

STRONGER

Based on the book
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JEFF BAUMAN'S POV, darkness save for a square of light in the distance. Sounds of a distant cheering crowd. Walking down a long dark tunnel headed toward the bright daylight--

JEFF BAUMAN'S SILHOUETTE BREAKS INTO VIEW, well-worn baseball cap on his head -- following him walking with purpose toward the light. Hear a Red Sox radio host over the crowd:

RED SOX RADIO HOST (VO)
-- a bea-u-ti-ful spring day here
at Fenway Park, Sox back home,
hoping to get back on track after
getting swept by Baltimore. It's
early, Jerry, but this's a team in
transition, isn't it?

Following him out into the light--

BACK PARKING LOT, COSTCO - NASHUA, NEW HAMPSHIRE - DAY -
SUNDAY, APRIL 14, 2013

STEPPING OUT FROM THE DARKNESS, JEFF BAUMAN, a 27-year-old-guy with unkempt hair bristling from the hair-net under his well-worn sweat-stained Red Sox hat, earbuds in listening to the radio. Costco apron, rubber boots, stepping out from the walkway onto the concrete lot, all the dumpsters.

He has a bucket of chicken grease in one hand, a trash bag in the other.

We still HEAR the Red Sox pre-game show:

RED SOX RADIO CO-HOST (VO)
After last year, Joe, worst Red Sox
season in like a generation, I
don't think *anything* survived that
wreckage.

Jeff opens the top on a small dumpster labeled "Grease Only" and dumps the grease bucket -- notices a MANGY DOG licking an oily puddle of runoff.

RED SOX RADIO CO-HOST (VO)
(laughs)
-- Boston fans have become immune
at this point. Thinking they really
can't hurt us any more, can they?

We stop hearing the pre-game show when Jeff pulls his earbuds out.

The mangy dog just looks at him.

JEFF
 Don't eat that shit. It'll make ya
 sick. Ya want something good?
 I'll get ya something good.

Jeff reaches down into the trash. Jumps back in pain when his hand catches on something sharp-- Red Sox cap falling off his head and lands in a puddle of grease.

JEFF
 (wincing in pain, sucks on
 his finger)
 Ah, crap.

Jeff glances at the cut on his finger -- a little blood dripping down his soft hands.

The dog snatches the cap--

Jeff turns to the dog to get his cap back. The dog thinks he's playing and sprints under the fence. Jeff fumbles with the gate latch, swings it open --- the mutt's already twenty feet away across an open lot, tearing towards the woods.

Jeff sprints after the dog.

His boots are heavy, his apron flapping in the air, Jeff realizes how much effort it will take to catch him. Slows his gait. Stops.

He sucks the blood off his finger and gives up as the dog disappears into the woods.

JEFF
 (shouts after it, trying
 to catch his breath)
 -- I THOUGHT WE WERE FRIENDS!

He leans back against the wall and catches his breath, still sucking on his finger. Sees a wisp of smoke escaping from the tunnel--

COSTCO, ROASTING ROOM - DAY

Jeff runs inside the smoke-filled roaster room and quickly yanks open one of the dozens of oven doors against the wall to pull out SIX CRISPY, SMOKING chickens--

They singe his already bleeding hand as he tosses them onto the counter-- where they slide across and knock over the TWENTY GALLON GREASE BIN, spilling yellow goo all over the floor--

Jeff screams.

ROASTING ROOM, COSTCO - DAY

Jeff's running his hands under the faucet, as the store's manager, KEVIN "HEAVY KEVY" HORST, late 40s, tall and lean, dark hair parted crisply to the side, is getting him a band-aid from the first aid kit. Meat and Deli supervisor MAYA HOLT, 40s, mother of two, Costco lifer, is just shaking her head at Jeff, pissed off.

MAYA

Ya supposed to clear the roasters before ya empty the trash, Jeff,-- Now there's 15 gallons of chicken grease on the floor.

Beat.

JEFF

Ten gallons, Maya,-- I emptied a bucket already. And I was wounded.

Jeff holds up his finger.

KEVIN

(hands Jeff the band-aid from the kit)

Okay, Maya, I'll sign off on an hour of OT so Jeff can help clean up. Does that work for you two?

JEFF

(putting the band-aid on his cut)

I'd love to help out, sir, but,-- I got other responsibilities.

MAYA

(scoffs)

What other responsibilities you got [that] justify making a mess and leaving me alone to clean it up?

JEFF

(looks at her with puppy dog eyes)

[The] Sox have lost two in a row 'cause a me, Maya.

(beat; Maya just looks at him -- he explains)

I missed both those games 'cause a work, [I] wasn't in my lucky seat, with my lucky beer.

KEVIN

(putting away the first aid kit)

Your call, Maya.

MAYA

You got a lucky beer?

JEFF

-- Well, just beer in general is lucky, right? But you don't want 'em to lose again, do ya, Maya?

MAYA

Fine. Okay. I'll clean it up by myself.

Jeff smiles and kisses Maya thanks on the cheek. She can't help but crack a smile -- he's a sweet kid.

JEFF

(turns to Kevin as he leaves)

-- do me a favor, sir, please don't report our office romance. I know it's against Costco policy, but sometimes you gotta make a sacrifice, right?

Jeff slips on the grease as he heads out almost falling on his ass.

BRICKHOUSE SPORTS GRILL, BAR - CHELMSFORD, MASS - DAY

Place is fuckin hoppin'. Red Sox game playing on all the TVs. Guys with tank tops and beards, townie gals with too many tattoos. Walls covered in Boston sports memorabilia, photos and posters cram around the Lottery and Keno machines.

Jeff's helping his mother, PATTY JOYCE, 53, tough, gravelly-voiced, up on her stool at the end of the bar -- she just came back inside coughing from a smoke break with her younger sister and best friend, AUNT JENN (JOYCE) MAYBURY, 38, pretty, big hair, equally fierce. Their white wines have napkins on the top, reserving their seats.

AUNT JENN

(pokes Jeff in the ribs)
-- dontchya think he's getting too skinny, Patty? And he needs a fuckin haircut.

PATTY

(pushes Aunt Jenn)
He's friggin perfect, Jenn, you leave my boy ahhh--

Patty slips right off the stool and Jeff grabs her. She's drunker than she thinks.

JEFF

-- You wanna maybe sit on a lower chair there, Ma? That fall's a doozy.

PATTY
 (laughs, see in her eyes
 how much she adores him)
 Yuh. Go fuck yaself, sweetie.

He kisses her cheek, grabs a pitcher of beer off the bar and heads through the crowd toward a table of his family and friends in the back. He puts the pitcher down, table covered with empties, glasses.

Jeff sits down next to his UNCLE BOB JOYCE, 58, rock of the family. Pours glasses for himself and one for childhood friend, SULLY, 27, townie, skin speckled with paint.

UNCLE BOB
 -- Jesus, you still smell like
 fucking chicken carcasses, Jeff.

JEFF
 (glances up at the TV)
 Not gonna wash shit off, Uncle Bob,
 [as] long as Bucholz's got this no-
 hittah goin.

Jeff's cousin, BIG D, 28, big shoulders, tar under his fingernails.

BIG D
 -- He's a fuckin pussy. Guy gets
 hurt every year. He's fuckin soft.

SULLY
 Nah, he ain't a fuckin faggot,--
 He's a beast.

BIG D
 Ya retahded.

JEFF
 Nobody says "faggot" anymore, Sul.

SULLY
 -- the fuck do you know about it?

JEFF
 I'm down with the homos, bro. My
 boss at Costco's gay.

SULLY
 Yah?

JEFF
 Yah, ya think I'm this fucking
 fashionable without some kinda
 inside help?

BIG D

(laughs)

All I'm sayin is he don't play with pain. My baaack, my neck, my baaaack.

SULLY

You one to talk, D,-- You pussied outta playin 'cause of a herniated disc, what's the fuckin difference?

BIG D

-- I was in high school, I was just a kid.

(downs his beer)

Bauman, where's ya game hat?

JEFF

This, uh, coyote ran off with it. I'm fucking serious.

UNCLE BOB

(looks from watching the game, turns to them)

-- Who you calling a faggot, Derek?

BIG D

Bucholz. And for the recahd, I didn't use that word.

UNCLE BOB

Ya know, Jeff's boss is a gay.

(they laugh, he's confused)

What? He is.

GAIL'S CAR (MOVING) - PARKING LOT, BRICKHOUSE SPORTS GRILL - DAY

THE HURLEY SISTERS pull into the parking lot. ERIN, 26, sweet fresh-face, in the passenger seat. She's wearing a "Brigham And Women's Hospital 2013 Marathon" T-shirt. Behind the wheel is her no-bullshit older sister, GAIL, 31, glasses, more conservative haircut, college-educated cute.

As Gail cuts the engine, Erin reaches into the backseat for the "2013 Boston Marathon" donation jug. Hand-made with cut out photos of her training for the run, about a quarter filled with checks and cash.

GAIL

(beat; looks at her younger sister)

-- So you just want to pretend I don't know who's gonna be in there?

ERIN

You want me to remind you we broke
up a month ago?

GAIL

You know why you don't need to
remind me? Because this has
happened not once. Not twice. But
one, two, three times already.

(she holds up three
fingers)

Three.

They get out of the car and head towards the entrance.

Just then, a drunk townie helps his sunburned girlfriend in a
halter top and biker shorts into the bushes to puke. They
see him hold up her long blonde hair behind her head.

Erin and Gail move in close and giggle.

GAIL

(does the guy's dialogue,
townie accent)

-- There ya go honey, let it all
out, I got ya hair, we don't wanna
fuckin mess that up.

ERIN

("plays" the girl, even
more townie)

You don't gotta worry, I got so
much product in my fuckin hair
everythin bounces right off.

GAIL

(laughing)

Yuh, you evah dream you'd be hookin
up with a chicken roastah from
Costco?

ERIN

(stops walking, stops
joking)

That's not funny, Gail.

GAIL

I was just kidding.

ERIN

(turns suddenly serious)

Jeff's a not a loser. What do you
have against him anyway? He's a
nice guy.

GAIL

So then why'd you break up?

ERIN
 (defensive)
 We were just going in opposite
 directions.

GAIL
 No. You're going in one direction.
 He isn't going *anywhere*. That's
 why you broke up with him. Three
 times.

ERIN
 ...

They reach the door, Gail opens it.

GAIL
 You want to spend every Sunday for
 the rest of your life in this
 place?

Erin doesn't answer, steps inside.

BRICKHOUSE SPORTS GRILL, BAR - DAY

Erin bellies up to the bar, trying her hardest not to let
 Gail see her looking around. She flags the bartender, who
 goes into the register for a check, drops it into her
 Marathon jug.

TABLE IN BACK, BRICKHOUSE SPORTS GRILL - SAME

Jeff spots Erin at the bar and freezes.

BIG D
 Bauman, ya having a stroke or
 somethin?
 (sees who he's looking at)
 -- Ah, shit.

UNCLE BOB
 (see who Jeff and Big D
 are staring at)
 That the college girl who dumped ya
 for being a loser?

JEFF
 We're just takin a break.

SULLY
 Why you give a shit about this
 chick anyway, bro?

JEFF
 Because no matter how much I sucked
 at life, at least I had her.

BIG D
That is so gay.

SULLY
My advice? Pretend you're someone
she don't wanna break up with.

Jeff looks at Sully for a moment, gets up from the table.
Uncle Bob stops him.

UNCLE BOB
-- Nobody wants to fuck a guy with
chicken in his hair, Jeff.

Uncle Bob tucks in Jeff's shirt, fixes his hair a bit,
straightens his collar then pushes him off in the right
direction.

Jeff walks across the bar. Patty and Aunt Jenn at the end of
the bar follow his gaze and see Erin and Gail.

PATTY
(calls out to him)
-- Jeffie! Jeffie, come here!

JEFF
(just waves, keeps heading
toward Erin)
In a minute, Ma,--

Pushes through the crowd he comes up behind her. Gail is the
first to notice. Erin follows her sister's eyes and turns.
It's crowded, Jeff and Erin's bodies are close.

ERIN
Jeff.

JEFF
Hey, E.

Beat.

Erin has trouble hiding her smile. Jeff has trouble keeping
still.

JEFF
-- hey I'm glad ya stopped by. I
been meaning to talk to ya about
something.

GAIL
Yeah? About what?

JEFF
About how I'm, like, a wicked
different person since we broke up.

GAIL

-- So you're not usually wasted at five o'clock on a Sunday?

JEFF

Not unless the Sox are playing. Or, the Pats, Celts or Bruins. What're you two Amesbury ladies slummin here for?

ERIN

I'm running the Marathon for my hospital. Picking up donations.

JEFF

Holy shit! Seriously?

He wraps his arms around her and lifts her off the ground, swings her around.

JEFF

Ya kept up the training,-- I'm so fucking proud of you.

Jeff is sincerely happy for her. And she knows it. He takes the jug out of her hands and lifts it over his head.

JEFF

(yells)

Listen up, Citizens a Chelmsford! This girl here's running the marathon to support the Brigham and Women's Hospital. Where she also works as a big shot Administratah. They need ya help,-- So skip a round a Stella, ya fat fucks, and support a good cause.

Jeff starts going around the bar, bugging people to throw money into the jug (avoiding Patty, of course). Patting beer bellies. Winking at the ladies. Folks toss in. Red Sox game still on all the televisions. Mostly singles, a few fives, but it's cash nonetheless.

He returns to Erin, sweaty and exhilarated. Hands her the jug.

JEFF

Wait.

Fishes out a wrinkled five from one pocket. Plus about eighty five cents in the other.

ERIN

You didn't have to do this.

JEFF

(simple, heartfelt)

-- Ya make me wanna do good things.

ERIN

Thanks.

Beat.

Behind then, Gail rolls her eyes and pulls Erin out by the hand.

BRICKHOUSE SPORTS GRILL, PARKING LOT - DAY

Erin and Gail walk toward their car, the jug filled with money.

Jeff runs out of the bar after them, calling for Erin.

JEFF

(catches them, short of
breath)

-- Hey, E, E, can I come cheer ya
on?

GAIL

You sure you don't wanna try and
run it with her?

JEFF

(holds up his bandaged
finger)

Suffered an injury from a chicken
related industrial accident today.
But I'm gonna be there at the
finish line for ya, E.

ERIN

-- Don't the Red Sox play tomorrow?

JEFF

So? I'm gonna make a big ass sign
for ya,-- That's gotta be worth at
least dinner, right?

ERIN

(just looks at him,
doesn't believe it)

...

JEFF

No. I mean it. The old me mighta
said he was gonna go and then ya
know, not show up, but this is the
new different improved Jeff. So
look out for me, okay?

Gail and Erin get in the car, shut the doors.

Jeff just stands there and watches them for a moment.

Erin unrolls the window.

ERIN
Dinner's pushing it.

JEFF
(smiles)
So lunch it is?

ERIN
(tries not to smile back)
Maybe.

The car starts to pull out. Jeff chases after her.

JEFF
(shouting as he runs)
But ya gotta do me a favor, E,--
If I'm goin all the way into the
city on my day off, ya gotta win
the race for me, okay?

GAIL'S CAR (MOVING), PASSENGER SEAT

ERIN CAN'T HELP BUT LIGHT UP with laughter, until she turns to see Gail, who's giving her that judgemental older sister look.

Erin turns back and just smiles to herself, holding the Marathon jug in her lap.

CUT TO:

PATTY'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - DAY - MONDAY, APRIL 15, 2013

Jeff sits at the living room table of the tiny first floor two bedroom apartment he shares with his mother. He finishes making a sign with three old magic markers he found -- "RUN, ERIN, RUN!" -- rolls it up and heads for the door. Band-aid still on his finger.

PATTY (OS)
(calls out from kitchen)
Jeffie, get me some aspirin,
willya? I can't reach,--

JEFF
(turns from the door,
calls back, annoyed)
-- I'm gonna be late, Ma.

Jeff heads to the kitchen, sees his mother still in her robe dragging on a cigarette. He gets up on his tip-toes-- stretching to reach for the bottle in an upper cabinet.

PATTY
Fuck you, hon, since when don't ya
got time for ya mothah? Where ya
goin anyway?

JEFF
 (hands her the bottle of
 aspirin)
 Marathon. I told ya.

PATTY
 (dry swallows a couple
 pills, coughs)
 You really think that girl can run
 the whole thing?

Jeff shrugs, kisses his mother on the cheek and runs out.

COPLEY SQUARE, BOSTON - BOSTON MARATHON, FINISH LINE - 2:45
 PM

JEFF IS PUSHING THROUGH THE CROWD IN A RUSH, heading for the front, running every time there's an open pocket in the crowd. Looks like half of the city of Boston has taken the day off -- spectators and baseball fans who just got let out of the Red Sox game swell the streets ten deep. Sun shining on a warm spring day, after a long hard winter.

NOW THIS ALL HAPPENS IN ONE SHOT, we follow Jeff with inexorable dread.

...Jeff pushes past a band playing in front of the fire station... people dancing and cheering, kids holding balloons, yellow balloons... somebody hands him half a beer and he takes half a second to chug it... two soldiers with rucksacks pass by with a "PTSD Awareness" banner...

JEFF
 (asks a guy as he passes
 him)
 -- 'scuse me, where's the finish
 line?

The guy points down the street, near the Boston Public Library... there's like a hundred people in the way... Jeff keeps moving, squirming his way through with his hand-made sign in his hand...

JEFF
 (laughing, talking as he
 moves)
 'Scuse me,-- Sorry! 'Scuse me,
 comin through.

He gets to the street and sees the big yellow FINISH LINE about half a block ahead... he has a clear view of the runners... best ones have already finished... now it's the athletes with day jobs, mothers, fathers, running for charity, pushing every ounce of endurance they got left...

...the crowds are cheering them on the last leg... he sees a young family, a father in his thirties with his kids...

two-year-old in his arms and nine-year-old boy at his side... all wearing Red Sox hats.

YOUNG HUSBAND
(cheering his wife as she finishes)
-- You got it, honey, you did it!
You did it!

...Jeff stands beside them, joins in the clapping...

YOUNG HUSBAND
(turns to Jeff, smiles at his sign)
-- You leave your kid at home?

JEFF
(confused)
Huh? What, no, I don't got a kid.

YOUNG HUSBAND
Who made that sign then?

JEFF
(offended)
I did.

...Jeff glances at his poster... cheering draws his eyes back to the runners... Sees someone that could be Erin... holds up the sign... it's not her... he lowers it.

JEFF
(to himself, looking around)
Shit, shit, shit, where are ya, E?
Did I miss ya,--

An AIR HORN blares! Jeff jumps--

Takes a step back to get a better view when a Big Guy bumps into him--

Jeff turns over his right shoulder and sees the guy stand there... mirrored aviators, dark hat pulled low, heavy hooded jacket, black Jansport backpack over his shoulder... there's something off about the guy, totally out of place with the cheering crowd... Jeff turns away...

Beat.

Jeff looks back... the Big Guy's gone but his black Jansport backpack is on the ground about ten feet away...

...Jeff looks around for the guy... but the crowd surges as a runner in his fifties, tapping into inhuman reserves to finish, pushes himself solely on the crowd's energy...

...Jeff turns to see the runner finish...

and

Pop.

A flash.

The explosion isn't as loud as you'd think.

BUT THE CONCUSSIVE BLAST SENDS A TIDAL WAVE OF SEARING HEAT CRASHING against the crowd -- men, women, children -- blown up, thrown into the air as the ground shakes and a cloud of fire mushrooms.

We still are in the shot.

JEFF OPENS HIS EYES ears ringing and sees smoke... realizes he's on the ground looking up at the sky....

...a woman steps over him covered in blood...

...then others, scattering in all directions... Jeff turns and sees streams of crimson red stain the sidewalk on the ground... chunks of burning flesh...

He sits up.

Sees the carnage all around him...

...a woman sitting stunned in a thickening pool of blood, her foot nearly blown off as people around her moan and scream in anguish... the small boy who was cheering for his mother, bent at a strange angle...

...and Krystle Campbell, 29, her eyes vacant....

...Jeff turns, makes eye contact with a woman, a hand-sized chunk of skin, muscle, and bone missing from her right calf... She reaches out toward him, and he starts reaching toward her...

Then she looks at his legs, and she stops... Her eyes go wide.

And Jeff looks down--

His legs are gone.

...all that remain is the charred stump of a right thigh... and the tibia of his left leg raw like a skeleton, strips of flesh hanging down from it... impossibly red femoral blood pulsing out of him...

His breath slowing... he lays back down... closes his eyes... listens to his heart beat... he's going to die...

Then DR. ALLEN PANTER, late 40s, an emergency room doctor who had been watching the race from across the street, appears above him, kneeling down next to him...

...Dr. Panter quickly ties tourniquets around the ragged ends where Jeff's legs had been blown off...

DR. ALLAN PANTER
(screams over his
shoulder)
Get shirts, jackets! Shoelaces.
People are bleeding out here,--

JEFF
(still in shock, sitting
back up, trying to push
him away)
Get the fuck away from me.

DR. ALLAN PANTER
Stay calm.

JEFF
(still trying to push him
away)
Get away,-- You stay calm. Go
fucking help someone else.

DR. ALLAN PANTER
It's okay. It's okay.

Dr. Panter dips his hand in Jeff's blood and draws a red "C"
(critical) on his forehead...

...and then Dr. Panter is on his feet to the next victim.

...Jeff's ears ringing, but he still hears all the screaming
around him... the car alarms... fire alarms...

...looks down at his destroyed legs, the tourniquets slowing
the blood but the puddle of red is still blooming out and
right now maybe we're thinking... just how much blood does
the human body hold?

He looks up and through the smoke and chaos and sees a large
man in a WHITE COWBOY HAT lifting a barrier off a woman, then
he sees the man turn toward him...

The man in the white cowboy hat, CARLOS ARREDONDO, 50s, an
immigrant from Cost Rica, grabs Jeff's shirt twisting it
around his fist and lifts him up off the ground...

...he carries him to one of wheelchairs there for runners too
tired to walk after finishing the race...

...the man in the white cowboy hat, Carlos Arredondo, puts
Jeff down in the chair and reality rushes into Jeff's body
like an electric shock.

JEFF
 (looks up at Carlos
 Arredondo, suddenly
 scared)
 -- [are] we gonna make it?

CARLOS ARREDONDO
 (starts pushing the chair
 through the madness,
 Costa Rican accent)
 Yeah buddy, that's right. We're
 gonna make it. *You're gonna make
 it.*

...a woman (Devin Wang) joins in to help... She pushes the wheelchair as Carlos tries to stop the bleeding... through the screaming crowd, through the medical tent at the finish line... people yelling for them to stop... the man in the white cowboy hat, Carlos Arredondo, yells for them to keep going toward ambulances parked down the street...

...the tourniquet on Jeff's right leg pulls loose... stuck in the wheel, tearing off... Carlos reaches down and yanks it out, keeps squeezing Jeff's spurting leg, his hands covered in Jeff's blood...

...suddenly a second man (Paul Mitchell) runs up to them and helps Carlos, the two of them holding Jeff's right leg, squeezing to stop the bleeding... Jeff reaches down and grabs his left leg, trying to do the same...

A photographer appears out of the chaos, kneels down in the road as they rush past, snapping pictures...

The picture.

They cross the finish line of the Boston Marathon to the waiting ambulances...

...an EMT, a woman, helps Carlos and the others lift Jeff from the wheelchair into the ambulance.

EMT
 (starting to strap him
 into a gurney)
 Who are you? What's your name?

JEFF
 (yells)
 I'm Bauman. I'm Jeff Bauman.

EMT
 (screams at Carlos
 Arredondo over all the
 noise)
 Are you with him? Are you Bowman?

CARLOS ARREDONDO
 (can't hear her,
 misunderstands the
 question)
 -- No. No, I'm not his brother.

AND THE SINGLE SHOT FINALLY ENDS, as the doors close on the ambulance and the man in the white cowboy hat, Carlos Arredondo, blood dripping from his hands, looks back at the horror of the finish line.

Beat.

CUT TO:

BOYLSTON STREET, BLOCKS FROM FINISH - BOSTON MARATHON - 2:52 PM

ERIN HURLEY RUNNING, sweat dripping from her face, exhausted from the miles, pain in her knee from the pounding, she keeps pushing onward -- all around her cheers of support as she passes the MILE 22 Marker.

Then she notices something peculiar -- runners in front of her are slowing. Bumping into each other. Erin slows and begins to panic as runners pile up behind her.

She hears screaming up ahead. And then something insane happens--

Runners begin to turn and run toward her--

It's chaos as the runners in both directions meet, all forced to halt, amassed together. They're all confused, frustrated, angry. They've nearly finished a marathon. Their brains fried, bodies empty, legs spent.

They hear sirens.

Then a woman near Erin crumbles to the ground screaming, over and over. Another woman pulls out her phone and checks Twitter and starts reading reports of explosions at the finish line. Another runner starts yelling about a bomb going off, shouting to everyone.

Erin hobbles up on top of a postal box to see above the mass of runners.

She sees two faint grey plumes of smoke on the horizon in the distance. A yellow balloon wafting slowly up into the sky above.

We hear more sirens and shouts and cries, the sounds continue under:

A SERIES OF SHOTS

-- Kevin Horst gathers around the television with a dozen shocked Costco workers in the break room. JEFF'S ICONIC PHOTO, CROPPED pops up on screen. Screams, shouts.

-- Big D shoveling asphalt by the side of the highway, checks his phone and sees the photo. He collapses to his knees. Uncle Bob climbs out of a flatbed truck, runs over to see what's wrong.

-- Sully's phone buzzes as he knocks down a wall in an old building with a sledgehammer. His phone buzzes, and buzzes and he finally looks at it, sees JEFF'S PHOTO, UNCROPPED.

-- Aunt Jenn sprinting off the porch of her house as she lights a cigarette with shaking hands, running to her truck parked in the driveway.

-- Patty dressed in her waitress uniform at the restaurant where she works, on the phone hearing the news. We just see her eyes glaze as she nods her head, keeps nodding her head and--

Drops the phone and screams as coworkers run to her.

Beat.

-- Erin looking small on the phone now in a crowded local sports bar, using their land line to call her sister. It's loud and chaotic all around her, bubbling voices angry, scared and crying. Coverage of the bombing playing out on all the televisions. She's still sweaty wet from running, shivering cold like a drowned rat.

GAIL (OVER PHONE)

-- we made it home from Newton
fine, but mom and dad are worried
sick [about you], are you okay?
Are you okay?

ERIN

(looks up at the TV,
shivering, into phone)
Yeah, I'm fine. I'm fine,--

GAIL (OVER PHONE)

How are you getting home? Could
you get to your things? How are
you gonna get your car keys?

Before Erin can answer her sister she sees the cropped photo of Jeff and the man in the cowboy hat, Carlos Arredondo, on all of the televisions.

Erin stops cold. Stands there, in shock, still holding the phone in her hand--

MIDDLE-AGED MAN (OS)
 (behind her)
 Excuse me, are you done with the
 phone? I need to call my wife,--

Erin hands him the phone, hear Gail yelling on the other end.

She turns and walks out of the bar. Her legs go wobbly and she sits down on the curb, wet and shivering from the cold.

Someone wraps a silver thermal marathon blanket around her shoulders. Just another runner in shock.

CUT TO:

BOSTON MEDICAL CENTER, DOWNTOWN - ICU WAITING ROOM - 7:30 PM

FROM ABOVE, dozens of terrified families crammed together, each clustered in their own private hell... Cell phones ringing, crying, whimpering, consoling... FBI AGENTS in dark blue jackets with big yellow letters stalk in and out... Doctors and nurses, scrubs spattered in blood, sprint in and out... A nurse absently leaves a bloody handprint on the wall.

Jeff's family and friends in their own corner. Uncle Bob red-faced and pacing, trying to keep it contained. Sully sitting dazed, bouncing his leg. Big D punches the wall, crying. Aunt Jenn and everyone else -- including her oldest sister, Big D's mother, AUNT KAREN (JOYCE) COTONI, late fifties, voice weak from cancer -- are all gathered around Patty who's in a state of shock.

AUNT KAREN
 (voice weak, just above a
 whisper)
 -- they woulda tole you if he was
 dead, Patty.

PATTY
 (snaps)
 How the fuck do you know that,
 Karen!

AUNT KAREN
 You know I spent my fair share a
 time in a goddamn hospital.

They pause when they hear a scuffle out in the hallway, "Hey, no press on this floor. Keep 'em outta here!"

PATTY
 (turns back to her older
 sister)
 This ain't about you,--

AUNT KAREN
 I'm not saying it is,-- Jesus.

UNCLE BOB
 (trying to calm them all
 down)
 Calm down you two,-- They could be
 calling our--

Before he can finish, Jeff's dad, "BIG JEFF" BAUMAN, 52,
 moustache, mechanic's shirt, strong dirty hands, steps into
 the waiting room.

BIG JEFF
 (sees his son's friend's
 and family)
 -- Where's my son, goddammit! Will
 somebody tell me what fucking
 happened.

PATTY
 (sees her ex-husband,
 hisses)
 Keep that prick away from me.

Too late.

BIG JEFF
 (bounds over to the family
 like he's gonna hit
 somebody)
 -- What the fuck happened?

UNCLE BOB
 Calm down, Jeff.

BIG JEFF
 Don't tell me what to fucking do,
 Bob,-- What's going on with my son?

AUNT JENN
 We don't know yet.

SULLY
 You see the picture?

BIG JEFF
 Yeah I saw the picture. Course I
 saw the picture! *Everybody's* seen
 the picture, you fucking idiot.

SULLY
 Hey fuck you,--

Big D steps in between his smaller friend and Big Jeff.

BIG D
 Hey. This ain't Sully's fault.

BIG JEFF
 What was he doin at the goddamn
 Marathon, then, huh?

AUNT JENN

Whoa! Who the fuck cares right now?

BIG JEFF

If somebody's not telling me something, so help me fucking God,--

UNCLE BOB

Goddammit. We all know the same thing. Which is nothing, okay?

BIG JEFF

-- Where's the fucking doctor?

PATTY

(shouts)

Will you all just shut the fuck up,--

(has heard the nurse
announce Jeff's name)

We're with Jeff Bauman. Right here. We're his family.

ICU HOLDING ROOM, BOSTON MEDICAL CENTER - 7:40 PM

The nurse herds Jeff's group into the room. Waiting for them, exhausted and spattered with blood, is vascular surgeon DR. JEFFREY KALISH, wiping the sweat off his glasses.

PATTY

(rushes up to him and
grabs his arm, trying not
to cry)

- Is he alive! Is my son alive?

DR. KALISH

(nods, with Patty still
holding his arm)

He's alive. But Jeff's suffered a catastrophic injury. The next 24 hours are going to be crucial. There's swelling of the organs and we won't know the extent of--

BIG JEFF

(interrupts)

What about his legs? We saw the picture! Did you see that picture? How's he gonna live with that?

Beat.

DR. KALISH

Jeff underwent a double above-the-knee amputation.

(beat)

(MORE)

DR. KALISH (CONT'D)
 -- [And] he's probably not going to
 remember what happened. The trauma
 to his body's so devastating, even
 if his memories survived, it'll
 take some time for him to, to
 comprehend it.

PATTY
 (lets go of Dr. Kalish's
 arm)
Did you say both legs?

BIG JEFF
 (shakes his head, he can't
 comprehend it)
 You shoulda called me before you
 did that to his legs,--

DR. KALISH
 We saved his life by amputating.

BIG JEFF
 (still shaking his head,
 trying to keep it
 together)
 You better got proof a that or I'm
 suing you and everybody else. I'm
 gonna sue you all.

AUNT JENN
 Will you fucking stop already,--

Kalish's beeper goes off.

DR. KALISH
 If you insist on suing us while we
 treat your son, Mr. Bauman, go to
 the first floor and speak to office
 administration and they will direct
 you to the hospital's attorney.
 Meanwhile, you'll have to excuse
 me, I have 32 patients to tend to.
 Many with ball bearings and nails
 still inside their wounds.

Dr. Kalish turns to walk out.

BIG JEFF
 (turns to his ex-wife, her
 family, about to lose it)
 -- I mean, what else he gonna say,
 right?

PATTY
 (under her breath to Big
 Jeff; seething)
 You pull it together or I will
 fucking kill you, Jeff.

BIG JEFF

What do you think this is all gonna cost?

PATTY

(beat; considers the cost
for the first time)
I can pull together some cash.

BIG JEFF

How much?

PATTY

A grand maybe?

BIG JEFF

You kidding me? They're gonna kick him out. They're gonna fuckin kick him out,--
(takes a deep breath)
I'll sell my house I gotta.

AUNT KAREN

-- They won't kick him out. That's illegal.

PATTY

And that duplex a yours maybe cover a fucking tonsillectomy.

BIG JEFF

Ya know, I don't gotta take this abuse from you, Patty.

PATTY

Oh, poor you. Be a man already.

BIG JEFF

(snaps)
-- I'm the *only* one asking the right fucking questions here.

PATTY

Ya kidding me? [You] come waltzin in like a goddamn hurricane like ya always--

AUNT JENN

(interrupts)
Enough, already. Did you hear what the doctor said? Jeff's not gonna remember what happened to him,-- That's the saddest fucking thing I've evah heard. Who's gonna tell him?

BOSTON MEDICAL CENTER, MENINO PAVILION - 7:45 PM

Dusk, darkness falling. Erin makes her way into the hospital past Mass. State Police, National Guard posted around dozens of metal barriers in front of the hospital.

She's been looking for Jeff for hours, her legs unsteady, still in her running gear.

LOBBY, BOSTON MEDICAL CENTER - 7:46 PM

Erin walks through reporters buzzing around the entrance, shouting questions at her, she doesn't respond...

...she walks by the nurse station, which is so chaotic they don't even notice her walk by.

Passing the rooms of the injured...

...a nine year old with a bloody gauze on her face... a man in his sixties on a breathing machine, his footless leg held up... room after room of bloody, maimed, moaning people and their families...

We follow her through the carnage. She finds the ICU section and peaks through a glass window and what she sees takes what little strength is left in her legs...

...unconscious... breathing tubes and bandages, machines beeping... black eyes, cuts on his face... second degree burns all over...

Jeff.

His body stops too soon under the blanket.

A moan escapes her lips as she processes the horror, punched in the gut.

She bends over like she got the wind knocked out of her--

ICU HALLWAY, B.M.C. - MORNING - TUESDAY, APRIL 16

Next morning. Kevin Horst making his way down the labyrinth like hallways carrying a big basket of mini-muffins in his hands, a leather messenger bag over his shoulder. Bright morning sunshine pouring in through the windows.

Kevin takes a turn and the sudden smell of blood and sweat and anxiety hits him hard.

He pauses, sees the chaos of the ICU nurses station -- the beeping, the running doctors, the bucket of bloody gauze pads overflowing onto the floor.

Takes a beat to compose himself.

ICU WAITING ROOM, BOSTON MEDICAL CENTER - MORNING

Kevin steps into the room, eyes sweeping through the various families quietly weeping and comforting each other. Rubbing backs, offering coffee, rocking gently.

All except one family.

Nothing about them is quiet. Patty, Aunt and Aunt Jenn are squaring off with Big Jeff. Uncle Bob sits to the side, half awake with Sully and Big D. Erin and her sister Gail are huddled apart from everyone else. Erin still hasn't showered, but she's changed her clothes.

BIG JEFF

-- Some guy asks if my son's still unconscious while I'm takin a leak, I'm supposed ta know this prick is a fucking reportah?

AUNT JENN

It ain't suspicious to ya, a strangah chattin it up while ya got ya dick in ya hand?

Kevin takes a deep breath and approaches them.

KEVIN

-- I'm so sorry to intrude. Are you Patty Joyce?

Patty looks up, eyes raw and streaming.

PATTY

Yah.

BIG JEFF

You anothah reportah? Get the fuck outta here.

Now all the family and friends are turned toward Kevin and getting to their feet.

A tense beat.

KEVIN

I'm Kevin Horst. Jeff's manager at Costco.

PATTY

Oh, yeh, you called. Jeff talks about you. Ya heard what happened?

KEVIN

I did.

SULLY

And ya brought,-- mini muffins? What kind?

BIG JEFF
 -- You know my son lost his legs,
 right?

KEVIN
 I know.

BIG JEFF
 And ya brought him breakfast,--

Takes a second for Kevin to realize how tense things are.

ERIN
 (takes the basket from
 Kevin, forces a smile)
 Thank you.

BIG JEFF
 -- Should we wait ta eat 'em so's
 ya can get ya camera, get a picture
 for ya Costco newslettah?

Beat.

KEVIN
 I'd be happy to get you something
 else if you'd prefer.

BIG JEFF
 (bristling with hostility)
 What are you possibly gonna get us
 that we need right now, huh?

AUNT JENN
 (nods at Kevin)
 Thanks. Ya should probably just
 get going now.

Kevin turns to go.

BIG JEFF
 (calls after him,
 agitated)
 Hey, answer me this first. If my
 boy makes it outta this, where's he
 gonna work, you gonna hire him
 back? Huh?

PATTY
 Jesus, we don't need this right
 now.

BIG JEFF
 No, no we do. Who's gonna hire him
 without any legs?

The room quiets.

KEVIN
 (turns back from the
 doorway)
 Jeff can't be rehired, sir.

BIG JEFF
 I knew it. See I fucking knew it.

KEVIN
 Mr. Bauman, please let me finish,--
 We can't rehire him because he'll
 never have stopped working for us.
 (beat)
 We're not letting Jeff go.

BIG JEFF JUST STANDS THERE, processing what Kevin just told him. He hears Kevin continue:

KEVIN (OS)
 (opening his leather
 messenger bag)
 -- I took the liberty of printing
 up Jeff's benefit package and all
 relevant forms in need of a
 signature.

PATTY
 He, he has insurance?

Big Jeff looks at Kevin.

KEVIN
 Of course he does. Those tabs are
 where you need to sign.
 (hangs Patty all the
 papers)
 -- I've included the Costco
 counseling hotline number here.
 Legal, mental health or financial
 advice for Jeff or any member of
 his family. And here's my personal
 cell--

BIG JEFF
 (interrupting, shakes
 Kevin's hand)
 Thank you. Thank you.

And Big Jeff leans over and sobs... nobody will touch him...
 so Kevin reaches out and gently pats Big Jeff on the back.

ICU WAITING ROOM, B.M.C. - LATE TUESDAY NIGHT

All of Jeff's crew are asleep in various uncomfortable
 positions. Erin's still sitting apart from them with Gail,
 both of them also asleep.

Uncle Bob steps out of Jeff's room, his eyes raw and groggy. He kicks Sully in the ass.

Sully wakes up.

UNCLE BOB
(keeping his voice low)
-- Your turn. [And] don't forget
what the doctor said, he might not
know nothin.

JEFF'S ICU ROOM, B.M.C. - LATE NIGHT

Sully walks into the room, half-asleep. He checks out all the flowers, get well cards, stuffed animals, picks up a Boston Strong T-shirt and looks it over.

He gets a closer look at Jeff's face, sees burns on his forehead, singed hair sticking out in all directions, breathing tube in his mouth. Sully gets up real close.

Sully smells the smoke and fire, the bomb still on Jeff.

Sees some debris in Jeff's singed hair. Sully gently cleans it away. Running his fingers through his friend's hair, almost stroking his friend's hair.

Then Sully smells his now ashy fingers.

And Jeff opens his eyes.

Beat.

SULLY
(sees Jeff's eyes open; to
himself, scared)
H-h-holy shit!
(looks around, outside the
window, wants to run)
-- Somebody!

Jeff looks around, disoriented. He's in so much fucking pain. He tries to swallow but can't. He can't move his tongue. He tries not to panic.

SULLY
(panics)
Don't, don't move, I'll get
somebody, somebody important,--

Jeff reaches out and grips Sully's hand.

SULLY
(closes his eyes, trying
to compose himself, takes
a deep breath)
Okay, so listen,-- There was this
explosion and, and, and your legs.
(MORE)

SULLY (CONT'D)

They're fucking gone, bro,-- I don't know what happened to 'em, like if they put them in a jar or something, do you even understand me?

Beat.

Jeff gives Sully the middle finger.

SULLY

(exhales)

Oh, thank god.

Jeff mimes "paper and pen." Sully scrambles, knocking shit over, and finds a pen and pad of paper. Jeff takes it.

Sully watches him slowly write -- "Is Erin OK?"

SULLY

(nods)

Erin's fine, bro, she's out in the waiting room. How you feelin?

Jeff writes, "Lt Dan" on the pad. Hands it back to Sully.

SULLY

(reads it, confused)

Lt. Dan. Huh? You mean the guy from Forrest Gump with no legs? [Are] you shittin me, Bauman?

Jeff closes his eyes. A flash. He remembers something. Motions for Sully to give him the pad again. Writes something else. Hands it back to Sully with sudden urgency.

SULLY

(color drains from his face as he reads it)

-- oh shit.

HALLWAY, JEFF'S ICU ROOM - B.M.C. - LATE NIGHT

Sully walks out into the hallway with the note, face white, hands shaking. He doesn't say a word, just hands Uncle Bob the paper.

UNCLE BOB

(reads the note, eyes go wide)

Holy shit!

Uncle Bob sprints as fast as his old ass takes him down the hallway, dodging nurses and doctors.

HOSPITAL ROOM, B.M.C. - MAKESHIFT FBI HQ - LATE NIGHT

A group of haggard-looking agents working, including AGENT RENEE MORELL, late 50s, all turn at once when the door slams open and Uncle Bob bursts in.

UNCLE BOB
(screams, trying to catch
his breath)
I, I, I got something for ya,--

The agents near the door tackle Uncle Bob to the floor.
Morell pulls her weapon in a flash.

UNCLE BOB
Don't shoot! Don't shoot,-- I'm a
local business owner.

AGENT MORELL
-- What the hell are you doing?!

UNCLE BOB
(holds up the note in his
hand)
Read the note. He saw him. My
nephew Jeff Bauman,--

Morell snatches the note out of Uncle Bob's hand.

CLOSE ON JEFF'S NOTE, "Bag. Saw the guy. Looked right at me."

DOORWAY, JEFF'S ICU ROOM - B.M.C. - LATE NIGHT

ERIN STANDS IN THE DOORWAY watching Jeff's group crowd around his bed. Gail's behind her. She sees Patty in the front, stroking Jeff's hair and weeping. Everyone else has a hand somewhere on Jeff's body. It's a beautiful moment.

Jeff still intubated, sees Erin standing across the room watching him. He locks eyes with her and smiles around the tube.

Their private moment is interrupted by Agent Morell, two other FBI agents and two state troopers barging past Erin with a fleet of nurses. Uncle Bob following after them.

AGENT MORELL
(all business)
Sorry to interrupt, but I'm going
have to clear this room. I'm Agent
Renee Morell from the Federal
Bureau of Investigation. We need
to talk with Jeff in private.

The nurses go to work removing Jeff's breathing tube.

PATTY
 -- He saw the bomber, right, he saw
 the guy. My son's a hero.

BIG JEFF
 (catches a glimpse of Erin
 standing in the doorway
 behind the agents)
 C'mon, let 'em do their job, Patty.
 Everybody get the fuck out.

The agents and state troopers gently guide the family out of
 the room. Patty doesn't want to leave her son's side.

Jeff starts to cough as the tube comes out.

Erin watches Jeff for a moment, then turns to go.

JEFF (OS)
 (hoarse)
 -- Erin?

She turns back.

JEFF
 Stay?

Erin looks over at Agent Morell who's getting ready with the
 other. Morell looks over at Jeff who's reaching out his hand
 for Erin.

Agent Morell nods okay.

PATTY
 (as she's being escorted
 out the door)
 -- How about me?

AGENT MORELL
 Ma'am, only essential personnel in
 the room.

PATTY
 Who's more essential than his
 mothah? I had a govahment job
 once, I know half these people just
 here to pull fucking OT.

Jeff shrugs at Agent Morell.

AGENT MORELL
 (sighs)
 Fine. Ma'am, please stand by the
 door. Anybody else?

Jeff shakes his head no as Erin steps around the agents and
 state troopers and nurses and goes to Jeff's bed.

PATTY
 (watching Erin at Jeff's
 bed, aside to Morell)
 -- [And] she dumped him, ya know.

ERIN STANDING amongst the cords and tubes dangling around
 Jeff's bed. Sees how savaged his face is, hair still
 bristling with soot and debris from the blast, the smell of
 it still on him.

JEFF
 (looks up at Erin, voice
 still weak)
 -- Hey, E. Wish ya could have seen
 the poster I made for ya,-- Told ya
 I'd show up.

He holds out his hand again. She hesitates for a second and
 then takes it.

ERIN
 (nods)
 You did.

She sits down on the edge of the bed.

JEFF
 (looks over at her)
 Erin?

ERIN
 Yeah?

JEFF
 -- You're sittin on my legs.

Erin looks down and sees she's sitting where his legs should
 be -- looks back up at Jeff trying his best to smile and she
 doesn't know if she should laugh or cry.

Beat.

JEFF'S BED, ICU ROOM - B.M.C. - LATER, TUESDAY NIGHT

Agent Morell and the other agents sitting around Jeff's bed
 taking his statement. Erin's sitting next to him, still
 holding his hand. Patty standing on his other side.

JEFF
 (struggling, trying to
 manage the pain)
 -- I, I saw the guy. He was a
 little taller than me. Stubble.
 Dark baseball cap. Dark jacket,
 mighta been leather. Sunglasses.

AGENT MORELL
 What kind?

JEFF

Um,-- aviators. And, and he had a backpack. Jansport.

AGENT MOREL

(sees he's struggling)

A Jansport? You remember that? Do you need to take a minute?

JEFF

Nah. I saw him put it down on the sidewalk. If you got tape, look for me. He was right next ta me.

AGENT MORELL

(to one of the agents)

Get me the sketch artist, and bring the screengrabs and mugshots immediately. Go

(turns back to Jeff)

-- Why did you notice him, Jeff?

JEFF

(beat; grimacing)

He was all business.

CUT TO:

ICU WAITING ROOM, B.M.C. - 5:00 AM - FRIDAY, APRIL 19

Family and friends glued to the television, watching video of the aftermath of the gunfight in Watertown, hear the CNN anchor:

"It's 5:00 a.m. in the East. What a night. A massive dramatic police operation unfolding just outside of Boston this morning. They are going door-to-door looking for a man who fits the description of Boston marathon bombing suspect number two. Authorities have also revealed that suspect number one is dead. You may know him as the man identified wearing the black hat."

CLOSE ON TELEVISION, TWO PHOTOS blown up from surveillance video of the two bombers -- one with a black cap and sunglasses, the other wearing a white baseball cap backwards.

UNCLE BOB (OS)

-- Jesus, look at 'em, they're just fuckin kids.

JEFF'S ICU ROOM, B.M.C. - 5:00 AM, FRIDAY

FROM ABOVE, CLOSE ON JEFF'S EYES HALF-OPEN, drifting in and out of consciousness, lying in his bed. He hasn't slept in days. It's still dark outside, the only light in the room coming from the machines, a few wall lights that never go off. Gentle beep of the monitors.

A SHADOW FALLS OVER HIS FACE, casting it into darkness.

We can just make out the silhouette of the man in the cowboy hat, Carlos Arredondo, watching over Jeff in the dark room.

Beat.

HALLWAY, JEFF'S ICU ROOM - B.M.C. - 5:20 AM

Erin heading for Jeff's room catches a glimpse of the man in the white cowboy hat walking down the hallway away from her, turning a corner to leave. She looks like she's on the verge of a breakdown, she's hardly slept.

She starts after the man, to see who he is, what he was doing in Jeff's room. Before she can catch up to him, she runs into Patty sitting with her head in her hands in the hallway, sobbing as Aunt Jenn rubs her back, her whole body shaking.

PATTY

(looks over at Erin, tears
in her eyes)
-- How, how could this happen to
us. He wouldn't a been there if it
wasn't for her,-- This is [your
fault].

AUNT JENN

Shhhhhh.

Erin stops walking.

ERIN

(doesn't know what to say,
shakes her head)
I'm sorry, I didn't,--

And Erin turns and walks away, it takes everything she has to not let them see her break.

BOSTON MEDICAL CENTER, DUNKIN DONUTS KIOSK - DAWN, FRIDAY

Sun rising. Kevin Horst is standing with Big Jeff ordering when he turns and sees Erin through the front doors, sitting outside on a bench, sobbing. Kevin orders an additional coffee and whispers something to Big Jeff. Big Jeff's face is haggard and stubbled from lack of sleep, he hasn't been home all week.

MENINO PAVILION, BOSTON MEDICAL CENTER - DAWN

Kevin steps outside, sees a cluster of reporters buzzing, massing against a barricade of armed cops across the street. Behind him, Big Jeff stays inside the hospital, watches Kevin walk up to Erin. He watches them for a moment, sips his coffee, then leaves.

Kevin sits beside Erin on the bench. Offers her the coffee. She shakes her head.

KEVIN

-- Can I get you anything else?

Erin shakes her head.

KEVIN

Do you want to be left alone?

Erin shakes her head.

KEVIN

Well I can just sit here, right next to you. And if you want to talk,-- [just let me know].

And he does. He just sits there. After a few moments, she reaches for the coffee.

KEVIN

You and Jeff,-- it's complicated, huh? You don't even need to answer, I can tell.

ERIN

We broke up last month. We usually get back together. But,--

KEVIN

But not this time?

ERIN

(can't help but laugh so she doesn't cry)
-- He never showed up for anything, was never on time, never wanted to leave Chelmsford, his apartment, anything, right? And now? Really? Now?

Kevin just listens, nods.

ERIN

-- I don't know how to act around him. Or, what to even say about, about us, if there even is an us.

Beat.

ERIN

(looks straight at Kevin, tears in her eyes)
He wouldn't have been at that finish line if it wasn't for me.

She starts crying again.

KEVIN

Okay. You get to say that exactly one time and you just used yours up. Don't ever say it again. What happened is not your fault. It had nothing to do with you. It was those two twisted murderers. And you are not going to carry that weight for them.

She gives Kevin a long, thoughtful look.

Beat.

ERIN

-- Who are you again?

KEVIN

I'm Jeff's boss at Costco.

Beat.

ICU HALLWAY, B.M.C. - DAWN, FRIDAY

Big Jeff walks down the hallway sipping his fresh large Dunkin Donuts coffee. Security has gotten more intense since the bombers started their rampage. Every room he passes has two state police troopers posted at the door, guarding the bombing survivors.

Big Jeff walks toward the waiting room, leans in to see everybody huddled around the television, watching the news. He hears the CNN reporter:

"...and the Boston Police commissioner has expanded the lockdown to all Boston residents, urging everyone to stay in their homes as the hunt for the bombing suspect goes on."

Big Jeff spots Patty staring daggers at him from across the room.

JEFF'S ICU ROOM, HALLWAY - DAWN

Big Jeff steps inside the room, past the two state troopers. Jeff just woke up from a fitful night of sleep, still groggy from his medication. He's watching ESPN highlights on television.

BIG JEFF

(awkward)

-- Hey, Jeff. Ya got a second?

JEFF

(doesn't turn down the television)

I ain't going anywhere.

BIG JEFF
 So yeah, listen, they're doing this lockdown, stay indoors thing in the city. I gotta head up to Concord, check on the wife and my boys, ya know. Head a household shit. You know how it goes, right?

Big Jeff stands for an awkward beat, sipping his coffee and waiting for the response. Jeff doesn't answer, looks back at the highlights.

BIG JEFF
 (nods)
 Okay.

Big Jeff walks towards the door and says as he's leaving, almost as an afterthought --

BIG JEFF
 -- By the way, watch out for that girl.

JEFF
 What girl?

BIG JEFF
 Ya girlfriend there. Erin. I think ya should keep an eye on her intentions.

JEFF
 Intentions? Whaddya mean?

BIG JEFF
 Nothing. It's just my gut tells me she's with ya just because she feels obligated. That ain't right, just my opinion. Anyway, see ya.

He heads out the door.

JEFF
 (finally turns off the television)
 Hold on. Can you fucking elaborate please?

BIG JEFF
 (turns back)
 Maybe I shouldn't a said nothing.

JEFF
 But ya did.

Beat.

BIG JEFF
 (uncomfortable, but
 elaborates)
 One thing I got experience in is
 obligation. When ya ma got
 pregnant, I ignored my gut and
 tried to make it work. In the end,
 only made me resent her. And she
 threw that shit back at me tenfold.
 Twenty plus years later and we
 still can't be in the same fucking
 room together.

JEFF
 Why are you telling me this right
 now?

BIG JEFF
 That's what a father's supposed to
 do, right? Look out for his kid
 so's he can be somethin better.

JEFF
 (beat; pointed)
 -- yeah, [but] how do I know what a
 father's supposed to do.

Jeff turns his head away so his dad can't see the utter
 heartbreak in his eyes.

CUT TO:

BOSTON, SURROUNDING TOWNS STREETS - DUSK - FRIDAY, APRIL 19

A SERIES OF SHOTS. Empty streets... Watertown... Newton...
 Waltham... Alston-Brighton... Kenmore Square... Fenway
 Park... Faneuil Hall... Boston Common... Sun setting on a
 ghost town.

From dozens of windows we see "BOSTON STRONG" flags hanging,
 flapping in the spring breeze.

Everything's quiet.

JEFF'S ICU ROOM, B.M.C. - 8:44 PM, FRIDAY

Quiet here too.

JEFF AND ERIN ARE ASLEEP in his bed, leaning against each
 other.

He wakes with a jolt. Wakes her up too.

JEFF
 (whispers)
 -- was I asleep?

ERIN
 (looks at him and manages
 a smile)
 For a good two hours.

We hear cheering break out from down the hall. It echoes
 outside from streets below --

Erin gets up and looks out the window. She sees people
 pouring out into the streets. Cheering. Strangers hugging,
 weeping,

ERIN
 (turns back to Jeff)
 -- Something happened. They
 must've caught the guy.

She lays back down next to him, both lost and confused as
 they listen to the cheering filling the streets outside.

ERIN
 (reaches out and pats down
 Jeff's hair)
 -- You need a haircut, babe. [But]
 first you gotta let 'em wash it.
 Still smells like [the bomb].

JEFF
 No.

ERIN
 You don't wanna wash it?

JEFF
 (quietly, almost to
 himself)
 -- I don't want anybody to touch
 it. [And] please don't let anybody
 cut it. I can't take losing
 another part of me.

Beat.

She touches his left arm, the only part of his body that
 doesn't hurt. She puts her head close to his.

ERIN
 (whispers close)
 I'm sorry.

JEFF
 (shakes his head, whispers
 back)
 Don't say that.

He puts his arm around her. Erin closes her eyes, quiet for
 a long moment. Breathing so slowly, he thinks she might have
 gone back to sleep.

JEFF
 (whispers to her in his
 arms)
 -- you don't owe me anything, E. I
 know this doesn't mean we're back
 together. [And] I don't want us to
 be together like this anyways.

Beat.

CUT TO:

VIDEO FROM PRE-GAME CEREMONY, Fenway Park, Red Sox vs. Kansas City Royals, April 20, "BIG PAPI" DAVID ORTIZ, addressing the crowd before the Sox play their first home game since the bombings.

BIG PAPI (ON VIDEO)
 (into microphone)
 All right Boston. This jersey that
 we wear today, it doesn't say Red
 Sox. It says Boston,--
 (crowd cheers)
 This is our fucking city and nobody
 is going to dictate our freedom.
 (crowd goes fucking nuts,
 he raises up his fist)
 Stay strong.

CUT BACK TO:

BOSTON MEDICAL CENTER, BACK ALLEYWAY - DAY, MID-MAY

FROM ABOVE, BUZZING REPORTERS AND PHOTOGRAPHERS yelling out, as a line of state troopers keep them back around the corner. Jeff's waiting by the curb, sitting in his wheelchair, Erin and Kevin beside him. The rest of his family and friends are forming a wall around him, most of them now sporting "BOSTON STRONG" t-shirts.

UNCLE BOB'S CAR (MOVING) - ROUTE 495 NORTH, LOWELL - DAY

Hauling ass north up 495, just outside Chelmsford. Jeff's in the backseat with Erin. Uncle Bob is driving, Patty beside him. Wheelchair strapped to the trunk. Jeff sees a sign for 110/Chelmsford and they ease into the right lane.

They see a huge banner hanging from the highway overpass, "BOSTON STRONG -- BAUMAN STRONG" Two dozen people cheering as Uncle Bob beeps the horn when they pass under.

JEFF
 (looking out the window at
 the banner, the cheering
 crowd)
 -- What's that all about?

UNCLE BOB
 (glances in the rear view
 mirror -- sees a BLACK
 SEDAN trailing them)
 You're a national fucking hero,
 kid. Those're reportahs followin
 us,--

PATTY
 (glances back, sees the
 black sedan)
 Really? To Chelmsford?

JEFF
 (glances back, sees the
 black sedan)
 I don't want anybody seein me like
 this,--

PATTY
 What channel do you think they're
 with?

UNCLE BOB
 (dials as he glances back
 again, into phone)
 Lou? It's Bob. Do me a favor.

UNCLE BOB'S CAR (MOVING) - 110 LITTLE LEAGUE BASEBALL FIELDS -
 CHELMSFORD - DAY

THEY PASS LITTLE LEAGUE BASEBALL FIELDS with a game in
 progress, the sounds of kids yelling, parents cheering the
 crack of the bat.

As soon as they pass they see red and blue lights flash and a
 siren wail behind the black sedan. A Chelmsford police
 cruiser pulls it over.

Uncle Bob pulls over too. Throws the car in reverse so
 they're eye-to-eye with the sedan -- two tired-looking
 reporters and a photographer look back at him.

UNCLE BOB
 (smiles, yells)
 -- Welcome to Chelmsford,
 dickbags!

Jeff's not looking at them, he's lost looking out the window
 at the Little League game, at the kids running and playing
 ball, at their legs running and playing and at a huge banner
 hanging from the concessions stand, "WELCOME HOME, JEFF!"

PATTY'S APARTMENT COMPLEX, PARKING LOT - DAY

A simple three-level apartment building fifty feet from a
 major road.

As the car pulls up, we see the whole crew waiting there for them -- Aunt Jenn, Dale, Sully, Big D, Aunt Karen, Big Jeff. Patty's hung a "WELCOME HOME JEFFREY" sign over the front door (using the same magic markers and leftover poster board that Jeff used for Erin's marathon sign).

Aunt Jenn and Big Jeff untie the wheelchair from the trunk, help Jeff into it.

AUNT JENN

Careful.

BIG JEFF

Ya gotta pull that latch first.

AUNT JENN

Push it, not pull it.

Erin follows Patty pushing Jeff toward the apartment. Patty lives on the first floor, there's a little walkway leading to a tiny patio and then an open door.

Patty rolls Jeff to the front door and HIS WHEELCHAIR CLANKS AGAINST THE DOORJAMB.

BIG JEFF

(shakes his head in
disgust)

-- Goddammit, Patty. I told ya he
should move in with me.

PATTY

All the way up there in Cow
Hampshire? His friends are all
here, idiot.

Frustrated, Big Jeff takes off for his truck parked in the lot.

UNCLE BOB

All due respect, I got the most
room outta all a ya. And I'm only
one here with a credit score above
520.

AUNT JENN

I'm the one got a pool.

UNCLE BOB

Fuckin' *above ground*.

PATTY

(raises her voice,
starting to get pissed
off)

He made his choice.

Erin can't believe they're arguing right in front of Jeff.

Big Jeff pulls a crowbar out of his truck bed.

PATTY
We'll just carry him in.

JEFF
(raises his hand, waving
it)
Hey, hey, nobody's carrying me.

Erin steps forward, finally.

ERIN
(trying to be the voice of
reason)
Maybe we can call a carpenter to
widen the door?

PATTY
(turns to Erin, snaps)
Nobody asked you.

BIG JEFF
(lumbering back from his
truck, crowbar in hand)
We ain't calling nobody,--

Erin jumps out of the way as Big Jeff brushes past her and
eases the crowbar into the doorjamb and WRENCHES IT OFF WITH
a SPLINTERING YANK.

BIG JEFF
There.

PATTY'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - DAY

ERIN PUSHES JEFF THROUGH THE DOOR, into the middle of the
living room. The apartment's been transformed by the
thousands of parcels of mail Jeff's received. Letters and
packages stacked on every flat surface. Photos and drawings
cover every wall. Gifts of all shapes -- miniature samurai
armor, a painting of a fish, a wood carving from New Zealand.

PATTY
(showing Jeff around like
she's a sweepstakes
model)
People send ya packages. Hundreds
each day,--

AUNT JENN
(nods)
From all over the world.

PATTY
I opened one from a place called
Micronesia. I thought it was made
up, ya know, but it's a real place.
(MORE)

PATTY (CONT'D)
 You want a beer or somethin,
 Jeffrey?

AUNT KAREN
 -- Can he drink yet?

SULLY
 'Course he can drink, they didn't
 cut his balls off!

UNCLE BOB
 (laughs, pats Jeff on the
 back)
 Whole world's watching ya, kid.

Erin helps Jeff navigate through the small apartment, into the kitchen. More letters and artwork. Across the ceiling is a string of paper hearts cut out of construction paper. The word "hero" in dozen languages -- "héroe" "helten" "repon."

His family follows them into the kitchen, all crowding into the tiny kitchen.

BIG JEFF
 -- Ya like a symbol to a lot of
 people, kid.

BIG D
 (looks around)
 I'll take one a them beers, Patty.

AUNT KAREN
 Everybody's so proud of you, Jeff.

JEFF
 (looking up at them from
 his wheelchair, an edge
 in his voice)
 For what?

BIG JEFF
 Being Boston Strong.

Jeff looks at his father. A tense beat.

PATTY
 (trying to diffuse the
 tension)
 Jenn, you stopped by the packie for
 me, right?

AUNT JENN
 Cooler's in my truck. D, go get it
 wouldya?

JEFF
 (nods in agreement,
 glances back at Erin)
 (MORE)

JEFF (CONT'D)
-- we just need to do something
first, okay?

BATHROOM, PATTY'S APARTMENT - DAY

SHOWER STEAMING as Erin takes Jeff's clothes off. He stops her at his mesh basketball shorts.

JEFF
(puts his hand up,
stopping her)
Keep these on.

She leans down and he puts his arm around her neck. She lifts him to the lip of the tub. It's an intimate act.

He eases himself into the tub and pulls the shower curtain closed. Keeping Erin out.

Then he leans his head forward as the steaming hot water sluices against his hair. Cleaning it for the first time since that day.

DIRTY BLACK WATER, stained and reeking of the bombing, streams across his back in dirty rivulets.

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CURTAIN, Erin stands awkwardly, not sure what she should do, should she stay or go.

ERIN
Jeff?

Sound of the shower running.

JEFF (OS)
(beat; through the
curtain)
Ya can go home, Erin.

ERIN
-- You sure?

JEFF (OS)
(beat; through the
curtain)
Yeah.

Erin just stands there, catches her reflection in the steamed-up mirror.

She pauses for moment.

ERIN
(then reluctantly says)
Okay.

She walks out.

IN THE SHOWER, despite the steamy heat, Jeff's shivering, as he stares at the dirty, stinking, polluted water swirling down the drain between his stumps.

LIVING ROOM, PATTY'S APARTMENT

Erin walks through Jeff's family and friends having a party, drinking and smoking, classic rock playing on the radio, none of them seem to notice her.

She just keeps walking out, leaving through the busted front door.

JEFF'S BEDROOM, PATTY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Jeff squeezing his wheelchair out of the small bathroom attached to his bedroom, sounds of the party in the living room. His hair's wet, a towel around his waist. He throws clean shorts, underwear and a T-shirt onto the bed.

He reaches for the flat wooden transition board propped against the wall and places it between the wheelchair seat and the mattress. He lifts up with his arms, puts his ass on the board. Tries to push himself out across it--

But his arms don't have the strength. He collapses back into the chair. The board clacks down onto the floor, sound swallowed up the party.

He begins to pull the towel off of his waist, and yelps in pain. He shouldn't have gotten the cotton so close to his sutures. The towel's brownish where blood has fused it to his right stump.

He tries to gently tug it off in another direction. The pain seems to electrify him. He breathes. Prepares. Tug-- Agony. Breathes. Tug-- Tears come now. Tug-- The towel finally peels off, taking a jagged piece of a metal suture with it.

Red-faced, naked and panting from the searing pain. We finally get a good look at his stumps. The flaps of angry red triangular skin meet together, held by metal sutures. Blood oozes out of both of them, onto his chair, his bedroom floor. Outside the door, the party still goes on.

CUT TO:

JEFF'S BEDROOM, PATTY'S APARTMENT - NEXT MORNING

Dull morning light shining through the windows. Jeff's on his back in bed. Eyes raw, face haggard, he hasn't slept. There's a banging knock on his bedroom door.

PATTY (OS)
 -- Jeffrey! Wake up, honey. We're
 gonna be late.

JEFF
 (groggy, disoriented)
 I'm up, I'm up,--

He swings his legs over the edge of his bed and "takes a
 step"-- only to slam flat on his face on the floor,
 forgetting that he has no legs.

AUNT JENN (OS)
 (through the door)
 -- what the hell was that?

Jeff presses his hands against his face, squirming in pain--

PATTY (OS)
 (calling out for him
 through the door)
 Jeffrey, are you okay?

JEFF
 (yelps, breathless)
 Just gimme a second!

DOOR, JEFF'S BEDROOM

Patty presses her ear against the door, cigarette dangling
 out her mouth. Aunt Jenn beside her, tray of Dunkin Donuts
 coffee in her hand.

PATTY
 (turns to Aunt Jenn,
 lowers her voice)
 -- he's breathing heavy in there.
 What the hell's he doing?

AUNT JENN
 (lowers her voice even
 more)
 Jesus, Patty. Whaddya think boys
 do in their room when they lock the
 door?

PATTY
 (her eyes go wide)
 Ya think he's doing that? Already?
 That's a good sign, right?

DOWN ON THE FLOOR, JEFF'S BEDROOM - SAME

Jeff's on his back, fingers pinching his nose. Blood
 streaming out of his nostrils onto his shirt.

PATTY (OS)
 (through door)
 Jeffrey, you take all the personal
 time ya want,-- We'll be waiting
 outside.

He bites his lip, squelching the pain and closes his eyes at the humiliation.

SPAULDING REHAB FACILITY - DOWNTOWN BOSTON - DAY

A towering, brand-new steel and glass facility built a block from the Mystic River. Patty pushes Jeff in his wheelchair through the parking lot with the whole entourage -- Uncle Bob, Aunt Jenn, Sully, Big D, Aunt Karen, Big Jeff -- in tow.

We see that Patty and Jenn are dressed up, hair blown out and faces made up. They're extra-excited as they approach the front where--

A ROW OF LOCAL NEWS VANS (WBZ, WHDH, WCVB, CNN) parked around the entrance, satellite dishes bristling toward the sky.

JEFF
 (his face drops, eyes
 panicked)
 -- What the fuck's this? I thought
 we weren't doin press.

PATTY
 We weren't ready ta tell ya story
 before. But now,--

AUNT JENN
 I called all the local TV stations.

JEFF
 What's my story?

AUNT JENN
 Everybody wants to see how good ya
 doin, Jeff, you're a symbol of
 hope, not just for Boston but, ya
 know, everybody. I just wish ya
 woulda let me cut ya friggin hair.

JEFF
 (looks up at his aunt,
 turns to his mother)
 ...

PATTY
 I know how attention makes ya
 uncomfortable, honey. But this
 could lead to opportunities. And,
 they're not gonna be focused on you
 forever.

(MORE)

PATTY (CONT'D)
 We're gonna be on our own with this
 someday. *Everybody leaves*
eventually, Jeff,--

She glances at Big Jeff.

JEFF
 (sees his mother look at
 his father, and he nods,
 forcing a smile)
 Okay, Ma. Whatever you think.

CUT TO:

BRIGHAM AND WOMEN'S HOSPITAL, ADMIN OFFICE - NIGHT

Erin's at work, organizing patient files for the doctors' rotations. She's dressed sharp with her Program Coordinator badge shining on a crisp shirt.

She notices a few co-workers grouped around a TV in the break room.

ADMIN CO-WORKER (OS)
 (calls out)
 -- Erin come here! Jeff's on TV!

ERIN
 My Jeff?

Erin heads into the break room, sees the story from that day about Jeff's rehab on local TV:

CLOSE ON TV, Shots of Jeff on his back on a table, sweating and grunting unable to do the exercises. Shots of Jeff, his arms too weak to transition from the wheelchair to a table. Shots of Jeff giving up.

She watches Jeff smiling for the cameras, but Erin sees it-- all the pain and embarrassment and humiliation in his eyes. Most of her co-workers don't notice, they're clapping and cheering for him, nodding congratulations at Erin.

ADMIN CO-WORKER (OS)
 Ohmygod look at him. He's so
 brave, Erin. Have you seen him
 since he got back from the
 hospital?

ERIN
 (shakes her head no, keeps
 watching Jeff's story on
 TV)
 He doesn't want my help. His
 family's taking care of him.

Jeff and Patty are being interviewed by the local reporter.

PATTY (ON TV)
 (she can't believe she's
 on TV, smiling)
 -- I'm just so proud of him, my
 son. He's a real hero, ya know.
 Helping the city heal, givin'
 everybody hope. Including me.
 He's being Boston Strong!

REPORTER (ON TV)
 Is that true, Jeff? Are you
 "Boston Strong?"

JEFF (ON TV)
 Yuh, sure.

ERIN WATCHES JEFF ON TELEVISION, sees him give the thumbs up,
 his family and friends. She sees how much he's suffering for
 the whole world to see, her heart breaking for him.

ADMIN CO-WORKER (OS)
 -- Well, he seems to be going along
 with whatever they want.

ERIN
 (watches as the story
 finishes up)
 That's Jeff,-- Going along with
 what everybody wants. Doesn't want
 to let anyone down.

ADMIN CO-WORKER
 Who'd he be letting down?

ERIN
 (finally turns to her co-
 worker)
 His mom. His family. You. Me.
 The whole goddamn city.

CUT TO:

UNITED PROSTHETICS, WORKSHOP - DORCHESTER, MA - DAY, WEEKS
 LATER - SATURDAY, JUNE 6

Jeff and his mother sit in the small, unassuming workshop
 among a museum of artificial legs. It's been a few weeks,
 he's starting to sport a scraggly beard, and the weather's
 warmer. His face is haggard from lack of sleep.

PAUL MARTINO, 62, gray hair, mustache, grandson of the
 founder of the company, walks in and presents Jeff with a
 sleek futuristic-looking artificial leg, looks like it was
 yanked off a robot.

PATTY
 -- Jesus, they're so futuristic,
 aren't they Jeffrey?

JEFF

(beat)
How much?

PAUL MARTINO

(looking over the leg)
These Geniums, even with the
insurance,-- Couple hundred
thousand, give or take.

JEFF

These legs cost more than pop's
house.

PATTY

I'll get another job, honey. We'll
make it work.

PAUL MARTINO

I don't think you understand. You
don't have to pay anything, Jeff.
The German company that makes 'em,
Ottobock, they donated them. And
the customization will be covered
by donations.

PATTY

Donations from who?

PAUL MARTINO

We got calls from all over the
world. And they all said the same
thing. Give that kid the best.
Geniums are the best.

Patty is crying.

PATTY

Jeffrey,-- ya so lucky.

TOYOTA COROLLA (MOVING) - BOSTON, 93 SOUTH - DAY

Patty smokes as they motor down the highway. Jeff stares out
the window.

PATTY

So they're having that One Fund
concert to raise money for the
victims. I was thinking maybe you
walk out on stage on ya Geniums,
Jeffie. Let everybody see ya.

JEFF

-- When is that?

PATTY

Next week.

JEFF
I'm not sure I'll be walking next
week, Ma.

PATTY
Not with that attitude.

Beat.

JEFF
(trying to connect with
her)
Ma?

PATTY
Yeah?

JEFF
Ma, look at my legs.

Patty doesn't look. Patty smokes and drives as tears roll
down her face.

PATTY
Why?

JEFF
(sees his mother's face,
doesn't want her to
suffer, switches gears)
-- Hey, Ma, what do ya say we just
skip rehab and go meet up with
everybody, watch the Sox?

PATTY
(looks at her son, and
smiles wiping away her
tears)
That sounds good, Jeffie.

BRICKHOUSE SPORTS GRILL, BACK ENTRANCE - DAY

Six steps lead up to the back patio entrance.

Just six wooden steps. You'd never even notice them unless
you -- like Jeff -- were in a wheelchair. To him, staring up
at them, they look insurmountable.

PATTY
(beat; not sure what to
do)
Goddamn ramp's all the way around
[the] main entrance.

JEFF
(staring at those steps
like he's never seen them
before)
(MORE)

JEFF (CONT'D)

I don't wanna go in that way, have everybody staring at me.

PATTY

I thought ya had to piss wicked bad?

JEFF

I do.

He slides out of his chair, lands on his ass with a thud. Patty leans over to help him.

JEFF

(pushes her away)
-- I got it.

He puts his ass on the bottom step. Pushes himself up one step... two... it's taking a lot out of him, he pauses, his arms and hands are still weak, dripping sweat.

He pushes up to the third... breathing heavy, straining his triceps, his hands burning and--

He slips and lands on his back, sliding back down hard to the bottom step--

PATTY

(horrificed)
Oh no, Jeffrey,--

Hot, wet piss darkens his crotch.

PATTY

(eyes wide, she turns away)
What, what do I do?

JEFF

Get me a towel.

PATTY

Oh. Okay. Just, just don't move,--

She walks away.

Jeff sits there. Sweat dripping down his face as the piss puddles around him. A young couple walks up, sees him, and walks the other way.

BRICKHOUSE SPORTS GRILL, BAR - DAY

Rowdy weekend crowd. "BOSTON STRONG" banners hanging all over the place. Red Sox vs. Anaheim Angels playing on the televisions. Patty pushes Jeff inside as he presses a tiny bar towel into his wet lap.

All eyes in the bar are on him, a couple non-regulars recognize him and snap his picture with their phones as he passes.

PATTY
 (talking too loud, besides
 herself)
 -- That's all they had. No one'll
 know.

Patty wheels him up to a table in the back where the whole gang's sitting -- Uncle Bob, Aunt Jenn, Aunt Karen, Sully, Big D -- all gathered around drinking beer and watching the game, all turning to see them, overhearing Patty.

SULLY
 (finishes his beer)
 No one'll know what?

Jeff's face goes red, burning with embarrassment.

And then they notice the yellow-stained towel in his lap, smell the urine on him, realize that Jeff pissed himself. Everyone awkwardly tries not to notice. Except for Sully, he can't take his eyes off it.

SULLY
 (keeps staring, at Jeff's
 crotch, doesn't know what
 to say, just repeats)
 -- no one'll know what?

Uncle Bob takes his beer and splashes it against Sully's crotch.

SULLY
 (jumps up)
 What the fuck, Bob,--

UNCLE BOB
 -- Now ya know what.

Uncle Bob hands Jeff a beer.

UNCLE BOB
 Beer heals all wounds, Jeffie.

Uncle Bob turns his attention back to the Red Sox game, that's that. Everybody else returns to watching the game, that's that.

The waitress comes over with a tray of drinks.

BRICKHOUSE WAITRESS
 (puts the drinks down in
 front of Jeff)
 -- these are from that couple at
 the bar.

Jeff looks over at the bar, sees an elderly couple waving at him.

BRICKHOUSE WAITRESS (OS)
They wanted me to tell you "thank
you."

JEFF
(looks up at the waitress)
For what?

BAR, BRICKHOUSE SPORTS GRILL - LATE AFTERNOON

CLOSE ON TELEVISION, game two of a doubleheader. Red Sox outfielder Jonny Gomes is up at bat. The camera gets a close-up of the "B Strong" patch on his arm.

Jeff and his friends and family have been drinking for hours. As much as the Brickhouse patrons are always glued to the Sox games. This is deeper. Almost spiritual.

BIG D
-- Come on, Jonny. Get us a
fucking hit. We need anothea run
here.

Gomes lets a ball pass.

SULLY
(claps)
Good eye. Good eye.

RED SOX ANNOUNCER (VO ON TV)
-- and if you look closely, you can
see that Jonny Gomes is using a bat
with the words "Boston Strong"
etched into. Along with the names
of the four people who died from
the bombers. The team has really
rallied around the city.

AUNT JENN
That's wicked fucking beautiful.

PATTY
Ya hear that, Jeff? His bat says--

JEFF
(interrupts)
Ya, I heard.

Pitch. Gomes connects. The bar goes nuts. He grounds out to third. The reaction is deeper, more painful than usual.

SULLY
No, no, how can he ground out aftah
everthin we been through, haven't
we suffered enough,--

JEFF

Are you being serious right now?

UNCLE BOB

(joking, rubs Jeff's head)
-- Yuh, they're gonna win it all
for you, kid. When you gonna get a
fuckin' haircut?

Jeff doesn't answer. He sees Big D looking at the wet stain
on his crotch.

BIG D

(hands Jeff a napkin,
leans over, lowers his
voice)
-- At ya therapy, people ever talk
about dreams and shit?

JEFF

I guess. Why?

BIG D

(leans closer to Jeff,
lowers his voice more)
'Cause I had one last night,-- I'm
pitching a playoff game and the
catcher gives me the sign for a
fastball and I throw it and I
realize that, instead of throwing
the baseball,-- I'm, uh, I'm
throwin my penis.

JEFF

Ya penis?

BIG D

Yuh. And the batter hits it and my
penis grounds to shortstop,-- who
taps second and then underhands it
to first for a double play. But
the guy on first drops it and it
gets all dirty and I'm afraid
someone's gonna step on it with
their cleats. So I start
screaming, "Don't hurt my dick!"

JEFF

-- And you want me to bring that up
in group therapy?

BIG D

If ya feel comfortable.

AUNT JENN

(calls out from the end of
the table)
Hey, Patty,-- You tell Jeff about
the Bruins?

JEFF
 (takes a drink, watching
 the Red Sox)
 -- What about the Bruins?

AUNT JENN
 They want ya to go out between
 periods and wave a flag. Inspire
 the crowd.

JEFF
 (looks down from watching
 the game)
 Wave a flag?

PATTY
 All ya gotta do is roll out on the
 ice, Jeff. Wave a little for tha
 cameras. I told 'em you'd do it.

JEFF
 Ya told them I'd do it without
 asking me?

PATTY
 They're gonna give us box seats.

Jeff rubs his stumps, they're starting to hurt real bad.

BIG D
 "Us?"

AUNT JENN
 They said ya could bring the whole
 crew. It's open bar,--

SULLY
 Free drinks? Let's get cocked,--

BIG D
 Ya gotta do this. It's the
 playoffs, kid. The Bruins need ya.

JEFF
 (finishes off his beer,
 frustrated)
 Fine, okay,-- I'll do it just so
 you all shut the fuck up about it.

CUT TO:

PATTY'S APARTMENT, BATHROOM - NIGHT

JEFF TAKES A DEEP BREATH, sitting on the toilet in his small
 bathroom. Stumps sticking out in front of him. His hands
 are tender, welt-like blisters on his palms from rolling the
 chair. Delicately grabs a roll of toilet paper.

Anyone who loses a limb will tell you, it's the "simple" things, the ones we don't even think about, that challenge the most. Things like taking a shit.

Like he's an amateur gymnast on a pommel horse, Jeff tries to find a comfortable position to wipe his ass. It's nearly impossible, tries to balance--

Slips and falls onto the tiled floor with a meaty slap--

One arm landing in the dirty toilet water, he quickly pulls it out, he's a fucking mess--

On his back. One stump hit the toilet paper hanger and it's bleeding onto the tile.

He screams into the bathroom rug.

PATTY (OS)
(through door)
-- You okay in there?

JEFF
(struggling, tears in his
eyes, fighting to hide
the pain)
I'm fine, Ma,-- Just dropped
something.

JEFF'S BEDROOM, PATTY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jeff claws up onto his bed.

Lying on his back. Towel pressed against his bleeding stump. Drenched in sweat. And the tears come now. Quietly sobbing, heaving.

He catches his breath, drying his eyes.

Grab his cell phone off his night stand. He looks at it for a moment.

Beat.

Then he dials. Listens to the ringing like his sanity depends on someone answering.

ERIN'S PARENT'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - AMESBURY, MA - NIGHT

Erin's sister Gail is grabbing something to drink from the refrigerator while her mother, LORI HURLEY, 54, is cooking dinner. Her father BILL, 56, is drinking a beer, watching a small TV at the kitchen table. Erin's phone buzzes on the counter. Gail looks around. Erin's nowhere to be seen.

She leans over and looks at the caller ID.

GAIL
-- It's Jeff Bauman.

Buzz.

BILL HURLEY
Why's he calling? Didn't they
break up?

GAIL
Last month. For the third time.

Buzz.

LORI HURLEY
(off Bill's look)
I knew about two of them.

The buzzing stops.

BILL HURLEY
But you can't deny that he's an
incredibly sweet kid.

GAIL
That's not the friggin point,
Daddy.

Erin walks into the kitchen.

ERIN
-- What are you guys talking about?

Beat.

GAIL
Jeff just called.

Erin reaches for her phone on the counter but Gail snatches
it up first.

ERIN
Give me my phone.

GAIL
No. You have to listen to me
first. You always take on too
much, Erin, with everything, with
boyfriends. And now I think, with
Jeff, you're going to get in way
over your head.

LORI HURLEY
Give her the phone, Gail.

Gail hands it over. Erin's phone dings with a voice-mail.

She looks at her family for a moment, then dials Jeff back as she steps out of the house onto the back porch, looking out into the night sky.

ERIN
(into phone)
-- Jeff?

JEFF'S BEDROOM, PATTY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jeff hears her voice. A wave of relief washes over him. He composes himself. Hiding his pain from her.

JEFF
(into phone; voice cracks)
E-Money. What are ya doing?

INTERCUT as necessary:

ERIN
(hears his voice cracking;
into phone)
Talking to you. What are you
doing?

JEFF
(beat; into phone)
Dancing. Hold on, lemme walk outta
the club. Can ya hear me now?

ERIN
(can't help but smile,
into phone)
-- How are you?

Tears roll down his cheeks as he rubs the cramps in his stumps.

JEFF
(into phone)
Ya should see these Genium legs I
got on, E,-- It looks like they
yanked 'em off the Terminator.

ERIN
(into phone)
Yeah? They fit okay?

He looks at the Genium legs propped against the wall in the corner.

JEFF
(into phone)
Yeah. Hey, so listen,-- I got
invited to the Bruins playoff game
against Chicago next week. They
want me to go out on the ice, wave
a Bruins flag and shit.

ERIN
 (into phone)
 You sure you wanna do that?

JEFF
 (beat; into phone)
 Yeah, everybody's expectin me to,
 and it's the playoffs ya know so, I
 was thinking,-- I don't know, maybe
 ya'd wanna go?

ERIN
 (into phone)
 -- I don't know, Jeff, are you
 sure?

Jeff takes a breath, trying to keep his emotions in check.

Beat.

JEFF
 (into phone)
 I don't think I can do it without
 ya, E. I, ahhh, I know, I'm sorry,
 it's not fair to say, but I feel
 like I'm falling apart without you.
 I'm just like, a mess here, ya
 know. Please. I really need you.

Erin closes her eyes. Taking it all in. She knew it. She knew he still loved her.

He waits, dying there on his bed.

She takes a breath. Here we go.

ERIN
 (into phone)
 I'll be there.

CUT TO:

TD GARDEN, LUXURY BOX - BRUINS VS. BLACKHAWKS, GAME 4,
 STANLEY CUP FINALS - 1ST PERIOD - NIGHT - JUNE 19

Jeff's sitting in his wheelchair clad in a Bruins jersey
 (with Boston area code 617 on the back), Erin in a yellow
 Bruins T-shirt right next to him. He's surrounded by his
 whole gang -- Patty, Aunt Jenn, her husband, Sully, Big D,
 Uncle Bob, Aunt Karen, Big Jeff and wife Csilla -- all
 wearing Bruins gear, drinking free booze, eating free food.

ON THE ICE, Chicago's Brandon Saad takes the puck from Brad
 Marchand in the Bruins end, rushes down the ice on a
 breakaway-- The crowd stands.

Everybody but Jeff jumps to their feet, splashing the floor
 with foamy beer.

Erin jumps up as well, spilling some foam on Jeff's head as Saad feeds it across the net to Michal Handzus who scores a short handed goal! Chicago leads 1-0.

UNCLE BOB

(screams)

Goddammit, a fuckin shorthanded goal! How can they give up a shorthandah. This game's for Jeff,--

ERIN

(a little buzzed, getting into it, shouts)

Yeah, what the hell was that? C'mon,-- total bullshit. Man up and stop playing like a buncha fuckin pussies!

She jams her hand against her mouth, wide-eyed with surprise that she just said that. Sees the foam she spilled on Jeff's head. Wipes it off with her sleeve.

ERIN

(leans into Jeff's ear, giggles)

-- what's a "short handah," anyway?

She gives him a squeeze around the shoulders. Oblivious to the fact that Jeff looks like a passenger on a plane who is terrified of imminent takeoff.

BIG JEFF

(shouts down at the ice)

-- My son lost his legs and this is the fucking defense ya play!

SULLY

(beat; blurts out drunk)

Ya don't think Jeff's like a jinx, do ya?

Big D gives Sully a look. Everyone turns to Jeff who's nervously rubbing his stumps.

SULLY

(too drunk to process)

What?

BIG D

(shoves Sully, turns to Jeff)

-- Game ain't over, kid.

Erin puts her arm around Jeff. Kisses his cheek. He forces a smile. But something's gnawing at him.

A TD GARDEN PR REP in a crisp black suit enters the suite.

BRUINS PR REP.
 We'd like to stage you a little
 early, if that's all right, Mr.
 Bauman?

Jeff swallows. His face pale. His hands tapping his stumps
 even faster.

JEFF
 (nods)
 Yah. Sure. Okay.

ARENA TUNNEL, RINK - TD GARDEN - NIGHT

A LONG DARK TUNNEL that leads out to the dimly-lit ice,
 between periods Jeff's in his wheelchair, the shortness of
 his breath visible in the cool air. So close he can feel the
 chill. Big Jeff and Patty stand beside him. Erin behind him
 holding the handles of the chair. Spotlights flashing at the
 end. Hear the rumbling of the sold-out crowd cheering.

The Bruins PR Rep hands Jeff a six-foot BOSTON STRONG flag on
 a wooden pole.

BRUINS PR REP.
 -- I'll be standing over there and
 I'll signal you when it's time to
 come out. Okay?

The rep walks off before Jeff can answer her.

THE LIGHTS GO OUT COMPLETELY, and music starts pumping.
 AND THE BRUINS PA ANNOUNCER SHAKES the whole arena, booming
 voice over pumping music:

PA ANNOUNCER (OVER LOUDSPEAKERS)
*By now you all know his
 inspirational story,--*

JEFF
 I, uh,-- I don't think I can do
 this.

PATTY
 Sure ya can, Jeff.

BIG JEFF
 You're a Bauman.

PATTY
 And you're Boston Strong.

JEFF
 (looks up at his mother)
 I still don't know what the fuck
 that means.

The Bruin's PR Rep signals Erin.

ERIN
Here we go.

PA ANNOUNCER (OVER LOUDSPEAKERS)
-- *his perseverance in the face of
great adversity represents all that
is,--*

PATTY
-- You sure ya don't want me to
come out there with ya?

JEFF
(yells at her, panicked)
I want Erin to push me,--

PATTY
-- It's fine, ya don't gotta yell.

PA ANNOUNCER (OVER LOUDSPEAKERS)
BOSTON STRONG!

They hear the crowd go crazy, on their feet cheering for
Jeff. Erin rolls him toward the light, the cheering crowd.

JEFF
Wait, wait,-- stop!

Erin stops in the tunnel, leans down.

ERIN
-- What's wrong, Jeff?

JEFF
They're gonna see that I don't got
legs.

ANNOUNCER (OS)
*Ladies and gentlemen, the one and
only,-- Jeff Bauman.*

ERIN
(leans down closer to him,
her face next to his)
Look at me, Jeff. I'm right here
with you. You can do this.

JEFF
(takes a deep breath)
Okay. Fuck it. Let's do this
thing.

She pushes him Jeff onto the dark ice--

A SPOTLIGHT HITS THEM ON THE ICE, AND THE ROAR OF 17,565
BRUINS FANS ON THEIR FEET CHEERING for Jeff, clapping for
him, cameras flashing. All eyes on Jeff--

Jeff looks out at the faces looking back at him from the darkness-- tens of thousands of faces in the darkness-- flashing lights-- staring back at him, under the spotlight-- His eyes dart, heart pounding--

ERIN
(leans down, gives him a
hand)
Wave the flag, babe. There ya go,--

Jeff waves the flag and the crowd rises up. He keeps waving and waving but it's like he's somewhere else, his eyes wide, hands slick, heart pounding in his chest. He's losing his grip on the flag, and--

The flag slips from his hands, clanking on the ice--

Erin quickly picks it up and puts it back in his hands. The crowd cheers louder.

ERIN
(leans down and whispers
in his ear)
-- I'm getting you out of here.
I'm gonna get you home.

ARENA TUNNEL, HALLWAYS - TD GARDEN - NIGHT

Erin pushes Jeff down the dark tunnel, turning into a bright hallway, his eyes flickering as they zoom underneath the overhead lights. Still hear the cheering crowd.

SERVICE ELEVATOR, HALLWAY - TD GARDEN - NIGHT

Erin rushes him to the service elevator's silver doors. Hits "up" about six times. Jeff's eyes are frantic, panicked, eerily disconnected from reality.

ERIN
(looks down at him
panicking)
Hang in there, babe,--

She touches his neck glistened with sweat. He's shaking now, shivering cold skin.

JEFF
(pushes her away, screams
at her)
Get the fuck away from me. Get
away,--

ERIN
(as the elevator's silver
doors open)
Jeff?

She thrusts the wheelchair into the elevator, hits street level, spins him around. He starts rocking in his chair.

JEFF

Get away,-- You stay calm. Go
fucking help someone else.

ERIN

What? What's going on?

Ding. The doors shut.

JEFF

(looks at her, pathetic,
heartbroken)
Where did my legs go?

He starts to cry. She crouches down in front of him as the elevator rises up.

JEFF

(crying)
Are we, are we gonna make it,--

ERIN

Yeah. We're gonna make, Jeff.
You're safe now. You're safe.

She reaches out for him, he screams and flinches away. It startles her so much she slips against the wall.

Ding.

JEFF

(tries to get up from
chair, crying)
-- but where did my legs go?

She sits there on the ground. Frozen. Not sure what to do with this sobbing, shaking person in the wheelchair having a PTSD episode right there in front of her.

Ding.

She pulls herself to her feet. Gets behind his chair.

Ding.

Doors open to a back loading dock. She pushes Jeff out into the crisp night Boston air.

JEFF

(sobbing now)
Somebody please tell me. Where did
they go?

JEFF'S BEDROOM, PATTY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

ERIN PRESSES A WARM FACE CLOTH AGAINST JEFF'S FACE as he lies in his bed, some color has returned to his cheeks.

ERIN
-- You need to tell your family
what's going on with you.

JEFF
It's easier if they don't know.
Trust me.

She unbuttons his shirt and cleans the sweat off his chest.

JEFF
(shakes his head, fidgets
away from her)
I don't want you to see me like
this, E. I'm okay. You can go.

ERIN
Just stop moving. I'm not gonna
leave you here alone like this.

He stills. She cleans around the ragged stitches on his belly.

ERIN
-- Does that hurt?

JEFF
No.

She starts to peel his pants back--

JEFF
(reaches out and grabs her
hand to get her to stop)
I don't want you to see them.

ERIN
Trust me.

Beat.

Jeff nods.

And Erin peels his pants back all the way. She gets a close look at Jeff's stumps for the first time -- flesh mottled and stitched up where the triangular flaps come together, raw and grotesque beyond words.

Jeff's watches her reaction. He's naked for her to see--

Erin fights any urge to wince or avert her eyes from the brutal-looking flesh and bone--

Then she calmly looks Jeff in the eyes.

And she smiles.

A weight lifts off Jeff.

Erin gently... ever so gently... presses the warm cloth against what is now the most sensitive part of him... she looks into his eyes as she does this. It's more intimate than either has ever been with each other, with anybody else.

Beat.

ERIN

Do you really want me to go?

JEFF

-- I can't even sleep without you.
I want you to stay. God please.
Stay.

He now he's crying, completely surrendered to her.

Erin takes a moment. She knows the weight of what she's about to do.

ERIN

I'll stay.

He leans his head into her chest. She holds him there for a second. Then pulls back and kisses him... Sweet, at first... then passionate...

Jeff starts unbuttoning her shirt.

ERIN

Are you sure you can,--?

JEFF

(nods)
Wedding tackle still works.

She smiles. He helps her shed her clothes. She helps him off with his.

And she delicately straddles him.

Beat.

ERIN

Tell me if it starts to hurt.

JEFF

I will.

She moves her hips, slowly makes love to him.

Beat.

JEFF
 (breathing hard, can't
 help but smile)
 -- This mean we're back together?

ERIN
 (also smiling)
 Shhhhhh. Shhhhhh.

They both start weeping and smiling both at the same time.

BED, JEFF'S BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

Jeff and Erin sleeping soundly under tangled blankets... nude and intertwined... it's the most serene he's looked since the bombing.

Beat.

POUNDING ON THE DOOR snaps Erin awake, her heart racing.

PATTY (OS)
 (from other side of the
 door, slurring drunk)
 -- Listen ta this one, Jeffrey.
 Listen to this,-- From Denver,
 Colorado.

Jeff wakes up and sees that Erin is freaked out.

JEFF
 (whispering)
 She'll go to sleep in a minute.
 Just ignore her.

Erin listens with a growing sense of dread.

PATTY (OS)
 "I'm sure you've heard this over
 and over again, but you are truly a
 hero. I just want to thank you for
 being an inspiration to this entire
 nation. Blah, blah, blah. I've
 never seen a stronger, more
 resilient person in my life."
 She's talking about you, Jeffie.
 My son. The hero. We're all
 fuckin rooting for ya. Those
 fucking monsters. I'm glad that
 one got run ovah. We should go to
 Denver, baby. When you get bettah.
 Just me and you. They took
 everything from ya.

They hear her sobbing outside the door.

ERIN
 (whispering)
 -- has it always been like that?

JEFF
 (whispering back)
 Long as I remember.

Jeff kisses her, rolls over and closes his eyes.

Erin lays there, wondering what she just got herself into.

JEFF'S ROOM, PATTY'S APARTMENT - EARLY MORNING

Early morning light angles through the window, warming the sleeping couple. Erin gets up on one arm, watches Jeff lying there peacefully. He looks so boyish and sweet. She gazes down at the blankets where they go flat, right after his stumps end.

Erin knows, at this moment, that nobody could ever love him the way she will.

KITCHEN, PATTY'S APARTMENT - EARLY MORNING

Erin, naked except for Jeff's Bruins jersey, rummages quietly in the kitchen as she pours two glasses of orange juice. She sees family photos on the fridge, the only place that hasn't been turned in a Boston Marathon survivors shrine

CLOSE ON PHOTOS, Patty and Jeff through the years... baby, little league, prom, just him and his mom, just the two of them... and there at the top of all of them, Jeff and Erin on a camping trip... Jeff's skinny legs sprouting under his shorts.

PATTY (OS)
 -- what are you doing here?

Erin spins around. Patty's awake, standing in the doorway.

She looks at Erin, naked under her the Bruins jersey.

PATTY
 (beat; then)
 Did you just have sex with my son?

ERIN
 I, uh,--

Erin resolves herself for what she's about to say:

ERIN
 Yes. I did have sex with your son.

She walks past Patty, holding the glasses of orange juice with as much dignity as she can muster.

CUT TO:

AUNT JENN'S HOUSE, BACKYARD - CHELMSFORD - DAY - SUNDAY, JUNE 23

A BARBECUE IN FULL SWING, a party -- Jeff, Erin, Patty, Big D, Sully, Aunt Jenn, Aunt Karen, Dale, Big Jeff and his wife Csilla, Kevin with his husband Mike. Aunt Jenn's husband is manning the grill, filling a plate with half-burnt dogs and burgers. Sox game's on in the background, losing to the Tigers on a big-ass plasma screen that's been pulled out into the backyard, near the above ground pool with a wooden deck built around it.

UNCLE BOB
(after Detroit scores
another run)
-- Can you believe this shit?

Everyone is cussing, flinging their hats at the screen. Jeff finishes his Corona, immediately gets handed another one.

BIG D
We needed a win.

Aunt Jenn walks over and clicks the TV off.

AUNT JENN
(shouts)
Hey, everybody listen the hell up.
(turns to Erin)
-- G'head, hon. You got the floor.

PATTY
I have some wicked exciting news ta share!

JEFF
She was talking about Erin, Ma.

PATTY
(her face drops)
Oh. Fine. She can go first.

Erin stands in front of Jeff's family and friends.

ERIN
First off, I want to thank Aunt Jenn for hosting. You didn't need to go to all the trouble, but,--

AUNT JENN
(proud)
Hey. Anybody knows me, they know I don't do nothing half ass.

UNCLE BOB
(raises his voice)
Except high school.

AUNT JENN
Go fuck yaself, Bob,--

ERIN
-- So as you may have heard, Jeff
and I are back together. But more
importantly, we've been talking
and,-- I quit my job to devote
myself full time to Jeff's recovery
And after I move in with Jeff and
Patty,--

PATTY
Wait, what?

ERIN
(turns to Jeff)
You didn't tell her?

JEFF
I thought that was what today is
for. Ya know, announcements and
shit.

PATTY
(her heart breaking)
It's a very small apartment for
three people, Jeffrey. And she can
leave anytime, [but] you and me,
we're in this for the long haul.

JEFF
(reaches out to grab his
mother's hand)
Yeah, but, technically, Patty, it's
only two and a half people.

PATTY
That ain't funny.

Patty takes a deep sip of her wine to steady herself. She's
losing her son, she's losing her best friend.

PATTY
Is that the change? You mentioned
change.

ERIN
(beat)
Jeff's not going to do any more
media or public appearances.

BIG JEFF
Other survivors doing that kinda
shit.

PATTY

Yeah, that cowboy hat guy, Carlos
whatevah was on WBZ last week,--
Told the most amazing story.

JEFF

(he doesn't wanna hear
it)

I ain't that guy, Ma. I'm the guy
he fucking picked up.

AUNT JENN

-- Everybody's just tryin to set ya
up so ya don't gotta worry ya whole
life, Jeff,-- Make the most a your
opportunities, people donatin all
kinds a money, makin deals.

ERIN

(beat)

Yeah, but Jeff really needs to
focus on himself, on his recovery.

PATTY

But Oprah's coming,--

Everyone stops, turns to Patty.

PATTY

Yuh. She called me last night.
Oprah. Called. Me. She's flyin
down to interview Jeff day aftah
tomorrow.

UNCLE BOB

Oprah's fat ass is comin to
Chelmsford?

AUNT JENN

She hasn't been fat since the early
nineties, Bob.

ERIN

We're going to have to cancel.

PATTY

You can't just *cancel* Oprah!

ERIN

Why not?

PATTY

(heartfelt)

She's the most famous person in the
world,-- Oprah, Oprah saved my
life. In those dark days, I woulda
hung myself in the bathroom without
Oprah.

She means it.

Beat.

JEFF
I'm sorry, Ma.

PATTY
-- This your idea or hers?

JEFF
Mutual.

UNCLE BOB
If Oprah's ya lifeline, ya got
deeper issues, Patty. I'm just
sayin'.

PATTY
(turns from them, her
feeling hurt)
Fuck you, Bob. I just wanted
everybody to see how amazing my son
is,-- Why's that so wrong?

JEFF'S ROOM, PATTY'S APARTMENT - THAT NIGHT

After the party. Erin pushes Jeff's wheelchair into his room, now their room. She leans over and he puts his arm around her neck. With a grunt Erin lifts Jeff up and out of his chair, straining, holding him like a child, takes a few steps and places him in the bed.

He turns to get ready for bed, and she steps back put into the living room. Grabs her duffel bag and comes back inside, looking around for a place to put her things--

Jeff's room is mess, mounds of dirty clothes, Red Sox and Celtics photos, hockey puck, baseball glove, basketball, PlayStation controllers.

There's no room for her things.

She clears out a corner of Jeff's room and throws down her bag. Unzips it and looks around for a place, any place to put her clothes.

JEFF (OS)
-- you can take my top drawer.

Erin nods okay and opens the top drawer of Jeff's dresser. It's crammed with socks.

Socks.

Erin smiles bittersweetly as she takes Jeff's socks out, and replaces them with her clothes.

CUT TO:

24-HOUR CVS, CHELMSFORD - NIGHT, LATE SUMMER

One month later.

Erin pushing a cart down the aisles under bright fluorescent lights. We might not have witnessed what her life's been like the past few weeks, but we can sure see the toll it's taken. Erin's lost ten pounds, skin pale, dark circles under her eyes. She looks like shit.

She leans over the cart as she pushes it. Pausing to grab detergent. Toothpaste. Deodorant.

She turns down the female hygiene aisle. Scans the shelves. Reaches out to grab something--

CHECKOUT LINE, 24-HOUR CVS - NIGHT

Erin opens her purse as the cashier rings up her items, puts them into a plastic bag.

ERIN
(sounds tired, maybe
scared)
-- Do you have a bathroom?

Beat.

BRICKHOUSE SPORTS GRILL, BACK TABLE - NIGHT

Jeff, Sully and Big D drinking Bud Lights, it's a weeknight so they're taking it easy. The past few week haven't been so kind to Jeff either. He's gained weight, his unshaven face puffy from drinking, his hair matted and still long, his eyes hollowed out from lack of sleep.

JEFF
(finishes his beer)
-- I'm tapping out, boys. Got
rehab in the morning. Don't want
my lady gettin pissed.

SULLY
You want some pills?

JEFF
Are you fuckin ratahded, Sully? I
just I said I gotta go home.

Sully digs into his pocket and lays three white pills on the table.

BIG D
What are they?

SULLY
Found 'em behind my sister's
dresser. We're either gonna get
high as fuck or regulate our
periods.

JEFF
Take me home D, maybe let ya finger
my stumps on the way if ya lucky.

Just then, an OUT-OF-TOWN COUPLE walk over.

OUT-OF-TOWN HUSBAND
-- Excuse me, are you Jeff Bauman?
(Jeff nods, gives a little
grin)
We've been following your story
ever since we saw that photo.

OUT-OF-TOWN WIFE
Then we saw you at the Bruins game,
waving the flag. It's so good to
see that you're healed. That
you're not letting them win. Can
we take a picture?

JEFF
(uncomfortable, but trying
to be nice)
Sure. But, who didn't I let win?

OUT-OF-TOWN HUSBAND
The terrorists.

Beat.

JEFF
(rolls away from the
table, revealing his
covered stumps)
You sure 'bout that? Because from
where I'm sittin they [at] least
got on the scoreboard, ya know? I
ain't ever gonna walk again.

Jeff's friends chuckle. The couple smiles, not quite sure
how they should react.

SULLY
(nods; keeps it going)
-- and those fucking Bruins lost
the night Jeff's there? I mean,
Babe Ruth hit three home runs for
that little kid. And he had all
his fucking legs.

BIG D
Yeah, but that kid was dyin.

Now everybody's laughing. Even the couple. They lean in and take a picture of Jeff with their phone.

JEFF
(looks at everybody
laughing; he stops)
Yeah, I tell ya, if shit doesn't
start lookin up soon, I'm gonna
fucking kill myself.

Sully and Big D crack up even harder. Jeff grabs one of Sully's pills and swallows it. Chases it with a swig of beer.

OUT-OF-TOWN WIFE
(leans down and gives him
a hug)
-- God bless you, Jeff Bauman.

They walk away with tears streaming down their cheeks.

SULLY
(swallows one of the pills
as he watches the couple)
Something's fucking wrong with
those people, am I right?

BACK PORCH, HANDICAP RAMP - BRICKHOUSE SPORTS GRILL - NIGHT

JEFF AT THE TOP OF THE RAMP in his wheelchair, fucked up. Big D and Sully wait at the bottom, beers in hand, barely standing.

JEFF
-- Ready?

SULLY
Go!

Jeff uses his hands to propel himself down picking up speed--

Wheelchair hits the bottom and Jeff's launched into the air, arms outstretched, stupid grin on his face, tongue sticking out--

Seems to pauses weightless like that for a moment before smashing hard into Sully and Big D-- All splayed out on the grass.

It looks painful but Jeff's laughing his ass off. Sully and Big D walk over, barely able to breathe they're laughing so hard.

BIG D
I give that a solid seven.

SULLY

Seven? Excuse me. Excuse me.
That was a generous six, *at the*
most. You didn't stick the fucking
landing, bro.

JEFF

Bullshit,-- I'm goin again. I wuz
robbed.

24 HOUR CVS PARKING LOT - 2003 HONDA CIVIC (PARKED) - NIGHT

Erin's sitting in her car beneath a streetlight at the far
end of parking lot. She's been crying for a while. She
presses her head on the steering wheel. Breathes.

Leans back and holds up an EPT Pregnancy test. A blue "+"
sign in the round window.

She's pregnant.

CUT TO:

CHEVY IMPALA (PARKED) - BRICKHOUSE SPORTS GRILL, PARKING LOT -
NIGHT

Sully and Big D, who can barely stand at this point, shove
Jeff's wheelchair into the trunk of Big D's Chevy Impala.
Jeff's already sitting in the passenger seat. Big D pulls
out his keys, drops them.

BIG D

(laughing shaking his
head, slurring drunk)
-- I shouldn't not be operatin
machinery.

Sully takes the keys and pushes D into the back seat where he
passes out.

JEFF

(leans over the passenger
seat)
Wasn't ya license yanked for
driving drunk. What'd ya blow,
.08?

SULLY

(nods, as he opens the
driver side door)
So? Better'n who you blew last
week.

JEFF

-- So they'll throw ya in jail.

SULLY
But I gotta get ya home before ya
wife kills us.

JEFF
She's not my wife. Gimme the
fuckin keys.

Jeff pulls himself over to the driver seat. Sully looks at him there for a moment.

SULLY
-- Do you even still got a license?

JEFF
They don't take it away when you
lose your fucking legs, dumbass.

Sully shrugs okay and hands Jeff the keys. Jeff starts the car as Sully goes around to the other side and gets into the passenger seat.

SULLY
Wait. How you gonna reach the
pedals?

JEFF
Get down there and press 'em for
me.

SULLY
Is that safe though?

JEFF
No.

SULLY
Okay.

Sully gets down on the floor of the car and jams the gas pedal with his palm--

THE IMPALA ROARS across the gravel lot. Jeff gains control, yanks the wheel.

JEFF
(shouts at Sully)
Brake brake brake,--

Sully hits the brake and they narrowly miss a parked car.

JEFF
Okay, easy now.

They accelerate and Jeff steers them out of the parking lot.

BIG D
 (stirs away from his
 drunken haze)
 -- Who the fuck's drivin?

SULLY
 (looks up from the floor)
 Go back ta sleep, ya alcoholic.

CHEVY IMPALA (SPEEDING) - BACK ROAD, CHELMSFORD - NIGHT

The Impala's flying down a street.

SOMETHING'S OFF WITH JEFF, he's not enjoying the ride, like he's forcing himself to have a good time, trying too hard to recapture what he once had, once was.

JEFF
 (glances down at Sully at
 his "feet")
 C'mon, Sully, stop bein such a
 fuckin pussy, be my hero. Don't
 let those terrorists win,--

Sully gives him the finger and punches the gas harder.
 Speedometer goes from 65 -- 70 -- 75--

SUDDENLY BLUE LIGHTS FLASH behind them.

JEFF
 (shouts)
 Shit,-- Cops!

Sully slams the breaks with both hands--

THE IMPALA PAINTS THE ASPHALT WITH HOT RUBBER as it spins in a full 180 and stops in the middle of road -- right near the Little League Fields -- smoke rising from the street.

The Chelmsford Police cruiser has to veer off almost into the woods near the baseball field to avoid hitting them--

After a moment, the CHELMSFORD COP, clean cut in his thirties, makes his way the door with his flashlight in one hand, his other hand on the butt of his gun.

CHELMSFORD COP
 (raises his voice)
 Lemme see your hands,-- Now!

Jeff throws his hands in the air as the cop approaches.

JEFF
 (leans his head out the
 window)
 -- Is there a problem, officer?

The cop shines his light into the car and sees--

Sully popping up from below Jeff looking like he was giving him head.

That, and that Jeff has no legs.

The cop shines his light back in Jeff's face.

CHELMSFORD COP

(smiles)

Hey, you're Jeff Bauman, right?
Can I get a picture?

2003 HONDA CIVIC (PARKED) - 24-HOUR CVS PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Erin's still sitting in her car. It's like she hasn't moved. HEADLIGHTS SPLASH ACROSS HER as another car parks next to her.

A knock on the window. She unlocks the door.

Gail slides into the seat beside her.

GAIL

(as she's getting into the car)

-- Why are we meeting at a parking lot in Chelmsford? If you're starting a career dealing Oxy shouldn't we meet in Lowell?

Erin turns to look at her.

GAIL

Jesus. You look like total shit, Erin. Why aren't you taking better care of yourself?

ERIN

Oh, let's see. Stress. Lack of sleep because Jeff has nightmares and is in constant pain. Physical therapy sessions, hour each way, we're always late. Doctors appointments. Fittings. Minor surgeries. Arguing with his mother about everything. Convincing his friends not to get him wasted whenever I turn my back. Trying to remember to eat so I don't pass out.

GAIL

(that judgemental older sister look)

-- You don't return my calls. It's been weeks.

ERIN
I texted you.

GAIL
What am I? Your junior high
fucking boyfriend. I knew you'd
lose yourself in this, Erin. You
always take on--

Erin hands her the EPT Pregnancy Test.

GAIL
(looks at it, her eyes go
wide)
Holy shit. How long?

ERIN
Five weeks.

GAIL
Jesus Christ.

ERIN
-- Are you mad at me?

GAIL
I can't even process it, Erin.
What are you gonna do?

ERIN
Have a baby.

Beat.

GAIL
How are you gonna fit a kid into
all that chaos, Erin? Does he even
want to be a father,-- Especially
now?

ERIN
(beat; then)
I love him.

GAIL
Oh well then, everything's solved.

ERIN
I need your support, Gail. He's
gonna get better.

GAIL
-- Does he have any idea about
this?

Erin shakes her head. Hands Gail a greeting card.

ERIN

I was gonna give this to him when I
got home.

The cover says, "Guess What?" Gail opens it, "We're Having A
BABY!" There's a cartoon stork carrying a baby.

GAIL

(looks over at Erin)
-- This is your plan?

Erin starts crying. Gail reaches out and pulls her sister
into her shoulder.

PATTY'S APARTMENT, FRONT HALL - NIGHT

As Erin walks into the apartment, she pulls out the greeting
card envelope.

She heads for the bedroom, sees Patty passed out on the
couch, walks past her as if this is business as usual.

JEFF'S ROOM, PATTY'S APARTMENT

Erin opens the door to the bedroom, Jeff's not there.

ERIN

(excited)
-- Jeff?

She walks in, sees Jeff's wheelchair lying on its side. She
jams the card back into her pocket and rushes toward the
sound of the shower.

ERIN

(now scared)
Jeff?

SHOWER, BATHROOM - NIGHT

Erin pulls back the shower curtain and finds him--

He's passed out in his clothes, soaking wet beneath the
freezing water -- covered in puke and piss and shit.

CUT TO:

2003 HONDA CIVIC (PARKED) - PARKING LOT, PATTY'S APARTMENT
COMPLEX - NEXT MORNING

Jeff hungover and groggy in his wheelchair, watching Erin
carry a large duffel bag in one hand, his two Genium legs in
the other. She places them in the backseat.

Patty walks out of her house to the car, still in her robe and slippers.

PATTY

(calling out to them)
 -- So I just got off the phone with Kevin. We're confirmed for lunch at American Joe's, with him, with that Carlos, at 1:00. So wear the blue shirt, Jeffie. Okay?

JEFF

Yah, sure.

PATTY

I'll meet ya down [in] front a Back Bay station after ya therapy at 12:30. Call me if anything changes, okay?
 (to Erin)
 -- And can ya make sure he puts on the blue shirt I bought him?

Erin nods yes in a rush as she wheels Jeff toward the passenger side and opens the door. Leans over so he can put an arm around her neck and helps transfer him from the chair to the passenger seat.

JEFF

(looks at Erin, sun in his eyes)
 Let's just go back to sle--

She slams the door in his face.

2003 HONDA CIVIC (STUCK IN TRAFFIC) - 93 SOUTH, BOSTON - MORNING

Erin's car sits in bumper to bumper traffic. She checks the clock on the dash. 9:07. Late already. She gnaws at her thumbnail.

Jeff's asleep beside her, head leaning against the window. And it hits her.

ERIN

(shouts to herself)
 Shit,--

Jeff pops up.

JEFF

(looks around, still groggy)
 -- What? What happened?

ERIN
I forgot your leg sleeves. I
grabbed them but,-- shit. I can
see them just sitting there on the
counter. I'm so stupid, sorry.

JEFF
I can't put on my legs without
those.

ERIN
I know. I know you can't. I'm
sorry.

JEFF
(looks over at Erin,
beat)
I can't believe you forgot them.

Erin turns and looks at him. And maybe, for a second, it
reminds us of the way Big Jeff looks at Patty.

SPAULDING REHAB HOSPITAL, UPPER ROOM - CAMBRIDGE, MA - DAY

The upper rehab level has floor to ceiling panel windows that
give a spectacular view of South Boston skyline, the Mystic
and Chelsea Rivers. Half a dozen patients are working out
with their physical therapists, a few Veterans learning how
to walk on artificial limbs, a teenage girl picking up blocks
with a prosthetic hand.

Erin wheels Jeff to his station where they're greeted by
MICHELE KERR, late 40s, his no bullshit therapist.

ERIN
-- Sorry, Michele, we hit traffic.

MICHELE
We have to be on time to these
appointments, okay?

ERIN
And I forgot his sleeves.

MICHELE
(sighs)
Okay, we'll work around it.
We're over there today.

She motions to a therapy table to their side. Erin wheels
Jeff over. She leans over, lets Jeff put his arm around her
neck, and lifts him onto the table.

JEFF
(smiles, jokes with
Michele)
Ya gonna teach me to dance today,
Michele?

MICHELE
 (starts stretching him,
 doesn't crack a smile)
 Something like that, Jeff.

Erin finds a chair, sinks into it, and leans her head back against the wall exhausted. She sees Jeff struggling to do his exercises while Michele urges him on, he's tired and hungover and weak like a baby.

Beat.

DARTMOUTH ST., COPLEY SQUARE - DOWNTOWN BOSTON - AFTERNOON

Patty pushing Jeff in his wheelchair down the crowded sidewalk, he's wearing a new blue shirt. Erin following a few footsteps behind them.

PATTY
 (glances back at Erin)
 -- he'll be helping the Red Sox,
 his favorite team since he was a
 little boy.

ERIN
 (shakes her head,
 distracted)
 Jeff throwing out the first pitch
 isn't gonna help them win, Patty.
 The Bruins lost that game we went
 to.

JEFF
 Whoa, we said we weren't gonna say
 that out loud.

PATTY
 -- Fact that you say that, Erin,
 shows how little you know about
 baseball.

ERIN
 We have more important things to
 think about right now than
 baseball.

PATTY
 Are you even *from* here? He won't
 be alone. Jeff's gonna go out on
 the field with Carlos, that's why
 we're eatin lunch with him today.
 People see them as a team. I just
 wish you woulda cut ya hair, Jeff,--

JEFF
 Enough, Ma. Okay? E, where's your
 family meeting us?

ERIN

-- At the restaurant.

PATTY

(shakes her head)

Shoulda been just us meeting him
for the first time. I don't see
why we needed such a big group,--

They come to the corner of Dartmouth and Bolyston St., behind them see a makeshift memorial cordoned off by barriers, close to where the first bomb exploded. Flowers, banners, flags, handmade signs, hundreds of running shoes, and the names of those injured and the four killed -- Martin Richard, Krystle Campbell, Lu Lingzi, Sean Collier.

They stand there silently for a moment, looking at the memorial, all the people taking it in.

JEFF

(looks away; it's all
still too much for him)

-- I don't want to do this right
now, Ma.

They cross the street, it's close to the spot where the ambulances were parked the day of the marathon.

PATTY

(turns to Erin, eyes
welling with tears)

I know what ya saying, Erin. About
othah stuff being important. But
Jeff comes from fightahs. We're
all fightahs. Why can't you just
give him a break?

ERIN

(can't help but laugh)

In order to fight he's gotta
actually show up, Patty. Do you
really not see what's going on?

PATTY

Just because he don't whine all the
time like you folks from Amesbury,--

ERIN

He hasn't changed a bit. He needs
to take on more [responsibility],
he's capable of doing more,--

JEFF

(looks up at Erin from his
chair)

More? I'm already under a lot of
pressure, E.

ERIN

Shit. We all have--

She stops suddenly to fight the urge to vomit in her mouth, rushes to a sidewalk trash can and pukes. Jeff and Patty exchange a look. He wheels over to her.

JEFF

You okay?

ERIN

(nods, waits for the
moment to pass)

This didn't just happen to you,
Jeff,--

JEFF

What are you talking about? It did
only happen to me.

Erin whips around, wipes her mouth, even more angry.

ERIN

(turns to Jeff, voice
rising)

Open your eyes and notice, just for
one second, Jeff, the huge circle
of people that have *altered their*
fucking lives to orbit around you,--
Who are all affected by you, and
how you deal with this. Who need
you to man up.

People around them turn their heads when she yells. Patty is getting uncomfortable.

JEFF

(getting angry)

Man up? You act like this is easy
for me,--

ERIN

(even louder)

When do I act like any of this is
easy? When I get up with you in
the middle of the night and hear
you screaming? When your mother
yells at me and I go cry in the
bathroom? When I ignore my family
and friends so I can drive you,
every day to Spaulding? Maybe when
I find you in the shower drunk and
covered in your own shit?

Now people are not only staring, but giving them wide berth.

PATTY

(hushed)

Jesus Christ, Erin, people are
lookin at us.

ERIN

(turns to Patty)

I don't care what anyone else thinks,-- I'm sick and tired of none of you dealing with this, nothing's changed, I'm taking this all on by myself. Jeff's got responsibilities, not just to himself, but to other people too,--

PATTY

-- What other people? Jeff's only gotta focus on himself.

ERIN

Not anymore.

DOWN THE STREET ON THE NEXT CORNER, bright sun behind them, they see the outline of Bill and Lori Hurley, Gail, Kevin Horst, and next to him, his silhouette unmistakable, is the man with the white cowboy hat, Carlos Arredondo.

JEFF

(sees them across the street, waves)

-- Will you guys keeps it down, we can talk about it later, Erin, there they are.

PATTY

(shakes her head, under her breath)

Great. More over-sensitive Amesbury bleeding hearts to--

ERIN

(interrupting, turns to Patty)

You say one more fucking thing about Amesbury, Patty, and I'll punch you in the fucking face,-- Do you understand me?

Erin turns and pukes in the trash again.

Then, wiping her mouth, she heads off in the opposite direction.

Jeff wheels with all his might to catch up to her. Reaches out and grabs her hand. Erin spins around.

ERIN

-- I need some time by myself, to think. Just go to lunch without me.

JEFF

No. Whaddya need to think about?

ERIN

Let's just go to dinner tonight, me
and you, okay?

Erin turns and walks off into the crowd. Patty comes up
behind Jeff.

JEFF

(watching Erin walking
away from him)

-- I don't wanna go to lunch, Ma.
Just take me home.

PATTY

Where's Erin going, is she leaving?
C'mon, ya supposed to sit and
finally meet this guy. Everybody
wants you two ta be friends.

Jeff turns to go, behind him down the street on the corner,
glimpse the silhouette of the man with the white cowboy hat,
Carlos Arredondo, waiting with all the others.

CUT TO:

CHELMSFORD DINER, PARKING LOT - NEXT NIGHT

Scattered streetlights glow as a heavy spring rain batters
the cars in the near-empty lot.

BOOTH, CHELMSFORD DINER - NIGHT

Erin sits in a booth with a view of the parking lot. Her
eyes vigilant for Jeff to arrive.

WAITRESS (OS)

-- One menu or two?

ERIN

Two please.

The waitress hands her a menu, puts the other across from
her. Erin moves the extra menu aside, places the card on the
plate. The words "Guess What?" are wrinkled and a little
water-stained but still legible.

HONG & KONG RESTAURANT, LOUNGE - NIGHT

An infamous restaurant/lounge that locals go to when they
want the stiffest, cheapest drink in town. The place has a
dance floor and a bar and hasn't been updated since the
seventies.

At the bar, Jeff in his chair beside Big D and Sully as Uncle
Bob drink beers. Sully lights up a cigarette.

Behind them, Aunt Jenn and her husband are dancing together to some old rock & roll song like CHEAP TRICK's "Surrender". They're both wasted, but they're excellent dancers.

CHINESE BARTENDER
You can't smoke in here.

SULLY
(eyes like slits he's so
cocked)
Fuck you.

BIG D
He meant to say we're with Jeff
Bauman.

The bartender sees Jeff and walks away.

SULLY
(watches him as he walks
away, laughs)
He's *Chinese*.

BIG D
What? Who's getting next round?

JEFF
I will,-- put it on Uncle Bob's
tab.

He wheels over to the bar.

JEFF
-- Four Mai Tais!

He reaches for his wallet and a big, calloused hand stops him.

TOWNIE #1
You're that dude from the
wheelchair, right?

Jeff looks up at THREE BURLY TOWNIES in Carharts, work boots and tattered Red Sox hats, just off a construction job.

TOWNIE #3
-- The one in the picture with the
guy in the fucking cowboy hat?

Jeff's phone dings. He glances at the text--

ERIN: u r supposed to b here. where r u?

JEFF: on my way

JEFF
(looks up from his phone)
Yuh. That's me.

TOWNIE #2

Dude, we were doing a job like ten blocks away when that bomb went off. Fucking nuts, right?

JEFF

I know. I was there.

The townies all laugh.

TOWNIE #3

-- Who is that cowboy dude anyway?

JEFF

No offense, bro. But I'm here to drink, not reminisce about the worst fucking day of my life.

TOWNIE #1

Sure, round a Jack,-- Put ya wallet away, [it's] on us. My wife's not gonna believe I met the fucking wheelchair guy.

JEFF

(turns to go)

-- You guys have a great night.

TOWNIE #1

What about your shot of Jack?

JEFF

Sure.

They each hold up their shot and knock it back.

JEFF

Thanks.

TOWNIE #2

Another,--

He starts to roll away but the Townie #2 stops the wheelchair with his steel-toed boot.

TOWNIE #2

Ya know one a my friends says the bombing never really happened.

JEFF

What?

TOWNIE #2

Yeah, it's all over the internet. Mainstream media ignores it but there's these websites that aren't afraid to talk about it, man. Showed photos of the bombing that don't add up.

He hands Jeff another shot of Jack.

TOWNIE #2

They say you're this Gulf War vet
the government hired,-- like an
actor. Total black ops [that]
Obama faked so we can go to war
with Iran or some shit.

JEFF

I ain't a fucking actor. And we're
already at war with Iran, you
douchebag.

TOWNIE #2

Yuh? Then let me see those fucking
stumps.

Jeff takes his shot glass and chucks it at the guy's face--

It bounces off his head. The guy jumps back, whisky in his
eyes.

TOWNIE #2

(touches his mouth, eyes
wide)

You chipped my fucking tooth,--

He winds his arm up to swing at Jeff, who sits in his
wheelchair with his fists up--

JEFF

(shouts at him, almost
begging)

Come on then,-- fuckin hit me!

Before the guy can do anything, Uncle Bob swings a chair that
cracks Townie #2 upside the head. Townie #2 goes down--
Uncle Bob, Sully and Big D start swinging at the other two.

But they're big and they deal just as much damage as they
take. It's messy and clumsy but people are getting hurt
quickly--

Jeff tries to swing but pathetically misses again and again--

JEFF

(keeps shouting)
Somebody hit me,--

The big Townie #3 gets to his feet again and knocks Jeff out
of his chair--

AUNT KAREN (OS)

-- Jeffie!

Jeff hits his forehead on a table with a crack. Flops to the
ground. The fight going on all around him.

Aunt Jenn pulls a small 9mm handgun out of her purse as she runs toward Jeff in the middle of all the chaos, "Surrender" still playing on the jukebox.

AUNT JENN
 (waves the gun in the air
 as she goes to help him
 up)
 Next cocksuckah who touches my
 nephew gets shot in the fuckin
 face!

UNCLE BOB
 (screams at his little
 sister)
 Whattsa matter with you!? We're
 not in fucking Lowell,--

CUT TO:

HONG & KONG RESTAURANT, PARKING LOT - NIGHT

FROM ABOVE, 2003 Honda Civic pulling away from the scene. Leaving behind a few cop cars, lights flashing, taking statements. It's clear by the way Uncle Bob is laughing with the cops and reenacting Aunt Jenn's big moment that nothing is going to happen. Still raining, but not as hard.

Sully, Big D, Uncle Bob, Aunt Jenn all wave goodbye to Erin and Jeff as they pull out. Hell, even the cops wave.

2003 HONDA CIVIC (MOVING) - STREET, PATTY'S APARTMENT
 COMPLEX - NIGHT

As Erin drives through the wet streets of Chelmsford, Jeff sits next to her quietly, a packet of ice against his bruised head. It's tense.

Erin pulls the car into the parking lot of Patty's apartment complex.

She reaches into her bag and finds it -- the card.

Jams it into his hands.

JEFF
 (sees the words, "Guess
 What?")
 -- What the hell is this?

ERIN
 Open it.

JEFF
 What's in it?

ERIN
Everything. Open it.

JEFF
I don't wanna open it. I'm tired
of having to do things for other
people, say I'm okay so everybody
can feel fucking better about
themselves.

He tries to hand it back. She pushes it back toward him.
Jeff punches the dashboard--

ERIN
(beat; she doesn't back
down)
-- that doesn't scare me, Jeff.
Open the letter.

JEFF
(punches the dashboard
again)
You *should* be scared, E. Everybody
should be a lot more scared. I'm
just a fucking actor. I was just
standing on the street and then,--

Beat.

He gives in and tears open the card-- the EPT test falls onto
his lap.

JEFF
(a long beat; looks over
at her)
Is this,--

ERIN
(looks at him and nods
yes)
Yes.

JEFF
But we only,--

ERIN
Yeah, one time, I know,--

JEFF
Are you fucking kidding me? No.
I, I can't be a father.

ERIN
(takes it in for a moment;
beat)
-- So this is going to be *another*
thing you don't show up for?

JEFF

Look at me. I'm a fucking mess,
Erin.

ERIN

(looks at him, her mind
already made up)
That's got nothing to do with your
legs, Jeff. And I'm not gonna give
up one more thing for you. I gave
up my job, my family,-- but not
this. This is bigger than you,
bigger than the bombing,--

JEFF

Why are you doing this?

ERIN

With or without you,--

He punches the dashboard again, hitting the radio, the
faceplate shattering. His eyes, flickers of the look he had
after the Bruins game--

JEFF

I can't,--

ERIN

(she opens the door)
With or without you, I,--

He punches it again and again, the lights in the console
flashing, his knuckles splayed open. He starts punching his
stumps--

She looks back at him and steps out into the rain. Closes
the door behind her.

She walks toward Patty's apartment in the rain.

The passenger door to the car opens and Jeff flops out on his
belly--

JEFF

(yells at her as she walks
away)
Don't walk away from me,--

He crawls like an alligator across the parking lot. Rain
pelting him. Blood dripping from his hands.

JEFF

(calling after her)
Erin,--

Dogs start barking. Lights pop on from apartments overhead.

JEFF
 (looks up at the neighbors
 looking down at him)
 Mind ya own fucking business!

Erin unlocks the door to Patty's apartment, slams it behind her.

JEFF
 (calls after Erin again)
 Wait,--

He hauls himself through puddles, up stairs... covered in mud and blood and puke when he reaches the front door... pushes it open with a bloody handprint...

PATTY'S APARTMENT, FRONT HALLWAY - NIGHT

Jeff crawls inside, out-of-breath, soaking wet and exhausted.

JEFF
 (calls out again and
 again)
 Erin, Erin! Don't you walk away
 from me,--

He sees Patty passed out drunk on the couch. Catches his breath and crawls to his bedroom door-- it's locked.

JEFF
 (slams his fists against
 the door, screams)
 OPEN THE FUCKING DOOR, ERIN!

He reaches up for the doorknob--

Rising up and standing now without his prosthetics... all his weight on the bones of his thighbones... agonizing burning pain... he slams into the door, screaming out in pain--

He falls onto his back, exhausted, he's got nothing left--

He closes his eyes, trying to catch his breath.

After a moment the door opens.

Erin steps out, packed duffle bag in hand--

CUT TO:

PATTY'S APARTMENT COMPLEX, FRONT STEPS - DAY, DAYS LATER

Bright summer day.

Patty smoking a cigarette and pacing with worry outside her front door with Big Jeff, who's sitting on the steps. They jump as Kevin Horst's car pulls up.

PATTY
 (rushes up to Kevin as he
 gets out of his car)
 It's been three days, Kevin. He
 won't eat, won't let anybody in.
 What are we gonna do?

BIG JEFF
 (shakes his head)
 What can we do, Kevy? I just wanna
 break down the door.

PATTY
 You can't bash through this like ya
 bash through everything else in ya
 life,--

BIG JEFF
 Stop blaming me, would ya? Gonna
 get us nowhere.

PATTY
 Okay. You're right, you're right.

Beat.

BIG JEFF
 (looks at Patty for a
 moment)
 I am?

They take a moment.

BIG JEFF
 Now that that miracle just fucking
 happened, what are we gonna do,
 Kevy?

KEVIN
 Let me talk to him.

PATTY'S APARTMENT, JEFF'S BEDROOM - DAY

Patty, Big Jeff, standing behind Kevin as he knocks on Jeff's
 bedroom door.

KEVIN
 -- Jeff? It's Kevin. Jeff, can
 you please open the door?

No response.

KEVIN
 As payback for all those times I
 let you leave early to watch the
 Red Sox, please just open the door
 and let me in?

A long beat.

The door unlocks.

JEFF'S BEDROOM, PATTY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Kevin watches Jeff wheeling his chair away from him. The room's a mess, dirty laundry everywhere, strewn over the Genium legs crammed beside the dresser. Jeff gets to the corner and turns his chair to face Kevin--

Jeff's usually self-conscious about his stumps, mostly keeps them covered (except with Erin) with elastic socks. But now, his scarred stumps protrude nakedly from his loose shorts, he doesn't give a shit.

KEVIN

Thank you for letting me in.

Beat.

JEFF

-- What do you want? You won't understand. Nobody understands.

KEVIN

I was a gay teenager in the early eighties. I think I know a thing or two about feeling misunderstood.

JEFF

(beat)

Erin's pregnant. You can't tell my folks or anyone else, okay?

Kevin lets this sink in.

Not sure what to say.

KEVIN

-- Isn't it good news?

JEFF

I can't be someone's father.

KEVIN

Why not?

JEFF

(starting to get upset)
I'm a fucking loser. I can't raise a kid. Chase after him, take care of him,-- I'll mess him up.

KEVIN

-- or her.

(beat)

You're not a loser, Jeff.

JEFF
 (getting more upset)
 It was all my fault, Kevy.

KEVIN
 There's nothing you could've done,
 Jeff. And I don't think you
 understand how much you mean to
 people right now.

JEFF
 (explodes)
 Because I stood on a corner and got
 blown up? All my life, I never
 done a thing that means shit. I
 was always a loser, Kevy. Now I'm
 just a fucking loser with no legs.
 And I'm supposed to be a father?
 Is that a joke? Everybody woulda
 been better off if he just let me
 lay there and die,--

Kevin puts his arm around him.

And Jeff loses it, sobbing into Kevin's chest.

APRILE'S EUROPEAN RESTAURANT, BACK ROOM - NORTH CHELMSFORD -
 DAY

Jeff, now cleaned up a little, sits silently at a table in
 the back room, waiting alone

Kevin opens the door and leads him in -- the man in the white
 cowboy hat, Carlos Arredondo. He's a vibrant presence, crisp
 shirt, sparkly eyes.

KEVIN
 (introduces him)
 Jeff, this is Carlos Arredondo.

CARLOS ARREDONDO
 (smiles)
 We met once before.

JEFF
 Yah. I remember.

CARLOS ARREDONDO
 I'm glad we are finally meeting. I
 missed you for lunch that day. But
 your friend here asked to meet
 again. I said anything for Jeff
 Bauman. He is a hero.

JEFF
 -- You're the one who saved me,
 man, not the other way around.

CARLOS ARREDONDO

(looks at Jeff for a
moment; then)

Is it okay if I tell my story,
Jeff? Is the easiest way to show
you what I feel. Is this okay?

JEFF

Sure. I guess so.

Carlos nods, sits down across from him. He takes off his white cowboy hat, puts it in the center of the table. Kevin joins them. A waitress comes over to fill their water glasses.

CARLOS ARREDONDO

-- I come to this country long time ago, not the legal way, you understand? My two boys, Alex and Brian, were born here in Boston. They were American citizens, which made me so happy, you can imagine. Alex joined the Marine Corps as soon as he graduate high school. To pay for his college, you know. And to fight for this country which his father loved so much. On my 44th birthday, Jeff, I was staying close to the phone so Alex could call me from Iraq. Nothing better than a call from your child on this day. Instead, a van pulls up in front of my house and when I see three Marines, I know this is not good news. He had been killed in action. May I have some more water?

The waitress, who has been hypnotized by the story as much as Jeff and Kevin, pours him water from her pitcher.

CARLOS ARREDONDO

I don't remember finding the gasoline can and the blow torch and locking myself into their van,-- I don't remember lighting myself on fire. But I do remember the van exploding in a ball of flame and I am sailing through the air. If not for those Marines, who had seen horrible accidents like this in war,-- they saved me. I burned up a third of my body.

(beat)

-- Had to go to my boy's funeral on a stretcher. I needed to apologize to him.

JEFF

For what? What would you have to apologize for?

CARLOS ARREDONDO

For not being able to save him. When I got well enough to walk, I put American flags on my truck and drove around the country with my son's photograph and his uniform folded on passenger seat. I spoke out against the war wherever they would hear me. They beat me up. Spit on me. Called me names. But this was the only way I could serve my son's memory. I talked to anyone who would listen. And there were many who did listen,-- But my youngest boy Brian was having troubles. I did not see them. He idolized his older brother and could not deal with the loss himself. On December 19, 2011, seven years after his brother fell in Najaf, my Brian took his own life. Just a few days before the last troops came home from that war. At his funeral, I apologized once again,-- because I could not save him either. So everything I do, I do in my son's names. This is my purpose now. To honor those who were killed in action, or fell by their own hand after struggling with PTSD. This is why I was there at the finish line for the marathon that day, handing out American flags. When the first bomb went off, I looked up and saw a ball of fire. And while everyone ran away, I crossed myself and said "God protect me" and I jumped over the barricade into the smoke, and,-- and then I saw you, Jeff. The man with no legs. God sent me to you, Jeff.

Jeff looks at Carlos, still taking it all in, still trying to process it all. Moved by his story, he still doesn't understand it.

JEFF

That's [unbelievable],-- But how does that make me hero?

CARLOS ARREDONDO

You gave my life a, a meaning.

JEFF

I don't understand.

Carlos reaches out across the table and takes Jeff's hand.

CARLOS ARREDONDO
 I was not able to be there for my
 sons. But I was there for you,
 Jeff. I didn't save you. You
 saved me.

Kevin tries to hide his sobbing.

The waitress who is sobbing herself, hands him a napkin.

BMW SUV (MOVING) - CHELMSFORD, ROUTE 110 - AFTERNOON

Kevin driving Jeff back home, the wheelchair folded in the hatchback behind them. Both silent after their lunch with Carlos.

Jeff looks out the window, sees something up ahead.

JEFF
 Kevy,--
 (startles Kevin, this is
 the first word spoken
 since they left)
 Pull ovah here for a sec, would ya?

110 LITTLE LEAGUE BASEBALL FIELDS, PARKING LOT - BMW SUV
 (PARKED) - AFTERNOON

JEFF TRANSITIONING INTO THE WHEELCHAIR BY HIMSELF, it takes him a moment, he struggles but he does it by himself. They're parked in the lot of the 110 Little League Baseball Fields. Jeff nods to Kevin, turns and wheels down the bumpy dirt walkway toward the field--

The "WELCOME HOME, JEFF!" banner still hangs over the concessions stand, but now faded, washed out from its time in the sun.

Jeff rolls out onto the soft dirt of the infield. There's a group of 10-year-old boys playing catch, fielding grounders that one of their fathers cracks with his old aluminum bat.

Jeff watches them play.

He watches the father's legs as he runs to catch the balls they throw back--

Watches the father chase after one of the boys to tag him out--

Jeff reaches down and scoops a handful of infield dirt with the very tips of his fingers. Rubs it in his hands.

He opens his fingers and looks at them--

HE SEES HIS HANDS HAVE GOTTEN THICK AND CALLOUSED, not soft anymore. Strong.

PATTY'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

Patty, Aunt Jenn, her husband, Big D, Sully, Uncle Bob, Big Jeff and Aunt Karen gather around Jeff.

PATTY
-- We're all here, Jeffrey. Tell us ya big news.

JEFF
(nods, turns to all of them)
Okay. It's time I told ya the truth about somethin. I'm not doing good.

SULLY
Ya sick or something?

AUNT JENN
Ohmygod! Is it cancer?

JEFF
What?

AUNT KAREN
Is it a tumor?

JEFF
-- No!

BIG JEFF
What the hell is it then? Ya got us all fucking terrified here.

JEFF
Seriously, you all don't have a clue what I might not be doing good about?

Beat.

BIG D
(tentative)
-- the legs?

AUNT JENN
(nods)
Gotta be the legs.

SULLY
I'm going with legs too. Can we share answers?

JEFF

This ain't a fucking quiz! Look,--
 I can't wipe my ass without falling
 off the shitter. I try to sleep, I
 smell my legs burning. I get
 terrified around groups of people.
 Sometimes, I'm in so much pain I
 look around the room trying to find
 something to kill myself with,--
 I'm a mess, guys. A fucking mess.
 And I been hiding it from all a ya.

PATTY

(shakes her head, getting
 upset)
 Ya been lyin to me all this time,--

JEFF

It's not exactly lying, Ma.

UNCLE BOB

-- Why couldn't ya tell us the
 truth, kid?

JEFF

Ya really wanna know why? Because
 all of you people are fuckin
 disastahs, that's why,--

PATTY

(snaps)
 We're not that bad.

JEFF

You want me to elaborate?
 (to Uncle Bob)
 Uncle Bob can't go ten minutes
 without busting balls so he won't
 gotta feel real emotion.
 (to Sully)
 Sully's only person here drunker
 an' lazier'n me.
 (to Big D)
 D uses his college degree to pave
 roads and complain about sports.
 (Aunt Jenn)
 Aunt Jenn thinks we're on real
 housewives of fucking Chelmsford.
 (Aunt Jenn's husband)
 He never speaks.
 (to Aunt Karen)
 Aunt Karen,-- actually you are a
 sweet person.
 (to Big Jeff)
 Pop, you're a fucking caveman,
 and,--
 (to Patty)
 And Ma,-- Jesus Christ, I don't
 even know where to begin.

Patty starts crying.

JEFF

-- Okay, I'll start there. You know why I don't show any emotions around ya, Ma? Because you don't let me, you use 'em all up on yaself. I'm afraid ya gonna cry yaself into a fucking puddle, okay?

Everyone is stunned.

JEFF

Look, you're all fucked up but,-- I wouldn't trade ya guys for anything. I love ya. But I'm not gonna hide it anymore. Because I guess, I guess this shit happened to me for a reason, ya know.

PATTY

-- Well, can ya at least tell us what's the reason?

JEFF

I'm still figuring that part out. Ma. And I got a lot of hard work ahead of me with the rehab and all that shit,-- But I'm ready. I'm ready for a lot of things. Ma, you still got the Red Sox's phone number?

PATTY

Yeah. Why?

JEFF

I'm gonna throw out that first pitch like they asked.

Sully, Big D, Big Jeff and Uncle Bob wince and share a glance with each other.

JEFF

-- You guys don't think I can do it?

BIG JEFF

Sox need a win wicked bad, Jeffie.

UNCLE BOB

Ya throw it in the stands right now, that could jinx the rest of the season.

BIG D

National hero or not, city never forgive ya.

SULLY

Shit, bro, I'll nevah forgive ya,--

All eyes on Jeff.

JEFF

(under his breath)

Jesus, you fucking people,--

(inhales, forces a smile)

I'm gonna do it and you assholes
gonna help me. Got it?

PARKING LOT, PATTY'S APARTMENT COMPLEX - DUSK

Jeff wearing a new Red Sox cap, shirt sleeves rolled up, winds up from his wheelchair and wings a baseball... Flies way the fuck over Big D's head, out into traffic... Hits the windshield of a passing car that honks.

UNCLE BOB

(shouts at Jeff)

-- Fuck 'em, they got Vermont
plates!

Everyone laughs... and we see that they're all there drinking beers outta coolers... Patty's neighbors are coming out of their apartments, a crowd gathering... somebody drags a charcoal grill out... it's turning into a makeshift block party.

BIG D

(walks up next to Jeff
like he's visiting the
pitcher's mound)

Try side-arm.

Big Jeff trots over, just got his glove out of his truck.

JEFF

(looks up at Big D, tugs
on his cap)

I don't throw that way.

BIG JEFF

No, listen. Ya gotta hold the ball
with ya fingers, not ya palm.

BIG D

That's not the problem. He's got
no legs so he's got no leverage.

SULLY

Listen ta D, Jeff. He played high
school.

BIG D

Fuck you, Sully.

SULLY

That where we are, Derek? I can't even compliment ya without ya takin fuckin offense?

BIG JEFF

You know I coached all three a ya in Little League, ya know back when ya useta fuckin listen to me.

BIG D

(hands the ball to Big Jeff)

All yours, *coach*.

BIG JEFF

(looks at Big D for a moment, then down at his son)

Okay. Fine. Big D might be right. Try it side arm. But I'm catchin ya.

Big Jeff drops the ball in Jeff's glove, pats Big D on the back, then he walks over to the "home plate" and crouches. Holds up his glove.

BIG JEFF

(shouts)

C'mon, kiddo. Just like you and me used ta do way back in the day. Remember?

JEFF

I remember, Pop.

Jeff nods, winds up and throws sidearm... the ball flies over Big Jeff's head... closer though.

PATTY

(calls out from her front steps)

That one was closah, Jeffie!

JEFF

Thanks, Ma! Again.

FROM ABOVE, as the sun begins to set, Jeff keeps throwing to his dad and missing, throwing and missing, again and again... his friends and family chasing after errant balls... a party going on all around him, he just keeps throwing.

CUT TO:

FENWAY PARK, BOSTON - RED SOX VS ARIZONA DIAMONDBACKS - DAY,
SUNDAY, AUGUST 4

Establishing. A perfect summer day. Fenway's buzzing, sold out. The Red Sox are in the thick of a pennant race, holding on to a one game division lead.

TUNNEL, FENWAY PARK - PRE-GAME CEREMONIES - DAY

Darkness save for a square of light in the distance. Sounds of a distant cheering crowd. Jeff sitting in the dark tunnel wearing a Red Sox jersey with his name on the back -- Patty, Big Jeff, Big D, Sully, Uncle Bob, Aunt Jenn, and Kevin all standing beside him.

We may notice Jeff finally got a hair cut.

PATTY
(looks down the tunnel at
the light in the
distance)
I bet she's watching on TV.

JEFF
-- Ya think?

Patty nods.

BIG JEFF
(leans down close to
Jeff)
Jeff, look, I,-- I wanna say that
I'm, ya know, proud and,-- I, uh,
my old man wasn't much of a, uh,--

JEFF
(smiles and kisses him on
the cheek)
Pop, let's not cheez up the moment.

BIG JEFF
(pats Jeff on the
shoulder)
Okay.

They all wait in the darkness together, the distant crowd cheering louder and louder.

Beat.

RED SOX PR REP
It's time, Jeff.

Jeff nods hands Patty the card with "Guess What?" written on it.

JEFF

-- Open it when I'm out there, Ma,
okay?

PATTY

(thrilled)

Jeffie, you got me a card. You
shouldn't have gone through the
trouble.

Jeff laughs, smiles at his mom -- he does love her so.

Rolling down the long dark tunnel headed toward the bright
daylight of the field, when suddenly Jeff realizes that
someone is pushing him--

He turns to see the man in the white cowboy hat, Carlos
Arredondo, behind him.

JEFF

(looks back at him,
smiles)

The hero and his hero.

The roll out on to edge of the tunnel, out into the light,
and the sold-out crowd rises to its feet...

...Just as Patty opens the card and sees that EPT Pregnancy
test and stifles a scream of joy in her hand...

Jeff glances back and smiles, motions for Carlos to come
closer... Carlos leans in.

JEFF

(leans closer to Carlos,
whispers under the
cheering crowd)

-- I'm gonna be a father.

Carlos Arredondo takes a moment to process this. The words
are not taken lightly.

CARLOS

(crosses himself, kisses
his fingers, and smiles
at Jeff)

There is no greater gift from God.

And Carlos rolls Jeff out onto the green field. The roar is
deafening. Thirty thousand fans screaming for Jeff and
Carlos, for Boston, for the Red Sox. Pinning all their
emotions on to this skinny kid in the wheelchair.

They reach the pitcher's mound and PEDRO FUCKING MARTINEZ
walks up to them, reaches out his hand.

PEDRO MARTINEZ

(shakes Jeff's hand)

Hello, Jeff. I'm Pedro Martinez.

JEFF

Yah. I mighta heard of ya. Any tips?

Beat.

Pedro Martinez hands Jeff the ball.

PEDRO MARTINEZ

Throw a strike.

He winks and steps back, waving at the fans.

Jeff looks around... His world is spinning... he looks out at the crowd... starts to get overwhelmed... he closes his eyes, breathes.

JEFF

(to himself)

Fuck it.

He opens his eyes and the spinning has stopped... he positions his wheelchair on the mound... Sox catcher Jarrod Saltalamacchia crouches down and gives Jeff his target...

Jeff grips the ball... leans to the side... winds up and throws side arm... the ball flies straight and true...

...paints the corner of the plate and slaps into Saltalamacchia's glove.

Pop.

Flashes of light bulbs.

AND THE CROWD GOES BEYOND APESHIT, an explosion of cheers and applause.

Jeff leans back. His face relieved... the crowd cheering for him... he opens his arms... lets the applause wash over him, cleansing him...

ERIN'S PARENT'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY

Erin has just returned from a short run, dripping sweat, she has on shorts and sneakers and a tank top. Her belly protrudes ever so slightly over her waistband. She opens the fridge and grabs a cold bottle of water, turns to see--

Gail, Bill and Lori are crowded around the small television at the kitchen table. Glued to the Red Sox game.

She walks over, curious why everyone, even her mother and sister, are so into the game.

ON TELEVISION, Jeff in his wheelchair, arms open to the cheering crowd.

RED SOX ANNOUNCER (VO ON TV)
Wow. That was a heck of a pitch,
wasn't it?

David Ortiz and Pedro run out, lean over and hug Jeff.

Erin watches. She allows herself a small smile, then the
heartache kicks in and her eyes tear up, her face hardens.

She turns and walks out of the room.

FENWAY PARK, TUNNEL - CONCOURSE - DAY

As the crowd continues to cheer, Big D and Sully run through
the tunnel pushing Jeff out onto the concourse.

BIG D
(shouts, pumped up)
-- Let's get some fucking beer!

They take a hard turn and reach a line of barriers. Big D
swings past them, out into the open--

Jeff looks at the crowds of people all around, all closing
in. He starts to panic a bit.

SULLY
(sees the panic in Jeff's
eyes)
Uh,-- D, let's maybe turn around.

There's a big crowd of maybe fifty fans who recognize him,
start taking pictures and coming after him. Big D swings the
chair around, heads back in--

Another throng of people come from that side. Closing in--

Jeff's breath picks up... his eyes darting around... sweat on
his lip...

SULLY
(looking around)
What do we do?

BIG D
-- Pick him up?

SULLY
What, the whole fuckin chair?

They try to pick up the chair, almost drop him. A booming
voice nearby stops them.

BLUE COLLAR DUDE (OS)
Hey, you! Look at me,--

They turn to see a big BLUE COLLAR DUDE with hard labor muscles bulging at his old Red Sox shirt, work boots. THREE OTHER BIG DUDES at his side.

BLUE COLLAR DUDE
You're Jeff Bauman, right?

The guy walks closer, a half filled beer sloshing around his cup. His buddies at his heels, faces red from booze.

The crowd takes a few steps back. This is Boston and they recognize guys looking for a fight.

JEFF
Yeah, that's me.

BLUE COLLAR DUDE
-- I wanna tell ya somethin.

BIG D
We're kinda in a rush, bro.

BLUE COLLAR DUDE
I ain't talking to you, "bro."

The moment gets tense. Big D is no small guy, but no way he can swing it with three of these guys.

JEFF
It's okay.
(to the big dude)
-- What can I do for ya?

Beat.

BLUE COLLAR DUDE
My kid brother,-- he, uh, five years ago, uh, over there,-- a, uh, IED,--

JEFF
Sorry to hear that, man.

BLUE COLLAR DUDE
Yeah.
(beat)
I saw your picture that morning, ya know. After the bomb. Thought of Thomas lyin there in the dirt and, and I just got so fuckin angry,-- Seeing you out there, throwing that pitch, ya showed the world they can't break us, no matter what they do.

(beat; swallows his emotions)
(MORE)

BLUE COLLAR DUDE (CONT'D)

And ya know it gave me hope and,--
Ya know made me feel a little
bettah. So I wanted to say thank
you for that, man.

Beat.

JEFF

-- What's your name?

BLUE COLLAR DUDE

Larry. I install sheet rock around
the greater Medford area.

JEFF

What you just said means more than
you can ever know. Can I shake
your hand?

BLUE COLLAR DUDE

You wanna shake *my* hand?

Jeff reaches out and shakes his hand. Jeff looks into his
eyes... pulls the guy in and they embrace.

JEFF

(whispers)

It's gonna be all right, Larry.
You're gonna be okay. I'm gonna be
okay. We're all gonna get
stronger, right?

And the big dude starts sobbing... deep, painful sobs into
Jeff's chest... after a moment, Larry pulls back, wipes the
snot and tears from his eyes.

BLUE COLLAR DUDE

Yuh. Right. Go Sox.

He walks away, his buddies put their thick arms around him
and they all huddle close.

Big D and Sully look at Jeff with disbelief -- they can't
believe this is their Jeff.

A SINGLE MOM WITH HER SIX-YEAR-OLD DAUGHTER walk up and stand
in front of Jeff.

SINGLE MOM

Mr. Bauman? My daughter wrote a
report on you for her third grade
class. Can she meet you?

JEFF

She sure can. What's your name,
honey?

SIX-YEAR-OLD GIRL

Sophie. Do your legs hurt?

JEFF

Yeah. Sometimes. You get a good grade on that report?

SIX-YEAR-OLD GIRL

A minus.

JEFF

What was the minus for?

SIX-YEAR-OLD GIRL

Teacher said it was so I'd have something to fight for.

JEFF

Smart teacher.

Jeff smiles at her, and we pull back and see that, behind this woman, there is a line of about 75 people waiting to meet Jeff.

And he's gonna talk to each and every one of them.

CUT TO:

TOYOTA COROLLA (PARKED) - CHELMSFORD DINER, PARKING LOT - DAY

Patty's sitting behind the wheel. She lights a cigarette.

Beat.

PATTY

(looks over at Jeff
sitting next to her)

I shoulda been there when that bomb went off, Jeffrey. I shoulda saved you from all a this.

JEFF

There's nothing ya could have done, Ma.

PATTY

(she will not let herself
cry)

Logic got no fucking place in parenting, Jeffrey. You'll see that. Every night I pray for God to bring me back to that moment so I can jump on that backpack and take the explosion for ya.

(beat; she takes a deep
breath)

I know I drink too much. And maybe don't always deal with things the way I should.

(MORE)

PATTY (CONT'D)

You know, I did the best I knew how
with what I had,-- But I wish I
coulda done bettah for you. You
deserved bettah, you're a good kid.

JEFF

(he reaches out and takes
her hand)
Ya taught me how to survive, Ma.
You think I'm gonna be a good
father?

PATTY

Ya gonna be wonderful.

Jeff kisses her cheek.

JEFF

-- I hope my kid loves me as much
as I love you.

PATTY

(nods, tears finally
falling)
Go get her.

Jeff opens the door. Behind him, through glass windows, we
catch a glimpse off Erin sitting in the diner, the same seat
she waited for Jeff a few months ago.

CHELMSFORD DINER, BOOTH - DAY

Erin's nervously looking at her phone, stealing glances
around the restaurant. We notice that her belly is popping
out a bit. That much further along.

She looks out the windows toward the parking lot and freezes.

Through the windows she sees Jeff walking from his mother's
car... he's walking across the lot on those Genium legs...
One step, two steps... he pauses and leans on his cane to
catch his breath... three steps... four...

He reaches the diner door and wobbles for a moment as he
enters...

He pauses to right himself, catches his breath and balance
again... five steps... six steps... he walks all the way up
to Erin and sits down across from her.

Beat.

TOYOTA COROLLA (PARKED), PARKING LOT - CHELMSFORD DINER

Patty has a cigarette in one hand, her phone on speaker in
the other, tears streaming down her face.

AUNT JENN (OVER SPEAKER PHONE)
 C'mon, what the fuck's happening,
 Patty, tell us,--

PATTY
 (smiles so wide, into
 phone)
 They're kissing! They're kissing,--

Hear an entire room full of people cheering over the speaker phone.

CUT TO:

KEVIN HORST'S BROWNSTONE - SOUTH END, BOSTON - DUSK - FALL,
 OCTOBER 30, 2013

Two months later.

It's a quiet night in the city. The trees are bursting with the deep reds, yellows and orange leaves of fall, we see two figures walking toward a brownstone as the sun sets.

It's Erin, her belly now swollen with baby... maybe we see the engagement ring on her finger... and Jeff... on his Geniuns, walking pretty damn well now.

Jeff and Erin pause at the bottom of six concrete steps that lead up to the front door of the brownstone.

ERIN
 (looks over at him)
 -- You okay with this?

JEFF
 Piece a cake.

Jeff takes the first step, grabs the handrail... makes his way up... two, three, four, five... six... pauses at the top... winded but okay.

He looks down at Erin, who is looking up over his head.

JEFF
 -- What?

He looks up to see everybody -- Patty, Big D, Sully, Aunt Jenn, her husband, Kevin, Mike, Uncle Bob, Aunt Karen, Big Jeff, Csilla, and Erin's sister Gail -- this crazy new family all crammed together in the windows. They give Jeff shit and applaud him.

And Jeff gives them all the finger.

KEVIN HORST'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jeff and Erin enter, Kevin and his husband Mike take their coats. The place is a whirlwind of energy as they gather around the big-screen TV to watch the Red Sox play the St. Louis Cardinals at Fenway Park, Game 6 of the 2013 World Series.

JEFF

(as he sits down)

-- Ya know I coulda had a box seat for this.

KEVIN

Why didn't ya go?

Beat.

His friends exchange glances.

JEFF

(looks at them, rolls his eyes)

Fine. Tell him.

BIG D

-- Every time he goes to a Boston game, they fuckin lose.

SULLY

(nods in agreement)

Yuh, so we banned him.

Jeff offers his hand to Erin, eases her down onto the couch. He sits beside her, puts his hand on her belly. He does that now without even thinking.

Jeff sits back, the game's about to start. He looks around at his family and friends celebrating.

He can't help but smile at how lucky he is.

CUT TO BLACK:

TITLES CARDS WITH CANDID PHOTOS OF THE REAL PEOPLE:

JEFF BAUMAN WITH HIS GENIUMS.

Jeff still has nightmares about the bombing. But he's getting stronger every day.

JEFF AND ERIN AT THEIR HOME.

He bought a house with Erin.

JEFF AND ERIN AND BABY NORA.

Had a baby girl named Nora Gail.

JEFF AT COSTCO WITH REAL KEVIN AND MAYA.

Went back to work at Costco.

JEFF AND FAMILY (BIG D, SULLY, UNCLE BOB, AUNT KAREN, BIG JEFF, GAIL, ERIN and many others) WATCHING THE RED SOX.

And, most importantly...

VIDEO OF THE RED SOX WINNING THE WORLD SERIES.

The Red Sox won the 2013 World Series.

Jeff takes full credit.

And we HEAR the DROPKICK MURPHY's ass-kicking version of "Johnny, I Hardly Knew Ya".