She pulls out a SINGLE-STRIPED, GREEN PILL from the cup and hands it to Daughter, who immediately realizes...

MOTHER (CONT'D)
 I picked it up today.

It's the same exact pill from Mother's pill bottle earlier.

Confusion smashes back into Daughter's mind. Mother notices.

MOTHER (CONT'D)
 What's wrong?

DAUGHTER
 I thought... this was yours.

MOTHER
 No? Why would you think that?

Daughter tries to come up with a lie. But then instead-

DAUGHTER
I was looking for the Dove
chocolates. In the afternoon.

MOTHER
(realizing)
In the Kroger bag.

DAUGHTER
It had your name on it.

Beat. Suddenly, dinner makes sense. Mom debates laughing or...

MOTHER
I adjust your dinners so you can
have some. More than that is bad.

DAUGHTER
I know. I'm sorry.

Mom's disappointed. But still, she gives Daughter a kiss and-

MOTHER
Principal Nguyen called, asked if I
could sub calculus tomorrow... I'll
leave your work on the table, okay?

DAUGHTER
Your name was on the prescription.

MOTHER
My name was on the receipt.

DAUGHTER
But it was--

MOTHER
--looped around the side? Yeah,
that's where they put the receipt.

DAUGHTER
Oh.

MOTHER
Good night, honey.

Mother leaves. Daughter studies the pill. Something feels off.

But still, Daughter quiets her mind and swallows the pill.
She turns over and tries to sleep. But her eyes stay open...

CLOSE ON A WW2 VIDEO GAME

An Army soldier fights through Nazi territory. But then, BOOM! An EXPLOSION RIPS THE SOLDIER'S BODY TO SHREDS and-

INT. DAUGHTER'S BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

Daughter scrolls through the PlayStation menu and selects "RESTART MISSION." A countdown to warfare appears on screen.

Daughter waits. We can tell something else is on her mind. Then EXPLOSIONS distract her and Daughter returns to the war.

It's the second half of the day. A FLY BUZZES somewhere. Then-

DAUGHTER

Fuck.

ON SCREEN: Her character is KNIFED TO DEATH. IN THE ROOM: Daughter navigates the menu to restart the mission again.

But this time, she can't click it.

We PUSH IN on Daughter. Whatever's on her mind won't go away. She knows it's stupid. She knows it's stupid. *She's knows it's-*

CUT TO:

INT. MOM'S BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Daughter wheels inside. She knows exactly where she's headed:

THE MIRROR CABINET ABOVE THE SINK

We recognize the cabinet from before. The pills are behind it.

Daughter WHEELS as close as possible and EXTENDS her hand to open the cabinet. It's barely out of reach. But if she STRETCHES enough, she'll be able to *just* pull the corner and-

Success. The mirror cabinet SWINGS open.

Daughter wheels back for a better look. On the top shelf are-

ALL OF DAUGHTER'S PILL BOTTLES

Daughter scans them. The ones facing outward have Daughter's name printed on their labels. Daughter keeps looking until-

She sees the right bottle.

Inside, the GREEN, SINGLE-STRIPED PILLS. But outside, the bottle faces the wrong way. We can't read the prescription.

And it's way out of Daughter's reach.

CUT TO:

INT. DAUGHTER'S BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

Daughter finds a carton of tools and hardware from under her work desk. She rummages in the carton and finally pulls out-

A SELF-MODIFIED SELFIE STICK

Daughter presses a button on the bottom of the stick. The "claws" at the top (smart phone handles) SNAP OPEN AND SHUT.

Still works.

INT. MOM'S BATHROOM - AFTERNOON

Daughter extends the stick and carefully guides its claws to the bottle. Laser-focused, she TIGHTENS her grip and PRESSES.

The CLAWS SNAP PERFECTLY onto the bottle. *Success.* But then-
TIRES CRUNCH FROM THE DRIVEWAY!

And Daughter, still clutching the pill bottle with the selfie stick, shifts her attention to the front door. *Oh shit.*

INT. STAIRCASE - MOMENTS LATER

Daughter exits Mother's room and closes the door. She's safe.

DAUGHTER
Mom? Is that you?

No response. It's quiet inside the house. *Where is Mother?*

But then Daughter wheels to the top of the stairs, where through the front door window, she sees-

THE MAILMAN

driving away in his van. *Phew.* Not Mom. But then she notices-

THE FRESH STACK OF MAIL

now stuffed in the mailbox. Daughter's eyes widen.

What if...?

In a hurry, Daughter GETS IN the lift, TAKES it down, WHEELS through the foyer and OPENS the door, only to run right into-

MOTHER, STANDING IN THE DOORWAY

DAUGHTER (CONT'D)

Jesus!

I/E. FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Daughter looks at Mother's hands: Mom has the mail. Again.

MOTHER

Got it!

Beat. But before Daughter can process anything, she hears a SOUND coming from the driveway: DING. DING. DING. DING. DING.

Daughter leans over to see Mother's car: its door is open.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

I told you: if it's for a college,
you will open it!

Daughter's attention returns to Mom. They laugh. But this time, it's forced. And even Mother can see that. So then-

MOTHER (CONT'D)

You done with Bio?

DAUGHTER

Just finishing up. How was subbing?

Mother peers in the house. Inside, the dining table is full of scattered books. As if Daughter was there the whole time.

MOTHER

Awful. Let me get my stuff.

INT. DAUGHTER'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Daughter closes her door. Something's troubling her. But then she digs through the fabric of her wheelchair and pulls out-

THE PILL BOTTLE

She examines the prescription label for the name of the pill.

DAUGHTER

Digoxin...

The word doesn't mean anything. But then she turns the bottle, only to see that the name on the label isn't Mom's anymore...

IT'S DAUGHTER'S.

DAUGHTER (CONT'D)

Huh.

Mom wasn't lying. Maybe Daughter did just see the receipt...

But then Daughter gets an idea.

Slowly, she starts to PEEL BACK the prescription sticker, only to gasp when she sees that behind the sticker is-

THE RESIDUE OF ANOTHER REMOVED LABEL.

In a single moment, we watch Daughter's innocent curiosity transform into a horrifying suspicion.

Mom is lying.

Slowly, HER BREATHING INTENSIFIES. It RAMPS UP, faster than before. She takes a breath and counts out loud until finally-

She relaxes. Daughter looks at the bottle again: Mom is lying.

But why?

INT. MOM'S BATHROOM - LATER

Daughter uses the selfie stick to guide the pill bottle back onto the top shelf. She closes the cabinet. Her hands shake.

INT. KITCHEN - EVENING

Mother and Daughter eat in silence. With her eyes, Mom asks Daughter how dinner is. Daughter pats her tummy. *It's great.*

INT. FAMILY ROOM - EVENING

The TIMER TICKS AWAY. On Daughter's computer, a VIDEO PLAYS. But Daughter doesn't pay the video any attention. She can't.

Behind her, Mother sips wine and scans through a new tabloid.

INT. DAUGHTER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Daughter is buried in a book. Then Mom enters with the pills.

MOTHER
You figured it out.

Daughter looks up. *Does Mom know?* But then Mom signals to the 3-D printer on Daughter's desk. Its gears move back and forth.

DAUGHTER
Oh! Yeah. Just like you said.

Mom puts the pills on the bedside and gives Daughter a kiss.

MOTHER
Just like I said.

Daughter tosses the pills into her mouth, chases it with a gulp of water... and SWALLOWS. She returns to the book and-

DAUGHTER
Night, Mom. Love you.

Mother looks like she wants to say something. But instead-

MOTHER
Love you too, sweet-tooth.

Mom leaves. And immediately, Daughter's eyes dart to the door.

She waits. Waits. Then starts fishing around her mouth with her tongue. Finally, Daughter raises her hand and SPITS OUT-

THE GREEN, SINGLE-STRIPED PILL

Daughter studies the now-mystery pill. There are no words on the pill, nothing to identify it further. *What is this thing?*

EXT. HOUSE - LATER

It's the middle of the night. And it's dead quiet.

INT. UPSTAIRS - NIGHT

Daughter opens her bedroom door and scopes the scene. Down the hall from her, Mother's bedroom door is SHUT.

INT. STAIRCASE - CONTINUOUS

Her eye always on Mom's door, Daughter wheels to the STAIR LIFT, opens the GATE, gets INSIDE, presses the CONTROL and-

URCH! The lift makes an UGLY NOISE as it descends. Daughter immediately lets go of the controller. *Did that wake Mom?*

Nope. Phew. Daughter thinks. Suddenly, she loosens her grip on the controller and presses on it as LIGHTLY AS SHE CAN and-
The lift descends at snail speed. And it doesn't make noise.

INT. FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT

Downstairs, Daughter approaches her destination: THE DESKTOP COMPUTER. She leans over and is about to turn it "ON" when-

Daughter stops. Beat. She remembers something. So then-

Daughter wheels away from the computer, grabs every pillow from the couches around her, and returns to the desk where-

She hugs the pillows to the computer as TIGHTLY AS SHE CAN and turns the machine "ON." The computer makes the same CLUNKY NOISES we've heard before, but because of the pillows-

It's practically inaudible. *Success.*

Daughter checks one last time for Mom. All clear. And then-

ON THE COMPUTER

She navigates the login, opens a browser, and carefully types-

"WHAT IS DIGOXIN?"

Daughter presses SEARCH and waits impatiently, only to learn-

"THE INTERNET IS DISCONNECTED"

Beat. *But this means...*

Daughter immediately looks upstairs: Mom's door is still shut.

Daughter reels. Her suspicion magnifies tenfold. But lost in her own thoughts, she doesn't even notice that behind her...

Mother has been in the living room the whole time. Watching.

INT. DAUGHTER'S BEDROOM - MORNING

By the time the ALARM CLOCK GOES OFF, Daughter's already wide-awake, brooding on last night. She quiets the clock. And then-

INT. DAUGHTER'S BATHROOM - MORNING

Daughter COUGHS UP mucus from her lungs. When she's finished-

MOTHER (O.S.)
*Ridiculous... no, that's way too
 long... and how do you suggest...*

PIECES OF MOM'S VOICE float from downstairs. Mother's angry.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Mom cooks breakfast while on the phone. She tries to stay calm as Daughter enters and listens in. *Why is Mom so upset?*

MOTHER (O.S.)
*No, I'm looking at the agreement
 right now and nowhere does it say
 that you can keep a customer in the
 dark for that long... Even if...*

Mom listens to the voice on the other end. When she notices Daughter, Mom plates breakfast, brings it to Daughter and-

MOTHER (CONT'D)
 (to Daughter)
 Customer service.

This is about the internet. Daughter eats quietly and listens.

MOTHER (CONT'D)
*Yes, I'm still here... And there's
 nothing I can do then?... You'll
 let me know when... Fine, goodbye.*

Mother hangs up. She rummages for a fork and then eats her breakfast out of the pan. Daughter watches suspiciously.

DAUGHTER
 How long will it be down for?

MOTHER
 I don't know. Tomorrow. Next week.
 The window they gave goes till the
 end of the month.

Beat. Daughter doesn't buy it. And Mother can see that. So-

MOTHER (CONT'D)
 How'd you know that was about the
 internet?

Daughter stops chewing. She thinks about what to say and then-

DAUGHTER
 I used the computer last night.

MOTHER

When?

DAUGHTER

While you were asleep.

MOTHER

What were you looking up?

DAUGHTER

Why my printer keeps dying. I was trying to fix the module board but it might just need a better nozzle.

MOTHER

Does it?

DAUGHTER

I dunno. There wasn't internet.

Beat. Mom doesn't respond. Instead, she studies Daughter. It's A DEEP, PIERCING GAZE. And it's almost frightening. Meanwhile-

Daughter can feel Mother staring into her. The moment seems to last forever. And then finally, Daughter meets her mom's eyes.

But she can't hold it.

And immediately, Mother stands up.

With one last look at Daughter, Mom leaves the kitchen, storms through the LIVING ROOM and FAMILY ROOM and heads straight to-

INT. FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Mom swings open the BASEMENT DOOR and descends into DARKNESS.

Then, silence.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Daughter is anxious. She chews on her fingernails. Meanwhile-

INT. FOYER - CONTINUOUS

The BASEMENT ENTRANCE is quiet.

But then we hear a LIGHT SWITCH, FOOTSTEPS... and Mom returns. Now with two items. But before we can see what-

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Daughter watches as Mom re-enters and then stops directly above her. Beat. Mom puts the first item on the table. It's-

A MEDICAL MANUAL

Titled "MANUAL OF HUMAN & VETERINARY DIAGNOSIS AND THERAPY," it's a legitimate reference, filled with PHOTOS OF MEDICINE.

But then, Daughter sees a BOOKMARK inside.

MOTHER

It was on your search history.

The CAMERA TRACES Daughter's hands as she opens the book to-

A MEDICAL DEFINITION OF DIGOXIN

Daughter's eyes widen. But as she TRACES OVER THE DETAILED DESCRIPTION OF THE DRUG, it becomes clear to everyone that:

MOTHER (CONT'D)

It's just heart medication, honey.

Beat. Daughter starts to turn the page, but Mother's fingers gently take her hand. Daughter looks up. Mom is now crying.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

A couple days ago, you said you saw
a pill bottle with my name on it
and I told you you were wrong.

Daughter sits up in her chair. Whatever Mother wants to tell Daughter, she's struggling with it. But then, after some time-

MOTHER (CONT'D)

You weren't wrong, baby. My name
was on the bottle. I printed a new
label and stuck it over the other.

Beat. Daughter processes Mom's admission of guilt. And then-

DAUGHTER

Why?

Mom thinks and then slides the second item from the basement to Daughter. It's a SHOE BOX. And inside the shoe box are-

PILES OF ENVELOPES

Electric bills, internet bills and DOZENS OF MEDICAL INVOICES. Every kind of bill is here, but they all share the same trait:

They're stamped with the words "LATE," "URGENT" or "PAST DUE."

Daughter understands at the same rate it takes the audience...

MOTHER

It used to be every class needed me a few times a year. Spanish, I'd sub at least twice a month. But it's changed. A lot. And I don't know why. Yesterday was the first time I got called in this semester.

Mother gets up. Daughter doesn't take her eyes off her while Mom tries to busy herself in the kitchen.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

I know this is the worst thing a mother could do: tell their own child about their financial problems and expect them to share in the worry. But I'm only doing it because my trust with you is at stake right now. And between the two of those, I care way more about your trust in me than some stupid money problem that will go away.

Mom can't stop the tears. She pauses whatever task she's in.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

Your pills are on my insurance.
(beat)
Emily Vitale practices cardiology in Tri-State County. I've told you about her before, she's an angel. I told Em I couldn't afford those fucked-up, jacked-up pharmaceutical prices that your insurance companies keep raising. So she prescribes me whatever you need. I pay a 10th of the price... and then rush here by 4 to make sure you never see those stamps on the mail.

Mom sits back down. And then finally looks in Daughter's eyes.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

If Dad was alive, he would've taken care of both of us. I wish you got to meet him, baby, I do. But it's just me now. And all I care about is giving you everything you need.

Daughter's never seen Mom like this. She fights back tears.

DAUGHTER

You give me what I need. I need you.

Mom doesn't respond. Beat. Suddenly, Daughter turns resolute.

DAUGHTER (CONT'D)

Do you want me to stay?

Mother looks up at Daughter. She doesn't understand. So then-

DAUGHTER (CONT'D)

Next year. Should I stay home
instead? To work. I can. I want to.

Immediately, Mom smacks Daughter on the arm. She's angry, or at least tries to fake it: it's that motherly, loving anger.

MOTHER

Don't say that. You're going to UW
this fall, Chloe Sherman. You're
getting into your dream school,
you're getting a brand new iPhone...

(beat)

And I'm finally going to Bali.

Mother and Daughter share a tearful, snotty laugh. But then-

MOTHER (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry I lied to you. It
won't happen again. OK, baby?

Mother sticks out her hand.

A promise.

Daughter thinks about it. After awhile, she takes Mom's hand.

DAUGHTER

Okay.

Then Mother embraces Daughter and Daughter embraces Mother.
It's LONG and TENDER and EMOTIONAL and TEARFUL and CATHARTIC.

But it doesn't last forever.

Because just then, Daughter's eyes stumble on the MEDICAL
MANUAL again. Still open, it looks normal. At least to us.

But Daughter's eyes narrow. She shifts her attention to the-

INSIDE SPINE OF THE MANUAL

and all we can do is wonder: *what exactly is Daughter seeing?*

CUT TO:

Laughing at their tears, Mother eventually lets go of the hug.

MOTHER

Phew! Okay, that is a huge weight
off my shoulders. This feels good!

Daughter returns a warm smile. But something is on her mind.

DAUGHTER

I should shower before we start.

MOTHER

Oh, so we're skipping workouts now?

DAUGHTER

...Can we?

Mom's scowl sneaks into a smile. She turns off "parent-mode."

CLOSE ON A PHOTO OF MOM AND DAUGHTER

Framed on the wall, the photo is full of love. We reveal we're-

INT. DAUGHTER'S BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Daughter sits in the shower, staring at the photo. But the more she looks at it, the more her emotions are solidified.

My mother loves me.

Positive she's just being paranoid, Daughter shuts the faucet.

CUT TO:

Daughter applies rash cream to her skin. When she's done, she opens the DISPENSER labeled "MORNING," grabs the pills inside-

And freezes.

She can't get herself to swallow them.

She has to investigate.

CLOSE ON A UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON BOOKLET

with the same type of binding as Mom's medical manual. We're-

INT. DAUGHTER'S BEDROOM - DAY

Daughter rummages through her arts supplies until she finds-

AN X-ACTO KNIFE

Daughter grips the knife tightly, turns to the booklet and-
Cleanly slices a page off.

Daughter flips the UW booklet to the previous page, wheels backwards for a better vantage point, and stares intently at-

THE NEARLY-INVISIBLE TEAR NOW IN THE BOOKLET BINDING.

Her eyes widen. The tear looks the same as the medical manual.

And suddenly, we understand what Daughter's been wondering this whole time: *Did Mom rip a page from the medical manual?*

Her mind working at warp speed, Daughter studies the tear. But as she does, her questions are replaced by something else...

An idea.

INT. KITCHEN - EVENING

It's another beautiful evening. And Mom's in a great mood.

Mom UNCORKS a bottle of pinot, POURS herself a glass and steps into the GARDEN. But right as the sliding door closes-

INT. UPSTAIRS - CONTINUOUS

Daughter clocks it from the BANISTER. Beat. Immediately, she turns to face Mom's bedroom door. Daughter takes a breath and-

INT. MOTHER'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The door CREAKS OPEN. Daughter wheels inside. But instead of heading to the bathroom like yesterday, Daughter wheels to-

THE CORDED TELEPHONE

on Mom's NIGHT-STAND. Just as she arrives, Daughter looks-

OUTSIDE THE WINDOW: Mother's already watering the plants, wine in one hand. The coast is clear. If only for the moment.

Daughter's nervous. She reaches into her pocket and pulls out-

THE SINGLE-STRIPED, GREEN PILL

Daughter studies it. The nerves go away. And her face hardens.

Then Daughter grabs the phone and dials a number slowly. As she does, we start to notice the wall around her is full of-

FRAMED PHOTOS

Our attention is drawn to two of them. The first was taken in-

THE 1980s

In it, a 7-year-old Mother climbs on the shoulders of her own mom. *Happy times*. Then we notice the second photo, taken in-

THE 1990s

In it, a teenage Mother is kissing a man. *Even happier*. Then-

VOICE OF PHARMACY

--Pasco Pharmacy, Kathy speaking.

DAUGHTER

Hi. I was wondering if you could look up a medication for me. Its called "Digoxin." It's spelled D--

VOICE OF PHARMACY

--Connie? Is that you? Just recognized the number you're--

Daughter hangs up.

OUTSIDE THE WINDOW: Mother is still watering plants. But then Daughter gets an idea. Suddenly, she SLAMS ON THREE DIGITS and-

VOICE OF 411 ROBOT

Thank you for calling 411, your phone's directory assistance. To begin, say a city and state, like Atlanta, Georgia or Derry, Maine.

DAUGHTER

Um... Seattle, Washington?

VOICE OF 411 ROBOT

Did you say Seattle, Washington? If you did, say "yes". If you didn't--

DAUGHTER

--Yes.

VOICE OF 411

--say "no."

VOICE OF 411 ROBOT
I'm sorry. I didn't get that.

DAUGHTER

Yes.

OUTSIDE THE WINDOW: Mom moves to another part of the garden.

VOICE OF 411 ROBOT
Okay. Now say the name of the business you want. If you don't know the name of the business, tell me the type of business you're looking for, like "Pizza or--"

DAUGHTER

Pharmacy.

VOICE OF 411 ROBOT
Okay. Here are some choices. When you hear the one you want, repeat the number of the listing. Number 1: Evercreek Pharmacy. Number 2--

DAUGHTER

Number 1.

VOICE OF 411 ROBOT
Evercreek Pharmacy. 2180 SW Barton Street, Seattle, Washington 98126. If that's correct, say "connect me."

DAUGHTER

Connect me.

VOICE OF 411 ROBOT
Okay, I'll connect you.

Success. Daughter may actually pull this off. But then--

VOICE OF 411 ROBOT (CONT'D)
Remember: Once the line rings, a 99 cent service charge will be added to your next bill. Ringing now--

Daughter HANGS UP.

OUTSIDE THE WINDOW: Mom moves to the last section of plants.

Daughter studies the phone for an idea. She struggles. But then, Daughter dials a number slowly. We don't know whose.

VOICE OF BROOKLYN BOY

Hello?

DAUGHTER

Hello. Um. Hi. You don't know me.
And this is gonna sound very weird--

VOICE OF BROOKLYN BOY

--You trying to sell me something?

We get it now: Daughter dialed a completely random number.

DAUGHTER

No. I'm not selling anything--

VOICE OF BROOKLYN BOY

--You asking for donations then.
Same thing. Same fucking thing.

OUTSIDE THE WINDOW: Mother waters the last section of plants.

DAUGHTER

--What, no. No donations. I'm not a
charity. My name is Chloe Sherman,
I'm 17-years-old and I live in--

VOICE OF BROOKLYN BOY

(away from phone)

--Baby! I see you peekin', baby!
Open the window! I just wanna talk!
No godammit, don't go away! Shit.

(to Daughter)

Why are you calling me?

DAUGHTER

I don't have internet or a cell
phone and I need your help with a
very urgent Google search.

VOICE OF BROOKLYN BOY

Ask your parents.

DAUGHTER

I'm an orphan.

OUTSIDE THE WINDOW: Mom's gone. We can't see her anymore.
Daughter listens for any sound from downstairs. Nothing.

VOICE OF BROOKLYN BOY

(away from phone)

Baby, that you in the guest window?
Look: I was wrong! Next time Paola
even tries to hug me, I'm gonna
punch her in the face! No! Stay!

(to Daughter)

Listen, I'm putting out a fucking
fire here. I really can't help you.

DAUGHTER
Please, it'll only take a minute!

VOICE OF BROOKLYN BOY
*You don't know who I'm dealing
with, okay? This girl just fucking
refuses to listen to logic!*

Daughter thinks. She needs a better strategy. And then-

DAUGHTER
She'll come around.

VOICE OF BROOKLYN BOY
Oh, cause you know her so well?

DAUGHTER
Because you sound like a really...
level-headed and reasonable guy.

VOICE OF BROOKLYN BOY
*That's cause I am a level-headed
and reasonable guy.*

DAUGHTER
And clearly Paola couldn't keep her
hands off you. She'll be back...

It gets quiet on the other end. Until-

VOICE OF BROOKLYN BOY
What the fuck do you need so badly?

DAUGHTER
I need you to open up Google and
look up the word "Digoxin." D-I-G--

VOICE OF BROOKLYN BOY
*--Hold on. Hold fucking on. This is
the weirdest thing I've ever done,
ok? Clicking Google... Opening...
All right, what was it again? D-I-G--*

DAUGHTER
--O-X-I-N. Digoxin.

OUTSIDE: Still no Mom. Daughter grows more anxious. But then-

VOICE OF BROOKLYN BOY
*"Digoxin is a brand name drug that
treats severe heart conditions,
including atrial... fibrillation,
flutter or heart failure?" Jesus,
this is intense as fuck!*

DAUGHTER
 (beat, thinking)
 Can you click on "Images?"

VOICE OF BROOKLYN BOY
Is this what you take?

DAUGHTER
 Yes. Please tell me what you see.

VOICE OF BROOKLYN BOY
Uh. Pills. Lots of pills.

DAUGHTER
 Do they all look the same?

VOICE OF BROOKLYN BOY
Yeah, they're identical.

Daughter stares at her GREEN, SINGLE-STRIPED PILL. And then-

DAUGHTER
 What color are they?

CLOSE ON A *RED* PLUMP TOMATO

as it's PLUCKED CLEAN from a TANGLED LOCK OF STEMS. We're-

EXT. GARDEN - CONTINUOUS

Mother is in the vegetable garden. She examines the tomato and, satisfied, drops it in a basket. Meanwhile, UPSTAIRS-

THE CORDED PHONE

lies on the floor. And all we can hear above... is BREATHING.

INT. MOTHER'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Daughter holds the bed for support as her LUNGS WORK IN OVERDRIVE. Her BREATHING QUICKENS. Like she's about to faint.

But she doesn't.

Her body relaxes. From the phone, we can hear BROOKLYN BOY BEGGING FOR HIS GIRL. Daughter grabs the phone and HANGS UP.

She looks at the PILL. For the first time, she's scared of it.

DAUGHTER
What the fuck are you?

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - EVENING

Mom and Daughter eat dinner. Mom scrolls through her phone.

Unlike last night, Daughter hides her anguish. But still, she plays with her food endlessly. Mom doesn't notice. But then-

DAUGHTER
When's the last time we saw a movie?

Mother looks up from her phone and studies Daughter. Beat.

MOTHER
What do you want to see?

FADE TO:

INT. DAUGHTER'S BEDROOM - DAY

A new day. Daughter's in her UW jacket, like she's ready to leave. But before she does, she rummages through her desk for-

A PIGGY BANK

She turns the piggy bank over and its contents spill out.

MORE THAN A DOZEN PILLS

drop into her hand. But it's not just her green pill. It's EVERY OTHER ONE OF HER PILLS, too. Suddenly we understand:

It's been a week since the previous scene, and in all that time, Daughter hasn't taken any of her pills. Just then-

Daughter pockets all of the pills, returns the piggy bank and then wheels out of the room. Meanwhile, the CAMERA PUSHES-

OUTSIDE THE WINDOW

where Mom is waiting for Daughter. Mom checks her watch and-

MOTHER
I don't want to miss trailers!

DAUGHTER (O.S.)
Coming!

EXT. PACIFIC NORTHWEST - DAY

Mom's car glides through windy roads as it leaves the forest.

INT. CAR - DAY

Daughter appears calm. But her darting eyes betray her. In the BG, Mom tells a funny story. But to us, it's WHITE NOISE.

EXT. PASCO, WASHINGTON - DAY

Mother's car turns onto MAIN STREET - a half-mile long and full of retail stores but unmistakably "Small Town, USA."

CUT TO:

The car parks by a MOVIE THEATER MULTIPLEX.

But while Mother sets up the wheelchair and helps Daughter out of the car, Daughter's eyes are instead locked-

ACROSS THE STREET

But whether it's a shop on Main Street or a local walking by, we can't make out precisely what she's looking at. And then-

Mom and Daughter, both playful and excited, enter the theater.

INT. MOVIE THEATER - DAY (SERIES OF SHOTS)

--Mother purchases two tickets at the GLASS. Daughter waits.

--The ticket vendor RIPS THE TICKETS and lets them inside.

--At the CONCESSIONS STAND, Daughter eyes all the options closely. When Mother asks, she points to the item she wants.

--Now holding POPCORN and a LARGE WATER, Daughter wheels to the ACCESSIBLE SECTION of the theater. Mom sits next to her.

--Daughter observes Mother. *Does Mom suspect something?* Beat. *Not at all.* The lights dim and the FIRST TRAILER BEGINS.

CUT TO:

INT. MOVIE THEATER - LATER

The audience GASPS. ON SCREEN: a tense and climactic scene.

At the same time, Daughter takes a sip from her LARGE WATER, only to SUCK UP AIR. The bottle is empty. Beat.

Daughter looks up at Mom, who's fully invested in the movie. *It's go-time.* She takes a deep breath, then leans in and-

DAUGHTER

I need to pee.

Mother shoots Daughter a look. *Right now?* Daughter shows Mom her EMPTY WATER BOTTLE. *Right now.*

DAUGHTER (CONT'D)

Just tell me what I miss.

MOTHER

No.

Daughter chuckles and wheels away. Mother watches until she disappears. Then returns to the movie. She trusts Daughter.

INT. MOVIE THEATER HALLWAYS - CONTINUOUS

Daughter exits the screening and wheels with purpose towards the bathroom. But instead of slowing down as she gets close...

Daughter wheels right past it.

EXT. PASCO, WASHINGTON - DAY

Daughter exits the movie theater. She pulls out an INHALER, TAKES A DEEP BREATH OF MEDICATION and then orients herself to-

THE STREET IN FRONT OF HER

where nestled between a veterinary clinic and a shoe store is-

A pharmacy.

CUT TO:

At the STREET CROSSING, Daughter presses the signal and waits. Waits. A pedestrian smiles at her. She smiles back.

CUT TO:

The signal changes and Daughter speeds across the STREET. She keeps an eye on the THEATER DOORS. All clear. *For the moment.*

INT. PASCO DRUG AND PHARMACY - DAY

It's a normal day at the local pharmacy. Nothing's going on.

But then Daughter STORMS inside. She ZIPS BY the check-out, ZOOMS THROUGH an aisle and TURNS a corner, only to arrive at-

THE BACK OF A LONG PHARMACY LINE

A single PHARMACIST finishes up with an older customer at the front. Daughter checks the clock. *She doesn't have much time.*

Daughter thinks. Suddenly, she looks up with "puppy eyes" and-

DAUGHTER

Excuse me, sir? I'm very sorry to bother you, but I was hoping you'd be so kind and let me cut in line?

PERSON IN LINE

What, no. I've been waiting here--
(turns, sees Daughter)
--Oh of course. Go ahead.

DAUGHTER

Thank you.

Daughter wheels past the PERSON IN LINE. And then past all the people ahead of that person, too. They let her through.

DAUGHTER (CONT'D)

Sorry, everyone. Cutting through.
I'm paralyzed. Feel bad for me.

Just as the older customer finishes, Daughter ROLLS UP to the COUNTER between customer and pharmacist. Daughter's PANTING.

DAUGHTER (CONT'D)

Hey, Mrs. Bates. How's it going?

PHARMACIST

Chloe, my goodness, are you OK?

DAUGHTER

Yeah, totally fine! Actually I *am* dealing with a tiny emergency right now and I could use your help.

PHARMACIST

Of course, honey. What do you--

Daughter SLAMS HER HANDFUL OF PILLS right onto the pharmacy counter. Then she picks up the GREEN, SINGLE-STRIPED PILL and-

DAUGHTER
What's the name of this pill?

PHARMACIST
What?

DAUGHTER
My mom came here last week and
picked up *these pills*. I need to
know the name of the medication.

PHARMACIST
That's all you want to know.

DAUGHTER
Yes.

The Pharmacist grabs the green pill and studies it. Beat.
Then she moves to her computer and starts TYPING away as-

PHARMACIST
Next time, you wait your turn. OK?

DAUGHTER
Yes, Mrs. Bates.

PHARMACIST
This shouldn't be too hard though.
As long as they're under your name.

DAUGHTER
They're under my mom's.

Beat. The Pharmacist stops typing. She looks up at Daughter.

PHARMACIST
I'm sorry, Chloe. If they're under
Connie's name, I can't help you.

DAUGHTER
Why?

PHARMACIST
Because it's confidential, meaning--

DAUGHTER
--I know what confidential means,
Mrs. Bates!

Daughter looks back at the PHARMACY DOORS: still no Mother.

PHARMACIST

I'm confused though, sweetheart.
Tell me again: Why can't you just
ask your Mom about these pills?

Daughter's eyes scan the store, desperately searching for an answer before Mom arrives. But then finally, she sees it.

A FRAMED, FAMILY PHOTO

sits next to the computer. Daughter squints. In the photo:
The Pharmacist and her family hold up a sign: "WE ESCAPED!"

Beat. Daughter's eyes widen. The photo's from an Escape Room.

PHARMACIST (CONT'D)

Honey?

DAUGHTER

It's a game.

PHARMACIST

A game. What kind of game?

DAUGHTER

A scavenger hunt.

PHARMACIST

Really.

DAUGHTER

Yes. Yes. 100% yes. Mom and I love
scavenger hunts. So many memories
scavenging and hunting and...
Anyway, the next clue is about the
medication Mom takes. I don't think
she expected me to come here which
is why I need you to help me win.

Beat. The Pharmacist studies Daughter. And after a long time--

PHARMACIST

I love games.

(beat)

But confidential is confidential.

Daughter's face falls. She's not going to figure this out.

PHARMACIST (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, honey. I want to help
you, but I can't if it's all under--

The Pharmacist stops. She notices something on her computer.

PHARMACIST (CONT'D)

Huh.

The Pharmacist returns to her keyboard, TYPES away and then-

PHARMACIST (CONT'D)
I think it's a trick question.

DAUGHTER
What?

PHARMACIST
It's not confidential. If Connie's clue to you was "what she gets," I think it's just a trick question.

DAUGHTER
Why?

PHARMACIST
Because your Mom doesn't get this prescribed for herself.

DAUGHTER
Yes she does. I saw them. She--

PHARMACIST
She gets them for your *dog*.

Beat. Everything goes quiet. Daughter processes. And then-

DAUGHTER GASPS. SHE KEEPS GASPING. HER BREATHING INTENSIFIES.

PHARMACIST (CONT'D)
We share a pharmacy with the vets next door. But the answer you're looking for... is Lidocaine. Green pill, single-striped.

DAUGHTER
It's dog medicine...

PHARMACIST
Uh huh. Says it's a muscle relaxant "prescribed to reduce canine leg pain or leg discomfort caused by sunburns, bites, or minor cuts."

Beat. DAUGHTER'S BREATHING GETS WORSE. But still she manages-

DAUGHTER
And what would happen if you gave a human being Lidocaine?

PHARMACIST
What kind of question is that?

MOTHER

suddenly BARGES into the store, crazy-eyed and fully manic.

MOTHER

Chloe! Chloe! Where are you, baby?

AT THE PHARMACY

The Pharmacist clocks Mother. She watches Mom sprint to them.

PHARMACIST

You guys are serious about games.

(re: Daughter)

Oh my God, honey, are you okay?

DAUGHTER

(barely)

What would happen?

The Pharmacist doesn't like the question. But still, she returns to the computer, PRESSES ANOTHER SET OF KEYS and-

PHARMACIST

It would probably numb their legs.

DAUGHTER HYPERVENTILATES just as Mom arrives on the scene and-

MOTHER

--Chloe! Oh my god! What happened?!

What did you do? What did you say?!

PHARMACIST

She just started breathing like that. Tell me what you need, Connie.

DAUGHTER

No.

MOTHER

Chloe? Chloe. Look at me. Count in your head. You're going to be okay.

(to the Pharmacist)

Ice bucket.

PHARMACIST

On it.

The Pharmacist runs off. The customers just stand there and-

MOTHER

Give us some space! Please!

The customers all step away. But just as they do, we reveal-

A SMALL SYRINGE

inserted into Daughter's thigh by Mother. WHITE LIQUID enters Daughter's blood. But no one notices. No one except Daughter.

DAUGHTER

No.

MOTHER

It's gonna be okay, baby.

SUDDENLY, DAUGHTER'S BREATHING SLOWS. AND SLOWS. AND SLOWLY, her vision start to blur. Then Daughter falls off her chair.

MOTHER

catches her. She's unconscious. Mom holds Daughter like a newborn baby, whispering the same words over and over again.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

I got you. I got you. I got you...

FADE TO:

EXT. PACIFIC NORTHWEST - DAY

Mother's car weaves down the road, deeper into the forest.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

The car returns home. Mother gets out, opens the passenger door and lifts an unconscious Daughter onto her wheelchair.

INT. STAIRCASE - DAY

Mother wheels Daughter inside. She takes the stair lift up.

INT. DAUGHTER'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mother carries Daughter into bed. And then looks around:

At Daughter's workspace, at her video games, at her 3-D printer, and at her poster for the University of Washington.

Then Mother studies Daughter. Beat. But then after while-

Mother gets up, turns off the lights and closes the door...

INT. MOM'S SHOWER - LATER

Steam envelops Mother's body as she takes a shower. But then Mom turns. And suddenly, we notice her back and buttocks...

Are full of violent, aged scars.

Mother's eyes dart all over as her mind races at hyper-speed.

MOTHER (PRE-LAP)

Hey Kathy, it's me. Do you have a sec? Listen, I wanted to apologize for that whole scene today at the pharmacy, I really didn't mean to...

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Mom has her hands to her ear, walking around the kitchen as-

MOTHER

Thank you... It's just that her doctor switched her to these new pills a few days ago and it's totally messed with her head... I appreciate that, Kathy. I'm trying.

(pause)

Anyway, I know she asked you a few questions about another medication and I was just hoping you could remind her there's no way I would ever give her drugs meant for anim--

(pause)

I was wondering if you could give her a call and assure her that even if she was taking those pills...

(pause)

I just need you to tell her that...

Mother drops her hands. She was never holding a phone. Then-

MOTHER (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Hey Kathy, it's me. You have a sec?

CLOSE ON A BATHROOM DRAWER

Hands reach into the back and pull out a PACK OF CIGARETTES.

INT. MOM'S BATHROOM - LATER

Mom smokes by an open window. She's deep in thought. Then-

CLOSE ON A COMPUTER SCREEN

WORDS ARE TYPED: *"Dr. Qasabian, I'm outraged. I just found out the medicine you were prescribing is meant for dogs?!"*

The cursor stops typing. And then we widen to reveal we're-

INT. DARK, UNDEFINED SPACE

Mother sits in front of a computer. *This isn't going to work.*

CLOSE ON A WINE GLASS

PINOT NOIR IS POURED halfway. And then doubled to the brim.

EXT. GARDEN - AFTERNOON

Wine in one hand, Mom waters the plants. Her mind is still racing. She thinks and thinks and thinks but then finally-

Mother breaks down.

It's long and heartbreaking and somehow, it even makes us question how evil Mother really is... if only for a moment.

Because suddenly, Mom stops crying.

Spotting something in front of her, Mom cocks her head. But we're confused, because the only things in front of her are-

PLANTS

Mother is staring now. An idea forms. And suddenly, Mom doesn't seem lost anymore. Instead, she becomes resolute...

Scary resolute.

CLOSE ON A PAIR OF EYES

They're shut. But then they twitch. Then flicker. And then-

INT. DAUGHTER'S BEDROOM

Daughter opens her eyes. It's dark. And everything is blurry. Still in bed, Daughter immediately starts to get up when-

Her hand KNOCKS OVER A NEW CUP OF PILLS from the BED-STAND.

Daughter realizes how groggy she is. She tries to focus her vision. Eventually, she does. Daughter looks around the room.

On her BED-STAND are SPILLED PILLS, a GLASS OF WATER and a PLASTIC-WRAPPED PLATE OF FOOD. And past them, Daughter sees-

HER BEDROOM DOOR

She slowly lifts herself off her bed, gets in her WHEELCHAIR, heads to the DOOR and turns the knob, only to discover that-

It's locked.

DAUGHTER

...Mom, are you there? Mom?

It's silent. Daughter wiggles the knob again. Nothing. Beat.

DAUGHTER (CONT'D)

I... I just want to talk. Can we do that? I'm sure there's a good explanation for everything. Can we talk and you can tell me? Please?

No response. It's dead quiet. Beat. And then, fear crosses over Daughter's face. And suddenly, she turns to look at-

THE WINDOW ABOVE HER BED

The blinds are closed.

Daughter pushes herself as close to the WINDOW as she can, reaches to grab a set of dangling strings, pulls on them and-

HARSH, EVENING LIGHT

floods the room. Beat. Daughter adjusts her eyes and looks at-

THE DRIVEWAY

But Mother's car isn't parked there anymore. Beat.

Daughter's eyes widen. Then she looks back at her bedroom door. She thinks, thinks, and then suddenly...

Idea.

Daughter wheels to her desk, rummages through it and grabs-

A PAPERCLIP AND A TENSION WRENCH

Daughter returns to the DOOR, inserts the TENSION WRENCH into the lower part of the keyhole and turns it gently.

Next, Daughter straightens the PAPERCLIP and slides it past the wrench. She shakes the clip, working on the lock until-
CLICK.

The door unlocks. Daughter drops the paperclip and wrench and turns the knob again.

But the door still won't open.

Daughter tries PULLING THE KNOB. Nothing. She tries harder. Nothing. Then Daughter pivots her body, uses her shoulder as a fulcrum and PULLS ON the knob with all her strength and-

INT. UPSTAIRS - EVENING

The door still doesn't open.

Instead, we reveal a VERTICAL SECURITY BAR is now jammed tightly between the door knob and the floor. No way out.

INT. DAUGHTER'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Daughter stops pulling. She processes. Beat. Slowly, her mind travels to everything that's happened in the last 12 hours and-

Daughter breaks down.

It's long and heartbreaking, but it doesn't last forever. Because then, her fears are replaced with a new emotion.

Resolve.

Suddenly, Daughter starts scanning for anything that can help. In her closet, nothing. On her desk, nothing. And by her bed-

THE WINDOW

Daughter wheels over, slides it open and peeks her head out of-

EXT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Daughter studies her surroundings. Two feet below her is a SLANTED SECTION OF THE ROOF. And twenty feet below that-

Pavement.

Daughter looks for her next best option. She leans out the window even further and cranes her neck to the left to see-

MOM'S WINDOW

Closed shut. 20 feet away. But definitely reachable by roof.
 Daughter bites her lip. She's debating. Debating. And then-

INT. DAUGHTER'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Daughter shimmies back into the room. Deep in thought, she looks around. At her BED. At her DESK. At her BED-STAND. Then-
 An idea.

Daughter grips her wheels, and in a SWIFT SERIES OF MOTIONS-

She grabs her DIABETES BLOOD METER, checks her blood sugar (low), unwraps Mom's plate of food, and SCARFS it all down.

She unplugs every EXTENSION CORD but one from the WALLS and connects them to one another, creating A LONG, POWERED CHAIN.

Then she digs through her DESK and pockets her SOLDERING IRON.

She wheels to her BED and pulls off its THICK BLANKET. And finally, Daughter wheels back to her BED-STAND and grabs the-

GLASS OF WATER

She takes a big gulp. Swallows. Then takes another gulp. But this time, doesn't swallow. She keeps the water in her mouth.

Daughter wraps THE EXTENSION CORD CHAIN around her arms and ties the BLANKET around her hips. Then she takes a breath and-

EXT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Daughter LIFTS HERSELF onto the WINDOW LEDGE. And for the first time in the film, Daughter doesn't use her wheelchair.

This is dangerous.

But then slowly and strenuously, Daughter guides herself onto-

THE SLANTED ROOF

A LOOSE SHINGLE SLIDES OFF and CRASHES to the pavement. But Daughter's okay. She breathes and finds her balance. Then-

Still keeping the water in her mouth and the blanket on her hips, Daughter gets on her stomach and starts to ARMY CRAWL-

ALL

THE

WAY

ACROSS

THE

ROOF.

As she crawls across, THE EXTENSION CORD CHAIN gets shorter. But right before it reaches its end, Daughter also reaches-

MOM'S WINDOW

Daughter, cut-up, catches her breath. She tries pulling the window open, but it's locked. Not surprised, she pulls out-

THE SOLDERING IRON

from her pocket. *Here we go.* Daughter plugs the iron into-

THE LAST EXTENSION CORD

The iron heats up. And when it does, she puts it directly onto-

THE MIDDLE OF THE WINDOW

Now the window heats up. CRACKS APPEAR like thin spiderwebs. Daughter knows what she's doing. And when she's finally done-

Daughter drops the SOLDERING IRON, starts swirling the WATER THAT'S STILL IN HER MOUTH and studies the window closely.

As if she's aiming.

Turns out she is. In a single motion, Daughter SPITS OUT the WATER IN HER MOUTH and PROJECTILES IT directly onto-

MOM'S WINDOW

The moment the water touches the glass, the GLASS SHATTERS.

Science.

Satisfied, Daughter unties the BLANKET from her waist, folds it three times over, and places it over the GLASS SHARDS on-

MOM'S WINDOW LEDGE

Daughter uses her strength to climb onto the ledge and lift herself through the window. The blanket protects Daughter.

INT. MOM'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Daughter lands softly on Mother's bed. But just as she does-
DAUGHTER GASPS.

But unlike the last few times, this one sounds like WHEEZING.
DAUGHTER GASPS AGAIN. THE WHEEZING GETS WORSE. And we realize-
This is an asthma attack.

STRUGGLING FOR OXYGEN, Daughter reaches into her pocket, only
to realize that her inhaler isn't there. She panics. And then-
GASPING FOR AIR AND WHEEZING LOUDER BY THE SECOND, Daughter
slides onto THE FLOOR and CRAWLS AWAY, too busy to notice that-

THE TELEPHONE CORD

has been cut-clean by scissors.

INT. UPSTAIRS - EVENING

HER AIRWAYS CLOSING, Daughter crawls to her door, removes the
VERTICAL SECURITY BAR and turns the knob again. And this time-

INT. DAUGHTER'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The door opens. Daughter crawls to her wheelchair and gets on.
SECONDS AWAY FROM FAINTING, she wheels to the BED-STAND, grabs
her INHALER and takes the DEEPEST INHALE OF HER ENTIRE LIFE.

DAUGHTER
Mother fucker.

INT. UPSTAIRS - MOMENTS LATER

Her asthma managed, Daughter wheels out of her room and looks-
AT THE FRONT DOOR

Beyond the front door is freedom. But right in front of her is-
THE STAIR LIFT, ALREADY IN PLACE

Daughter wheels inside and presses the control, only to
discover the lift doesn't move. And it's blocking the stairs.

Then Daughter peers over the LIFT GATE, only to discover that
the lift's breaker is now SEVERED. And the lift is stuck.

Daughter thinks. Thinks. *Is there a way out of this?* And then-
Just one. *Over the lift gate.*

Daughter gets out of her wheelchair and slowly raises it over the LIFT GATE. She looks at the STAIRCASE BELOW and then-

Gently sets her wheelchair onto the STAIRS, only to watch as-

THE WHEELCHAIR

INSTEAD FLIES DOWN AT FULL SPEED, BOUNCING VIOLENTLY along the rails and walls and finally CRASHING ON THE GROUND FLOOR.

Now Daughter's turn.

Daughter carries herself onto the LIFT GATE. Hands straining to support her, she sits on THE LEDGE and looks at THE DROP.

It's steep.

Daughter takes a deep breath and summons all the strength she has left (very little) to carefully guide her body off the lift and gently onto the stairs. But just before she lands-

Her arms give out.

Daughter's hands SLIP OFF the ledge. Her body follows suit. SHE SLAMS VIOLENTLY ONTO THE STEPS AND TUMBLES PAINFULLY-

ALL

THE

WAY

DOWN

THE

STAIRS.

SCREAMING, Daughter hits the floor in a CONTORTED POSITION.

INT. FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS

In pain, Daughter stares at the ceiling. *Is this the end?*

No.

Daughter tries to lift herself. But her arms give out. She tries again. But her arms give out. She tries even harder.

But her arms give out.

In pain, Daughter stares at the ceiling. *Is this the end?*

Maybe.

Daughter looks at her arms: bleeding. She looks at her torso: bruised. She looks at her legs: cut. She looks at her feet--

What the...?

Daughter's looking at her feet, but seeing something else.

Suddenly, Daughter's face begins to morph. From pain, it becomes curiosity. From curiosity, it becomes realization.

As Daughter's eyes widen, the CAMERA GLIDES DOWN to reveal what Daughter is specifically focusing on. She's staring at--

HER TOES

And after staring at them for what seems like an eternity--

HER

BIG

TOE

MOVES.

At first, Daughter just stares in disbelief. But then... she laughs. Then she cries. Then she laughs. Then she cries. Then--

DAUGHTER, REVITALIZED

summons that last, necessary piece of energy from inside to lift herself and climb back on her MOTHER FUCKING WHEELCHAIR.

Daughter opens the front door and wheels out of the house...

As fast. As she. Can.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - EVENING

Mother drives home, distraught as hell.

THROUGH THE WINDOW, we see the familiar Pacific Northwest forest zoom by. And placed on THE PASSENGER SEAT, we see--

A HOME DEPOT SHOPPING BAG

But based on the way Mother glances at the bag, we can tell whatever's inside is meant for much more than home repairs.

Mom looks back at the road and steps on the gas.

EXT. PACIFIC NORTHWEST - EVENING

SUCKING on her inhaler every three seconds, Daughter pushes her DENTED WHEELCHAIR as fast as she can, scouring for help.

But then-

HEADLIGHTS

appear in the distance. Just around a curve in the road. *Mom.*

Daughter scurries to the ROADSIDE and hides behind the trees.

She peeks through the brush and waits for Mother's car, only to discover that the headlights don't belong to Mom at all...

They belong to the Mailman.

Daughter's eyes light up. *Hope.* She grips her wheels and tries to push forward, but her wheels DIG DEEPER in the dirt.

THE MAIL VAN

is about to drive by without noticing her. But before it does-

DAUGHTER

frees herself from the dirt and wheels right onto the path of-

THE MAIL VAN

which comes SCREECHING TO A HALT!

The MAILMAN stumbles out of the van. Dealing with the biggest shock of his life, the Mailman just stares at Daughter. Until-

DAUGHTER
Help.

MAILMAN
What happened?

DAUGHTER
My mom.

MAILMAN
Your mom?

Daughter nods. The Mailman scans her injuries. They're bad...

MAILMAN (CONT'D)
Your mom did this to you?

Daughter nods. The Mailman still can't compute. He tries but-

MAILMAN (CONT'D)
Miss Sherman did this to you?
(beat)
On purpose?

DAUGHTER
You don't believe me.

The Mailman looks around. He considers everything. And then-

MAILMAN
I believe you.

DAUGHTER
Then get me out of here.

MAILMAN
Right.

The Mailman rushes to Daughter and grabs the handles of Daughter's wheelchair. But the moment he turns it around-

HEADLIGHTS

appear in the distance. *Mom*. Daughter grips Mailman's hands.

MOM'S CAR

feels like it arrives in slow-motion. But before it comes to a stop, the Mailman stops pushing Daughter's wheelchair and-

MAILMAN (CONT'D)
Stay here.

The Mailman moves Daughter behind the van and out of sight. Then he walks away from the van and towards Mom's car when-

MOTHER, FRANTIC

gets out and runs towards Daughter. The Mailman blocks her.

MOTHER
Where is she? Is she okay?!

MAILMAN
I'm sorry. Chloe just told me--

MOTHER

--I don't give a fuck what she told you, Tom! Is she hurt? Is she hurt?!

MAILMAN

She said you hurt her.

MOTHER

(beat)

She said I did that to her? She told you I hurt my own daughter?

Mother fishes through her purse and shows him a PILL BOTTLE.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

The doctor switched her to these 4 days ago and they've messed with her head. I just came from the hospital. She doesn't know what she's saying, Tom. My daughter needs help. Do you understand?

Now the Mailman's confused. He doesn't know what to believe.

MAILMAN

Ms. Sherman, I'm sure you're right but... she just looks really bad...

MOTHER

Really bad? What happened to her?

Mom tries to pass the Mailman again. But still, he blocks her.

MAILMAN

I think it'd be best if... for now.

MOTHER

Hold on, let me get this... I'm supposed to believe that my daughter - my teenage daughter - has just been found bleeding or bruised from *god-knows-what* on the word of an adult man who just so happened to find her where no one was looking? And now he's not letting her own mother see her?

Mom grabs her phone and dials. She shows him the screen: 911.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

What will they think?

Mother paces. Almost like she's waiting for him to cave. But-

MAILMAN

I don't think there's reception--

MOTHER

(putting phone away)

--How long have you known me, Tom?
How many diseases and disorders do
you think I've had to deal with?
How about people like you - normal,
healthy people - who think they're
helping when they're actually just
making everything worse? You want
to help? Then believe a mother when
she tells you her child is sick!

Mom tries to pass him. But for the third time, she's blocked.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

Please... Let me take her home...

The Mailman's struggling. He wants to give in to Mother. But-

MAILMAN

I'm sorry. I just... I can't.

Mother debates her next move. But then she acquiesces. And-

MOTHER

Okay... Would it be all right if I
follow you both to the hospital?

MAILMAN

Yes. Absolutely.

Beat. Then Mother heads to her car. And the Mailman returns to-

DAUGHTER

MAILMAN (CONT'D)

Hospital or police?

DAUGHTER

Police.

CUT TO:

MOTHER

opens her TRUNK. She rummages through its contents and finds-

A FIRST AID KIT

Mom unzips the kit. Inside are PILLS, LIQUIDS, SYRINGES and-

A .38 CALIBER REVOLVER

Mother stares at the gun. Thinking... Thinking... Thinking...

CUT TO:

A RATCHET STRAP

is grabbed from the bottom of a USPS BOX in the CLUTTERED VAN.

MAILMAN

Finally.

The Mailman untangles the strap, kneels, and loops it through-

THE SIDES OF THE WHEELCHAIR

Daughter's on the chair, now inside the van. She chugs water.

MAILMAN (CONT'D)

Your mom. How long has she been...?

DAUGHTER

I dunno.

Confused, the Mailman FASTENS the ratchet strap securely and-

MAILMAN

I'll drive slow.

DAUGHTER

Thank you.

MAILMAN

Yeah. Of course.

The Mailman exits out of the back. But just before he turns-

MAILMAN (CONT'D)

Oh! And if any boxes fall over--

Mom rushes over and PLUNGES a syringe into the Mailman's neck.

THE MAILMAN'S BREATHING SLOWS. His eyes roll back and his body collapses as Mom stares in disbelief at what she's just done.

MEANWHILE, DAUGHTER

STARTS HYPERVENTILATING. BUT WE CAN'T HEAR HER: THE FILM'S SOUND TRANSFORMS INTO WHITE NOISE. HER BREATHING INTENSIFIES.

DAUGHTER LOSES CONTROL OF HER LUNGS. THEN SHE PASSES OUT TOO.

CUT TO BLACK.

CLOSE ON DAUGHTER'S EYES

They flicker open. Daughter focuses her vision and looks at-

HER BODY

Her leg is BANDAGED. And her wrist is now WRAPPED IN A CAST.

Daughter reels.

After, her eyes survey the space. It's dark. We can tell that she's never been in this room before. Daughter looks around.

THE ROOM

is stuffed with items. We see BOOKSHELVES OF MEDICAL BOOKS, A WHITEBOARD WITH DAUGHTER'S MEDICAL HISTORY, BODY DIAGRAMS and-

A WOODEN STAIRCASE LEADING UP

Her eyes widen. And suddenly, she knows exactly where she is.

INT. FOYER - NIGHT

We reveal the familiar door at the top of the wooden stairs. The door is closed, but we can all remember where it leads...

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Daughter sits in silence. But then slowly, her mind travels to everything that's happened... and her emotions take over.

But then Daughter sees something. On a PLASTIC TABLE nearby-

A SMALL POT

is boiling on an ELECTRIC BURNER. Inside the pot is a SPATULA.

Daughter cocks her head. *What the hell?* Then slowly, she grips her wheels and tries to push, only to discover that-

HER WHEELCHAIR

is completely fucked-up. It VEERS OFF in the wrong direction.

Daughter thinks. Then slowly re-calibrates the way she pushes the chair. It takes a few tries, but soon, she makes it work.

LEAVES, STEMS, AND SOIL

are scattered around the SMALL POT. Daughter wheels to it and-

She slowly grabs the SPATULA. Prepared for the worst, Daughter "scoops" whatever's inside and lifts the SPATULA out to see-

***THICK* BROWN PASTE**

slowly oozing off the spatula like old paint. *What the...?*

Daughter puts down the spatula. Beat. Then she looks around the room again. And for the first time, Daughter now spots-

A CLUTTERED DESK

in the corner. Daughter's eyes linger there. All we see is the MAC LAPTOP on top, but Daughter can see something we don't.

Calm but curious, she begins to wheel herself towards it.

But as Daughter wheels across the room, she doesn't notice the STICKER PRINTER with labels for "Digoxin" in the tray...

Or the SINGLE SLICED PAGE OF PHOTOS from the medical manual...

Or the STAMPS with "URGENT" and "PAST DUE" written on them.

DAUGHTER

just notices the PILE OF PAPERS on Mother's desk. And as she gets close enough to grab them, we see the top letter is from-

THE UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON

Her hands trembling, Daughter picks it up and begins to read.

Dear Ms. Chloe Sherman,

*After careful consideration of your application,
we regret to inform you that we will be unable to
offer you admission to the University of Washington.*

DAUGHTER

drops the rejection letter. It falls to the floor. And then-

Daughter cries.

She's had a hell of a week, but even Daughter wasn't ready for this. Devastated, she can't hold back the tears from falling.

Until suddenly, she can.

Not because they dry up. But rather, because Daughter notices something odd on the floor, right next to the UW letter. It's-

AN ISOLATED LETTERHEAD

Daughter picks it up. It's from the UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON. And it looks identical to the letterhead on the UW rejection.

Confused, Daughter drops the letterhead and then turns over-

THE UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON REJECTION LETTER

only to discover there is no letterhead on the paper anymore.

Daughter's eyes widen. *The letter is fake.*

Holding off on a reaction, Daughter thinks. *If the letter is fake, that would mean...* Suddenly, Daughter's eyes dart to-

THE TRASH CAN

Daughter wheels forward, pulls off its lid, studies its contents, puts her hands inside, and slowly pulls out-

A PILE OF THICK ENVELOPES

Every envelope is stamped with a college. Every letterhead has been CUT. And every letter, including UW's, features the word-

"Congratulations."

For a moment, it looks like Daughter will be able to keep it together. But that moment is short-lived. Because suddenly-

We see Daughter in a state we've never seen her before.

ABSOLUTE

FUCKING

RAGE

She loses her shit. Screaming, Daughter THROWS EVERYTHING in her reach to the FUCKING WALLS, turning a CLUTTERED DESK into an EMPTY ONE and DESTROYING FILES, FOLDERS and ELECTRONICS.

INT. FOYER - CONTINUOUS

It's LOUD, even from here. But as the CLAMOR CONTINUES, we now widen to reveal that the foyer is actually scattered with-

HASTILY-PACKED LUGGAGE

But before we can process any more, DAUGHTER'S RUCKUS STOPS.

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Daughter catches her breath.

Around her is the destruction of her doing. But she couldn't care less. At least not until she surveys the damage and sees-

A PHOTO BOX

covered in the mess, NEAR THE WALLS. On the side of the box is a HANDWRITTEN-LABEL. Daughter squints and reads the words:

"PERSONAL, 1975-"

Her rage quieted, Daughter grips her wheels and pushes, only to discover that her wheelchair doesn't move anymore. Beat.

Daughter tries again. Still, nothing. Confused, she reaches behind the wheelchair and feels around, only to land right on-

A METAL HOOK

Daughter gasps. And right then, we CUT TO A WIDE and reveal-

A CHAIN

running from the back of the wheelchair to a PIPE IN THE WALL.

Daughter processes this, but very little about her Mother shocks her anymore. Instead, she looks back at the photo box-

And gets out of her wheelchair.

Daughter WINCES as she crawls to the WALL. She grabs the BOX from the pile and opens it. We can all feel its importance.

STUFFED INSIDE THE BOX

are OLD DOCUMENTS, PHOTOS and MEMORABILIA.

Daughter sifts through the pile, only stopping at the items that grab her attention. The first object that does that is-

A NEWS PHOTO FROM THE 1980s

In it, a 7-YEAR-OLD MOTHER climbs on the shoulders of her own mom. *Happy times*. We recognize the photo from Mom's bedroom.

But then, Daughter sees the text around the photo. It's from-

AN OLD NEWSPAPER ARTICLE

GILROY WOMAN COMMITS SUICIDE IN FRONT OF DAUGHTER
Neighbors suspect years of child abuse.

Daughter reads the headline twice. Her mind races. But before she comes to conclusions, she puts the article aside to reveal-

A FOSTER CARE APPLICATION

In the application photo, a 10-YEAR-OLD MOM appears hopeless.

Beat. Daughter keeps sifting through. But then she stumbles on-

LOVE LETTERS AND ROMANTIC TRINKETS

And among this pile is a PHOTO FROM THE 1990s. We recognize this from earlier, too. In it, a TEENAGE MOM is kissing a man.

Mom's beaming.

Daughter sifts through these happy times until she lands on-

AN ENVELOPE STAMPED WITH "RETURN TO SENDER"

Its recipient is "Rodney Lee" and we can immediately sense that whatever's inside the envelope isn't happy anymore. It's-

A HAND-WRITTEN LETTER

Daughter reads the letter as the CAMERA reveals key phrases:

"...been trying to call... I don't understand why you left... I was pregnant with our kid... I need somebody..." and then-

"Come back."

Daughter reads those two words over and over, until finally-

She spots one last item inside the envelope. Beat. Daughter picks it up to find... A PHOTO FROM THE 2000s. And in it...

Oh my God.

...DAUGHTER IS RUNNING.

Unable to look away from her 2-year-old self, Daughter breaks down. Like she's mourning every memory she never got to have.

Until suddenly, we hear-

THE BASEMENT DOOR

An OMINOUS FIGURE descends. Holding A SHOPPING BAG in one hand and a BOX OF DOVE CHOCOLATES in the other, we reveal-

MOTHER

But she doesn't look ominous at all... She looks heartbroken.

MOTHER

(re: mess)

Oh my god, Chloe. What happened?

But then Mom's eyes move from the MESS to the FAKE LETTER to-

THE NOW-EMPTY PHOTO BOX

Mother freezes. Beat. She stares at Daughter for an eternity. Daughter stares back. No one says a word for the longest time.

But then, something clicks in Daughter's mind and suddenly...

DAUGHTER

No one loved you.

Mom's quiet. But then she sets down the CHOCOLATES and BAG (HOME DEPOT) and moves to Daughter to explain, only for-

DAUGHTER

to scurry to the WALL. She's scared of her own mother. Then-

MOTHER

They'll hate you out there. Look at me. I know. They'll mock you and abuse you and abandon you. And if they love you, they'll only love you for a second. Out there, they will throw you out. But in here...

Mom starts to cry. And for the first time, her tears are real.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

In here, you have a home. Our home. You're sick, but you're cared for. You cry, but you're loved. You're in pain, but at least you're safe.

(beat)

Baby, no one in the universe loves their kid more than me. Everything I do, everything, is for you, Chloe.

Mom means every word. But then Daughter fights through fear.

DAUGHTER

Was I ever actually sick?

MOTHER

You were born early. You had lung problems... Your asthma was so bad.

DAUGHTER

But I could walk.

Mother doesn't say anything. Daughter takes that for a "yes."

DAUGHTER (CONT'D)

My heart beat normal? I wasn't covered in rashes? I didn't vomit all the time? I could eat without having to draw my own blood?

MOTHER

Your asthma needed to be treated.

DAUGHTER

You poisoned me.

MOTHER

Don't say that word.

DAUGHTER

What am I supposed to say then?

MOTHER

Protected, baby. I protected you.

Mother can see her words aren't getting through to Daughter. So all of a sudden, Mom digs through her pocket and pulls out-

SEVERAL PILL BOTTLES

Mom shakes the bottles. *They're full.* Daughter shivers. Beat.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

These?

Mom brings the PILL BOTTLES to a SINK, turns the faucet on and-

MOTHER (CONT'D)

Gone.

Mom empties the pills into the DRAIN. Daughter's taken aback.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

I don't care about the pills, I don't care about the doctors. I don't care about anyone. Just you.

Mom returns to Daughter. She recoils, but less than before.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

No more pills. Just you. And me. We start over. We forget all of this.

Mother sticks out her hand.

A promise.

And Daughter's actually falling for it.

MOTHER (CONT'D)
Just like it used to be.

But then Daughter sees BLOOD on Mother's cuff. *The Mailman's*.

MOTHER (CONT'D)
He's fine. He's just sleeping.

Beat. Then Daughter looks at the PHOTO. And the DAD LETTER. The FOSTER CARE APPLICATION. The SUICIDE ARTICLE. And finally-

THE COLLEGE LETTERS

MOTHER (CONT'D)
Please, baby... Take my hand...

And slowly, Daughter begins to understand everything... Then-

DAUGHTER
You didn't do this for me.
(beat)
You did this for you.

MOTHER
That's not true.

Daughter looks at Mother with a mix of pity and horror. And-

DAUGHTER
You need me to need you.

Bingo. This hits a nerve. Suddenly, Mom stops trying. Instead-

MOTHER

looks at Daughter for awhile. The tears start falling again.

MOTHER
No. That's not true.

Mom stands. And suddenly, it feels like everything's changed.

Growing more distraught by the moment, Mother walks across the room, digs through her pocket for some KEYS and unlocks-

A CLOSET DOOR

that neither Daughter nor the audience noticed until just now.

DAUGHTER
What are you doing?

We don't see what's inside the closet. But we hear MOTHER RUMMAGING. After awhile, she exits. But now, Mom's hauling-

A VENTILATOR MACHINE

DAUGHTER (CONT'D)
Mom, what are you doing?

Mom drags the VENTILATOR to the middle of the room and then opens the HOPE DEPOT BAG she set aside earlier and pulls out-

A CAN OF PAINT THINNER

DAUGHTER (CONT'D)
Why do you have that, Mom?!

Holding the can and fighting off tears, Mom walks directly to-

THE POT OF THICK PASTE

She shuts off the burner and then... pours the THINNER inside.

DAUGHTER (CONT'D)
Mom? Please tell me what that's for.

Mom tries to ignore Daughter. Using the SPATULA, Mom mixes the paste with the thinner, turning what was once THICK PASTE into-

***WATERY* BROWN FLUID**

DAUGHTER (CONT'D)
MOM! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!

Mother looks at Daughter. Both of them are unable to hold back their tears. Daughter scurries to the WHEELCHAIR and-

DAUGHTER (CONT'D)
Please don't do something bad!

Hands shaking, Mother reaches back into the BAG and pulls out-

A SYRINGE

DAUGHTER (CONT'D)
Mom, why do you have that?

Mom adjusts the syringe. But just as Daughter gets back onto her wheelchair, Mother sticks the syringe inside the pot and-

FILLS

THE

SYRINGE

WITH
BROWN
FLUID.

DAUGHTER GASPS. She retreats from Mother as fast as she can.

DAUGHTER (CONT'D)
Mom! Please! Don't! Please Mom!
Please Mom! Please Mom! Please!

Daughter backs away from Mom, YELLING AND HYPERVENTILATING as-

THE WHEELCHAIR CHAIN

reaches full-extension. Meanwhile, Mother whimpers as she finishes filling. She checks to see if the syringe works.

DAUGHTER (CONT'D)
Please, Mom. No. I don't wanna die.

It does.

MOTHER
Hey! Do not say that! I would never!

Mother walks towards Daughter, who FLINGS her body off the wheelchair and starts crawling away for dear fucking life.

DAUGHTER
Mom, please! Don't hurt me, please!
Mom, pleasepleasepleasepleaseplease!

Keeping her eyes trained on Mom, Daughter retreats as fast as she can without looking behind her, only to back right into-

THE CLOSET

Daughter realizes where she is. Quickly, she shuts the DOOR, reaches up for the handle and locks it. Beat. It's dead quiet.

DAUGHTER'S BREATHING CALMS. But then the DOOR KNOB WIGGLES.

MOTHER (O.S.)
Sweetheart. Open the door.

OUTSIDE THE CLOSET

Mom waits for the door to open. But nothing happens. So then-

MOTHER (CONT'D)

You may not understand now, but I am doing what I think is best for you. Don't be scared. Don't cry. I'm here for you. I will always be here for you. Whether you can't breathe. Whether you can't walk...

Mom looks at the syringe. The hardest thing she's ever done.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

Or whether you can't move again.

INSIDE THE CLOSET

Daughter is crying more than ever. Slowly resigning to her fate, Daughter begins to realize that there is no way out.

But then-

Daughter sees something.

Lying on an open shelf in the closet is-

A STETHOSCOPE

There's nothing special about it. But then Daughter's eyes shift and she notices that lying next to the STETHOSCOPE is-

A DEFIBRILLATOR

And lying next to the DEFIBRILLATOR is a NEBULIZER. And lying next to the NEBULIZER is A BLOOD PRESSURE MONITOR. And lying next to the BLOOD PRESSURE MONITOR is A SPHYGMOMANOMETER...

Daughter looks around.

And as she does, we realize this is no ordinary closet. It's-

A MEDICAL CLOSET

MOTHER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

C'mon baby. I'm sorry. Open up.

Daughter's eyes scan the whole room. Finally, they land on-

A SHELF OF PRESCRIPTION PILLS AND LIQUIDS

Daughter stares at them. And we can see clearly in her eyes:

An idea is forming.

OUTSIDE THE CLOSET

A pained Mother accepts that Daughter won't open the door. So Mom digs into her pocket and pulls out the KEYS from earlier.

INSIDE THE CLOSET

Daughter now holds a LIQUID MEDICINE BOTTLE WITH "SEVERE WARNING" LABELS. Her eyes say it all. *Am I about to do this?*

OUTSIDE THE CLOSET

Mom unlocks the door and opens it, only to gasp when she finds-

DAUGHTER

holding the LIQUID MEDICINE, her eyes dead-set on Mother. Then-

DAUGHTER

You need me.

Beat. Before Mother can act, Daughter unscrews the bottle and-

CHUGS

ALL

THE

MEDICINE

INSIDE.

MOTHER

No! No! No! No! No! No! No!

Screaming, Mom drops the SYRINGE and tries to open Daughter's mouth. But it's too late. The medicine's in Daughter's body.

MOTHER

loses every ounce of sanity. As Daughter begins to feel sick, Mother rummages through the SHELVES, until she finally finds-

A BOTTLE OF HYDROGEN PEROXIDE

Mom opens the BOTTLE, pries open Daughter's mouth again and tries to pour the PEROXIDE down her throat only to see that-

BLOOD

is now pouring out of Daughter's mouth. Mother drops the bottle and cries. Daughter's eyes roll back into her head.

It's too late.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

NO!

CUT TO BLACK.

SOMEWHERE IN A HOSPITAL

It's life or death. In front of us, doctors huddle over a patient, their hands moving at lightning speed. But then-

We PUSH IN. Past the apnea monitors, breathing ventilators and tubes to finally reveal the patient in front of them:

OUR 17-YEAR-OLD DAUGHTER

Purple, sickly, and covered in tubes.

BLACK CHARCOAL SHOOTS THROUGH A TUBE in her nose as doctors try to save Daughter. It's hard to watch. *It's really hard to-*

CLOSE ON DAUGHTER'S EYES

They flicker open. Time has passed. Her eyeballs roll to the back of her head as she tries to fight off the haze of drugs.

Eventually her eyes refocus. And Daughter realizes that she's-

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - MORNING

Monitors surround her. And there's ACTIVITY outside her room.

It worked.

But then Daughter sees WIRES all over her body. She looks at-

HER ARM

It's BRUISED and BANDAGED. But just underneath her fingers is-

A CALL BUTTON

Daughter tries to press the button, only to learn her fingers can barely move anymore. Then Daughter looks at her other arm.

...only to discover that she can barely move anything anymore.

NURSE

Oh, you're up.

Suddenly, a NURSE ENTERS FRAME and sits on Daughter's bedside.

NURSE (CONT'D)

I'm sure you're plenty confused about where you are right now or what's going on. So let me help.

The Nurse smiles. We all trust her immediately. *Help is here.*

NURSE (CONT'D)

It's 7:15 AM, you're in an Intensive Care Unit in Seattle, Washington and you've just been given activated charcoal, can you follow my finger with your eyes?

The Nurse moves her index finger around. Daughter TRACKS it as-

NURSE (CONT'D)

Basically it means that a bunch of doctors "un-poisoned" all the medicine that was in your stomach.

The Nurse drops her finger, pleased with Daughter's results.

NURSE (CONT'D)

Bad news, I'll start with the bad news, is that it'll take some time for you to recover. But good news is you will. Not just because of the doctors but your mother, too. She brought you here just in time.

Daughter tries to interject, but she can't utter a sound. Beat. We reveal a BREATHING TUBE is still down her throat.

NURSE (CONT'D)

Shh! Sorry, I should've mentioned: The breathing tube is still in your throat for precaution, so you won't be able to talk for awhile. But... your lungs seem to be oxygenating and ventilating fine, so we'll probably just extubate in an hour and then you can chat your face off.

Suddenly afraid again, Daughter cries. The Nurse sees but-

NURSE (CONT'D)

Listen. I don't want to presume anything about your life or why you did what you did. But your feelings right now are normal. And I promise I'll do whatever I can to help. Cool?

Tears keep falling. The Nurse wipes them away. But just then-

THE HOSPITAL DOOR

swings open. And both Daughter and the Nurse look over to see-

MOTHER

deep in conversation with someone outside. The Nurse gets up.

NURSE (CONT'D)

I'll be right back.

Oh God. Daughter's HEART RATE RISES. The Nurse exits the room.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Mother, disheveled, listens to a DOCTOR. The Nurse joins them.

DOCTOR

--Again it depends on a few factors. Right now we're monitoring all of her illnesses. But considering she's already stabilized, I'd put a full recovery at 3-4 weeks. Give or take.

MOTHER

Great, great. And her heart?

DOCTOR

Most likely the same. It's really her mental state that concerns us.

MOTHER

Me too.

Mom sighs. Then becomes quiet. Deep in thought. After awhile-

MOTHER (CONT'D)

So can I take her now or...?

NURSE

Oh no, that can't happen for awhile.

Beat. Mother's facade drops for a moment. She's taken aback.

MOTHER

But you said she was stabilized...

DOCTOR

She is. But attempted suicide as an adolescent immediately categorizes her as a high-risk patient.

NURSE

A mental health physician needs to evaluate Chloe and assess the likelihood of another incident.

MOTHER

When will that happen?

NURSE

Oh, today. When she can talk again.

Oh fuck. Mom panics. But she doesn't show it. Meanwhile, the Doctor opens a FOLDER called "SHERMAN" he's been holding and-

DOCTOR

Which reminds me to ask you. Says here that Chloe's primary doctor's been changed more than a dozen times in the past 6 years. Who should we be contacting exactly?

MOTHER

Whoever is listed last. She's new... This evaluation though, could it not happen another time?

The Nurse and Doctor shake their heads. Mom thinks. And then-

MOTHER (CONT'D)

Okay, listen. This all makes sense. It does. And I'm so thankful for what you're doing. I am. But my daughter has had a horrible week. She just heard back from colleges. All rejections. Can you imagine that? Not a single school sees how incredible of a human being she is and she is devastated. Then this happens last night. And right now...

Mom is doing what she does best: acting. And it's working.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

I'm her mother. I've been by her side for every obstacle she has had to overcome in her young life and a girl like her has had to overcome a lot more than everyone else. I'm her mother and I know what's best for her. And right now, my daughter needs to be home. She needs to be home. And she needs to be with me.

(beat)

Can you help?

The Nurse looks to Doctor for an answer. The Doctor thinks.

DOCTOR

Ms. Sherman, if I could help you, I really would. But this is state law.

Beat. Mother stops fighting. The Nurse feels for her and-

NURSE

If you didn't find her down there in time, she wouldn't be here. I'll make sure you're allowed to stay with her as much as you'd like.

Mother doesn't say anything. She's in another world. Until-

DOCTOR

I'm reachable anytime, by the way. If you think of any more questions.

MOTHER

Thank you, Doctor. Thank you.

The Doctor leaves. Then the Nurse smiles warmly at Mom and-

NURSE

She's awake if you want to come in.

Mom thinks, pulse quickening.

MOTHER

In a moment, yeah. I should just... just real quick, I have to...

NURSE

Of course. Take your time.

The Nurse leaves Mom and enters Daughter's room. Meanwhile-

MOTHER

is losing her shit. But she has to keep her emotions inside.

She thinks.

And thinks.

And then surveys the hallway around her. Mounted ABOVE Mother-

A SECURITY CAMERA

is pointed directly at Daughter's room. And RIGHT BEHIND Mom-

A NURSE STATION

has a perfect line-of-sight. Four nurses operate the station.

MOTHER

is losing her shit. But she has to keep her emotions inside.

She thinks.

And thinks.

And then-

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Daughter's eyes turn to the Nurse when she enters the room and-

NURSE

You've got one hell of a mom.
She'll be here in a sec.

THROUGH THE WINDOW

Daughter sees Mother thinking. We can tell she's freaking out on the inside. But on the outside, Mom keeps it all together.

But then Daughter and Mother lock eyes.

They stare at one another. But as Mother studies Daughter, something in Mother's face changes. Beat. And then suddenly-

Mother leaves.

DAUGHTER

starts to panic. *Where did Mom go?* Her eyes widen. Her heart rate quickens. And then suddenly, her eyes dart right back to-

THE NURSE

But she's busy with something else. *Shit.* Daughter thinks. Then she spots one last option: Right next to her hand is-

THE CALL BUTTON

Daughter stretches her fingers to press the button. She's more mobile than before. But her fingers still don't reach.

Nevertheless, she persists. Stretching and stretching until-

DING.

The Nurse hears the call and comes to Daughter's bed. *Success.*

NURSE (CONT'D)
 Hey, what's up?

Daughter looks straight at the Nurse. Then down to the Nurse's-

PEN

Daughter points with her finger. But the Nurse doesn't get it. So Daughter tries motioning back and forth with her eyes until-

NURSE (CONT'D)
 You want to write something?

Bingo. Daughter nods. But the Nurse doesn't look supportive.

NURSE (CONT'D)
 Mm. Ok. So. I actually can't let
 you use this. It's a safety thing.

Daughter cries. She's totally screwed. The Nurse empathizes.

NURSE (CONT'D)
 But...

The Nurse gets up and starts digging through CABINETS in the room. Finally, she finds what she's looking for. In her hands-

A CRAYON

NURSE (CONT'D)
 This could work.

CUT TO:

AN OPEN NOTEBOOK

slides onto Daughter's lap.

The Nurse sits down and waits to read Daughter's message.

Daughter can barely hold the CRAYON. She takes a look at the door (still no Mother) and then tries to write when suddenly-

Her hand slips and the crayon falls.

NURSE (CONT'D)
 You got this.

The Nurse grabs the crayon and returns it to Daughter's hands. Daughter holds it tighter and tries to write again.

But all she can manage are SCRIBBLES.

NURSE (CONT'D)

Slowly.

Daughter glances at the DOOR again (no Mother). The Nurse registers Daughter's look and clocks it as odd. But then-

Daughter tries writing again. This time, slowly and steadily.

Hands shaking, Daughter manages to scribble an "M"... barely write an "O"... and just before she finishes the last "M"...

THE FIRE ALARM GOES OFF.

Lights FLASH in the room. The Nurse stands up. And suddenly-

NURSE (CONT'D)

I'll be right back.

Before Daughter can communicate anything, the Nurse leaves and joins a STREAM OF SUDDENLY-BUSY STAFF OUTSIDE. Meanwhile-

DAUGHTER

is left alone. She knows Mother is behind this. Daughter starts to lose her shit. *She knows Mother is behind this.*

But as Daughter freaks out, the CAMERA INSTEAD MOVES to-

HER ECG MONITOR

For 30 seconds, the CAMERA PUSHES IN as Daughter's heart rate goes from NORMAL to DANGEROUS. And from QUIET to DEAFENING.

But just when it feels like the spikes couldn't look worse-

They flat-line.

For a few moments, we all wonder what's happening. *Did Daughter just fucking die?* But then we WIDEN to reveal-

MOTHER

now standing in the ICU... holding unplugged electrodes from the ECG monitor... and ready to take Daughter the fuck away.

CUT TO:

Mother loosens Daughter's head mask, withdraws the pilot syringe that's connected to Daughter's breathing tube and-

MOTHER

Breathe.

Mom PULLS OUT the breathing tube. Daughter SPITS AND GASPS.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Mom pushes Daughter, now in a wheelchair and under a blanket, away from ICU crowds. DAUGHTER'S LUNGS ARE WORKING OVERDRIVE.

Unable to speak, Daughter tries everything to gain attention.

She shakes her head around, moves her hands under the blanket, and even wiggles her feet below. But no one sees. Eventually-

The blanket falls off her shoulders, revealing IV TUBES TIED AROUND HER ARMS. Mom gently tucks the blanket back over her.

Mom's getting away with this.

But then just as she sees the ELEVATOR FOYER ahead of them, Mother instead takes a sharp turn and pushes Daughter into-

INT. HOSPITAL ALCOVE - CONTINUOUS

Mom puts the brakes on Daughter's wheelchair. And then waits.

ALARMS STILL BLARING, Mom bites her lip. She's as tense as ever. Daughter wonders what's happening. HER BREATHING CALMS.

And then the alarms stop.

Immediately, Mother undoes the brakes. She pushes Daughter to-

INT. ELEVATOR FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Mother jams on the "DOWN" button. She waits impatiently. Finally, an ELEVATOR ARRIVES. Mom pushes Daughter inside.

She's actually getting away with this.

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

It's just the two of them. Mom stares at the FLOOR DISPLAY. Daughter stares at the doors. It's eerily SILENT. But then-

MOTHER

It's been stuck in my head all night. What you said.

(beat)

I know I've scared you. I know I've lied to you. And I know I've hurt you. But I promise I'll spend every minute of our lives making sure that you never feel that way again. You were right, I do need you.

(MORE)

MOTHER (CONT'D)

And deep down, you know the same
goes for you. You need me. You've
always needed me. I'm your mom.

The elevator stops before the lobby. The doors open to reveal-

A NEW FAMILY

A Young Dad enters with a Young Mom, who sits in a wheelchair too. The Young Mom holds her newborn baby. They dote over it.

Mom grips Daughter's wheelchair. Daughter can't help but cry.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The scene outside the hospital room returns to order. A frustrated Nurse re-enters Daughter's hospital room and-

NURSE

Sorry about that, false alarm.
Either someone pranked us or--

The Nurse freezes when she notices that Daughter is missing.

But then she sees the UNPLUGGED BREATHING TUBE and DANGLING WIRES. *That's not normal.* Immediately, she grabs her HANDSET.

NURSE (CONT'D)

Did anyone transfer the patient in
603-West during the alarm?

VOICE OF STAFF

*Don't think so. The only evacs were
in the east wing.*

NURSE

Then why is her bed--

The Nurse stops mid-sentence. She sees it. Right on the bed.

DAUGHTER'S DRAWING

The Nurse picks it up, looks at it and slowly reads out loud.

NURSE (CONT'D)

Mom...

THE NURSE

thinks. And thinks. And thinks. And then soon, we watch her face go from confusion to complete understanding. *Holy fuck.*

NURSE (CONT'D)

Inform the hospital we have a Code Purple. I repeat: we have an active Code Purple for Chloe Sherman!

INT. HOSPITAL LOBBY - MORNING

DING. At the far end of the lobby, the elevator opens and-

MOTHER

PUSHES Daughter out at full speed, her manic eyes locked on-

THE FRONT DOORS

But despite her mania, no one in the lobby notices. Meanwhile-

DAUGHTER

is now convinced Mom's going to get away with this. But then-

PA ANNOUNCEMENT

Connie Sherman, report to security immediately. Connie and Chloe Sherman to security immediately.

DAUGHTER'S EYES

light up. She starts shaking again, vying for attention, but-

MOTHER

pushes Daughter faster. They're almost at the exit. But now-

PEOPLE IN THE LOBBY

start to notice them. But it's too late, because just then-

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER

arrive at the FRONT DOORS. And Daughter panics for her life. But just before Mother pushes Daughter out, Daughter spots-

A SECURITY GUARD

in the reflection of the door. He's approaching from behind. Daughter's eyes widen. *She's going to be okay!* But then-

MOTHER

sees the reflection, too. And in a single manic second-

SECURITY GUARD
Excuse me, ma'am--

MOTHER

stops pushing Daughter, reaches into her purse, and pulls out-

HER FUCKING REVOLVER

MOTHER
GET AWAY FROM US! GET AWAY!

But it's not just one Guard behind her. It's three of them.

THE GUARDS

reach for their guns. But Mother waves her's around first.

MOTHER (CONT'D)
NO! I'LL KILL YOU! LEAVE US ALONE!

Daughter cries. Every part of Mother's body is shaking as-

MOTHER (CONT'D)
SHE NEEDS ME AND I NEED HER AND WE
ARE GOING HOME TOGETHER! TOGETHER!
(pulling hammer)
FOLLOW US OUT AND YOU FUCKING DIE!

The guards freeze.

They look at each other, each wondering what the hell to do.

But then slowly, they all move their hands away from their guns. Daughter can't believe it. *They're listening to Mom.*

MOTHER

knows she won.

Keeping her eyes and gun on the guards in front of her, Mom pushes Daughter backwards and out of the fucking hospital as-

DAUGHTER

stops crying. The hospital doors close behind her and any last ounce of hope Daughter once had completely disappears.

EXT. HOSPITAL ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Daughter is lifeless as she's wheeled out. In front of her is A STEEP STAIRCASE to the STREET BELOW. And on the STREET BELOW-

MOM'S CAR

idles at a handicap spot. The car is full of LUGGAGE. But just as Daughter realizes that Mother's never taking her home again-

Daughter sees something else. Something just past Mom's car.

MEANWHILE, MOTHER

surveys her options. To the left of her is a WHEELCHAIR RAMP. And to the right of her is an ELEVATOR. Beat. Mother thinks.

MEANWHILE, DAUGHTER

still stares into the distance. And as she does, we finally reveal what's gotten her attention... Just past Mom's car is-

THE HOSPITAL ENTRANCE SIGN

and etched onto the sign... is THE UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON LOGO. *We've been at a university hospital this entire time.*

SUDDENLY, DAUGHTER

becomes way less scared than before. Now... she feels RAGE.

MEANWHILE, MOTHER

decides to take the ramp. Keeping an eye on the guards behind the doors, Mom tries pushing the wheelchair, only to discover-

The wheelchair doesn't move.

MOTHER

tries pushing again. But it still doesn't move. Growing frustrated, she tries again. Still, nothing. *What the fuck?*

But then a suspicion crosses Mom's mind. And then suddenly-

Fear.

One eye on the front doors, Mom looks at Daughter and slowly reaches for her blanket, only to discover that underneath it-

DAUGHTER'S FEET

ARE

NOW

PLANTED

FIRMLY

ON

THE

GROUND,

BLOCKING any motion of the steering wheels in front. Whatever little muscle Daughter has STRAINS to keep her feet in place.

Mother gasps. And then Daughter looks right into her eyes and-

DAUGHTER

I don't need you anymore.

Beat. Mom unravels. We watch as her facade breaks completely and her heart shatters like it's a shotgun blast. But then-

MOTHER

You will.

The next thing happens fast. Suddenly, Mom notices the guards are now outside. She raises her handgun as fast as she can and-

MOTHER (CONT'D)

WE'RE GOING HOME AND--

BANG, MOTHER'S SHOULDER

is SHOT. She drops her gun. And time goes into SLOW-MOTION as-

MOTHER

is pulled backwards by the sheer force of the bullet, causing-

HER FOOT

to trip on the first step of the steep staircase below and-

MOTHER

to fall. And just as Mother hits the stone steps, we return to-

DAUGHTER

whose shock and stoicism is our only clue as to what Mother's body looks like as it crashes violently down the stairs until-

Time returns to normal and the violence comes to a stop.

SIRENS fill the air. An ALARM goes off. And security, staff, and paramedics rush onto the crime scene. Among the group is-

THE NURSE

who sits by Daughter and tries to console her. But Daughter doesn't pay her any attention. Instead, she just stares at-

MOTHER'S BODY

crumpled at the foot of the stairs. Mother's neck and back are broken, her body is sprawled in an alien position, but-
Daughter can't take her eyes away.

FADE TO BLACK.

CLOSE ON MELTING PLASTER

molded into an ORGANIC SHAPE. A RAZOR slices crevices in the plaster. And SKILLED HANDS solder ELECTRONICS to the shape.
But then we widen to reveal we're looking at a PROSTHETIC LEG.

INT. PROSTHETICS TECHNOLOGY LAB - DAY

As the hands test and re-calibrate the prosthetic, we notice a WEDDING RING on the 4th finger and reveal we're looking at-

DAUGHTER, 13 YEARS LATER

On the WALL around her are SIGNED PHOTOS of patients using prosthetics, a DEGREE from the University of Washington and-
A PHOTO OF DAUGHTER HOLDING HER OWN NEWBORN AT THE HOSPITAL.

AN ALARM GOES OFF. But it's just from an iPhone. Daughter quiets the alarm. And then doesn't return to work. Instead-

She stares into the distance. Something's on her mind. BEEP.

DAUGHTER (V.O.)
Hey, honey. You're probably
changing diapers right now. But I
just wanted to say hello since I'll
be coming home late today. I'm...

CUT TO:

Daughter PRICKS her finger and checks her blood sugar: "120 MG/DL". Then she grabs TWO CHOCOLATES from her desk and eats.

DAUGHTER (V.O.)
Whatever, it's the second Friday of
the month. You know what I'm doing.

CUT TO:

Daughter slings a backpack over her shoulder. Then she reaches under her desk, pulls out a WALKING CANE, puts pressure on it-
And stands.

DAUGHTER (V.O.)
 Anyway, tell Annie to stop pooping
 her pants. But if she has to, to
 only do it if you're on parent-duty.

Using the cane for support, Daughter walks herself out of the lab. And as she does, the CAMERA PANS to the WINDOW. Outside-

DOWNTOWN SEATTLE

Hustle. Bustle. People. The opposite of Daughter's childhood.

DAUGHTER (V.O.)
 Oh. And I love you both. Duh.

INT. CITY PHARMACY - DAY

Daughter waits patiently in line. When it's finally her turn-

DAUGHTER
 Hi.

EXT. SEATTLE, WASHINGTON - DAY

The CAMERA FOLLOWS a minivan as it snakes its way out of the city and gets onto a highway leading out of town. Inside-

INT. CAR - DAY

Daughter drives, her eyes only occasionally glancing at the-

PHARMACY BAG

lying on the PASSENGER SEAT. An ASTHMA INHALER rests nearby.

EXT. PACIFIC NORTHWEST - EVENING

Daughter's car glides through windy roads and familiar scenery before finally coming to a slow at its destination:

A LARGE, GATED COMPOUND

with a sign outside: WASHINGTON CORRECTIONS CENTER FOR WOMEN.

CLOSE ON A LOCKER

Daughter's purse and phone are put inside and locked. We're-

INT. SECURITY STATION - EVENING

Daughter walks through a scanner. Then SECURITY pats her down.

SECURITY

How you doing, Sherman?

DAUGHTER

Same as last month, Tran. You?

SECURITY

Eh. Same as last decade. Clear.

INT. CORRECTIONS CENTER - EVENING

Daughter is escorted by an officer past INMATE CELLS. But instead of taking Daughter to a visiting room, they enter-

THE INFIRMARY

The infirmary looks exactly like a real hospital, except ten times poorer. Eventually, Daughter and the officer arrive at-

INT. INFIRMARY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Daughter enters alone. Inside are a few nurses and half-a-dozen beds with half-a-dozen inmates in serious conditions.

But Daughter's eyes don't linger. Instead, they're locked on-

THE FURTHEST BED

GUARD (O.S.)

You can start your 60, honey.

Already told her you were coming.

Daughter takes a deep breath. And then starts to walk over. As she does, we slowly reveal the patient in the final bed...

Now paralyzed from the neck down and staring into the void is-

MOTHER

Her mouth is frozen in a forever-scream. *She looks miserable.* Daughter sits down. And then sees something in Mother's hair.

DAUGHTER

You've got dandruff again. I keep telling 'em to change your product.

Mother stares at Daughter with vacant eyes. But this is nothing new to Daughter. She looks at Mom. Thinks. Then-

DAUGHTER (CONT'D)

Annie learned how to use an iPhone the other day. Called the cops on accident. That was fun. Her walk is getting better. Still looks like Godzilla when she's doing it but you know, it's coming along. I'm excited to bring her here one day. You'll finally see what I mean about her eyes. Literally yours.

(beat)

Ara's good. Still kinda hates his job, but we're figuring it out. Oh! I put legs on a 7 year-old last week. That was awesome. It was this adorable little boy named Kay and...

As Daughter fills Mother in on her life, the CAMERA PULLS AWAY from them. We don't hear what Daughter's saying anymore.

A beautiful scene between Mother and Child. *Love is strange.*

CUT TO:

An hour later, Daughter sits quietly. She looks at Mom warmly.

DAUGHTER (CONT'D)

It's good to see you, Mom. But I think it's time for me to go now.

Something about this wakes Mom up. Suddenly, Mom's eyes widen. Meanwhile, Daughter fishes in her mouth and spits out-

SARAN-WRAPPED PILLS

Mother tries to scream. But she can't even make a noise. Then-

Daughter checks to see if anyone is looking. No one is. So Daughter turns to Mother. And with all the love in the world-

DAUGHTER (CONT'D)

I love you, Mom. Now open wide.

SMASH TO BLACK.