

THE JUMPER OF MAINE

THE JUMPER OF MAINE

Andrew Lanham

Brief Synopsis: A paramedic with Tourette's Syndrome is forced to come to terms with his life and condition when he falls in love with a single mother who has ties to his past.

Andrew Lanham
2906 West Ave, Apt 2
Austin, TX 78705
207-852-0744
lanham.andrew@gmail.com

EXT. WOODS - AGED BLACK AND WHITE PHOTOGRAPH

An aged, antique photo - dense forest, trees surround.

The calm, twenty-five year old voice of OLIVER JAMES.

OLIVER (V.O.)

In 1855, the American psychiatrist
George Beard was told of a group of
French loggers, all brothers, who
were living in Maine.

CLICK, the photo comes to life - GEORGE BEARD walks through
the forest.

OLIVER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

These brothers, they were special.
They were unique. Linked by their
genetic code.

George stops on a crest in the forest, looks down at a group
of lumberjacks who stand beside a river below.

OLIVER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

If you went to watch them, any time
of any day, when their axes hit
those trees?

The brothers raise their axes into the air.

OLIVER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Every one of them? They'd jump.

The axes violently hit wood as the loggers jump into the air.
Over and over they repeat this - THWACK, JUMP, THWACK, JUMP.

Beard watches, transfixed.

OLIVER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Beard was so amazed by this, he
wrote a paper on it called "The
Jumping Frenchmen of Maine."

INT. BEDROOM, PARIS SALPETRIERE HOSPITAL - AGED BLACK AND
WHITE PHOTOGRAPH

Two doctors, JEAN-MARTIN CHARCOT, and GEORGES GILLES DE LA
TOURETTE, stand frozen in a photo in the long-ago asylum.

OLIVER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
That same year, Geroges Gilles de la Tourette, a promising young doctor under the tutelage of Jean-Martin Charcot, translated "The Jumping Frenchmen of Maine" in the hopes of assisting his mentor in the diagnoses of a perplexing case.

CLICK, the photo comes to life. The doctor's turn to face a female, MIDDLE AGED PATIENT, a wild look in her eyes.

MIDDLE AGED PATIENT
(in French with English subtitles)
Monster's! Suck-ass, cock-beat, dick-prick, shit-shitting, fuck-cocking, piss-cunting, Christ-eating, monsters!

The doctor's turn, stare. CLICK, freeze inside the photo.

OLIVER (V.O.)
From France to Maine and back again. This is how Tourette's was born.

The photo fades. Black remains.

OLIVER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
My birth, however, was still a long way off.

INT. DELIVERY ROOM - DAY

MEREDITH JAMES (32), dark beauty beneath the labor intensive horror show currently in progress, holds the calm, collected hand of ROGER JAMES (34).

A DELIVERY DOCTOR stands by the foot of the bed.

DELIVERY DOCTOR
Push! Push!

Roger leans down, brushes the hair from Meredith's face.

ROGER
Push, Meredith, push.

MEREDITH
Don't you tell me what to do!

CLICK - a photo freeze.

OLIVER (V.O.)
You may wonder, genetically speaking, am I related to the Frenchmen? No idea. What I do know is I'm on my way. A wave about to break. And if there's one thing I've learned, it's you sure as shit can't stop a wave.

CLICK, motion. A final push and out comes baby OLIVER JAMES.

Oliver opens his mouth, about to scream - CLICK, freeze.

INT. AMBULANCE - PRESENT DAY

Oliver, twenty five years old, darkly handsome, drives the ambulance. He HONKS loudly. He honks again.

Beside him, CHAD MICHAELS (31), a bear of a man with the constant energy of a twelve year old, laughs, leans forward, flips the AMBULANCE SIREN on.

The second the sirens WAIL begins - CLICK, freeze.

OLIVER (V.O.)
Sorry. I'm getting ahead of myself.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Oliver, 8 years old, stands at the counter, helps Meredith prepare dinner alongside GRACE, his 12 year old sister.

Oliver turns, walks to the stove. CLICK, freeze.

OLIVER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
It started with the stove.

CLICK, motion. Oliver moves aside a boiling pot, looks down at the bright red circle beneath.

He touches it with his index finger, yanks the finger back in pain. CLICK, freeze.

OLIVER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
This is how you burn yourself.

CLICK, motion. Oliver's eyes well with tears. He looks at his finger, then back to the stove. CLICK, freeze.

OLIVER (V.O.)
And this is how you set yourself on fire.

CLICK, motion. Oliver moves his hand over the stove, pushes all five finger tips down onto the red, holds them there.

INT. DENTIST OFFICE - DAY

Oliver, 11, lies back in the dentist's chair, holds Meredith's hand as a DENTIST leans over from above.

DENTIST
Okay. Let's see it.

Oliver sticks his tongue out. CLICK, freeze. In the center of his tongue is a large crater, from chewing. It opens into the middle, where a small hole pokes through to the other side.

OLIVER (V.O.)
Next it was my tongue...

CLICK, motion.

DENTIST
Christ Jesus!

INT. CLASS ROOM - DAY

Oliver, 12, sits in class. He jerks his head back violently. He jerks back again. On the third jerk, his seat and desk fly backward. CLICK, freeze.

OLIVER (V.O.)
Then the head jerk...

CLICK, motion. Oliver crashes to the floor.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Oliver, 13, sits up in bed. He honks loudly, over and over, loud piercing shrieks, enough to wake the neighbors.

The door opens. Roger leans in, exhaustion across his face.

CLICK, freeze.

OLIVER (V.O.)
Then the honk...

INT. BASEMENT BEDROOM - NIGHT

Oliver, 14, paces in his new basement bedroom. He honks, jerks, reaches his right arm out. CLICK, freeze.

OLIVER (V.O.)
Followed by the slap...

CLICK, motion - a hard slap across the face.

EXT. SCHOOL - DAY

Oliver, 15, stands alone outside, faces a brick wall. He punches his fists against it, his knuckles bloody and devoid of skin. CLICK, freeze.

OLIVER (V.O.)
And last but not least...

CLICK, motion. Over and over, he punches.

OLIVER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
The hit.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Oliver, 16, all late blooming, oily awkwardness, stands in front of the mirror, his face a mixture of shaving cream and blood from the many cuts that cover his neck.

Oliver turns to Grace, 20 now, a intellectual, collegiate beauty. He shakes his head, looks back to the mirror.

OLIVER
Why can't I buy an electric razor?

GRACE
'Cause that would be cheating.

OLIVER
Maybe I could grow a beard.

GRACE
Maybe not.

She leans down, stares into the mirror, her face beside his.

GRACE (CONT'D)
You can do this, Ollie. The only person who can take your life from you, is you. Now count again.

Oliver stares at the razor in his hand, takes a breath.

OLIVER
One... two... three.

Brings the razor to his neck, pulls down, does not cut.

He turns to Grace, both smile wide. CLICK, freeze.

OLIVER (V.O.)
After that, some day's it almost
felt like I had figured out a way
to live.

EXT. MAINE COASTLINE - MORNING

The sun begins to rise over the scenic, rocky ocean coastline of Maine. In the distance, a gap in the rocks, the opening to a small cove.

OLIVER (V.O.)
Of course, as soon as you think
you've figured something out, is
usually the time life let's you
know you don't know shit.

EXT. THUNDER HOLE COVE - NEXT

Oliver and Grace are the only people inside the thin railing of the long rock that juts out from the shore, looking over the inside of Thunder Hole Cove.

The positioning of the cove causes ocean water to rush in. It swirls up into a wave, then crashes hard against the rocks to create a loud clap of thunder as water rains down.

OLIVER
I don't know, Grace.

GRACE
(scoffing)
You don't know. It's a tradition.

OLIVER
We've only done it twice.

GRACE
Well after the third time, it
becomes a tradition.

She grabs hold of the railing, lifts herself up.

OLIVER
Why can't we stay on this side?

Grace plants her feet on the other side, at the edge. She looks back at Oliver.

GRACE

'Cause everyone stays on that side.

OLIVER

I think there's a reason.

She glares. Oliver relents, pulls himself up over the railing, stands beside his sister as they turn to the water.

A wave begins to form at the opening of the cove.

GRACE

You ready?

OLIVER

Not really.

The wave builds, moves toward them.

GRACE

Well you better be! One...

Oliver takes a breath, gives in, joins her.

OLIVER

Two...

GRACE

Two...

The wave crashes, Oliver and Grace let go, pump their fists into the air. The thunder drowns out "three."

Oliver closes his eyes, laughs as water rains down.

When he opens, his sister is gone.

Oliver panics, turns to the water, peaceful for just a moment - Grace floats in the center.

OLIVER

Grace! Hold on!

GRACE

Oliver, don't--

Oliver jumps, crashes into the water beside her.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Jump.

Oliver stares at his sister. A new wave forms behind her.

OLIVER

What do we do?

Grace shakes her head, fights her fear, grabs Oliver.

GRACE
Just don't let go.

The wave builds higher, almost to them now.

OLIVER
I'm scared.

GRACE
You don't have to b--

Impact. The wave covers, sucks them down. Oliver's back crashes against the rock before they are spit back up above.

A second of peace. They still hold onto each other.

GRACE (CONT'D)
You okay?

OLIVER
Yeah. We made it. We--

Impact. A second wave. Harder. Deeper. Spins under.

Grace's head slams against the rocks.

Oliver lets go.

Darkness.

EXT. OCEAN - MOMENTS LATER

Oliver opens his eyes. The wave has sent him far out of the cove, into the ocean.

OLIVER
Grace?

He swims in a circle, his sister nowhere to be found.

OLIVER (CONT'D)
GRACE?

Nothing. Gone. Swallowed by the cove.

Oliver looks to the sky. Floats farther out to sea. Lost.

INT. VIEWING ROOM, FUNERAL HOME - DAY

A small room, open casket in the center.

The doors open. Oliver turns to Meredith and Roger behind him. They nod, urge him forward.

He enters, alone. Walks to the casket, looks down at Grace.

Tears well. He honks. Jerks his head. Slaps himself.

Unable to fight his urge, he leans down, licks his tongue across his sister's frozen face.

Oliver recoils back in horror, turns, runs from the room.

EXT. FUNERAL HOME - MOMENTS LATER

Oliver runs outside, around the corner of the building.

He hurries past ALISON ALPERT (20), piercing, deep eyes beneath her bubbly exterior, smoking a secret cigarette.

Alison stares at Oliver, watches him stop to face the brick wall as he begins to punch against it.

Oliver honks, cries, punches the bricks, harder and harder as Alison walks toward him, calm, concerned.

She stops behind him, a hand on his shoulder.

Oliver spins around, in hysterics, does not register her, begins to slap his face, over and over.

ALISON
Hey... Oliver!

She reaches out, grabs his shoulders, blocks his hands.

ALISON (CONT'D)
Do you remember me?

CLICK, freeze.

OLIVER (V.O.)
Alison Alpert. Grace's best friend
through high school. About to
become my very first siren.

CLICK, motion. Oliver nods, tries to break free, tries to slap, but Alison does not budge.

She moves her hands to his face, grips tightly.

ALISON
Look at me... Look at me.

Oliver shakes, struggles. Then, his eyes lock with hers.
Suddenly he begins to calm.

ALISON (CONT'D)
Breathe. That's right. Let it fade.

Oliver stares, eyes locked as the world slows to a metronome beat. His tics vanish. A blessed moment of reprieve.

From somewhere above, a sirens wail begins.

INT. AMBULANCE - PRESENT DAY, NEXT

Chad leans back as Oliver's head rockets forward, his tics vanished with the beginning of the sirens wail.

CHAD
Gimmie a headache, all that racket.

Oliver flips him off, drives faster.

CHAD (CONT'D)
We really in a hurry? For Mrs. D?

OLIVER
I feel like if the sirens are on,
we have to drive faster.

CHAD
Well then...

Chad turns the siren off. Oliver honks, glares at him.

CHAD (CONT'D)
Just kidding, just kidding.

He turns them back on. Tics vanish. Oliver shakes his head, smiles, the routine comfortable and familiar.

EXT. MRS. DANIELS' TRAILER - MOMENTS LATER

MRS. DANIELS (68), the most crotchety old woman alive, exits her trailer. A lit cigarette dangles from her lips as Oliver and Chad walk up the front steps, the ambulance behind them.

MRS. DANIELS
Took you long enough!

CHAD

Well Mrs. D, thought we might actually give you the chance to have something wrong with you this time.

MRS. DANIELS

I got something wrong with me. Two dumb sons-a-bitches standing on my porch!

She pushes through them, walks down the steps.

MRS. DANIEL'S (CONT'D)

Now take me to the hospital!

They turn, shake their heads, follow her.

OLIVER

Mrs. D, doesn't it get boring sitting in the hospital every day?

MRS. DANIEL'S

Not as boring as death, which is where I'm heading if you two don't get me to the doctor!

CHAD

(muttering)

Death, huh. Well we wouldn't want that to happen.

EXT. ER, CENTRAL MAINE MEDICAL HOSPITAL - LATER

Oliver and Chad exit the building, walk toward the parked ambulance as Chad points to a telephone pole.

CHAD

Hey. Don't lick that.

Oliver grimaces, steps toward the pole, licks it.

Chad howls with laughter as Oliver wipes at his tongue.

OLIVER

You're an ass-hole.

CHAD

Yeah, but I'm your ass-hole.

OLIVER

You say that like it's a good thing.

INT. LOCKER ROOM, CAPITOL AMBULANCE - EVENING

Chad enters as Oliver, changed out of his work clothes, collects his things from his locker.

CHAD
Dude! I'm workin' a double!

OLIVER
How am I supposed to get home?

Chad holds his car keys up in the air.

CHAD
Think you can handle it?

OLIVER
Do I have a choice?

CHAD
Not really. But your whole life is kind of not having a choice, so you should be used to it by now.

Oliver reaches for the keys. Chad yanks his hand back.

CHAD (CONT'D)
You sure?

OLIVER
I can drive.

CHAD
Without a siren?

OLIVER
Just because I don't like doing something, doesn't mean I'm not going to do it. I have Tourette's.

CHAD
You have Tourette's? I had no idea.

Oliver snatches for the keys, grabs them, smiles.

OLIVER
Who you working with?

CHAD
Sheryl. She just got in.

A pained expression washes over Oliver. He closes his locker.

CHAD (CONT'D)
You could try the back door, or did
you already do that?

OLIVER
What was I thinking?

CHAD
Clearly, you weren't. As to what
your penis was thinking, I doubt
we'll ever know.

INT. LOBBY, CAPITOL AMBULANCE - MOMENTS LATER

Oliver walks through the small lobby toward the exit as
SHERYL (27), a true Maine woman: a little loud, a little
curvy, and a lot of heart, exits from a back office.

SHERYL
Oliver! Oliver!

Oliver walks faster, honks as loud as he can to pretend he
cannot hear.

Sheryl plants her feet, honks loudly herself.

Caught by surprise, Oliver stops, honks in return.

Sheryl grins, walks to Oliver as he balls his fists in
frustration, turns to face her with a forced smile.

OLIVER
Sheryl!

SHERYL
You runnin' from me?

OLIVER
Of course not. Why would I--

Her glare cuts him off, she's not buying it. Then, she
softens.

SHERYL
You don't need to worry, Ollie.

Oliver looks up, plays stupid with his eyes.

SHERYL (CONT'D)
A man needs a woman who
understands. And I understand you.

OLIVER
Well that's good, 'cause I don't.

He laughs awkwardly, points to the doors.

OLIVER (CONT'D)
I gotta go... My mom...

Sheryl nods, reaches out, rubs his shoulder.

SHERYL
Go. Like I said, there's no worries
here. I'm not going anywhere.

OLIVER
It's Maine. Where the fuck would
you go?

Sheryl's taken back by this. Oliver takes the opportunity to turn, leaves the building as fast as he can.

INT. CHAD'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Oliver sits in the drivers seat, car on, parked in the small
CAPITOL AMBULANCE lot.

He puts his hands on the wheel, they begin to shake. His head
jerks back, his right arm flies out, about to slap.

He stops, hands to his lap. A deep breath.

OLIVER
One... two... three.

Hands on the wheel again. They shake harder until a loud BANG
comes from outside the window.

Oliver jumps, looks to Chad outside the car, rolls the window
down as Chad passes him a small black box.

CHAD
Because I care.

Oliver smiles, puts the box on the dash, plugs the cord into
the outlet. A deafening ambulance siren fills the inside of
the car.

Oliver calms instantly, turns to Chad with a wide smile.

OLIVER
Life saver!

Chad puts his hand to his ear, the siren's wail too loud.

CHAD
WHAT?

OLIVER
FUCKING LIFE SAVER!

Chad nods, hits the roof, turns to walk back toward work as Oliver pulls out of the lot.

INT. CHAD'S CAR - LATER, NIGHT

Oliver drives down a residential street, slows the car, turns the siren off, flips over to a DISPATCH frequency.

His tics begin. Oliver fights for control, takes a breath.

OLIVER
One... two... three.

He remains calm, small honks as dispatch comes through.

DISPATCH (FROM RADIO)
Rescue four, rescue four, please
respond, 56 Balsam Dr...

The address triggers an intense reaction. Oliver slams on the breaks.

DISPATCH (FROM RADIO) (CONT'D)
Eight year old female, possible
insulin overdose...

He hits the gas, spins the car around, and speeds back the way he came.

INT. CHAD'S CAR/EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Oliver pulls the car to the side of the road, grabs a bag from the back, rushes out.

He moves purposefully across the street and front lawn of the ranch style house in front of him.

When he reaches the front door, his tics have vanished.

The door opens from inside. CAROL ALPERT (58) a hefty, always busy, brick of a woman, stands, stares at Oliver.

CAROL
Who are you?

OLIVER
Someone call a paramedic?

Carol nods slowly as her fear gives way to confusion.

OLIVER (CONT'D)
Well, I'm the paramedic.

CAROL
Where's your uniform?

He ignores her, pushes into the house as she looks outside.

CAROL (CONT'D)
And where's the ambulance?

INT. KITCHEN - NEXT

Oliver rushes in. Alison, at 28 remarkably similar to how she looked at the funeral home, as if the world forgot to make her age, kneels on the floor.

She holds MARLEE ALPERT (8), a dark haired, inquisitive young girl, in the midst of a severe seizure.

Oliver bends down, checks Marlee's pupils, rolled far into the back of her head as her body shakes violently.

OLIVER
How much did she have?

Alison's focused on Marlee, she does not hear.

OLIVER (CONT'D)
Alison!

She looks up, locks eyes with him.

ALISON
Oliver?

OLIVER
How much!

She jumps, looks back to Marlee.

ALISON
A hundred CC's. Maybe more... maybe one fifty.

Marlee's teeth grind, her body stiffens as she bites down on her tongue. A thin trickle of blood seeps out.

In the distance, sirens approach.

OLIVER
We're moving her.

Oliver grabs a small breathing mask from his bag, stands, lifts the seizing girl into his arms.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NEXT

Oliver carries Marlee, lays her on the floor as Alison kneels beside them.

He takes Marlee's head in his hands, steadies her as much as possible, nods to Alison, who takes over.

OLIVER
Like this, so she can breathe.

Oliver places the breathing mask over Marlee's face, pushes on the pump as he looks to Alison, smiles suddenly.

Carol stands by the window. She sees this, turns to Alison.

CAROL
Do you know him?

Alison looks at Oliver, no time to respond as Carol turns back to the window, the siren closer now.

CAROL (CONT'D)
They're here.

EXT. ALISON'S HOUSE/INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The ambulance in the driveway, Chad and Sheryl rush up the front steps, through the open door to find Oliver and Alison with the still seizing Marlee.

Chad rushes to them, locks eyes with Oliver.

CHAD
Why even leave work?

OLIVER
Is this really the time?

Chad looks at Marlee, then back to Oliver.

CHAD
Want Sheryl to take over?

OLIVER
No. I got this.

Chad nods, pricks Marlee's finger with a glucometer needle, reads the device as Sheryl helps Alison stand, brings her over to Carol.

CHAD
Sugar's 12.

Oliver searches Marlee's left wrist, Chad her right.

OLIVER
These veins...

CHAD
Can't find a thing...

Sheryl is already bent by the medical bags.

OLIVER
We're drilling her.

On cue, Sheryl hands him a small, gun looking interosseous needle drill.

Oliver readies the device as Chad cuts up the inside of Marlee's left pant leg with trauma sheers.

Chad steadies the girl as Oliver places the muzzle of the drill directly below her left kneecap.

OLIVER (CONT'D)
Ready?

Chad nods. Oliver pulls on the drill, the loud sound of drilled bone fills the air.

Across the room, Alison and Carol gasp, both begin to cry.

Oliver pulls the drill back, a small plastic plug left in Marlee's leg. He readies a medicine bag, places the end into the plug.

Marlee's seizure calms almost instantly. Chad places a more elaborate, bag-valve breathing mask over her face, pumps air into her lungs as the medicine travels in through her leg.

ALISON
What happens now?

Oliver looks up, locks eyes with her.

OLIVER
She wakes up.

INT. BOX, AMBULANCE - LATER

In front, Sheryl drives. In the back "box", Marlee lies strapped into the stretcher, Chad by her head as he pumps the breathing mask.

On opposite sides of Marlee, Oliver and Alison sit facing each other.

Alison looks up, locks eyes with Oliver.

ALISON
What were you doing there?

Chad looks down as Marlee opens her eyes.

CHAD
She's waking.

Chad removes the bag valve mask as Marlee looks to Alison.

MARLEE
Mom? Where are we?

Alison takes her hand, kisses her cheek.

ALISON
You just had a little scare,
sweetie. Everything's okay now.
Everything's gonna be alright.

Marlee turns, looks at Oliver.

MARLEE
Who are you?

Oliver still can't speak.

ALISON
This is Oliver. He saved you.

EXT. ER, CENTRAL MAINE MEDICAL - MOMENTS LATER

The ambulance stops in front of the ER as Sheryl exits, runs around to open the back doors.

Oliver and Chad lift Marlee out, still on the stretcher.

Alison exits next as Carol rushes to her from the parking lot

From the opposite garage, DOUGLASS HARVEY (28), a tall, reedy man with an imposing glare and a slight paunch from too much beer, rushes over, still in his HOME DEPOT work apron.

DOUGLASS
Came as soon as I could.

Alison turns to Carol.

ALISON
You called him?

CAROL
Of course I did.

Sheryl, Chad, and Oliver move with the stretcher toward the ER. A MEDICAL TEAM rushes out to them.

SHERYL
(to Oliver)
Better let us get this, just so it
don't get confusing.

Oliver nods, steps back as they continue inside.

Alison follows, stops in front of Oliver, lightly touches his arm - a brief moment of connection.

Douglass stops beside them, stares at Oliver.

DOUGLASS
Duck boy?

Oliver grimaces as Douglass turns to Alison.

DOUGLASS (CONT'D)
What's your stalker doing here?

ALISON
Douglass, stop. He's a paramedic.

She pauses, looks at Oliver.

ALISON (CONT'D)
You are a paramedic, right?

Oliver nods, his expression pained.

DOUGLASS
(to Oliver)
You saved Marlee?

OLIVER
Well... you know. I helped.

Douglass extends his hand.

DOUGLASS

Thank you.

Surprised, Oliver takes his hand. He honks and jumps into the air with every shake.

Douglass laughs, shakes his head, walks into the ER.

DOUGLASS (CONT'D)

Fucking duck boy...

Alison remains, looks at Oliver, can't find words, turns and walks into the ER.

Oliver stands alone, stares at the entrance. He honks.

INT. AMBULANCE - LATER

Sheryl drives, Chad in the passenger seat, Oliver wedged between them as they approach Chad's car, still parked across from Alison's house, his driver's door still open.

CHAD

(to Oliver)

You fucker! What if someone stole all the nothing I've got?

EXT. ALISON'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The ambulance sits in front of Chad's car, both hoods open.

Jumper cables connect the two engines as Oliver turns the motor over, brings the car to life, steps outside.

Awkward silence.

OLIVER

What? It's not what it looks like.

CHAD

Looks like you were getting your stalk on.

OLIVER

I wasn't... I'm not a stalker.

CHAD

Exactly what a stalker would say.

OLIVER
I wasn't even here. I was listening
to-- you gave me the box.

Oliver turns to the house.

OLIVER (CONT'D)
You think they split up?

CHAD
I think you shouldn't think about
it.

OLIVER
Why would she be here if they
didn't split up?

CHAD
What did I just say?

SHERYL
Who is she?

CHAD
(to Sheryl)
If Oliver's the munchkin mayor of
obsession land, then she's his
fucking lollypop guild.

Sheryl turns to Oliver, a little hurt, a little concerned.

SHERYL
Be careful Ollie.

OLIVER
(with edge)
I thought you said not to worry.

SHERYL
Yeah, I meant about me.

A long silence. Chad rocks back and forth on his feet.

CHAD
Awkward...

The radios clipped to Chad and Sheryl's belts BEEP in unison.

DISPATCH (FROM RADIOS)
Rescue four, rescue four, please...

INT. CHAD'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Oliver sits behind the driver's seat as the ambulance pulls away.

About to bring the car into drive, Oliver's tics explode. The stress of the night violently spills out of him.

He leans forward, flips the black box on. The siren begins, his tics calm, vanish as he turns, looks at the house.

CLICK, freeze.

INT. OLIVER'S CAR - DAY, EIGHT YEARS AGO

A frozen picture - Alison's house on a snowy Winter day.

CLICK, motion. Oliver, 17, sits in his car, parked in the same spot. He stares at the door as Alison, 20, exits.

Oliver crouches low, peers over the window as Alison reaches the edge of the yard, continues to his car.

OLIVER
Oh shit, oh shit, oh shit.

Alison knocks on the window, stares at Oliver as he honks, slowly sits up. She holds a cigarette up in the air.

Oliver cracks the window, nervous.

OLIVER (CONT'D)
I don't smoke.

ALISON
That's good. I'm not sharing.

EXT. OLIVER'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Oliver stands, watches Alison smoke.

ALISON
This is my last cigarette.

OLIVER
Why?

ALISON
I'm pregnant.

OLIVER
Oh...

He stops, doesn't know what else to say.

ALISON
Surprised?

OLIVER
Uh, I don't really know you, so...

ALISON
You've been parking in front of my house the past three months.

OLIVER
Yeah, but you shut the blinds.

Alison laughs, takes a drag.

ALISON
Well, I'm surprised. I just found out, like, two pee's ago.

OLIVER
How... do you feel about it?

ALISON
I feel pregnant.

She tosses the cigarette, places her hand on her stomach.

ALISON (CONT'D)
It's like a memo describing the rest of your life. Your boring, predictable life... Douglass and I are moving to Portland. His uncle owns a-- there's work there.

OLIVER
That's two hours away.

ALISON
Guess you'll have to commute if you want to keep stalking me.

OLIVER
I don't stalk-- I'm trying to stop.

She laughs, stops, thinks for a moment.

ALISON
I can hear you, sometimes. When you pull up, making that noise...

She smiles, this is a good memory. Then, she shakes her head.

ALISON (CONT'D)
Douglass calls you duck boy.

OLIVER
That's creative.... He doesn't...
mind?

ALISON
He does. But what's the big deal?
All you do is sit here. Plus, with
what happened... I don't get it
though. What do you get out of it?

OLIVER
It's stupid...

ALISON
Good. I'll have some company.

OLIVER
(takes a breath)
You hear me when I pull up, but
then it goes away, right?

ALISON
Maybe you leave. You think I check?

OLIVER
Do you?

She stops, a hint of a smile.

ALISON
Go on.

OLIVER
Well... Ever since the funeral,
when I look at you, it's like... my
mind forgets there's something
wrong with me.

Alison melts a little, brushes it off.

ALISON
But you can't see me when I'm
inside.

OLIVER
Just because you can't see someone
doesn't mean you can't know they're
there.

She melts a little more. Oliver honks.

ALISON
Well why are you doing it now?

OLIVER
It only works if I focus.

ALISON
Show me.

He takes a breath, looks into her eyes. His tics vanish. That metronome beat. Somewhere, a soft siren. Intense connection.

Alison looks away, blushes.

ALISON (CONT'D)
Wow...

Looks back to him, tears in her eyes, wipes them away.

ALISON (CONT'D)
I'm not as good as you think I am.

OLIVER
Who said I thought you were good?

She looks to the house, then his car.

ALISON
Will you park here when I'm gone?

OLIVER
God, I hope not.

Her eyes linger on him, she turns to the house, stops, turns back to face him.

ALISON
It's like a siren!

OLIVER
What?

ALISON
What you need, something so intense, the when it happens, the world fades away!

She smiles, raises her hand to wave goodbye - CLICK, freeze.

INT. CHAD'S CAR - PRESENT DAY, NEXT

CLICK, motion. Siren on, tics gone, Oliver turns from Alison's house, pulls into the street, and drives away.

EXT./INT. FRONT DOORWAY, OLIVER'S HOUSE - LATER

Oliver enters through the front door of his large home to find his mother standing in her nightgown.

Over the past eight years Meredith has lost much of her spark, diminished by the onslaught of Alzheimer's.

Meredith stares at her son, struggles to place him, brightens suddenly.

MEREDITH

Oliver! Why, don't you look nice!

Oliver smiles for her benefit.

OLIVER

You should be in bed, mom.

MEREDITH

Well, I was going to take a walk,
but...

She points to the door, where a STOP SIGN hangs.

MEREDITH (CONT'D)

The door won't let me.

Oliver takes her hand, leads her toward the hall.

OLIVER

Yeah, that's kind of the point...

INT. MEREDITH AND ROGER'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Oliver helps Meredith into bed, Roger already asleep under the covers.

Meredith stops, reaches out, looks into Oliver's eyes.

MEREDITH

It get's so boring, doesn't it? The
same thing, over and over.

Oliver does not respond, kisses her cheek, lays her down.

OLIVER

Good night, mom.

He stands, honks loudly as he reaches the doorway, turns back as Meredith shakes Roger awake, points to the window.

MEREDITH
Roger, listen! The ducks are out!

INT. OLIVER'S BEDROOM - LATER

Oliver lies in bed, the clock reads 2:32 AM, his tics keep him awake.

On the TV, a NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC special. An ANTELOPE runs across a wide, open plain. A BOBCAT chases it.

NARRATOR (FROM TV)
The survival instincts of the antelope, however, are far more interesting in what they lack.

On the TV, the chase turns to slow motion.

NARRATOR (FROM TV) (CONT'D)
While most animals are ingrained from birth with strict fight or flight instincts, the antelope is the rare exception.

Oliver stares at the TV - CLICK, freeze - the special becomes a frozen image.

INT. OPEN PLAIN - DAY

A frozen picture - Oliver in the plain, the bobcat close behind.

CLICK, motion. Oliver runs in slow motion, just out of reach as the bobcat approaches.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Where other beasts of the field run faster, desperate for survival, or turn, ready to fight, The Oliver simply stops, gives up, and allows himself to be devoured.

The slow motion ends, Oliver stops, slumps to the ground as the bobcat leaps into the air - CLICK, freeze.

INT. OLIVER'S BEDROOM - NEXT

Oliver watches the TV as the antelope falls. The bobcat attacks. The special cuts to commercial.

INT. FRONT DOORWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Dressed out of his pajamas, Oliver stands, stares at the stop sign that hangs on the door.

Honk. Jerk. Slap. Breath.

OLIVER
One... two... three.

And out the door he goes.

EXT. CENTRAL MAINE MEDICAL - LATER

Oliver walks from the parking garage toward the front entrance of the hospital.

He reaches the doors, enters without hesitation.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM/INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Marlee lies asleep in her hospital bed. Alison sits in a chair beside her, sleeps lightly.

Through the open door, in the hallway - a distant honk.

A second honk, closer now. Alison opens her eyes.

A third honk. She sits up, turns to the door.

On honk number four, Alison knows who is approaching. She smiles. A smile that says it all.

Oliver steps into the doorway. Alison stands, hides her smile.

ALISON
What are you doing here?

Oliver stops, thinks, nervous.

OLIVER
I have no idea... I guess, I
thought... coffee?

She looks to the clock, hesitant.

OLIVER (CONT'D)
Tea?

She turns back to him, smiles.

ALISON
Hot chocolate?

Oliver softens, starts to relax.

OLIVER
See? Compromising already.

Alison laughs, looks to Marlee - still asleep. She turns with Oliver. They begin to walk down the hall.

ALISON
You do know it's three AM, right?

OLIVER
Yeah, but don't flatter yourself. I haven't slept through the night since I was a zygote.

INT. CAFETERIA - LATER

Oliver and Alison sit across from each other at a small table in front of a full wall of windows that overlooks town.

The cafeteria is empty. Alison sips her hot chocolate, Oliver his coffee.

ALISON
She was trying to help, but you know what they say. A helping mom's the quickest road to ruin.

OLIVER
Who says that?

ALISON
(laughing)
Well, somebody. It doesn't seem like something I'd make up... Can I ask you something?

OLIVER
Yeah, sure.

ALISON
Have you been sitting in front of my house the past eight years?

OLIVER
(laughing)
No, I, I heard the call, on a dispatch radio.

ALISON
So a hero, not a stalker.

OLIVER
What, I can't be both?

She laughs, quiets, turns to the window as Oliver stares at her, lost in the view for a moment.

OLIVER (CONT'D)
What about you? Are you, visiting?

ALISON
I moved back. Three months ago.

OLIVER
And... Douglass?

ALISON
Followed. I'm glad he did though,
for Marlee. Shows he's trying.

OLIVER
That something new?

ALISON
You have no idea.

OLIVER
So you two are...

She nods, stops, nods again, chooses her words carefully.

ALISON
We are... constantly unbecoming.
After all that time, even when it's
fucked, you somehow learn to miss
how fucked it is. Does that make
sense?

OLIVER
No...
(laughs)
But I've never even been...

ALISON
What, not once?

Oliver stops, stares at her.

OLIVER
Wait. What are we talking about?
I've had sex.

Alison laughs, looks away, quiets, turns back.

ALISON
But you've never been in love.

OLIVER
Not romantically.

She smiles at this, thinks for a moment.

ALISON
You want to know something?

OLIVER
I don't know, do I?

ALISON
Sometimes, since I've been back...
I stand at the window... and wait.

OLIVER
Wait for what?

She smiles, a smile to let him what she's been waiting for.

It takes Oliver a minute, but he eventually gets it. He turns red, looks away, honks loudly.

Alison frowns.

ALISON
I'm not your siren any more?

OLIVER
I told you. It's only when I focus.

ALISON
Show me again.

He looks to her, locks eyes. That metronome beat. Tics vanish. A distant siren. Connection.

Alison looks away first, with a sigh that sounds almost like... a honk.

OLIVER
Careful. I might be contagious.

She laughs, eyes on the window as it begins to snow.

ALISON
I love November snow.

OLIVER
What about rain?

She furrows her brow, thinks, rolls her eyes.

ALISON
I get it. That's not funny.

She stands, walks from the table, stops, looks back at him.

ALISON (CONT'D)
You coming?

EXT. CENTRAL MAINE MEDICAL - MOMENTS LATER

Oliver follows Alison outside. She stops, stares at the snow, which picks up speed, begins to coat the world in white.

ALISON
I went to high school with this girl. Every time it started to rain, she'd run outside and spin around, face to the sky for all the world to see... I hated her.

Oliver laughs. Alison begins to walk slowly toward him.

ALISON (CONT'D)
But now I have a daughter who does the exact same thing. Of course, I hope she grows out of it enough by high school to keep her from getting made fun of by cynics like me, but... now that I'm older...

Just in front of him now, feet touch, face to face.

ALISON (CONT'D)
I see this beauty in the people who can't keep it in.

Oliver trembles, smiles, his mouth an inch from hers.

OLIVER
You busy Friday? There's this work thing, and--

ALISON
You know, a girl's face is this close to yours, it means you're supposed to--

He leans in, doesn't kiss her, runs his tongue from the bottom of her chin all the way up to her forehead.

Alison scrunches her face, but is not disgusted.

In one motion she wipes her hand across her cheek and up through to the back of Oliver's hair.

She pulls him down, brings his lips to hers.

They collapse into each other. Spin under the falling snow.

INT. AMBULANCE - DAY

Chad drives, the sirens on, Oliver tic-free beside him.

CHAD
You kissed her or she kissed you?

OLIVER
Well, she kissed me.

CHAD
What a girl.

OLIVER
But I licked her first.

Chad turns, stares at Oliver, befuddled.

CHAD
You're like a broken record of stupid moves, my friend.

OLIVER
What about you? All you do is work and drink and sleep with sluts.

CHAD
Yeah, but different sluts, Ollie. Different slut, different record.

EXT. JUDY'S BAR - MOMENTS LATER

The ambulance parked behind them, Oliver and Chad walk toward JUDY'S BAR, the most seedy establishment in town.

OLIVER
Don't you get tired? Don't you ever want to look to your left and see, I don't know, a partner?

Chad stops, looks to his left, at Oliver, his partner.

CHAD
That hurts, Oliver. It really does.

Oliver rolls his eyes. They continue toward the bar.

OLIVER
I'm just asking you to be
supportive.

Chad slaps him up the backside of the head.

CHAD
There. That's me being supportive.

In response, Oliver slaps himself.

CHAD (CONT'D)
Makes me feel bad when you do it
right after.

OLIVER
Sorry.

They enter the bar.

INT. JUDY'S BAR - NEXT

There is one patron inside, MR. WASTED (62), the town drunk, who stumbles around as he harmlessly knocks over chairs.

Oliver looks at his watch, then to the BARTENDER.

OLIVER (CONT'D)
Started early today. Why didn't you
call the cops?

BARTENDER
Call the cops again, they might
shoot him, and you guys don't have
guns.

CHAD
Would it really bother you they
shot him?

BARTENDER
(shrugs)
Eh. I've grown accustomed.

Oliver and Chad walk to Mr. Wasted, who turns, attempts to stay upright.

CHAD
Mr Wasted.

Mr. Wasted glares at them. Oliver hits Chad lightly.

CHAD (CONT'D)
Shit, sorry. Bob.

MR. WASTED
Wasted's fine.

OLIVER
(to Chad)
You don't think I should go for it?

CHAD
Honestly? No.

Chad turns back to Mr. Wasted, points to his watch.

CHAD (CONT'D)
You know what this is?

MR. WASTED
Watch, fucker.

CHAD
Know what it's for?

MR. WASTED
Tells me when it's time to kick
your ass.

CHAD
(to Oliver)
Seems fine to me.

OLIVER
(ignoring him)
Why not?

CHAD
Because you were like, obsessed
with this girl.

OLIVER
I wasn't obsessed.

CHAD
Sounds like obsessed.

OLIVER
You didn't even know me then.

CHAD
I know you now. I can fill in the
blanks.

Chad turns back to Mr. Wasted.

CHAD (CONT'D)
You know who the president is?

MR. WASTED
Yep.

CHAD
Who?

Mr. Wasted struggles to remember.

CHAD (CONT'D)
(to Oliver)
You're too fucking intense. A woman
can't handle you.

OLIVER
What's that supposed to mean?

MR. WASTED
Hey! Fuckers!

They turn back to Mr. Wasted, a devilish gleam in his eyes.

MR. WASTED (CONT'D)
Obama.

Mr. Wasted turns, sprints toward the front door. Halfway
there he trips, bangs his head on a table, falls to the
ground, knocked out as blood seeps from his forehead.

OLIVER
Son of a bitch.

CHAD
Son of a bitch.

Reluctantly, they move forward to help.

EXT. PARKING LOT, BARNABY'S NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Oliver and Alison walk through the parking lot toward the
large entertainment complex.

Oliver honks, jumps, reaches out to slap himself.

Alison grabs his hand, stops him, does not let go.

ALISON
You're nervous.

OLIVER
It's that obvious?

ALISON
No. You're only like the easiest
person to read I've ever met in my
entire life.

OLIVER
(sarcastic)
Oh, good.

Oliver honks again.

ALISON (CONT'D)
You know you already kissed me,
right?

OLIVER
I think that's the problem.

ALISON
(frowning)
Oh...

OLIVER
No, I mean, just that, that means I
have to kiss you again.

ALISON
Well in that case...

She lets go of his hand, dejected.

OLIVER (CONT'D)
I'm not making--

He steps in front, turns to face her.

OLIVER (CONT'D)
When my mind finds something it
likes, it has a really hard time
not doing it, all the time...
forever.

Alison gets it, smiles.

ALISON
Do you always talk like you and
your mind are two different things?

OLIVER
Well, they usually are.

He kisses her, steps back as she smiles.

ALISON

Uh-oh.

He kisses her again, steps back. Her smile grows.

ALISON (CONT'D)

So what's the verdict?

OLIVER

I think I'm hooked.

She spreads her arms out, yells across the parking lot.

ALISON

Watch out world, Alison Alpert's
the new Tourette's!

OLIVER

Careful what you wish for.

He takes her hand. They walk on, reach the door. Oliver opens it, leans down, kisses her again, a deep kiss.

ALISON (CONT'D)

Yep. It's a good tic.

She enters the building. Oliver smiles wide, and follows.

INT. BARNABY'S NIGHT CLUB - LATER

Oliver, Chad, and Alison stand at the bar as they down a shot in unison, clearly not their first.

CHAD

Here's to putting Mr. Wasted to
shame!

(to Alison)

You're kind of a pro.

ALISON

You didn't think I could drink?

CHAD

Compared to me, no woman can.

Alison laughs, calls for another round as Chad hands Oliver his empty shot glass.

CHAD (CONT'D)

Here. Lick this.

Oliver takes the glass, runs his tongue along it as Alison slaps Chad up the back side of the head.

CHAD (CONT'D)
Hey! That's what I do!

ALISON
You think he likes being treated
like a circus animal?

CHAD
Like it? I think he loves it!

Both turn to Oliver, expect a verdict.

OLIVER
Well... I do like to lick things.

Chad turns to Alison, smiles wide - he wins.

ALISON
What kinds of things? Like, more
than faces?

CHAD
Faces! Try pay phones! Fucking
porno tapes!

OLIVER
No. Not porno tapes. Not anymore.

CHAD
Monuments.

ALISON
Monuments?

OLIVER
When I was young, my family went on
this trip to D.C. and I--

CHAD
Licked every single national
monument.

Oliver smiles, his embarrassment gives way to a very odd sense of pride.

OLIVER
My tongue has licked its way across
the entire United States.

ALISON
You could have told me that before
I kissed you.

Oliver turns red as Alison laughs, takes his hand, turns toward the dance floor.

ALISON (CONT'D)
Come on. Let's dance.

OLIVER
No, no, no. I don't dance.

She turns back to him, a dazzling smile.

ALISON
Everything dances, Oliver.

INT. DANCE FLOOR - LATER

Oliver stands, dances awkwardly but tries his best as Alison reaches up, touches his face.

ALISON
Hey. Relax.

OLIVER
I don't think that's possible!

ALISON
It fades away, right? So let it
fade.

Oliver loosens some, looks into her eyes. They begin to dance, really dance, the connection intense until Alison looks across the nightclub.

ALISON (CONT'D)
Shit.

Oliver turns, follows her gaze as his eyes reach Douglass, who pushes his way through the crowd toward them.

OLIVER (CONT'D)
Damn.

Douglass reaches them, drunk and angry.

DOUGLASS
(to Oliver)
Fuck! You think you're doing?

ALISON
Douglass! Please!

Douglass spins around to Alison.

DOUGLASS
You stay out of this! This has
nothing to do with you!

He wheels back, pushes Oliver against the shoulders.

DOUGLASS (CONT'D)
And you stay the fuck away from my
old lady!

OLIVER
(laughing)
Old lady? Really?

Douglass snaps, swings for Oliver.

Oliver ducks, misses the hit. Stands back up. Punches himself
in the face.

DOUGLASS
What the fuck?

Chad pushes through the crowd formed around them, faces
Douglass, Oliver behind him.

DOUGLASS (CONT'D)
(to Chad)
Who the fuck are you?

Chad grabs Douglass by the shoulders, rams his forehead down
onto his nose.

Douglass falls to the floor, clutches his face.

Across the club, THREE BOUNCERS push through the crowd.

Alison grabs Oliver and Chad. They run in the opposite
direction.

INT. TAXI/EXT. CHAD'S HOUSE - LATER

The taxi stops in the driveway of Chad's small house,
secluded deep in the woods, as Chad spins around from the
front to face Oliver and Alison.

CHAD
That was fucking awesome.

OLIVER
I got punched.

CHAD
Doesn't really count if you did it
to yourself, does it?
(to Alison)
I like you. Don't wanna, but I do.

ALISON
Thank you?

CHAD
(to Oliver)
I'm gonna go vomit.

He throws himself from the taxi. Oliver turns to Alison.

OLIVER
He's just joking.

Chad stops in front of the taxi, holds one hand up as he projectile vomits in the opposite direction. When finished, he continues, stumbles toward his house.

ALISON
Will he be okay?

OLIVER
Yeah, that's like every weekend for
him... Should I... take you home?

She takes his hand, leans in, whispers so the CAB DRIVER cannot hear.

ALISON
Actually, I was thinking you could
take me to your home, and fuck me.

Oliver turns instantly to the cabbie.

OLIVER
Valley Drive please.

INT. OLIVER'S BEDROOM - LATER

Oliver and Alison crash into the room, kiss as they kick off their shoes.

Oliver drops his coat to the floor, kisses her again as the door slams shut behind them.

OLIVER
Maybe we shouldn't. I mean, I think
I actually like you.

ALISON
Are you serious?

OLIVER
No. Well, yes, about the--

She covers his mouth with one hand, smiles wide.

ALISON
I get it.

He laughs, wraps his arms around her, lifts her into the air
as they spin down onto the bed.

ALISON (CONT'D)
Wait. Do you... tic? When you're...

OLIVER
No. Well, yes, but only if it's
bad.

ALISON
I'll have to keep that in mind.

He kisses her again.

OLIVER
I snapped the thing under my tongue
in middle school, so now it goes
out super far, like Gene Simmons in
KISS.

He sticks his tongue out, down then up to his nose in
demonstration.

OLIVER (CONT'D)
I don't know what my point was.

ALISON
I think your point is it's my lucky
night.

She kisses him, stops suddenly, hand on his chest.

ALISON (CONT'D)
You know, I think you're just like
me.

He tilts his face, doesn't understand.

ALISON (CONT'D)
Just... If it doesn't have that
thing...

OLIVER
Wait. What is this?

ALISON
Don't you know? Asking what
something is, is the best way to
make it something it's not.

OLIVER
What does that mean?

ALISON
It means kiss me, you idiot.

He does. Spins, on top of her now, her legs wrapped around
him as they fold together and the world fades away.

INT. OLIVER'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Oliver lies in bed, awake, watches Alison as she slowly opens
her eyes.

OLIVER
Hey.

ALISON
Hey yourself.

OLIVER
You hung-over?

ALISON
I never know till I move... so
let's just stay here forever.

He smiles at the thought.

OLIVER
You remember everything?

ALISON
I wasn't wasted, Oliver.

She stops, thinks, scrunches her nose.

ALISON (CONT'D)
It's a little blurry... A good
blur, though.

She nestles against him, his arms around her, a quiet moment.

ALISON (CONT'D)
You aren't ticcing.

OLIVER
Sometimes in the morning, when I'm
alone, I can go hours without.

ALISON
But you aren't alone.

He thinks about this, smiles wide.

EXT. DRIVEWAY, OLIVER'S HOUSE - LATER

A TAXI waits in the driveway as Oliver opens the front door,
walks out with Alison.

He kisses her, deeply. She smiles, turns to the cab.

OLIVER
Wait!

He runs, kisses her again. She steps back, rolls her eyes
fondly, continues toward the cab.

A pause. Oliver honks.

OLIVER (CONT'D)
Stop!

She turns back. He kisses her, again. Steps back.

OLIVER (CONT'D)
Sorry.

ALISON
That's not something you need to be
sorry for.

She smiles, turns again to the taxi.

OLIVER
Wait! One more time.

She turns back, her smile a little forced now as he kisses
her once, twice, three more times.

She turns again as Oliver grabs her arm, spins her back to
him, almost forcefully.

Hand on his chest, she stops him, an edge in her voice now.

ALISON
Okay, this time I'm getting in the
taxi.

He nods, smiles, embarrassed as Alison gets into the taxi,
waves as it pulls out of the driveway, smiles to let him know
everything's okay.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Oliver enters from the front hall as Roger, his father, look
sup from the stove.

ROGER
Breakfast?

Oliver nods, sits at the counter.

ROGER (CONT'D)
So who's the girl?

Oliver honks, loudly.

ROGER (CONT'D)
That good, huh?

Oliver turns red, embarrassed before he continues.

OLIVER
That's... Alison.

Roger stops, thinks for a moment.

ROGER
Grace's Alison?

He turns back to Oliver, a sly smile.

ROGER (CONT'D)
Well, your Alison now, I gather.

OLIVER
Dad, no. Please. I'm totally in
favor of the whole let's pretend
neither of us ever has sex thing.

Roger turns back to the stove.

ROGER
Well... one of us doesn't.

Oliver grimaces, then stops, stares at his father, his back turned down to the stove - a tired man. Oliver eyes take in his sadness, this man, who always cares for--

OLIVER
Where's mom?

Roger looks up with a start, as if woken from a dream.

ROGER
Oh... She's sleeping.

Oliver nods, stands, walks, stops beside his father.

OLIVER
Move aside, old man.

ROGER
What, don't think I can handle it?

OLIVER
Not alone, you can't. It's complicated, eggs.

Roger steps aside, smiles.

ROGER
I've yet to find a thing that isn't.

OLIVER
You know, thinking deep like that's probably why you always burn breakfast.

EXT. ALISON'S STREET - MORNING

The early November snow has melted, the Autumn colors show themselves one final time as Oliver runs down the street, his morning exercise.

He honks while he runs, extends his belly, slaps it hard as he jerks his tongue to the sky.

He reaches Alison's house, calm for a second, honks again as soon as he's passed it.

Two houses down, Oliver stops in his tracks. At the edge of a front yard, one house up - a snarling DOBERMAN PINCHER.

Oliver stares in fear, mutters to himself.

OLIVER
Don't honk, don't honk, don't honk.

He honks.

The dog snaps. Oliver turns, runs back, honks loudly as the dog barks, snarls, chases him, close behind.

EXT. ALISON'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Marlee exits the house, school bag over her shoulder. She stops in surprise at the sight of Oliver, who stands on the roof of Alison's car, the Doberman snarling in the driveway.

Marlee walks toward the car, points at the dog.

MARLEE
Mr. Skittles! Scat! Go!

The dog turns, runs into the street toward home as Oliver looks down at Marlee.

OLIVER
Mr. Skittles?

Marlee stares up, slowly places him.

MARLEE
Are you the guy who saved me?

OLIVER
Oliver.

He waves. Marlee waves back, doesn't know quite how to react.

Behind them, Alison exits, reaches the driveway, looks up with a start at Oliver.

A long pause.

OLIVER (CONT'D)
This... is a coincidence.

ALISON
Which part?

OLIVER
Uh... none of it, I guess.

Marlee turns to Alison.

MARLEE
Mom. This is Oliver.

Alison stops, smiles wide.

ALISON
Hi Oliver.

MARLEE
Mr. Skittles tried to eat him.

ALISON
Oh did he? Don't like dogs, Oliver?

OLIVER
I think it's the dog's that don't
like me.

INT. ALISON'S CAR/EXT. OLIVER'S HOUSE - LATER

Alison stops in the driveway as Oliver, in the passenger
seat, turns, looks at her and Marlee in the back.

OLIVER
What are you two doing today?

ALISON
School.

MARLEE
Nothing.

OLIVER (CONT'D)
I'm guessing school's important?

ALISON
Yes.

MARLEE
No.

He laughs again, tries to read Alison's face.

ALISON
What?

OLIVER
I was just thinking... maybe we
could... go sailing.

MARLEE
Sailing!

Marlee leans forward between the seats as Alison shakes her
head, pushes her back.

ALISON
That would be nice, but, you're
right. School's important.

OLIVER
It's just, with snow coming, this
could be our last chance.

MARLEE
Our last chance! You hear that? And
we didn't even have a first one!

Alison laughs, stares at Marlee, rolls her eyes, gives in.

EXT. OCEAN HARBOUR - DAY

Oliver, Alison, and Marlee walk on a dock, one of many in the
harbor filled with ships, most covered, closed for winter.

Oliver honks.

MARLEE
Why do you make those noises?

ALISON
Marlee.

OLIVER
No... it's okay.

He stops, kneels down to face Marlee, honks again.

OLIVER (CONT'D)
I have Tourette's.

MARLEE
What's that?

OLIVER
Well, it's kind of like this itch
in my mind, except instead of
wanting to scratch myself, it makes
me want to honk like a duck, shake
my head, and stick my tongue out.

MARLEE
Well who doesn't want to do that?

OLIVER
People older than ten.

MARLEE
Good thing I'm eight.

She stops, thinks for a moment.

MARLEE (CONT'D)
Can anyone have Tourette's?

OLIVER
Well, it's rare, but it's possible.

MARLEE
So I could have it?

OLIVER
You could, but I don't think you
need to worry.

MARLEE
But if I did, I could do whatever I
want.

Alison pats Marlee's head, cuts her daughters thinking off.

ALISON
You don't have it, Marl's.

MARLEE
Yeah, okay. We'll see about that.

Marlee continues down the dock as Alison looks to Oliver.

ALISON
Thanks.

He laughs. Alison smiles as they turn, follow Marlee.

At the end of the dock, Oliver stops in front of a small sail
boat, a five seater, tops.

Wooden, hand made, with care but not much skill - GRACE
carved into the side.

Alison turns to Oliver, suspect.

ALISON (CONT'D)
You sure this floats?

OLIVER
Of course it floats.

He jumps into the boat, arms out for balance as it rocks
precariously back and forth.

OLIVER (CONT'D)
I built it myself.

INT. BOAT/EXT. OCEAN - LATER

The boat floats out at sea, Marlee by the bow, Oliver beside Alison at the stern.

Oliver looks up, stiffens as his eyes reach the opening to Thunder Hole Cove, off in the distance.

Alison follows his gaze, understands, looks back to him.

ALISON

You think about her a lot?

OLIVER

She was my best friend.

She reaches over, takes his hand, holds it tight as Oliver's eyes return to the cove.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

I used to come out here, just to
stare at it and wonder why it
didn't spit her out instead of me.

Alison looks to the cove, thinks, turns back to him.

ALISON

Maybe you're the one who could
handle it.

A beat. From the front of the boat, Marlee looks back at them, honks.

Gaze broken from the cove, Oliver honks in return. Marlee honks again, loudly.

ALISON (CONT'D)

Marlee!

MARLEE

But mom! He likes it!

Oliver looks to Alison, a smile. Both know this is true.

Marlee moves down to them, honks again. Oliver honks back.

Alison laughs, joins them. Soon all three honk, over and over, no one follow's, all lead, louder each time as their joyful noises echo out across the Autumn ocean sky.

INT. OLIVER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Oliver lies in bed, TV on. The clock reads 11:47 PM, his tics keep him awake.

On the night-stand, his cell phone vibrates once, twice, three times in a row.

Oliver opens the phone - 3 TEXT MESSAGES. He scrolls through them, all from Alison - I WANT YOU - I WANT YOU - NOW.

INT. OLIVER'S CAR/EXT. ALISON'S HOUSE - LATER

Oliver stops as Alison hurries from her front door, rushes across the yard.

She climbs into the passenger seat, kisses him, hard, points to the road.

ALISON

Drive.

INT. OLIVER'S CAR - LATER

Oliver's parks in front of a small town lake as Alison looks to him, laughs.

ALISON

I feel like I'm fifteen again.

OLIVER

There were definitely no girls in my car when I was fifteen.

She leans over, pushes his seat all the way back.

ALISON

Well there's one here now.

She climbs on top of him. They kiss, fall into each other as she reaches down, undoes his pants.

When Oliver speaks next it's in a whisper that escapes his lips as if without his knowledge or permission.

OLIVER

I love you.

Alison stops. A long pause. Oliver stammers, backpedals.

OLIVER (CONT'D)
I didn't mean-- I mean-- I might
mean-- I don't know-- What I mean--
But I didn't mean--

She covers his mouth with her hand.

ALISON
It's okay. You're impulsive. I get
it. Just, next time, try to wait
till it's real, okay?

Oliver nods, relaxes. The second she moves her hand away--

OLIVER
I LOVE YOU!

He slaps his own hand over his mouth, shakes his head, takes
a breath, begins to move his hand away as--

OLIVER (CONT'D)
I LOVE YOU! I LOVE YOU! I LOVE YOU!

Hand across his mouth again. Alison sighs, moves back to the
passenger seat.

Oliver stares ahead, mortified as Alison reaches out, runs
her hand through his hair.

ALISON
Hey. It's okay.

He nods, breathes, turns to her.

OLIVER
Kind of ruined the mood though,
didn't I.

She laughs lightly, rolls her eyes - boy did he ever.

INT. OLIVER'S CAR/EXT. ALISON'S HOUSE - LATER

Oliver stops across from the house as Alison leans over,
meets his eyes.

ALISON
You okay?

He nods slowly, embarrassed. She kisses him. As their lips
part his words escape in a pained whisper.

OLIVER
I love you. I love you. I love you.

She stares, now it's uncomfortable, forces a smile.

ALISON

We're gonna have to get some duck
tape for that mouth of yours.

He tries to smile. She kisses his cheek, and leaves the car.

INT. BATHROOM, OLIVER'S HOUSE - LATER

Oliver stands, faces the mirror, takes a breath.

OLIVER

One... two... three...

He reaches out to slap, punches himself in the eye instead.

There's something new about this punch. It's harder, more
desperate than in the club. No other tics surround it.

The hit is all.

Oliver stops, breathes, counts.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

One... two... three.

It doesn't work. He reaches his hand back, turns his fist to
stare at his knuckles - CLICK, freeze.

OLIVER (V.O.)

Picture your mind as a hallway
filled with doors, and your life's
journey is in their opening. But
what if a door opened on its own,
without your permission? And no
matter how much you kicked and
screamed, you couldn't get it shut
again? And soon that open door
became a room to be locked in for
the rest of your life?

CLICK, motion - ten punches, all knuckle first, each harder
than the one before.

INT. AMBULANCE - DAY

Chad drives, Oliver beside him, eye badly bruised, the sirens
on as he honks anyway, leans forward, turns them off.

CHAD

What are you doing?

OLIVER
It isn't helping.

CHAD
Maybe if you let it help.

Chad turns the sirens back on. Oliver turns them off again.

OLIVER
It's just Mrs. D. anyway...

Chad pauses, looks at Oliver's face.

CHAD
You want to talk about it?

OLIVER
Not really.

CHAD
You've kind-a got a shiner.

OLIVER
It's nothing. Like punching a wall.

CHAD
Except it's your face, so--

Oliver leans forward, turns the sirens back on, cuts him off.

EXT. MRS. DANIELS' TRAILER - LATER

Oliver and Chad are barely out of the ambulance as Mrs. Daniel's storms out of her trailer.

MRS. DANIELS
Seventeen minutes! You know how long it takes to die?

CHAD
I'm guessing less than that?

She passes them, stops in front of the ambulance, turns back, waits for someone to open the door.

MRS. DANIELS
Well?

INT. BOX, AMBULANCE - MOMENTS LATER

Chad drives up front. In the back, Oliver checks Mrs. Daniels' vitals as she stares at his eye.

MRS. DANIELS
Hell happened to you?

Oliver looks away, embarrassed, honks.

MRS. DANIELS (CONT'D)
What was that?

OLIVER
I have Tourette's.

MRS. DANIELS
I never heard you swear.

OLIVER
I don't swear. Not all of us do
that.

MRS. DANIELS
Well. Maybe you should start.

He smiles, unexpectedly warms to her.

OLIVER
Can I ask you something?

MRS. DANIELS
Don't see why not.

OLIVER
If you really want to die, why call
the ambulance at all?

She doesn't have to think, to her the answer's clear as day.

MRS. DANIELS
You can't just let it happen to
you. What kind of death is that?

INT. OLIVER'S CAR/EXT. ALISON'S HOUSE - EVENING

The siren box is on, stuck on the dash as Oliver reaches
Alison's house, slows the car down, stares at a car parked in
the driveway he does not recognize.

Through the front window, the curtain open, Douglass play's
with Marlee in the living room, Carol and Alison beside them.

To Oliver, they all look as happy as can be.

He punches himself in the eye, rolls the window down, grabs
the siren box, and throws it out onto the street below.

INT. OLIVER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Oliver sits in bed, the clock reads 3:21 AM. He bangs his head against the wall, over and over, so hard that ceiling plaster falls down on him like snow from above.

He stops, looks up. Above him - footsteps.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Oliver enters. Meredith rushes about, her back to him.

OLIVER

Mom?

She turns, eyes wide, smiles - her spark of life returned.

MEREDITH

I'm here, Oliver.

She stops, stares at his eye. Her faces falls, fully aware.

EXT. BACK PORCH - LATER

Oliver sits on a long rocking bench as Meredith walks out, sits beside him, hands him one of two hot cups of--

OLIVER

Coffee.

MEREDITH

Well, you know...

Both smile, in familiar territory here.

OLIVER

Tea's for suckers.

MEREDITH

Tea's for suckers.

Oliver grows quiet, turns to her.

OLIVER

I miss you, mom.

MEREDITH

Oh honey. I'm sure I miss you too.

She nods to his eye.

MEREDITH (CONT'D)

What's going on?

OLIVER
Nothing... I met a girl.

MEREDITH
Oh, dear.

OLIVER
But, it's been going really well. I mean, I haven't felt out of control, or anything, until...

MEREDITH
Until?

OLIVER
I told her I loved her.

MEREDITH
When was this?

OLIVER
Like five minutes ago... Yesterday.

MEREDITH
Guess I woke up right in time.

OLIVER
But you won't stay awake.

His lip trembles, fights tears as she pulls him close.

MEREDITH
None of us do, Ollie. None of us do... Do you love her?

OLIVER
I think I do...

MEREDITH
Who is she?

OLIVER
Alison Alpert.

MEREDITH
Grace's friend?

He nods. Meredith smiles - this is a good thing. She pulls him closer, wraps her arms tight around him.

MEREDITH (CONT'D)
We get trapped in our minds, Ollie. But it's always worth it to fight our way out.

She kisses his head, her tears fall softly, a quiet sigh.

MEREDITH (CONT'D)
God, I wish I'd remember this.

EXT. ALISON'S HOUSE - EVENING

Oliver stands on the front steps, his bruise has settled some - a few days have passed.

Alison opens the door. On the couch behind her, Marlee, who sits beside Carol, waves, honks.

Oliver waves back as Alison shuts the door, a long silence.

ALISON
I tried calling.

OLIVER
I know, I...

He trails off. Alison nods to his eye.

ALISON
Is that because of me?

OLIVER
No, it's... because of me.

ALISON
But you did it that night?

He doesn't respond. Alison sits on the steps, looks out at the yard as Oliver sits down beside her.

ALISON (CONT'D)
I still don't know what I did.

OLIVER
You didn't do anything... I tried stopping by, the other day, but Douglass was here.

ALISON
Is that wrong? Jesus, he's her father, I--

OLIVER
No. I'm sorry. I didn't, I don't know what I meant, I just... wish we could go back to how things were before I messed everything up.

He honks, tics start as Alison reaches out, takes his chin, brings his eyes to her.

ALISON
You didn't mess anything up.

He looks into her eyes. His tics vanish. He turns away.

OLIVER
But I will...

ALISON
You don't know everything Oliver.

OLIVER
You don't know. My face, or a wall, there's something so much worse than a hit. My thoughts, something changes, and I don't get to decide anymore. But if I can stay alone, do the same things, don't add people, or love, then maybe I can keep control. If I don't...

ALISON
What?

OLIVER
I can't stop doing all the things I don't want to do.

ALISON
You know what your problem is?

OLIVER
I've got an idea.

ALISON
No, you don't... You think you're special. Who doesn't do things they regret? God. It's the most normal problem on earth!
(takes a breath)
I don't like being alone, Oliver.
I'm ready to not be alone with you.

She pulls on his hand, brings his eyes back to her.

ALISON (CONT'D)
So let me be the one to think you're special, and you accept that you're just like everyone else...
What do you say?

He thinks, a long moment. Then, he smiles, kisses her.

OLIVER
It's not gonna work.

He kisses her again.

ALISON
(laughing)
Okay. So we're over then?

OLIVER
I think that's best.

ALISON
You want to come inside?

OLIVER
More than anything.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NEXT

Oliver follows Alison inside as Marlee sits up on the couch.

MARLEE
Oliver!

Oliver smiles, sits beside her as Carol stands, walks toward the kitchen, turns back as Alison is about to sit.

CAROL
(to Alison)
Can I speak with you?

INT. KITCHEN - NEXT

Carol stands, glares at Alison.

ALISON
What?

CAROL
What do you think what?

A short staring contest. Carol wins as Alison sighs.

ALISON
I like him, mom.

CAROL
Fine, but do you really want to
confuse that little girl out there?

ALISON
Marlee likes him! Maybe more than I
do!

CAROL
Well isn't that nice.

Alison laughs, takes a breath, thinks before she responds.

ALISON
For fourteen years I was with
someone who acted like he owned me.
And now?
(points to the living
room)
Every time he looks at me I see a
man who's just opened a gift. What
could be bad about that?

Carol's about to protest, stops - that doesn't sound bad at
all.

Behind them, Marlee squeals in the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NEXT

Carol follows Alison back in, both turn to the couch where
Marlee and Oliver face each other, faces scrunched as they
honk back and forth in a "tic-off" contest.

Alison looks to Carol, eyebrows raised - see?

Carol looks from Alison to Marlee. A beat. She smiles.

INT. MARLEE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Oliver stands at the window, looks out at a massive snow
storm as Marlee climbs into bed behind him.

MARLEE
Do you think I'll have school?

OLIVER
I doubt it.

MARLEE
Really? Do you think you'll have
work?

He turns to her, smiles, walks to the bed, his bruised eye
dimmed to a soft yellow, almost healed - a few more days have
passed.

MARLEE (CONT'D)

I wish I had Tourette's, then I'd never have to go to school.

OLIVER

You think?

MARLEE

Well, if I made my tics really bad, then I could say to mom, I can't go to school today, I'm too honky.

Oliver laughs, sits on the bed as Marlee settles in.

MARLEE (CONT'D)

I googled you, you know.

OLIVER

I did not know.

MARLEE

Well, not you, but Tourette's. Mom helped me. Did you know some people say bad words for their tic? I'm glad you don't do that. I didn't know people do different things, like some touch door knobs with their noses, and other people jump up and down all the time... Why don't you jump, Oliver?

OLIVER

I don't know. Maybe I should start.

MARLEE

No. That's gonna be my tic.

OLIVER

Your tic?

MARLEE

Yep. I've been practicing, I just have to find the right tics for me.

OLIVER

You know, that's the thing about Tourette's. You don't really get to pick your tics. Your tics pick you.

MARLEE

Huh... Do you tic when you sleep?

OLIVER

Nope. In fact, in my dreams, I don't even have Tourette's.

MARLEE

Not at all? I wonder if I have diabetes in my dreams.

OLIVER

I bet you don't. I think in our dreams we get to be whoever we wish we really are.

Marlee pauses, thinks about this, nods once.

MARLEE

I like that.

Oliver smiles, leans down, hesitates, then kisses her forehead.

He stands, turns as Alison enters, squeezes his hand as he passes her on his way to the hall.

INT. ALISON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Late at night, Oliver lies on his back, honks soft, peaceful honks.

Alison smiles, her head rests on his chest.

ALISON

The quiet ones are nice... You know what I like best about you, Oliver?

OLIVER

What?

ALISON

I know I'll always be able to find you in a crowd.

She looks up at him, smiles, leans forward, kisses his eye.

ALISON (CONT'D)

I never want to be the reason you hurt yourself again.

She stops, thinks, leans in, whispers into his ear.

Although her words cannot be heard, it's clear from Oliver's smile that they could only be - "I love you."

INT. AMBULANCE - DAY

Oliver drives, Chad beside him, sirens off. The snowfall has stopped, leaving behind a new world covered in white.

CHAD
So you're like, good.

OLIVER
I think so.

CHAD
We should probably take a moment to
recognize this miracle.

A very short pause. Oliver honks.

CHAD (CONT'D)
Moment recognized!

EXT. ALISON'S HOUSE - DAY

Carol watches as Marlee runs around the front yard, jumps and honks about in the snow.

CAROL
Marlee! I'll be inside, don't stay
out much longer!

MARLEE
Okay Grandma!

Carol enters the house as Marlee laughs, lost in her own world - jumps, honks, jumps, honks.

She stops, turns to the house, mountains of snow on all sides, the low ranch style roof above her.

INT. AMBULANCE - NEXT

Oliver turns to Chad.

OLIVER
I don't know, it's like, maybe I've
been a bit of a fatalist...

EXT. ALISON'S HOUSE - NEXT

Marlee stands to the right of the driveway, slowly climbs the lattice on the side wall, pulls herself up toward the roof.

INT. AMBULANCE - NEXT

OLIVER
Like, what if the only reason I
can't control anything is because
I've convinced myself I can't
control anything?

CHAD
Are you just thinking this now?

EXT. ALISON'S ROOF - NEXT

Marlee pulls herself up onto the roof. She stands, hops about, jumps high into the air, honks with glee.

INT. AMBULANCE - NEXT

OLIVER
(laughing)
Yeah, just now. Did you know that?
Why didn't you tell me?

Chad refuses to respond to that.

CHAD
Fucking Plato the duck over here.

EXT. ALISON'S ROOF - NEXT

Marlee stands at the edge of the roof, looks down at the ground below - it doesn't seem that far. A large snow pile borders the wall.

Marlee decides.

INT. AMBULANCE - NEXT

OLIVER
Plato the duck, that's a good one.

CHAD
You like that? I thought of it a
while ago, but you never say
anything intelligent.

EXT. ALISON'S ROOF - NEXT

Marlee steps back, a breath. She runs, leaps from the roof.

INT. AMBULANCE - MOMENTS LATER

Dispatch comes through the radio.

DISPATCH (FROM RADIO)
Rescue four, rescue four, please
respond, 56 Balsam Dr., eight year
old female, fell from roof,
possible fractured leg.

Fear washes over Oliver.

CHAD
Jesus, what kind of death wish does
this girl have?

Oliver begins to honk as Chad turns the sirens on. It takes a second longer than usual, but Oliver's tics soon fade away.

EXT. ALISON'S HOUSE - LATER

The ambulance sits on the side of the road as Oliver and Chad reach the front yard.

Carol stands, cries. Oliver kneels down beside Marlee, on the ground, who sobs - she missed the snow pile completely.

OLIVER
What happened?

MARLEE
I-- I-- I--

OLIVER
Deep breaths. Deep breaths.

Marlee sucks in air, screams as Chad tries to straighten her leg - it won't budge, twisted back in the wrong direction.

CHAD
(to Oliver)
I'm getting the board.

Chad stands, hurries toward the ambulance as Oliver locks eyes with Marlee, tears stream down her cheeks.

OLIVER
Can you tell me what happened?

Marlee just cries. Oliver looks up at Carol, but she's in an even worse state. He looks back to Marlee.

OLIVER (CONT'D)
Come on, you can do it. Take a
breath and--

MARLEE
I was-- I was-- practicing, my
Tourette's, and I-- I jumped. I
thought-- I could-- be a jumper.

Oliver honks, slaps himself hard.

Marlee cries more at this as Chad reaches them, stretcher
behind him, backboard in his hands.

He looks down at the scene - Carol and Marlee cry as Oliver
slaps himself, over and over.

CHAD
What the fu... Hey! Oliver!

Oliver slaps more. Chad leans down, shakes him hard.

CHAD (CONT'D)
Snap out of it!

Oliver comes to, helps Chad put the backboard beside Marlee.

INT. AMBULANCE - MOMENTS LATER

Sirens on, Oliver drives. He punches himself in the face,
over and over, out of sight from Chad and Marlee in the back.

EXT. ER, CENTRAL MAINE MEDICAL - MOMENTS LATER

Oliver and Chad lift Marlee out of the ambulance as the
medical team rushes out to meet them.

Chad moves with the stretcher, Oliver stands back. Carol
rushes past him, follows the team into the hospital.

Oliver turns as Douglass reaches him from the parking lot.

DOUGLASS
What the hell happened?

OLIVER
She, she jumped, from the roof. Her
leg... it's broken.

Douglass pushes Oliver.

DOUGLASS

You mother fucker. None of this
would have-- Before you were-- Now
all she talks about-- Quacking and
jumping-- This is your fault.

Oliver stares, silent as Alison reaches them.

ALISON

(to Oliver)

How is she?

DOUGLASS

She broke her fucking leg, that's
how she is. Because of this freak.

ALISON

Douglass, go inside.

Douglass storms into the hospital. Alison looks to Oliver.

ALISON (CONT'D)

This isn't your fault.

Oliver fights tears, punches himself in the eye.

ALISON (CONT'D)

Oliver, please.

He punches again.

ALISON (CONT'D)

I can't handle this right--

Punch. Punch. Punch. Alison begins to cry.

ALISON (CONT'D)

This one time, Oliver. Just hold
them in and come inside with me so
I can take care of my daughter.

His head shakes, he fights the urge - it's no use.

OLIVER

I'm sorry.

Punch - Punch - On the third punch, Alison reaches out, grabs
his hand.

Oliver yanks his hand away, slaps her across the face with
the back side of his hand.

Both freeze, stunned by this accident.

Alison stares, shocked. She turns, runs into the hospital.
Oliver does not follow.

INT. CHAD'S CAR/EXT. OLIVER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Out of work clothes, Chad stops the car, Oliver beside him.

CHAD
These things, you know, sometimes
they're not as bad as they seem.

OLIVER
I'm dead in the water, Chad. Just
like I deserve.

Oliver's out the door before Chad has a chance to respond.

INT. OLIVER'S BEDROOM - LATER

Oliver paces his room, a mess of tics.

OLIVER
Fuck it.

Grabs his cell phone, dials.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - NEXT

Carol sits on a bench in front of an operating room as
Alison's purse, beside her, begins to vibrate.

Carol pulls out the ringing cell phone - OLIVER CALLING.

She pushes the reject button, opens the phone, turns it to
SILENT.

Carol throws the phone into the purse as Alison exits the
bathroom, sits next to her mother, doesn't notice a thing.

INT. OLIVER'S BEDROOM - NEXT

Oliver paces, honks, phone to his ear.

OLIVER
Pick up, pick up, pick up.

Nothing. He closes the phone, opens it, dials again.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Oliver paces, a harsher mess of tics, phone to ear.

OLIVER

So, I just, if we could just--

RECORDED MESSAGE (PHONE)

To re-record your message, press--

Oliver shuts the phone. Opens it. Dials again.

EXT. BACK PORCH - LATER

Oliver paces, phone still to his ear.

RECORDED MESSAGE (PHONE)

The mail box for this number is
full. If you feel you have reached--

He spins, throws the phone against the wall - it shatters as
he storms back into the house.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - LATER

Still on the bench, Alison reaches into her purse, grabs her
cell phone and a pack of cigarettes as Carol glares.

ALISON

Not now, mom.

Alison stands, walks away down the hall.

EXT. GAS STATION - LATER

Oliver exits the small station, tics a horrible mess as he
walks to his car, a pack of cigarettes in his hand.

EXT. CENTRAL MAINE MEDICAL - MOMENTS LATER

Alison sits on the bench in front of the place where she
first kissed Oliver, a lit cigarette in her hand.

She opens her phone - 27 MISSED CALLS.

She dials, distressed, brings the phone to her ear.

RECORDED MESSAGE (PHONE)

The number you have reached is not
in service. If you feel you have--

INT. OLIVER'S CAR - NEXT

Oliver sits in the drivers seat, lights a cigarette, inhales, coughs as he rolls his right shirt sleeve all the way up.

He takes a breath, pushes the lit end of the cigarette down against the inside of his arm. Tics vanish.

OLIVER
One... two... three.

He pulls the cigarette away, flicks it out the window. His tics resume instantly.

He lights another.

EXT. CENTRAL MAINE MEDICAL - NEXT

Alison closes her phone, confused, opens it again, dials.

RECORDED MESSAGE (PHONE)
The number you have reached is not--

She closes the phone, buries her face in her hands, cries.

INT. KITCHEN, OLIVER'S HOUSE - LATER

Meredith sits at the counter, looks through an old photo album as Oliver enters from the front hall.

He walks up behind her, places a hand on her shoulder as she reaches up, links her hand with his, does not look at him.

In the album, old family photo's, Grace in every one.

MEREDITH
Why couldn't he hold on, Roger?

She looks up, locks eyes with Oliver but does not register that it's her son and not her husband.

MEREDITH (CONT'D)
Why did he have to let her go?

INT. OLIVER'S CAR/EXT. ALISON'S HOUSE - DAY

Oliver pulls across from Alison's house, stares at the window, tries to calm.

He honks, slaps, finds no peace in the view.

INT. LIVING ROOM, ALISON'S HOUSE - NEXT

Alison enters from the hall, walks to the window, looks out, just misses Oliver's car as it drives away down the street.

She stands. Stares out at the street. Waits.

EXT. OCEAN HARBOUR - DAY

Oliver's eye is dark black, bruise covers bruise covers bruise - a few day's have passed.

He walks down the dock, tarp and rope in his arms. All the other boats have been covered and closed for winter.

Oliver reaches his boat, drops his materials, leans down, undoes the ropes.

When he stands, Grace sits at the bow.

Oliver stares at her, smiles.

OLIVER
Been a while.

GRACE
You're telling me.

INT. BOAT/EXT. OCEAN - LATER

The boat moves slowly out at sea. Cold wind surrounds.

Oliver sits at the mast, Grace beside him.

GRACE
You're fucked up, huh.

Oliver nods.

GRACE (CONT'D)
Is it bad?

OLIVER
Bad enough to see you again.

GRACE
I'd think you'd be happy to see me.

He turns, glares at her. She holds up her hands.

GRACE (CONT'D)
Alright, alright... You been
counting? Like we practiced?

OLIVER
Yeah. Three's not exactly cutting
it.

GRACE
Maybe you should try going to six.

He forces a smile, shakes his head, stares out at the ocean.

OLIVER
Why does it feel like my sister's a
girl I can't get over?

GRACE
Because you love me.

OLIVER
I shouldn't though, not that much.
Not so much I can't love anyone
else.

GRACE
There's different kinds of love,
Ollie, there's so many different
kinds of love... Besides, it's you,
you can't get over... and don't
forget, you're the one thinking
this right now.

Oliver turns, about to respond, but Grace is gone, vanished.
Behind where she sat, in the distance - Thunder Hole Cove.

EXT. OCEAN HARBOUR - LATER

Oliver walks down the dock, away from his boat, now covered
and closed for winter.

INT. AMUBLANCE - DAY

Oliver drives, sirens on. He does not tic, but looks removed,
detached. He leans forward, turns the sirens off.

OLIVER
I'm sick of hearing them for a
woman where nothing's ever wrong.

CHAD

But what about your--

He rolls his shirtsleeve back, extends his arm out to Chad - it's covered with row upon row of circular cigarette burns.

OLIVER

I found a new siren.

Chad stares, horrified as Oliver brings his arm back, looks ahead, doesn't seem to think it's that big of a deal.

EXT./INT. MRS. DANIELS' TRAILER - LATER

The ambulance behind them, Oliver and Chad stop at the bottom steps to the trailer, wait.

No one exits.

CHAD

Mrs. D? Hello?

Silence. They walk up the steps, knock on the door, peer inside.

CHAD (CONT'D)

Mrs. D? You in there?

Oliver opens the door, steps inside.

Mrs. Daniels' sits on the couch, motionless, dead.

Chad checks her vitals, just to confirm, as Oliver kneels down in front of her, looks into her eyes.

She died with open eyes and a smile across her face as wide as the sea.

Oliver stares into her eyes, a long moment. His head begins to shake, he does not fight the urge, leans forward, runs his tongue across her face.

Then, he leans back, reaches up, gently closes her eyes.

Chad can't quiet believe what he's seen as Oliver stands, turns to him.

OLIVER

Can we get fucked up tonight?

CHAD

Oh, you're already fucked up.
Tonight, we're getting drunk.

EXT. BACK YARD, CHAD'S HOUSE - NIGHT

BANG, BANG, BANG - three gun shots in the dense, secluded woods behind Chad's house.

Oliver lowers the gun, turns from the makeshift firing range in the distance, looks to Chad.

CHAD
What do you think?

OLIVER
You do this a lot?

CHAD
Why the fuck do you think I live in the woods?

Oliver hands over the gun, stumbles back, both boys very drunk.

Chad picks up the bottle of whiskey on the ground, swigs as Oliver punches himself.

CHAD (CONT'D)
(passing the bottle)
Dude. Drink, don't hit.

Oliver takes the bottle, swigs, honks. Chad looks at the gun.

CHAD (CONT'D)
I really thought this would help.

OLIVER
Not your fault. Maybe, if you could like, get me in there, make me the bullet, shoot me to the wall.
(giggles drunkenly)
To the moon, Chad! To the moon!
(swigs from the bottle)
I'm actually feeling a lot better right now... Do you have a bat?

CHAD
Fucking yes, I have a bat!

Chad turns, runs to the house.

When he gets back Oliver's finished the whiskey. Chad hands him the bat as Oliver passes over the bottle.

They walk backward, away from each other, as Oliver waves the bat in the air.

OLIVER (CONT'D)
 Ladies and gentlemen, Oliver James,
 star nut-fuck-job boyfriend of the
 year! You'll have to have a death
 wish to wind up with this one,
 'cause he--

Oliver steps back, readies the bat--

OLIVER (CONT'D)
 Will--

Chad steps back, about to throw the bottle--

OLIVER (CONT'D)
 Fuck... You... UP!

The bottle flies into the air - CRACK, SMASH - glass
 everywhere. Oliver runs around the yard, bat held high,
 stops, turns to Chad with manic glee.

OLIVER (CONT'D)
 What else you got?

CRACK, SMASH - glass now covers the yard. The boys have moved
 from bottles to glasses. They stop, look at the war zone.

CHAD
 Dude. I think we broke the world.

Oliver laughs, eyes wide, runs across the yard, toward his
 car, holds the bat high up over his head, brings it down with
 a mighty CRASH against the front windshield - it shatters.

Oliver reaches back to hit the car again as Chad runs up
 behind him, snatches the bat away.

CHAD (CONT'D)
 Not the car, man!

Oliver spins around, honks. Chad drops the bat.

CHAD (CONT'D)
 Hit me.

OLIVER
 What?

CHAD
 You heard me... Hit me.

OLIVER
 You're drunk.

CHAD
Exactly. And it's time you hit
someone other than yourself, so
just--

Oliver punches him, hard. Chad jumps back, hands to face.

CHAD (CONT'D)
FUCK! YOU HIT ME!

Chad drops his hands, laughs, really happy about this.

CHAD (CONT'D)
Good for you, man!

He grabs Oliver by the shoulders, rams his forehead down onto his nose.

Oliver jumps back, hands to his face, blood trickles out.

OLIVER
Jesus! Why do you always head butt
people?

CHAD
Because it hurts them more than it
does me!

Oliver drops his hands, both boys begin to laugh.

CHAD (CONT'D)
Wanna go again?

Oliver stops, turns to the car. Drunkenly thinks.

OLIVER
No. I know where I wanna go.

INT. OLIVER'S CAR - LATER

Chad drives, can barely see through the shattered windshield as Oliver leans out the passenger side window, directs him.

OLIVER
LEFT!

Chad turns, looks to Oliver.

CHAD
You sure this is a good idea?

OLIVER
It's my only idea!

CHAD
That's not really reassuring...

OLIVER
RIGHT!

Chad turns right, leans forward, struggles to see.

CHAD
Why in the fuck didn't we take my
car?

EXT. ALISON'S HOUSE - LATER

Oliver stands at the front door, Chad in the car, parked in the street, Douglass' car in the driveway.

Alison opens the door, looks at Oliver.

ALISON
Jesus.

Behind her, Douglass steps up, looks Oliver over.

DOUGLASS
(to Alison)
You sure know how to pick 'um.

OLIVER
(to Alison)
What's he doing here?

ALISON
He put Marlee to sleep...

She points to Oliver's nose, bloody and bent.

ALISON (CONT'D)
You do that to yourself?

OLIVER
No. Got in a real fight... sort of.
(nods to Douglass)
Might be just getting started.

Douglass steps forward. Alison turns, pushes him back into the house.

She turns back, steps out, closes the door behind her.

OLIVER (CONT'D)
How's Marlee?

ALISON
She's got a cast, but, she'll be
okay... What are you doing here?

OLIVER
Fine. I'll leave.

He turns, walks down the steps.

ALISON
That's not what I meant!

He turns back. She walks down, faces him.

ALISON (CONT'D)
I've been calling...

OLIVER
I broke my phone.

She opens her mouth to respond, stops, shakes her head.

ALISON
This isn't fair.

OLIVER
You want to talk about fair? Try my
whole fucking life's not fair! Try
not having a choice! Not one
fucking time, for one fucking
thing, you ever want to think!

ALISON
Christ, Oliver, what is your
problem? Do you know how good I've
been? You think you're gonna find
another one like me? I have a
daughter, I don't need this shit! I
don't need to be worried that my
fucking boyfriend's off having a
nervous fucking breakdown over
nothing!

OLIVER
Well you shouldn't be! You
shouldn't worry, because you
shouldn't be with me at all!

ALISON
FUCK YOU OLIVER! You don't get to
decide what I should or shouldn't
be!

She pushes against his shoulders. Oliver slaps himself.

ALISON (CONT'D)
STOP IT!

He slaps again.

ALISON (CONT'D)
FUCKING STOP IT!

Oliver slaps once more. In response, Alison slaps herself.

ALISON (CONT'D)
IS THAT WHAT YOU WANT?

She slaps again, harder. Again, again, again.

ALISON (CONT'D)
IS THAT WHAT YOU NEED? FINE! I'LL
DO IT! I'LL GO THERE! I'LL GO THERE
WITH YOU IF YOU'LL JUST FUCKING
STOP THIS!

Oliver begins to punch himself. Hard, brutal, unceasing.

Behind him, Chad steps out of the car. Behind Alison, Carol and Douglass step outside.

Alison and Oliver do not see any of them, locked inside this twisted version of themselves.

Alison moves in, grabs Oliver's face with her hands, stares into his eyes.

ALISON (CONT'D)
Honey, I love you. Don't you see?
Can't you? See. See me. I can't
help it, I don't know why, I just
do, I do. So we can figure it out,
we can figure it out if you just
let me help you, please, just let
it fade. Just let me help you let
it fade.

Oliver stares into her eyes. He honks.

OLIVER
It's too late. It's broken.
(honks again)
I'm broken.

ALISON
No baby, no. That's only 'cause you
say you are. That's only 'cause you
want to be.

Behind her, Carol steps past Douglass.

CAROL
Alison, please!

Alison looks back as Oliver jerks away, runs to the car, pushes Chad aside as he climbs into the drivers side.

Alison turns back, stares as Chad runs to the passenger side, gets in, and the car speeds away.

INT. OLIVER'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Police lights, a non-ambulance siren.

Oliver pulls the car over, leans his head hard against the car horn, Chad silent behind him.

Oliver and the car horn honk in tandem until the POLICE OFFICER raps softly on the window.

Oliver sits up, rolls the window down.

POLICE OFFICER
License and registration?

OLIVER
Actually officer. We're paramedics.

POLICE OFFICER
Oh good, then you should know how this works.

OLIVER
How what works?

POLICE OFFICER
Getting arrested.

INT. JAIL CELL - LATER

Oliver and Chad are the only two inside the small town cell.

Oliver faces the concrete wall, punches his fists against the stone, splatters it with blood as Chad walks behind him, places a hand on his shoulder.

OLIVER
LEAVE ME ALONE!

Chad steps back, hands up as Oliver returns to the wall, begins to punch again.

A JAIL GUARD walks in front of the cell.

JAIL GUARD
(to Oliver)
Hey! Stop that!

Oliver turns to the guard, a look of utter contempt.

OLIVER
Officer. I have Tourette's.

JAIL GUARD
I look like I give a fuck?

Oliver glares, relents, sits on the bench beside Chad as the guard walks away.

Oliver waits a moment, buries his face in his hands.

OLIVER
I'm so screwed. I'm so fired.

CHAD
Maybe you wont get convicted. Then
you'd just be, like... suspended.

OLIVER
I shouldn't be taking care of
people anyway.

Chad does not respond.

OLIVER (CONT'D)
You're not gonna argue?

CHAD
Dude. Look at yourself.

OLIVER
Fuck you! Look at you!

CHAD
Yeah, well, I was drunk. Everyone
does stupid shit when they're
drunk. You, on the other hand...

He trails off. Oliver quiets, lets out a sad, pathetic honk.

OLIVER
I saw this thing on TV once, about
antelopes?
(MORE)

OLIVER (CONT'D)
How when something's chasing them,
when they're about to get caught,
instead of running or fighting,
they just lie down, and let it
happen... that's me. I'm a human
antelope. I've got no fight.

CHAD
Dude. You're nothing but fight.

OLIVER
That's not fighting. I mean, that's
the fighting I can't fight.

CHAD
Why do you have to? If you're an
antelope...

EXT. OPEN PLAIN - DAY

A frozen picture - Oliver in the plain, the shadow of the
creature chasing him across his back.

CHAD (V.O.)
Then the only person chasing you...

CLICK, motion. Oliver runs. Behind him, himself, another
Oliver.

CHAD (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Is you.

Oliver collapses to the ground as his other self leaps on top
of him, begins to punch him in the face, over and over.

CHAD (V.O.) (CONT'D)
And you're fighting him every step
of the way.

CLICK, freeze.

INT. JAIL CELL - NEXT

CHAD
So when does it end? What's it
building to? You know, there's
people with Tourette's who don't
have to kill themselves to stay
alive. I've seen them on TV.

OLIVER
It's not building to anything. As
soon as one's out, another one's
lined up on its way.

CHAD
What if it's not just your
Tourette's?

Oliver stops, thinks, shakes his head.

OLIVER
You don't understand.

Chad leans his head against the wall, closes his eyes.

CHAD
Well, I guess you're fucked then.

The guard steps back in front of the cell.

JAIL GUARD
James. Michaels.

They look up. Behind the guard - Roger stands.

INT. ROGER'S CAR/EXT. OLIVER'S HOUSE - LATER, EARLY MORNING

Roger stops in the driveway, turns to his son.

ROGER
Oliver.

OLIVER
Please dad. Not now.

ROGER
When you're ready to talk...

OLIVER
Every time I say something out loud
it becomes true and makes
everything worse. So why should I
talk when the more I do the less I
can hear?

He exits, walks to the house. Roger remains, watches him go.

EXT. OCEAN - NIGHT

The moon lights the winter ocean. In the distance, Thunder
Hole Cove.

From somewhere far off - a distant honk, repeated.

EXT. OLIVER'S HOUSE - NEXT

Across the still night, the honk continues, louder now.

INT. GRACE'S BEDROOM - NEXT

Grace's preserved bedroom. The honk closer, shrill, takes shape, reveals itself not as a honk, but as a--

INT. ROGER AND MEREDITH'S BEDROOM - NEXT

Repeating scream, sounding up from below the floor, so loud it's as if it comes from underneath the bed.

With every honk of a scream, Meredith shakes, hysterical.

Roger holds her, tight as he can.

INT. OLIVER'S BEDROOM - NEXT

Oliver lies on top of the bare mattress, curled in a fetal position.

His honks are no longer honks at all, replaced by screams that come from the depths of him as he jerks his body painfully, violently back with every one.

Roger enters. Oliver sits up, stares with lost eyes as his father extends his open palm - three medicine tablets.

OLIVER
I'm not taking those.

ROGER
You need to sleep.

Oliver doesn't budge.

ROGER (CONT'D)
Please. Your mother and I, we need
to sleep.

This connects. Oliver takes the pills, swallows, lies back down, turns away.

Roger waits a moment, places a hand on the small of his sons back, but Oliver shudders as if touched by a flame.

Unable to find words, Roger leaves the room.

INT. OLIVER'S BEDROOM - DAY

Oliver lies splayed on his back, snores, drool down his chin - snowed unconscious by the medicine.

The damage done to his body is clearly seen - right eye black as night, half shut - nose raw and bruised - cigarette burns, too many to count, line up and down his arms.

Oliver wakes, opens his eyes, slowly, stares at the ceiling - quiet. He doesn't move, still, perhaps the worst has--

Oliver honks, slaps, follows it up with a punch to the eye.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Oliver wanders in, the room empty. Outside the window, light snowfall.

A note on the counter, Oliver picks it up: STORM COMING, RAN TO STORE, DAD.

INT. ROGER AND MEREDITH'S BEDROOM - NEXT

Oliver enters, scans the empty room.

OLIVER

Mom?

INT. LIVING ROOM - NEXT

Oliver walks in - snow flurries fly into the house, the door to the back porch wide open.

EXT. BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER

Dressed in shoes and a coat, Oliver exits from the living room, crosses the yard toward the still outline of his mother.

Meredith stands in her nightgown, stares up at the slowly falling snow as Oliver stops beside her.

OLIVER

Mom.

He looks down - her feet are bare. Oliver takes his shoes off, helps Meredith into them, gives her next his coat.

MEREDITH

What will we do if it never stops,
Oliver?

She turns back to the sky.

MEREDITH (CONT'D)

What will we do if it never stops
coming down?

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Roger unpacks groceries, looks up as Oliver leads Meredith into the kitchen.

ROGER

Oh dear.

Oliver doesn't acknowledge him, grabs Roger's car keys off the counter, heads toward the hall.

ROGER (CONT'D)

Where are you going?

OLIVER

There's something I have to do.

ROGER

There's a storm!

Oliver ignores him, grabs a new coat from the closet, leaves. Roger, fear across his face, calls out again anyway.

ROGER (CONT'D)

And you're not supposed to drive!

EXT. OCEAN HARBOR - LATER

Snow continues to fall, lightly still.

Oliver stands at the end of the otherwise deserted dock. He removes the tarp from his boat.

INT. BOAT/EXT. OCEAN HARBOR - MOMENTS LATER

Oliver stands at the mast, sail raised high. The soft, pre-storm wind carries him out to sea.

Oliver looks out at the expanding ocean, snow lands on the surface, as if Oliver is a ghostly explorer, moving out across a frozen world.

His tics increase, the echo of his honks the only sound beside the winter wind.

INT. BOAT/EXT. OCEAN - LATER

Oliver drops the sail, his tics a mess, as the boat stops directly in front of the entrance to Thunder Hole Cove, just far away enough to not be pulled in by the swirling, beginning formations of waves.

Oliver sits down, closes his eyes. The snow falls faster now, coats him in white.

OLIVER

One... two... three.

He opens his eyes, stares at the cove. His tics vanish.

GRACE (O.S.)

What do you think you're doing?

Oliver turns to his left. Grace now sits beside him.

OLIVER

What does it look like?

GRACE

Suicide.

OLIVER

No. Not suicide. Self preservation.

GRACE

By killing yourself?

OLIVER

I won't die. The cove doesn't want me.

GRACE

That's logical.

OLIVER

Since when do I think logically?

GRACE

Ollie...

Oliver's eye widen, a flash of anger.

OLIVER
You're not even here!

GRACE
Well, duh. But that probably means
this is a conversation you need to
be having.

OLIVER
People who talk to themselves are
crazy.

GRACE
Let's not split hairs.

OLIVER
Don't you get it? I'm sick of being
crazy. I'm sick of being someone I
don't want to be.

GRACE
Welcome to life, Oliver.

Oliver grows quiet, turns, studies the cove.

OLIVER
I really don't think it'll kill me.

GRACE
What do you think it's gonna do,
set you free? One great, final
honk?

He turns back to her - that's exactly what he thought.

GRACE (CONT'D)
It's a death trap, Ollie. My death
trap. Not yours.

OLIVER
You don't understand. No one
understands.

GRACE
What is this understanding shit?
Are there things inside your head
so magical the rest of the world
really can't fucking understand
them, Oliver?

OLIVER
What if there are? What if I'm
different?

(MORE)

OLIVER (CONT'D)
People say, get over it Oliver,
move on Oliver, don't let it
destroy you Oliver. What if this is
who I'm supposed to be?

GRACE
Then be it!

OLIVER
What if I don't want to?

GRACE
Then let it go!

OLIVER
LEAVE ME ALONE!

On "alone" Grace dissolves into an outline of snow - BURST -
she vanishes, snow scattering to the wind.

Surprised, Oliver quiets, turns to the cove, a long pause.
The snow falls faster now, the storm truly begun.

He stares at the cove, takes a breath, decides, turns to his
right, where Grace sits beside him once again.

OLIVER (CONT'D)
I don't want to die.

GRACE
Of course you don't.

OLIVER
But I can't be so alone.

GRACE
What if you're not?

He turns back to the cove, answers in a whisper.

OLIVER
Then I'm scared.

GRACE
But what if you don't have to be?

Oliver turns back, but Grace is gone.

He takes a breath, stands, raises the sail as--

A gust of wind--

The boat turns. Another gust. It spins toward the cove.

OLIVER

No.

Oliver fights the current, but it's no use, the boat's going in.

Oliver runs to the stern, leaps from the boat, into the icy water.

The current is too strong, Oliver's dragged backward. The boat, behind him, arches high into the air as it's dragged into the cove.

The next wave drags Oliver in. He collides with the boat, reaches out, grabs the mast, holds tight as it crashes down against the rocks - breaks apart like tinder-sticks.

Oliver's sucked under, thrown against the rocks.

Back to the surface, scattered pieces of boat surround him.

Another wave, lifting, lifting, throws him under, deep as Oliver reaches out, grabs hold of a plank of wood.

Smashed against the rocks.

Darkness.

EXT. OCEAN - MOMENTS LATER

Out of the cove, Oliver opens his eyes, cold but alive.

He floats on the plank of wood he managed to grab, moves blessedly toward the shore line.

Oliver looks down. Carved into the wood beneath him, one word: GRACE.

INT. ROGER'S CAR/EXT. HARBOR PARKING LOT - LATER

Oliver turns the car on, snow falls fast now, the sun begins to set.

He exits the car, soaking wet, blue in the face, runs to the trunk, grabs a thermal blanket, wraps it around himself.

Back to the car, shivers to stay warm, leans down, head against the steering wheel - HONK.

Oliver jumps back with a honk of his own, surprised by the car horn.

And then, Oliver begins to laugh.

INT. KITCHEN, OLIVER'S HOUSE - LATER, NIGHT

Oliver enters, blanket still around him as Roger stands up from his place of worry at the counter.

ROGER

Oliver!

He rushes to his nearly frozen son, takes him in his arms.

Oliver allows himself to be held, pushes his face against his father's chest, breathes in the warmth of his love.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Oliver sits on the couch, dressed and bundled in sweaters and blankets, looks out over the large glass doors to the back yard. Snow falls fast now - a true Maine blizzard.

Roger enters, hands Oliver one of two hot cups of--

ROGER

Tea.

Oliver turns away, stifles a smile, turns back as Roger sits down beside him.

OLIVER

Thanks.

Roger stares at his son.

ROGER

You're lucky to be alive.

OLIVER

I know.

ROGER

You think twice is enough to throw yourself into that fucking thing?

OLIVER

Well, they say everything comes in--

Roger isn't amused. Oliver stops, nods.

ROGER

Promise me.

OLIVER
I promise. You don't have to worry.

ROGER
Sometimes with you, Oliver, all I
can do is worry.

Oliver quiets, looks out at the snow, turns back to Roger.

OLIVER
I'm so sorry.

ROGER
Sorry's nothing you need to be with
me. I just want you to be happy.

OLIVER
I know you do, it's just... it's
just that I ruin everything and I
don't know how to stop.

ROGER
That's not true, Oliver. That's
just a lie the world's taught you.

Oliver turns away, quiet a long moment.

OLIVER
I think we get caught in the wave,
and it never lets us go.

ROGER
Did you make the ocean, Oliver? Did
you make the waves?

Oliver turns back, a soft shake of the head "no."

ROGER (CONT'D)
Then how can you be important
enough to be the one to blame?

Oliver's eyes widen. He breathes in - sharp - a first breath.

Now, in this moment, he finally understands it's not his
fault.

Oliver lets go. He falls against his fathers chest, and sobs.

Roger holds him tight, kisses his head, whispers that
everything will be okay.

INT. OLIVER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Oliver lies in bed, awake, stares at the ceiling, honks lightly, his tics minimal, the onslaught finally dimmed.

Above him - footsteps.

INT. STAIRWELL - MOMENTS LATER

Oliver walks up the stairs, the door to the kitchen cracked slightly open.

 ROGER (FROM KITCHEN)
Meredith?

Oliver stops.

 MEREDITH (FROM KITCHEN)
I'm here, Roger.

Oliver leans against the wall, smiles softly.

INT. UPSTAIRS STAIRWELL - NEXT

Oliver reaches the end of the hall, turns to the staircase that leads to the second floor.

He stops, sits facing a large mirror, half of which covers the wall looking into the living room.

In the mirror's reflection, Oliver stares at Roger and Meredith as they hold each other tight.

They dance slowly, sway back and forth, laugh as "Over and Over" by *Fleetwood Mac* plays on the stereo.

Oliver watches his parents.

He is tic-free.

He smiles - peaceful - content.

INT. TOY STORE - DAY

Alison walks down the isle in the large toy store.

She turns to Marlee, who walks beside her, kicking her right leg out in an awkward fashion.

 MARLEE
I miss my cast.

ALISON
Why would you miss a thing like
that?

MARLEE
I liked the attention.

Alison rolls her eyes, continues down the isle.

Suddenly - a honk.

ALISON
(to Marlee)
Stop that.

MARLEE
Stop what?

Another honk. Alison turns in a circle. The honk comes again.
For a brief second Alison's eyes light up.

She continues down the isle, toward the honk, walks faster as
it repeats, reaches the end of the isle, turns the corner,
breath caught--

In front of her - a high stack of plush, stuffed animal
ducks, a SMALL BOY squeezes as many as possible.

Marlee reaches her mother, looks up at her disappointed face.

INT. ALISON'S CAR/EXT. ALISON'S HOUSE - LATER

Alison drives, slows the car. Across the street from her
house - Oliver, bundled in winter clothes, sits parked - on a
bicycle.

MARLEE
Oliver!

Alison begins to smile - squelches it down, frowns as she
pulls into the driveway, turns back to Marlee.

ALISON
Stay in the car, okay?

Marlee sinks back in her seat, annoyed.

Alison exits, walks to the edge of the yard, stops.

ALISON (CONT'D)
Go home, Oliver.

OLIVER
I can't. I mean, I can. I could.
But I choose not to.

ALISON
What do you want?

OLIVER
You.

She looks away, shakes her head, looks back.

ALISON
Why now?

Oliver points to his eye, the bruise almost gone completely.

OLIVER
I wanted to look presentable.

ALISON
I can't be your siren anymore.

OLIVER
I don't want you to. I'm done with
sirens.

Alison stops, wasn't expecting that. She shakes her head.

ALISON
It's too late.

OLIVER
I don't believe you.

ALISON
It's... I lost my head inside of
yours, Oliver. I can't do that
again.

OLIVER
I don't want you to.

ALISON
Can you help it? It's like a
requirement with you.

Marlee exits the car, shopping bag in her hand. She walks to
Alison, pulls out the stuffed animal duck.

MARLEE
Mom? You want this?

Marlee squeezes the duck three times - honk, honk, honk.

ALISON
Go inside, Marl's.

Marlee turns to Oliver with a wide, knowing smile, waves, turns and walks toward the house.

Alison looks back to Oliver.

OLIVER
I'm not leaving.

Alison pauses, takes a breath, turns to the house without looking back.

EXT. ALISON'S HOUSE - LATER

Hours have passed, now late afternoon. Bicycle on the ground beside him, Oliver stands, tics lightly, stares at the house.

Chad's car pulls up, stops as Oliver leans down, looks in at Chad in his paramedic uniform.

Chad hands him a Subway bag - a late lunch.

OLIVER
Thanks.

CHAD
Don't mention it... How long you gonna do this?

OLIVER
As long as it takes.

CHAD
You need a boom-box or something to hold over your head?

OLIVER
That's funny. I get it.

CHAD
I keep thinking up good ones, but then you're not there to make fun of.

OLIVER
Is that like saying you miss me?

CHAD

It's as close as you're gonna get.
Oh, Sheryl say's hi, sends her
love, so if this whole, standing
around thing doesn't work out, you
always got that.

Chad pulls the car into drive, turns to Oliver, honks.

Oliver honks in response. Chad laughs.

CHAD (CONT'D)

Every time. Get's me every fucking
time.

He drives away, flips Oliver the bird as he goes.

EXT. ALISON'S HOUSE - LATER

Oliver sits eating his sandwich, stops, stands, hops about -
needs to pee.

EXT. BUSHES - MOMENTS LATER

Oliver stands, honks in relief as he pees in front of a row
of bushes two houses down from Alison's house.

He finishes, zips up his fly with one more long, satisfied
honk - stops - behind him, a growl.

Oliver turns to find Mr. Skittles snarling at him.

OLIVER

Son of a--

He honks, turns as the dog gives chase.

Oliver honks again, runs faster, the dog close behind.

When Oliver reaches his bike he stops, plants his feet, spins
around - enough of this shit.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

STOP!

Amazingly, the dog does so.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

SIT!

The dog obeys. Oliver can't quiet believe it. He kneels down,
takes a piece of sandwich, holds it out.

Mr. Skittles walks forward, eats from Oliver's hand.

OLIVER (CONT'D)
Mr. Skittles, huh. You're not so scary.

Olive honks again. Mr. Skittles looks up, licks his face.

EXT. ALISON'S HOUSE - MORNING

Oliver stands in his place, fades in and out of sleep, his head rolls back as he honks, wakes himself up, honks, wakes himself up - a vicious cycle.

Alison exits, does not look at him as she enters her car.

Marlee follows, school bag over her shoulder. She stops, waves to Oliver. Oliver smiles, waves back.

MARLEE
I told her to let you come in!

OLIVER
What did she say?

MARLEE
Go to bed! But she stopped grandma from calling the cops, so--

Alison leans out the window.

ALISON
Marl's! Now!

Marlee rolls her eyes, waves goodbye, hurries to the car.

EXT. ALISON'S HOUSE - LATER

Oliver remains in his spot as Alison pulls back into the driveway, Marlee no longer in the car.

Alison exits, turns to Oliver, crosses the yard, the street, stops directly in front of him.

ALISON
Alright. Let's hear it.

Oliver stammers, struggles to find words.

ALISON (CONT'D)

You've been standing here for a day and a half, you're gonna tell me you don't have something ready?

OLIVER

I do, I just... I should have written it down.

ALISON

Oliver, as far as I can tell, all I did was hurt you, even though I never did anything to try. In fact, I hurt myself trying not to. What would have happened if I'd been cruel? What would have happened if you'd fallen in love with me when I was twenty?

OLIVER

I did.

She stops, hadn't thought of that. Some of the fight leaves her as Oliver finds his voice.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

Look, I know I'm not the best... boyfriend material. I'm younger than you, I'm obsessive, I'm needy, I'm terrified of abandonment, I don't have a job anymore, hell, I can't even drive a car any--

ALISON

Is this what you practiced? Because it's not convincing me.

OLIVER

You love me.

ALISON

I did, yes.

OLIVER

You still do.

ALISON

You don't know how to be loved.

OLIVER

That's not true. I just, I get so scared that I'll lose it that I... lose it.

ALISON
I wasn't going anywhere.

OLIVER
I know that now.

ALISON
Now it's too late!

OLIVER
Well I'm standing here until you
take me back.

ALISON
Then you're gonna be standing there
a really long time!

OLIVER
I don't care. Look, I know you're
afraid it'll happen again, and I
can't even promise you it won't.
But I can promise I've learned how
to fight, and not in anger, but in
the way that counts. Alison, I used
to look at the world and see a
place I didn't want to be a part
of, where no one understood what's
important. But now I know I was
just like them, just like everyone
else until you came along and made
me something else. Okay, yeah, I
had a hard time adjusting, but I
can't go back now and I wouldn't
want to. I used to need a siren to
make the world go away but now that
you're in it all I want is for the
world to stay.

He stops, takes a breath, honks.

Alison stares, looks away - a soft laugh.

ALISON
Son of a bitch.

She turns back to him, tears in her eyes.

ALISON (CONT'D)
I'm not as good as you think I am.

OLIVER
Yes. You are.

This does it. She sighs, wipes away her tears, reaches up, rests her hand against his face, leans in and--

Runs her tongue from the bottom of his chin to the top of his forehead.

OLIVER (CONT'D)
Is that a yes?

ALISON
That's a maybe... Think you can
handle not knowing what comes next?

She steps back, looks at him. Oliver smiles.

OLIVER
But I do know.

About to respond, Alison stops, nods instead, turns, walks to the house.

Oliver stays, watches her go.

INT. WOODS - AGED BLACK AND WHITE PHOTOGRAPH

A photo - where George Beard walked before, Oliver stands near the crest of the hill.

CLICK, motion. He begins to walk.

OLIVER (V.O.)
I used to think that because I had
to jump, I was special. I was
unique.

He reaches the crest, looks down at the loggers below, their faces turned away from him.

OLIVER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
And then I realized...

One of the loggers stands, turns, locks eyes with Oliver. It is Oliver - they stare at each other, one and the same.

OLIVER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
We all jump, don't we.

Another logger stands - Meredith. Another - Roger. Both turn to stare at the Oliver on the hill.

More stand - Alison, Marlee, Carol, Chad, Mrs. Daniels.

Last to stand, directly next to Oliver - Grace. She locks eyes with the Oliver on the hill, smiles, waves.

OLIVER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
What if the greatest gift you could
ever give...

The Oliver among them turns, raises his axe, leads the charge as they jump into the air. CLICK, freeze.

OLIVER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Would be to leave yourself behind?

CLICK, motion. On the hill, Oliver smiles, turns, begins to walk away.

EXT. ALISON'S HOUSE - NEXT

Oliver remains in his spot. Across the street, Alison has gone inside.

She left the front door open.

Oliver takes a breath.

OLIVER
One... two... three.

He crosses the street, the yard - up the steps, into the house.

Through the window, blinds open, Alison stands, waits.

Oliver takes her in his arms. She allows herself to be taken.

No one gives a damn about the door.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END