

Homeless
by
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1 INT. HOBSON HOUSE-BEDROOM - DAWN 1

CLAIRE HOBSON and her husband PARKER HOBSON are sleeping peacefully in their king-sized bed. The bed is overflowing with large fluffy pillows and a luxurious down comforter. Everything in the room is richly appointed. It is obvious that the Hobson's are quite wealthy. We feel voyeuristic, intruding on their warm, peaceful comfort.

2 EXT. AN INNER-CITY STREET - DAWN 2

Two homeless men, HANK MARBURY and his younger brother OWEN MARBURY, are sleeping soundly on the ground in a doorway along an inner-city street. We see that they're wearing filthy overcoats, tattered clothes. Owen's SHOES have HOLES in them. A few sheets of NEWSPAPER rest lightly on top of each of them. The street is quiet and the early morning light is just starting to come up.

3 INT. HOBSON HOUSE-BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER 3

The alarm goes off. The clock shows 5:00 a.m. Claire hits the off button, then immediately reaches over and turns on her light. Parker rolls over and leans toward Claire to give her a kiss.

PARKER
(sleepily)
G'mornin'

Claire, almost out of bed by now, leans over to kiss Parker, but it's just a peck; she's already on the go.

CLAIRE
Morning.

Both rise and get out of bed, Claire ready to hit the day, Parker wishing they could spend some time in bed together.

Claire is wearing a tank top and panties and Parker is wearing boxers. Both have athletic builds and are well-tanned.

The two work quickly to make the bed very neatly. Claire takes the task seriously; Parker is less than enthusiastic, but does what we would consider a very good job.

Parker, having finished the bed, heads to the bathroom.

Once he's left, Claire shoots a look of disappointment Parker's way, then walks around to his side of the bed and re-makes his side of the bed.

We can't notice any improvement, but apparently she can: she turns the corners of her mouth down and nods her head up and down in to demonstrate her self-satisfaction.

4

EXT. AN INNER-CITY STREET - MOMENTS LATER

4

A shiny, new Ford F-150 truck screeches around a corner and onto the same quiet street where Hank and Owen Marbury are sleeping. The early morning light has barely begun to shine. We hear LOUD ROCK MUSIC and WHOOPS and HOLLERS and LAUGHTER coming from the truck. Inside the truck are TWO DRUNK YUPPIES who have just come out of a strip club. The driver notices the homeless men, whacks the passenger to get his attention, and then points to the homeless men on his side of the truck.

DRUNK YUPPIE DRIVER

Dude! Check out these losers over here.

DRUNK YUPPIE PASSENGER

(conspiratorially)

Hey man, slow up a sec'.

The driver slows up. The passenger reaches over to the center console of the truck and picks up a large, covered STYROFOAM CUP of coffee. He leans over and honks the horn repeatedly to rouse the homeless men. The homeless men stir.

DRUNK YUPPIE PASSENGER

Hey assholes! Wake up, you filthy maggots!

(beat)

Here... Have some coffee... it'll help you wake up.

(laughs)

So you can get the FUCK outta here!

The drunk yuppie passenger reaches his arm out his window and lobs the coffee cup up and over the truck and toward Hank and Owen. Hank and Owen, still groggy, have just sat up and pushed aside their newspaper blankets when the coffee cup hits the ground and sprays hot coffee all over them.

HANK

(angrily)

Son of a bitch!

OWEN

(surprised)

Holy Cappuccino, Batman!

We hear TIRES SQUEALING, the LOUD ROCK MUSIC and LAUGHTER FADING as the truck speeds away.

HANK
 (yelling hopelessly at the
 truck, which is long
 gone)
 Lousy yuppie sons of bitches...
 (to Owen)
 What a fuckin' way to start the
 day, huh, little brother?

5 INT. HOBSON HOUSE-MASTER BATHROOM - VERY EARLY MORNING 5

Claire and Parker are standing at the his-and-her sinks in their spacious chrome and marble master bathroom. Her various creams, soaps, and other various products are neatly organized on her side of the marble counter. His few toiletries are lined up on his side, but not with the military precision of her items.

Claire and Parker brush their teeth and gargle with mouthwash.

Parker starts the shower and reaches his hand in to test the temperature.

PARKER
 Wanna join me?

CLAIRE
 I don't have time. You don't have time.

PARKER
 Oh, come on.
 (mischievously)
 I'll be quick...

Claire shoots Parker a dirty look. She's not amused.

PARKER (CONT'D.)
 Oh come on, Claire. You could be five minutes late. And so could I.

CLAIRE
 (firmly)
 I said no, Parker.

Parker clenches his teeth in anger. He gets into the shower, alone.

6 EXT. AN INNER-CITY STREET - VERY EARLY MORNING

6

Hank and Owen have gotten up and are using their few newspaper sheets to try to wipe the coffee off of their clothes.

HANK
 (trying in vane to wipe
 himself off)
 Christ! Hay-seus frickin' Christ!

OWEN
 What'd we ever do to those guys,
 bro'?

HANK
 Nothin' little brother. We offend
 their yuppie sensibilities, I
 guess.

OWEN
 Try not to take it personally.

HANK
 Easier said than done, little
 brother. Easier said than done.

Even when they're finished wiping off, they are still coffee-stained, still filthy.

7 INT. HOBSON HOUSE-BEDROOM - VERY EARLY MORNING

7

Parker has finished with his shower. He has his slacks and white undershirt on. He sits down on the edge of the bed to put on his dress socks and black wing tip shoes. We see his starched white dress shirt, suit coat and tie hanging on a nearby sitting chair.

Claire has put on a jogging bra and SPANDEX RUNNING SHORTS. She sits on the chair near her vanity mirror and puts on her athletic socks and running shoes.

CLAIRE
 What's your schedule look like
 today?

PARKER
 I've got to go to the office and
 pick up some paperwork. My depo
 starts at eight.

CLAIRE
The McKnight case?

PARKER
Uh-huh.

CLAIRE
Are you going to go straight to the airport from court?

PARKER
Yeah. I'll probably leave the courthouse around four. My flight leaves a little after six.

Parker walks over and gives Claire a kiss.

PARKER (CONT'D.)
I know it's only one day, but I'm going to miss you, hon'.

CLAIRE
Me too.
(beat)
Call me when you get to the hotel.

PARKER
(trying to resist)
It'll probably be around eleven by the time I'm checked in.

CLAIRE
(noticing but not caring
Parker's attempt)
That's all right.

Parker brushes lint specks off of his pants while Claire is finishing up her stretching routines.

8

EXT. AN INNER-CITY STREET - VERY EARLY MORNING

8

Hank and Owen have gotten up. Owen goes through the newspapers, tossing the wet ones, and folding the few he can salvage. Hank unzips their BACKPACK and ferrets through it. He takes out two WIND BREAKERS.

HANK
Gimme your coat.

Owen takes off his coat, as does Hank. Owen tosses his coffee-stained overcoat to Hank.

OWEN
 Magic to Worthy...

Hank tosses him Owen of the wind breakers.

HANK
 Back to Magic for the two-handed
 jam!

The two men chuckle. They don their new jackets, which, while dry, are still filthy.

9 INT. HOBSON HOUSE-MASTER BATHROOM - VERY EARLY MORNING 9

Claire and Parker are in their bathroom. Parker, still in his undershirt, is at the sink. Claire is out of sight on the toilet.

PARKER
 Save a flush.

After she's finished, we see Claire poke her head around the wall, shoot Parker a look of disdain, then disappear again back toward the toilet. We hear the TOILET FLUSH.

Claire walks away from the toilet and prances past Parker. Parker shakes his head and walks toward the toilet.

10 EXT. AN INNER-CITY STREET - VERY EARLY MORNING 10

Hank and Owen are walking down the street, getting closer to the beach. They pass by a small grassy park area.

HANK
 Hang on a sec'. I gotta take a
 leak.

Hank walks into the park, toward some low bushes. He glances one way and then the other, then unzips his pants to urinate. We hear the sound of URINATION.

While he's urinating, an ELDERLY COUPLE walking their dog walks into the park and sees Hank. Both are old-fashioned, prim and proper, and are formally dressed, even at such an early hour.

OLD LADY
 You stop that this instant!

Hank looks over his shoulder and sees the elderly couple. He says nothing, and keeps on urinating. We continue to hear the sound of URINATION.

OLD LADY

Young man, stop that this instant!

Hank finishes and zips up. Unhurriedly, in an act of defiance. He and Owen walk out of the park and continue their journey. The elderly couple watches the two homeless men, with disgust and disdain on their faces.

11 INT. HOBSON HOUSE-BEDROOM - VERY EARLY MORNING 11

Parker and Claire are in their bedroom.

Parker puts on his dress shirt, buttons the buttons, then tucks the shirt into his pants. Claire is sitting on the carpet and continues to stretch.

After putting on his shirt, Parker walks to go into their enormous walk-in closet.

PARKER

(calling back, as he walks
into the closet)

Are you going to the clinic today?

12 INT. HOBSON HOUSE-BEDROOM CLOSET - MOMENTS LATER 12

Parker has entered their closet. The closet is beyond orderly; every single item in the closet seems to have a specific place where it belongs. Claire's blouses and suits are even sorted by color.

We hear Claire's response from the bedroom:

CLAIRE (O.C.)

(with resignation)

I have to. Marty insisted that I
start going three mornings a week.

13 INT. HOBSON HOUSE-BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER 13

Parker returns from the closet, carrying a small SUITCASE, which he places it on the bed.

PARKER

I really wish you didn't have to
work there.

While Parker and Claire continue their conversation, Claire continues to stretch, while Parker begins to pack clothes for an overnight trip: underwear, socks, an undershirt, etc.

CLAIRE

Tell me about it. I can't stand the place. Homeless people crawling all over... They give me the creeps. Don't worry about me, though.

Claire does a karate pose.

CLAIRE (CONT'D.)

Any of 'em give me shit and I'll kick their ass.

Parker gives Claire an "oh yeah, right" look.

CLAIRE (CONT'D.)

Seriously. If you cuss 'em out, they don't know how to handle it. Besides... the best defense is a good offense.

Parker walks toward Claire and kisses her on her forehead.

PARKER

Just be careful, honey. Those people are dangerous.

CLAIRE

(sarcastically)
Yes, dad.

Parker zips up his suitcase, then walks over to the sitting chair and proceeds to put on his tie.

14

EXT. AN INNER-CITY STREET - VERY EARLY MORNING

14

Hank and Owen are walking down the street. They walk up to a city garbage can on a street corner.

Owen takes off the top and starts rummaging through it. He finds a half a dozen cans and as he finds them he hands them to Hank, who puts them on the ground and stomps on them.

When they're all flattened, Hank unzips his backpack and puts the flattened cans inside.

Owen replaces the top to the garbage can and the two men continue walking.

15 INT. HOBSON HOUSE-KITCHEN - VERY EARLY MORNING

15

Parker and Claire are in their enormous, modern kitchen. We see miles of spotless granite countertop, a huge Sub-Zero refrigerator/freezer, a Henckel KNIFE SET, and a NEW CORDLESS PHONE. In the garbage we see the BOX to the new cordless phone and an OLD CORDED PHONE with a set of speed dial buttons with names written next to them. Next to the phone, we see a LARGE PILE OF OUTGOING MAIL. The top ENVELOPE is addressed to Gold Star Homeowner's Insurance.

Parker is standing at the stove, finishing up a pan of scrambled eggs. He slides them onto two plates, each of which already hold a piece of toast and a small pile of beautiful, fresh, red strawberries. He carries them to the table, where he's already put out two bowls each containing a half of a grapefruit and two glasses of freshly-squeezed orange juice.

Claire is already sitting at the table reading the NEWSPAPER.

CLAIRE
(looking around her
newspaper)
Thanks honey.

Parker sits down. He thinks about starting a conversation with Claire, but seeing the newspaper wall she's erected and is hiding behind, he takes the business section from the newspaper and begins to read.

16 EXT. AN INNER-CITY STREET - VERY EARLY MORNING

16

Hank and Owen walk down the street. They walk in silence for a while until they crest a hill. In the distance, we see the ocean, the beach, lush foliage, large beach-side homes - an idyllic scene, at least for those people with homes.

Hank walks over to a cluster of metal garbage cans along the road.

HANK
(muttering to himself)
Let's see if we can find us some
breakfast.

OWEN
I'm starvin'.

HANK
What's new?

OWEN

(joining in the search)
I'm hopin' for a new pair of shoes,
too, bro'. Keep an eye out, will
ya?

The men scrounge around in the garbage cans for a while, tossing out various items that they have no use for: books, a paper shredder, even an old computer, and pocketing whatever is edible -- a half-eaten bagel, a half-empty bag of chips, etc.

OLD CHINESE MAN (O.C.)

Hey! You two! Get out of here
before I call the police.

Hank and Owen look up to see an old Chinese man sticking his head out of one of the second story windows directly above the trash cans. They stop searching the trash cans, but then just stand still.

OLD CHINESE MAN

I said, get out of here or else I'm
going to call the cops.

HANK

Oh yeah, well fuck you old man!

OWEN

(embarrassed/resigned)
We were just leavin'.
(to Hank)
Come on, Hank. Let's go.

Hank grumbles to Owen, then the two men begin to walk away. Hank kicks one of the trash cans over in defiance as he walks away. He stumbles and almost loses his balance.

HANK

Man, I'd love to see just one of
these rich assholes live a day in
our shoes. These pampered Richie
Riches wouldn't last one fuckin'
day, man.

OWEN

(solemnly)
Who would want to, bro?

17

INT. HOBSON HOUSE-KITCHEN - VERY EARLY MORNING

17

Parker clears the table, rinses the dishes, and puts them in the dishwasher. When he's done, the sink is clean and the counter is clean but WET. When done, Parker begins to gather his briefcase and suit jacket. He's getting ready to leave.

Claire notices the PILE OF MAIL on the counter.

CLAIRE

Are you going to mail the bills in today?

PARKER

(unconvincingly)
Uh-huh.

Parker walks over and picks up the pile of mail. He nonchalantly puts it in his inside suit coat pocket.

CLAIRE

Listen. Do not send the Gold Star bill in the mail. It's due today. Call them and pay by credit card. All right? Can you do that?

Parker looks at Claire, annoyed by her controlling ways, but says nothing.

CLAIRE (CONT'D.)

Are you sure you don't want me take care of it?

PARKER

I'm sure. Don't worry about it. I'll take care of it.

Claire looks dubious, but says nothing. Then she notices the new telephone on the counter, and then sees the old phone in the garbage.

CLAIRE

Did you remember to program in all of the old speed dial numbers?

PARKER

Oh shoot. I forgot. Listen, I'll do it when I get back tomorrow night, all right?

CLAIRE
 (annoyed)
 Never mind. I'll do it after I get
 back from my run, before I go to
 the clinic this morning.
 (under her breath)
 Christ.

Parker approaches Claire, hugs her closely and kisses her. He gives her his best 1,000-watt smile.

PARKER
 You still love me, right?

Claire gives in. A little bit. We see Parker's affection and smile thaw her disappointment in him a bit.

PARKER (CONT'D.)
 (changing the subject)
 You gonna run the beach or Las
 Palmas this morning?

CLAIRE
 I have to be at the clinic by nine,
 so I'll probably just do Las Palmas
 so I can get back and take a shower
 before JANET gets here.

PARKER
 Janet?

CLAIRE
 Remember? I told you... I had to
 take my beemer to the shop. The
 service department said it'd be
 ready by five.

PARKER
 Oh, yeah. Right.

CLAIRE
 Janet's picking me up at eight this
 morning. She'll drop me at the
 clinic.

PARKER
 (worried)
 How are you getting to the hospital
 from the clinic?

CLAIRE
 Don't worry. I'll call a cab. I
 promise.

(MORE)

CLAIRE (cont'd)
 I've got to be there by ten,
 anyway.
 (beat)
 Janet said she'd take me over to
 the dealership after work, too.

PARKER
 (relieved)
 Okay. Good.
 (beat)
 All right. I'm outta here. I'll
 call you tonight, all right?

Parker gives Claire one last hug, then grabs his suitcase and his briefcase and walks toward the door to the garage.

18 EXT. AN INNER-CITY STREET - VERY EARLY MORNING 18

Hank and Owen are walking down another street.

HANK
 Hey man, where'd we park, anyway?
 We got so totally wasted last
 night...

OWEN
 If we was hanged for bein' sober
 last night, we'd'a died innocent,
 that's for sure.

HANK
 We left the car down by the beach,
 didn't we?

OWEN
 Yeah, yeah. That's right. Good
 call, bro'.

19 EXT. HOBSON HOUSE-FRONT YARD - VERY EARLY MORNING 19

Parker backs his MERCEDES out of the garage. We see the vanity LICENSE PLATE -- LAWDUDE -- as he pulls out and drives away.

20 INT. HOBSON HOUSE-KITCHEN - VERY EARLY MORNING 20

Claire is in her home alone after Parker has left. She picks up her cell phone and punches an auto-dial key and waits a second until she's connected with the Belvedere Hospital, where she works.

OB-GYN NURSE (V.O.)

OB-GYN.

CLAIRE

(on the phone)

Hi Susie. It's Dr. Hobson. How's everything going over there?

OB-GYN NURSE (V.O.)

Hi. Dr. Hobson. All's quiet on the baby front.

CLAIRE

Mrs. Harrison?

OB-GYN NURSE

Mrs. Harrison is at 5 centimeters, but her contractions are still half an hour apart.

CLAIRE

Mrs. Dobbs?

OB-GYN NURSE

She's a bit further along, but we've slowed her up a bit in order for you to get here in time. I'd put her at 11:30 or so.

CLAIRE

And Mrs. Lewis?

OB-GYN NURSE

Mrs. Lewis just got here and we're just about to get her into a room.

CLAIRE

All right. Her last delivery, her son Anthony, she delivered in less than an hour. This is her sixth, so she's going to be quick. She's going to want you to start her pitocin right away. You'll need to stall her.

OB-GYN NURSE

Yes, I remember. She's an old hand at all this. I'll slow everything down so you'll have to time to get here.

CLAIRE

Anyone else?
 (like it's the worst crime
 in the world)
 Any walk-ins?

OB-GYN NURSE

No. That's it.

CLAIRE

All right. Thanks Susie. I'll see
 you in a few hours.

Claire snaps her phone shut and puts it in a fanny pack. She puts the fanny pack around her waist and snaps the belt.

She opens a cupboard, takes out a GLASS, and fills it with water from the refrigerator door. After quickly taking a few sips, she pours the remaining water down the drain, then puts the glass in the dishwasher.

Then she notices that Parker hasn't towelled off the counter. With a look of disgust, she wipes the counter down and meticulously puts the TOWEL back.

Claire visually inspects the kitchen. Satisfied, she walks to go out the door to the garage. After a few steps, she remembers, and turns back to grab the GARAGE DOOR OPENER from the counter. She heads out the door to the garage.

21 EXT. HOBSON HOUSE-FRONT YARD - MOMENTS LATER 21

Standing on her driveway, Claire aims the garage door opener at the garage and presses the button. As the garage door closes, she puts the opener in her pack and zips it shut.

After a few more stretches, she heads out on her jog.

22 EXT. PARKING LOT ALONG THE BEACH - VERY EARLY MORNING 22

Hank and Owen are across the street from the beach, and walking toward it. On the beach side of the street, we see a sand parking lot. The parking lot is empty except for one automobile: Hank and Owen's camper. It's a converted pickup truck with a camper top over the back, which has a side door into the camper on the passenger side of the truck.

The camper is old, banged up, and filthy. As Hank and Owen walk up to it, we see bumper stickers everywhere, patches of rust in various places, an old beat up license plate COVERED WITH GRIME. There are TWO SURF BOARDS on the roof.

Hank takes his KEYS out of his pocket and unlocks the driver-side door, then hops into the cab and reaches over to unlock the passenger-side door. Then Hank walks back around to the passenger-side of the camper, where Owen is.

Hank and Owen take off several layers of clothing.

HANK

We're gonna have to move the car by eight. That's when the parking meter bitch comes around.

OWEN

Cool. Looks like it's gonna be a hot one today, so let's change here, maybe smoke a bowl or two, then take off.

HANK

Good call.

OWEN

Yeah, man. If that idea was hanged for being dumb, it'd die innocent, man.

The two men laugh.

Hank puts his key in the lock of the passenger-side camper door lock, then quickly pulls the handle down to open the door. Instead, the handle comes off in his hand.

OWEN

(laughing)

Dude. I told you. You gotta pull down slowly, like you're on 'ludes.

Hank puts the handle back on and slowly opens the camper door.

HANK

(mimicking Owen)

You gotta pull down slowly like you're on 'ludes.

Hank finally gets the camper door open and we see a dark hole of a place crammed with huge piles of old clothes, old newspapers, old leftover food, etc. It looks like a bomb went off inside the camper, but it is clear that the two men often sleep in the camper, however disgusting it might be.

The two men proceed to take off various layers of filthy, hole-ridden and torn clothes. They carelessly throw the clothes they've taken off into the camper.

Owen climbs into the camper and moments later comes back out with a MARIJUANA BOWL, a BAG FULL OF MARIJUANA and a BOX OF WOODEN MATCHES.

HANK

You ready to party?

OWEN

Me? Ready? I'm ready to partAY. You ready to partAY?

HANK

Born ready, bro'. Born ready.

The two men climb into the camper. Owen hunts around for a FLASHLIGHT, finds it, and turns it on. He briefly holds it below his face, shining upward.

OWEN

(creepy vampire voice)

I want to suck your blood...

Hank hunts around for the boom box and flicks it on. EXTREMELY LOUD HIP HOP MUSIC blares out of the camper.

As Owen is lighting the bowl, Hank pulls the camper door closed from the inside. The music is immediately silenced; the camper is extremely soundproof.

23 INT. PARKER'S OFFICE - VERY EARLY MORNING 23

Parker is standing behind his desk in his office. His office is large and well-appointed. The office is clean, but PILES OF PAPERS AND FOLDERS are everywhere. He's professional, but on the messy side.

Parker goes through several stacks of paperwork on his desk, separates out several folders and puts them into his BRIEFCASE. He looks at his watch, seems satisfied that he's on schedule, and leaves his office.

24 INT. ROBERTS AND ROBERTSON MAIL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER 24

Parker opens the door to the company's mail room. We see several photocopiers and fax machines, many large boxes of printer paper, and miscellaneous office supplies.

On the shelf along one wall, we see three plastic tubs with labels: Interoffice Mail, For Court Delivery, Outgoing Mail. Parker reaches into his suit pocket and pulls out the bills he took from home. He tosses them into the Outgoing Mail bin, then heads out.

As he walks away, we see an envelope marked GOLD STAR HOMEOWNER'S INSURANCE on the top of the pile of envelopes.

25

EXT. BEACH - VERY EARLY MORNING

25

Claire is running along a path near the beach. She's clearly in good shape and a good runner. The sun has just come up. We see and hear a few other signs of life: birds flying by, sounds of a garbage truck in the distance, a few other joggers far away, a homeless man sitting huddled up on the beach and looking out over the ocean.

Claire checks her watch, sees that it is 6:45 AM and time to head home, and then veers off the track up towards the parking lot where Hank and Owen's camper is parked.

Claire is running away from the beach and toward the street, and runs along side the passenger-side of the seemingly-deserted camper.

Just as she is alongside the camper door, it bursts open. We see huge amounts of marijuana SMOKE billowing out of the door, and we hear the EXTREMELY LOUD HIP HOP MUSIC again now that the door is open.

Claire is startled and jumps back, away from the door.

CLAIRE

Holy shit!

Owen climbs out of the camper. He's got a MARIJUANA BOWL in his hands.

OWEN

(exhaling marijuana smoke
and coughing)

Sorry lady. We didn't know you were there.

CLAIRE

You scared the shit out of me! You stupid son-of-a-bitch!

Hank turns off the flashlight, tosses it carelessly behind him into the camper, then climbs out of the camper. He hears Claire yelling and cussing at his brother and him.

It's the fourth time already this morning that people have been giving them a hard time.

HANK
Give it a rest, bitch.

Claire is scared, but also mad. She points her finger at Hank. The best defense is a good offense.

CLAIRE
Who you calling 'bitch,' bitch?

A beat. Then we see Claire sniffing the air.

CLAIRE (CONT'D.)
You guys been getting high? This early in the morning?

OWEN
Breakfast of champions, ma'am...

HANK
Yeah, so what if we are smokin' a little dope?

CLAIRE
(to Hank)
You just don't get it, do you? You think you're solving all your problems by getting high? Well, let me tell you mister, all you're doing is causing problems for the rest of us. Those of us that pay taxes, that work in the hospitals and clinics where you end up.

HANK
(to Owen)
Would you listen to Little Miss Stick Up Her Ass?

Owen snickers.

CLAIRE
What did you just call me?

HANK
I called you Little Miss Stick Up Your Ass. What? You hard of hearing at such a young age?

Owen snickers again.

CLAIRE

How dare you talk to me that way,
you fucking low-life, scumbag,
maggot?

OWEN

(to Hank)

Wow. Listen to the gutter mouth on
this one...

HANK

(to Owen)

You know what little brother? I
think it's time to conduct a little
(making quotation marks
with his fingers)
"social experiment."

Before Owen and Claire understand what Hank has said, or can say or do anything, Hank rushes toward Claire, wraps her in his arms and throws her into the camper. Then he quickly shuts the door and pulls off the handle.

SMASH CUT TO:

26 INT. MARBURY CAMPER-INSIDE CAMPER - MOMENTS LATER 26

It is completely black. The boom box is still playing the
EXTREMELY LOUD HIP HOP MUSIC.

Claire is disoriented and terrified. We hear her SCRAMBLING
ABOUT in the dark. She is BREATHING HEAVILY.

Claire BANGS on the door, yelling:

CLAIRE

Let me out of here! Let me out of
here!

After a while, she SLUMPS DOWN and begins to CRY. Soon, she
is SOBBING UNCONTROLLABLY.

27 EXT. BEACH - MOMENTS LATER 27

Owen glances all around to see if anyone saw Hank throw
Claire into the camper. He's extremely agitated and nervous.

OWEN

What did you just do, man?

On the contrary, Hank is feeling quite proud of himself.

HANK
 (laughing)
 Lighten up, little brother.

OWEN
 What are you talking about? You
 just shoved some woman into the
 back of our truck!

HANK
 Dude. Chill out, all right? We'll
 see if the bitch can walk a day in
 our shoes. We'll dump her back here
 at the end of the day or something.
 Relax. I. Am. In. Control.

Owen looks anything but relaxed.

28 INT. MARBURY CAMPER-INSIDE CAMPER - MOMENTS LATER 28

It is still completely black. The boom box is still playing
 the EXTREMELY LOUD HIP HOP MUSIC. We hear Claire MOVING
 AROUND.

CLAIRE
 (talking to herself, in
 the darkness)
 This... music... is... driving...
 me... crazy!

We hear MOVEMENT, then a SLIGHT DISTORTION OF THE MUSIC as
 Claire finds the boom box, then suddenly THE MUSIC STOPS and
 it is totally silent.

We hear Claire SLUMP DOWN. We hear Claire's RAPID HEARTBEAT
 mixed with the sound of her CRYING.

29 EXT. BEACH - MOMENTS LATER 29

Owen hurries back into the passenger side of the camper's
 cab.

Hank struts around the back of the camper and blows a kiss to
 the girl inside the camper on his way to get back into the
 driver's side of the camper.

30 INT. PARKER'S OFFICE - MORNING

30

Parker is in his office. He turns on the small, flat panel TELEVISION on his desk. A news channel comes on. We see a NEWS ANCHORMAN speaking:

NEWS ANCHORMAN

Thus far in the new year, there have been over twice as many homicides as last year. Citizens are rightfully concerned over what some people are calling a massive crime wave. The police chief wants to declare a state of emergency...

Parker is visibly upset by hearing the news. Like a stork putting his head in the sand, he flicks off the television and turns his attention to his computer, and checks last night's scores on the Internet.

After reading an article describing the heroics of a star athlete, he excitedly picks up the phone and begins to dial.

31 INT. MARBURY CAMPER-INSIDE CAMPER - MOMENTS LATER

31

In the unnerving blackness of the camper, Claire is still crying. We hear her trying to calm herself:

CLAIRE

(talking to herself)

All right. Calm down. Calm down.

(beat)

Think, damn it. Think.

After a brief pause, we hear Claire UNZIP her fanny pack. When she OPENS her CELL PHONE, we are startled by the LIGHT given off by its screen.

In the glow given off by her cell phone's screen, we see Claire. She is clearly shaken and scared.

We see Claire select PARKER-CELL from her phone's address book and press the CALL button. She hears RINGING.

32 INT. PARKER'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

32

Parker is talking on his cell phone:

PARKER
 (on the phone)
 I know, man. I know. The guy is suh-
 weet! He's... superhuman. I'm
 tellin' ya... Nobody can shut him
 down.
 (pause)
 (laughs)
 No way, Barry. No way...

33 INT. MARBURY CAMPER-INSIDE CAMPER - MOMENTS LATER 33

Claire hears the beginning of Parker's voice mail message:

PARKER (V.O.)
 (voicemail message on
 phone)
 Hello. You've reached the voice
 mail box of Parker Hobson --

Claire punches the END CALL button.

CLAIRE
 Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!

Scared out of her wits, Claire rubs her forehead with a shaking hand, trying to figure out what to do.

34 INT. MARBURY CAMPER-CAB - SAME TIME 34

HANK
 Hey. Where's that pack of gum we
 had?

Owen shrugs. He's stoned and can't remember much on a good day, anyway.

HANK (CONT'D.)
 I think it's in the back. Go get
 it.

OWEN
 Dude. That chick's back there!

HANK
 So what. You afraid of some skirt?

OWEN
 No, bro'. It's just... I dunno. I
 just don't think it was a very good
 idea putting her back there.

HANK

(irate)

Who the FUCK asked you to THINK about anything? I do the thinking around here, thank you very much.

Owen is shocked to hear his brother so blatantly disrespect him.

HANK (CONT'D.)

Never mind. I'll go get it myself.

Hank gets out of the cab.

OWEN

(stressed to the max,
rubbing his hands
vigorously through his
hair)

Aaaarrrrrgggghhh...

35 INT. MARBURY CAMPER-INSIDE CAMPER - SAME TIME 35

Claire can barely control her hands, they are shaking so much. She struggles to dial 9-1-1. When she attempts to hit the CALL button, the phone slips out of her hand and falls, closing in the process. This wraps her in DARKNESS once again.

We hear Claire fumbling, trying to retrieve the phone.

CLAIRE

(to herself)

Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.

36 EXT. MARBURY CAMPER-OUTSIDE CAMPER - SAME TIME 36

Hank walks the last few feet to the camper door, with the handle in his hand.

37 INT. MARBURY CAMPER-INSIDE CAMPER - MOMENTS LATER 37

Claire flips open her phone again, and we once again see her by the glow of the phone. She immediately starts to punch in 9-1-1 again.

38 EXT. MARBURY CAMPER - MOMENTS LATER 38

Hank yanks open the cab door. He immediately notices the phone in Claire's hand and dives forward into the camper to snatch it away from her.

39 INT. MARBURY CAMPER-INSIDE CAMPER - MOMENTS LATER 39

Hank grabs Claire's cell phone from Claire's hand just before she presses the CALL button. He closes the phone and again the camper goes dark, except for a sliver of light coming through the almost-closed camper door.

HANK

You stupid, stupid bitch! This is MY party. Do as your told and you won't get hurt.

(beat)

(more to himself than to Claire)

This is MY party.

Hank shoves Claire and she falls backwards. Hank unclips Claire's fanny pack and takes it off of her. After he has the pack in his hands, he pushes her backward again, because he can.

Claire huddles her legs to her body amidst piles of clothes and the miscellaneous junk that Hank and Owen have accumulated in the camper.

Hank backs out of the camper, slams the door, and pulls the handle off the door in order to lock Claire back in.

40 INT. MARBURY CAMPER-INSIDE CAMPER - MOMENTS LATER 40

In the darkness, we hear Claire SCRAMBLE toward the camper door, then BANG on the camper door, yelling:

CLAIRE

Let me out of here! Let me out of here!

(beat)

(softer as she begins to cry again)

Please! Let me out of here!

41 INT. MARBURY CAMPER-CAB - MOMENTS LATER

41

Hank gets back into the front seat, holding Claire's fanny pack and phone in one hand and the pack of gum in the other. He holds up the pack of gum triumphantly.

HANK

Want a piece?

Before Owen can answer, Hank tosses him the pack of gum.

While Owen is taking a piece of gum, Hank holds up Claire's phone. We see Owen's face slowly reveal comprehension, then rapidly mounting fear.

HANK (CONT'D.)

Don't worry. She didn't have a chance to use it.

Hank puts Claire's phone into her fanny pack. Then, after a beat, he holds up the fanny pack like a kid would hold a bag of candy.

HANK

Hey, we got ourselves a goodie bag. Let's take a look, shall we?

Hank rummages through Claire's fanny pack and finds her WALLET. He hurriedly grabs the wad of CASH from her wallet, then shoves the wallet back in the pack and the pack underneath his seat. He counts the bills. Meanwhile, Owen is studying the area with great paranoia.

HANK

Holy shit, man! There's like \$47 dollars here!

OWEN

Let's get outta here.

(beat)

Let's go get some breakfast. I'm starvin'.

Hank beams a proud smile at his brother in response.

HANK

I can help you with that.

42 INT. MARBURY CAMPER-INSIDE CAMPER - MORNING 42

We see nothing but blackness. We hear Claire TRYING TO REGULATE HER BREATHING. She is still crying, but her sobs have lightened into WHIMPERING.

43 EXT. HOBSON HOUSE-FRONT YARD - MORNING 43

A VOLVO STATION WAGON pulls into the Hobson's driveway. The DIGITAL CLOCK on her dashboard reads 7:58 AM. Janet steps out of the car. She is the "soccer mom" type, dressed casually in simple clothes and sensible shoes. We can see a child's car seat in the back of the car, and a "Baby on board" sign suction cupped to the back window. As always, she is right on time.

Janet walks up to the mammoth front door of the Hobson's house, rings the bell (we hear a MUSICAL DOORBELL RING from within the house, and waits. After waiting patiently, she rings the bell again, and we hear the ring again. After Janet waits some more, she peers into the windows along the front door and then knocks hard on the door. She waits again, impatiently this time, then tries the doorbell one last time.

Perturbed, Janet takes her cell phone out of her purse and calls Claire's cell phone number. We hear it RINGING.

44 INT. MARBURY CAMPER-CAB - SAME TIME 44

Hank turns into a McDonald's driveway and is just about to go through the drive-through when we hear a CELL PHONE RINGING. Hank and Owen realize it must be coming from Claire's fanny pack. Hank reaches for the pack under his seat and pulls out the cell phone. He looks nervously at Owen.

OWEN

Don't look at me, bro'. You're the freak that decided today'd be a good day to conduct your grand social experiment.

HANK

Shit! Shit! Shit!

Hank finally decides to hit the END button and then presses the POWER button until the phone turns off. He throws the phone back into Claire's fanny pack and shoves the pack back under his seat.

HANK

Don't you say a word. Don't even think about it.

OWEN

Who me?

45 EXT. HOBSON HOUSE-FRONT YARD - MOMENTS LATER

45

Janet stands impatiently at Claire's front door. After one last ring, Janet checks her watch and we hear:

CLAIRE (V.O.)

Hi. I'm not here right now, so please leave a message at the beep.

After the BEEP, Janet leaves a message:

JANET

(upset, but civil)

Hi Claire. It's me, Janet. It's three minutes after eight and I'm standing outside your house right now, but you're not here. I thought you needed a ride this morning, but I guess not. Next time at least call me if your plans change, all right? All right, bye. See you at work later I guess.

Janet walks back toward her car.

46 INT. MARBURY CAMPER-CAB - MOMENTS LATER

46

Hank pulls up to the drive-through speaker box. They wait a few seconds for someone to help them.

MCDONALD'S EMPLOYEE (O.C.)

(over speaker box)

Welcome to McDonald's. May I take your order?

HANK

We'd like ten Egg McMuffins and four orange juices.

MCDONALD'S EMPLOYEE (O.C.)

(over speaker box)

(with attitude, doubting the order)

(MORE)

MCDONALD'S EMPLOYEE (O.C.) (cont'd)
 Ten Egg McMuffins and four orange
 juices?

HANK
 (with attitude right back)
 Yeah. That's right. Ten Egg
 McMuffins and four orange juices.

HANK
 (to OWEN)
 What the fuck? Everybody got
 hearing problems today?

OWEN
 (kidding)
 Huh? What'd'ya say?

Hank and Owen laugh.

MCDONALD'S EMPLOYEE (O.C.)
 (over speaker box)
 That'll be \$24.20 at the first
 window please.
 (beat)
 (quietly)
 That is, if you actually have it.

Hank pulls the car up to the first window, beams a Fuck You smile at the McDonald's employee, and hands him a \$20 bill and a \$5 bill. After a moment of disbelief, the McDonald's employee makes change, and hands 80 cents back to Hank.

Hank carefully puts the change into a glass coin jar between him and Owen.

OWEN
 Dude. I'm like sooo hungry, man.
 This grub is gonna hit the spot!

HANK
 You're welcome, little brother.

The McDonald's employee hands Hank a bag of food and a cardboard drink tray with the four orange juices. Hank hands both across to Owen.

Hank pulls out of the drive-through and pulls around into the McDonald's parking lot. Hank and Owen dive into the bag of Egg McMuffins like a couple of savages.

47 INT. COUNTY COURTHOUSE-CONFERENCE ROOM - MORNING 47

Franklin McKnight is giving his deposition. The court stenographer busily records his testimony, while Parker tries to feign interest. We get the sense that he'd rather be surfing or playing hoops.

48 INT. MARBURY CAMPER-CAB - MORNING 48

Hank and Owen are napping in the cab of their truck, still parked in the McDonald's parking lot. The empty McDonald's bags, wrappers and empty orange juice containers are strewn everywhere. Both men slowly wake up.

HANK

What time is it?

Owen looks at his wrist as if he has a watch on. He shoots Owen a look that says, "When's the last time I wore a watch, bro'?"

HANK (CONT'D)

Never mind.

(beat)

I need to go take care of that parking ticket...

Owen shrugs his shoulders and makes a "sure, why not?" face.

49 EXT. COUNTY COURTHOUSE - MORNING 49

Hank and Owen pull up across the street from the front of the courthouse.

HANK

Wait here. I'll be back.

OWEN

(kidding)

Good thing I got my Clancy novel here to keep me busy...

Hank gives a "ha ha, very funny" look and then gets out of the camper.

50 EXT. COUNTY COURTHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER 50

As Hank walks across the street toward the courthouse, we see POLICE CARS parked everywhere. We see Hank notice, his eyes darting back and forth as he walks toward the building.

51 INT. MARBURY CAMPER-CAB - MOMENTS LATER 51

Owen, sitting in the front seat of the camper, with Claire in the back, notices all the police cars too. He's freaked and nervously waits for his brother to return.

52 INT. MARBURY CAMPER-INSIDE CAMPER - MOMENTS LATER 52

In the dark, we hear Claire MOVING AROUND. Then we hear her GRUNTING as she's pushing against one of the sides of the camper. We begin to hear subtle sounds of the CAMPER ROCKING.

53 EXT. COUNTY COURTHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER 53

We see the camper rocking side to side. The movement clearly reveals that someone is inside. It could be a kidnapped woman, or it could be a couple having sex...

54 INT. MARBURY CAMPER-CAB - MOMENTS LATER 54

Owen, sitting in the camper cab and staring at the police cars, suddenly realizes that the camper is rocking. His face shows panic. He's got to go deal with Claire and force her to stop! He turns to get out of the camper cab and he turns to his door to get out of the cab.

SMASH CUT TO:

55 EXT. COUNTY COURTHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER 55

Just as Owen is opening his door, a POLICE OFFICER suddenly appears in his window. Owen rolls down the window to talk to the man.

OWEN
Hello officer.

POLICE OFFICER
 (pointing to the back of
 the camper, which is
 still rocking)
 What's going on here?

OWEN
 Oh, uh, that's just my brother and
 some chiquita. He hooked up with
 her last night and, well, they're
 like animals, you know?

The police officer considers the story Owen's offered him.

POLICE OFFICER
 (skeptically)
 Well, tell 'em to finish up and
 then get the hell outta here. I'll
 be back in 15 minutes to check and
 make sure you're gone.

OWEN
 Yes officer. Thank you officer.

56

EXT. COUNTY COURTHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

56

The police officer is walking around the front of the camper when we see Hank approaching. He's finished his business in the courthouse and is looking pretty pleased with himself.

HANK
 (beaming with confidence)
 Hello officer.

We see Owen's face pale with fear. The cop will figure out his lie!

The officer tips his CAP at Hank. After a few more steps, he slows, then stops. He turns back, looks at Owen, then at Hank, then back at Owen.

Owen pops his body out of his window and around the front window.

OWEN
 (motioning with a nod of
 his head toward Hank)
 My other brother...

Hank smiles and gives a half-hearted wave.

The officer stays put for another few seconds, then continues walking toward the courthouse.

57 INT. MARBURY CAMPER-CAB - MOMENTS LATER 57

Hank gets back into the camper cab. He looks at Owen, his eyes wide, his face asking, "What's going on, little brother?"

OWEN
(through clenched teeth)
Just. Get. The. Fuck. Out. Of.
Here.

58 EXT. COUNTY COURTHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER 58

As Hank pulls into traffic, we see the police officer turn and take one last look. Then we see Parker's car (we recognize the LAWDUDE license plate) parked alongside the courthouse as Hank speeds away.

59 INT. MARBURY CAMPER-INSIDE CAMPER - MOMENTS LATER 59

We hear Claire TUMBLE and FALL, OOMPing as she lands awkwardly.

60 INT. COUNTY HOSPITAL-EMPLOYEE LOUNGE - MORNING 60

Janet is standing at the counter in the hospital's employee lounge, making herself a cup of herbal tea. She dunks the tea bag into a COFFEE MUG with the faces of two young children and child-like writing that says "World's Best Mommy." She seems worried and distracted. The CLOCK on the wall shows 11:15 AM.

There's a TELEVISION on the counter. It is tuned to a news channel and we see a REPORTER standing in front of the courthouse. In the background, we hear him:

REPORTER
(on television)
...In his press conference, Mayor Newberry again committed to pushing this legislation through the state legislature.
(MORE)

REPORTER (cont'd)

The mayor repeated his assertion that the proposed program, which would provide free AIDS testing for the city's homeless, would cost less than what the city currently spends on AIDS-related services for the homeless...

After watching the news report while standing at the counter, we see Janet make a decision, then sit down at one of the tables. She opens her purse and pulls out her organizer and her cell phone. She looks up a number in her organizer and turns on her phone. Then she dials the number and waits.

ROBERTS AND ROBERTSON SECRETARY (V.O.)

(over the phone)

Roberts and Robertson. How may I direct your call?

JANET

Parker Hobson, please.

ROBERTS AND ROBERTSON SECRETARY (V.O.)

(over the phone)

One moment please.

We hear FOUR UNANSWERED TELEPHONE RINGS over the phone, then we hear...

PARKER (V.O.)

Hello. You've reached the voice mail box of Parker Hobson at Roberts and Robertson. I can't take your call right now, but if you leave your name, number and a brief message, I'll get back to you as soon as possible. Thanks, and have a great day.

We hear a LONG BEEP over the phone.

JANET

Hi Parker. It's me, Janet, again. Listen, Claire still hasn't come into the hospital yet. I called the clinic and they said she never made it over there this morning. I'm starting to get worried. Call me when you get my messages, okay? Thanks. Bye.

Janet looks worried as she closes and turns off her cell phone.

61 INT. MARBURY CAMPER-CAB - MORNING

61

As Hank is driving along, Owen begins to relax a bit.

OWEN

Oh, man, bro'. I thought I was dead. I mean DEAD! My pulse was racing. I mean, I could feel it. So much racing-ing-ing-ing.

Hank gives Owen a look that says, "yeah, whatever."

Hank drives by a small commercial district with various entertainment-, sports and recreation-, and arts and culture-oriented shops and beach-side stands.

As Hank drives slowly by, we see:

- A ventriloquist, controlling a wooden doll, entertaining a small cloister of people

- A puppeteer, controlling a marionette puppet on long strings, being made to dance on the ground

- A juggler, juggling an apple, a juggling pin, and a bowling ball

After they pass all of this, Owen rubs his stomach.

OWEN

You hungry?

HANK

We just ate.

OWEN

Dude. That was, like, two hours ago. I'm starving. Look, so much starving-ing-ing-ing.

HANK

All right. I'm sold.

(beat)

Mickey Dee's?

OWEN

You know it. God bless the golden arches, bro'.

HANK

Let's go back to the same one we had breakfast at. Maybe that punk kid'll still be there.

OWEN

(admonishing Hank)

Hank...

HANK

What?

Owen shrugs, wishing his brother wasn't in such a pissy mood.

62

INT. COUNTY COURTHOUSE-HALLWAY - MORNING

62

A doorway opens and Parker and a FRANKLIN MCKNIGHT, his client, walk out into the hallway. We see several other MEN IN SUITS deep in their various conversations, walking briskly in the hall.

We see Parker motion to the room from which he at McKnight just exited. McKnight seems annoyed. From a distance we hear:

PARKER

Just give me a few moments, Mr. McKnight. I have to make one quick phone call and I'll be right back.

McKnight reluctantly opens the door to the room and goes inside, closing the door behind him.

Parker walks to the far end of the hallway, pulls his cell phone out of his pocket and turns it on. He dials "Claire at Hospital" on his phone.

We hear ONE RING and then:

BELVEDERE HOSPITAL OPERATOR (V.O.)

Belvedere Hospital. How may I help you?

PARKER

I'd like to speak to Claire Hobson please.

BELVEDERE HOSPITAL OPERATOR (V.O.)

One moment please.

Parker waits patiently for a few seconds.

OB-GYN NURSE (V.O.)
OB-GYN.

PARKER
Hi. Is Claire Hobson there, please?

OB-GYN NURSE (V.O.)
Parker?

PARKER
This is he.
(beat)
Susie?

OB-GYN NURSE (V.O.)
Yeah. Hi Parker.
(beat)
Claire hasn't come in yet today.

PARKER
Really?

OB-GYN NURSE (V.O.)
Yeah. And Marty -- Dr. Rosenberg --
is really upset about it.

PARKER
Uh, okay. I'll call back later, but
in the meantime if you see her,
could you have her call me?

OB-GYN NURSE (V.O.)
Sure thing, Parker.

PARKER
All right. Thanks. Bye.

Parker hangs up, turns off his phone and puts it back in his pocket. He is curious, even mildly concerned, but certainly not panicked.

Parker walks back to the conference room and his client, opens the door and enters the room.

63 EXT. MCDONALD'S - DAY

63

Hank pulls the camper into the McDonald's driveway.

HANK
Hey -- wanna go in? After all, we
got coin this time.

OWEN

Yeah... I'm sick of drive-through
all the time.

(beginning to chuckle)

Besides, I gotta use the showers.

HANK

(mimicking Owen)

'I gotta use the showers'...

(in his own voice)

That's a good one.

Both men share a hearty laugh.

Hank and Owen get out of the camper and begin walking toward
the restaurant.

64

INT. MCDONALD'S - MOMENTS LATER

64

Hank and Owen approach the counter. The same McDonald's
employee that took their breakfast order at the drive-through
window is at the register.

MCDONALD'S EMPLOYEE

(suspiciously)

Welcome to McDonald's. May I take
your order?

HANK

I'd like three number one combos
with extra large french fries and
orange drinks.

The McDonald's employee punches the buttons on the cash
register, but continues to be suspicious. He says nothing.

OWEN

I'll have the same thing, but make
mine with diet Cokes.

Owen attempts to push out his nonexistent belly, and rubs it
with both hands like a fat person might after gorging
himself.

OWEN

I'm on Weight Watchers...

Owen, rail thin from having lived on the streets for so many
years, laughs at his joke. The McDonald's employee does not;
instead he gives Owen a condescending smile.

MCDONALD'S EMPLOYEE
That'll be \$26.87 please.

The McDonald's employee stands still, waiting for the two homeless men to come up with the money. We see that he once again does not expect them to be able to do so.

Hank reaches into his pocket and fishes out two \$20 bills and, with a flourish, hands them to the surprised McDonald's employee.

HANK
(mimicking the McDonald's
employee from when he
said the same thing
earlier in the day)
That is, if you actually have it...

The McDonald's employee sneers at Hank, but says nothing. He gives Hank his change.

When the food comes, each man carries a tray overflowing with food and drink. They walk to a booth in the back corner of the restaurant as far away as possible from the other patrons in the restaurant. They immediately begin to wolf down their food.

65 INT. MARBURY CAMPER-INSIDE CAMPER - MOMENTS LATER 65

The darkness inside the camper is slightly less black now; Claire's eyes have become adjusted to the dark.

Claire has calmed down, regained her composure. We hear her moving around, searching her surroundings, occasionally blurting out things like:

CLAIRE
(one at a time)
Oh, gr-r-ross! Yeach! Disgusting!

Finally, we hear Claire shaking a BOX OF WOODEN MATCHES back and forth.

CLAIRE
Yesss!

A few seconds later, we hear a match strike the side of the matchbox and we see the startling FLARE OF THE MATCH as it lights. After the match's initial burst, we can see Claire in the dim light; she looks haggard and scared, but also determined to do something about her predicament.

We see Claire looking into the box of matches. There are only three left.

CLAIRE
 (lecturing herself)
 Come on, Claire. Keep yourself
 together now. Keep yourself
 together.

Claire begins surveying the camper. But the match burns quickly and the flame of the match rapidly approaches the end of the match and her fingertips. The last thing we see before total darkness sets in again is Claire's clenched jaw and set face as she withstands the pain of the flame dying out on her fingertips.

Surrounded by darkness once again, Claire once again begins to WHIMPER.

66 INT. MCDONALD'S - DAY

66

Hank and Owen walk out of the bathroom. Their faces are cleaner. Their hair and shirts are wet. They wipe themselves off with paper towels. They shove the paper towels into the garbage, then head out of the restaurant.

OWEN
 Where to next?

HANK
 Let's hit some waves.

OWEN
 Dude. You know I suck. If I was
 hanged for shootin' the pipe
 [[CHECK!!!]] , I'd die innocent,
 man.

HANK
 You are one wacky cat, little
 brother.

The two head for the beach, Hank eager, Owen following, because that's what he does.

67 EXT. BEACH - DAY

67

Hank and Owen have arrived at the beach. Hank has parked at the far end of a parking lot, away from the other cars.

The two men are standing near the camper, looking out at the ocean. The waves are puny, so small that "real surfers" wouldn't even bother.

HANK

Some gnarly waves, little brother.
You sure you're up for it?

OWEN

(knowing Hank expects him
to say yes;
halfheartedly)
Sure thing, bro'.

HANK

Hang on one sec'. I gotta get my
sunglasses. You get the boards, all
right?

Owen nods and heads toward the back of the camper to get the surf boards off the roof. Hank walks to the front seat, grabs the handle, and heads for the camper door.

When Hank opens the camper door, Claire scurries toward him and starts swinging wildly. She lands a few blows on his back until he finally gets the upper hand and pushes her back roughly. He gets into the camper and slides the door almost shut behind him.

Through the sliver of the opening in the camper door, we see RAPID MOVEMENT of some kind. It's blurry, mostly shadows.

68

INT. MARBURY CAMPER-INSIDE CAMPER - MOMENTS LATER

68

Now inside the camper with Claire, Hank approaches Claire and SLAPS her.

HANK

I told you. This is my party. Just
sit the fuck down and relax.

Hank quickly looks around for his sunglasses amidst the chaotic camper, keeping an eye on Claire. Finally he finds them and puts them on.

Hank SLAPS Claire again, then begins to back out of the camper.

We hear Claire CRYING as he's exiting the camper.

69 EXT. BEACH - DAY

69

Hank backs out of camper, slams the door shut, and yanks the handle off. After animatedly giving Claire the finger as he walks away from the camper and toward the front of the camper, he throws the handle into the front seat.

While all of this is going on, Owen has been atop the camper on the driver's side, getting the surf boards off the roof. He comes down off the roof just as Hank backs out of the camper.

70 EXT. ON THE OCEAN - AFTERNOON

70

We see Hank and Owen surfing. It is clear that Owen really does suck, and that Hank can't really surf either, he just likes being out on the waves, pretending to surf. The few other surfers out on the water stay far away from them.

Hank manages to stand up and ride a wave, shakily, for three or four seconds. When he pops back up on his board, Owen congratulates him on his magnificent run.

OWEN

Dude! You rock! R-O-C-K, rock! Nice run, bro'! You'd'a, like, won the Maui Classic with that run, bro'!

Sitting proudly on his board, Hank makes a crowd roaring sound.

HANK

The crowd goes wild. Hank Marbury wins his fifth straight Mauic Classic. It's never been done in the history of this prestigious event...

OWEN

You Da Man, Hank. You Da Man!

Hank beams. Being called "The Man" is what he most wants to hear.

Hank and Owen laugh. The two men lie back on their boards to relax and soak up some sun.

71 EXT. BEACH - AFTERNOON

71

Hank and Owen are leaning against the front of their camper. They're beat from an afternoon of surfing.

OWEN

I'm hungry again, Bro'.

HANK

You're always hungry.

OWEN

Uh, Duuuuuh. Dumpster scraps once or twice a day does not a growing boy make.

HANK

(seriously)

I know, little brother. Hang in there. Somethin's gonna go our way. I just know it.

OWEN

From your lips to the big man's ears, bro'...

A beat.

HANK

Hey! I got an idea!

OWEN

Yeah?

Hank pulls out Claire's fanny pack from underneath his seat, and finds and opens her wallet.

HANK

Why don't we use --

Hank runs his finger below Claire's name on her license.

HANK (CONT'D.)

-- Miss Hobson's ATM card?

OWEN

What is with you, bro'? You aimin' to get us arrested? I mean, first you kidna--

HANK

Put a sock in it.

(beat)

Look, we used up all the money for breakfast and lunch. If you want to have dinner, we're gonna need some more dough.

OWEN

Yeah, but...

HANK

Yeah, but nothing. Look, when's the last time we had three square meals in the same day?

OWEN

I can't remember. Back when ma was alive maybe.

HANK

Maybe when we were little, but I'm not even sure about that.

OWEN

She did the best she could, Hank.

HANK

I know. I know. Don't mean I gotta like it.

(beat)

So? Whaddya say?

OWEN

I don't know, man. I just don't know.

72

EXT. BACK ALLEY - MOMENTS LATER

72

HANK

All right, bro'. Sit tight. I'll be back in a jiffy.

OWEN

You sure about this?

HANK

No sweat, man. No sweat. Hang tight. I'll be right back.

Hank gets out of the cab with the HANDLE in his hand and walks around to the camper door. He puts the door handle back on the camper door and opens it.

Claire's POV: The bright afternoon sun is blinding after being in the dark for so long.

CLAIRE

You let me out of here, you
motherfu--

With his arm outstretched, Hank quickly gets into the camper.

73

INT. MARBURY CAMPER-INSIDE CAMPER - MOMENTS LATER

73

Hank forces his hand over Claire's mouth. Her eyes go wide with renewed fear.

HANK

Shut the FUCK up, lady. Or should I
say, Shut the fuck up, Ms. Claire
Hobson.

Claire struggles, but Hank maintains his grip.

HANK

Here's the deal, Claire. I'm going
to count to three. When I get to
three, I'm going to take my hand
off, and you are going to tell me
your PIN number for your ATM card.
If you understand, nod your head.

Claire nods her head up and down.

HANK

Very good. If you do anything else
but tell me your PIN number, I'm
going to have to hurt you. Do you
understand? If you understand, nod
your head.

Claire nods her head up and down again.

HANK

Excellent. Okay, here we go. Are
you ready? One... Two... Three...

Hank slowly removes his hand from Claire's mouth. As soon as he's removed it:

CLAIRE
 (screaming)
 Help! Somebody please help m--!

Hank snaps his hand back over Claire's mouth and muffles her screams. Then he quickly punches her in the eye with his other hand.

Claire moans and falls backward, then scrambles to a sitting position again. Hank moves forward and places his hand over her mouth once again.

HANK
 I am NOT going to warn you again. When I remove my hand again, you are going to tell me your PIN number for your ATM card. If you try any more crap like what you just did, I'll hurt you again, even more. Once again, if you understand, nod your head.

Claire nods her head up and down.

HANK
 Very good. Okay, once again, here we go. One... Two... Three...

Hank slowly removes his hand from Claire's mouth, but is ready to pounce if necessary. Claire rubs her sore eye, but says nothing.

HANK
 Well? I'm waiting...

CLAIRE
 My... PIN... number... is... 5-5-5-5-5.
 (beat)
 You're gonna pay for this, you son-of-a- --

Hank shoves Claire, who falls awkwardly backwards. We hear her SHRIEK and begin SCREAMING, the sound of which is SHARPLY CUTOFF when...

74

EXT. BACK ALLEY - MOMENTS LATER

74

Hank backs out and slams the door from the outside. Hank grabs the handle off the door and struts back into the truck.

75 INT. MARBURY CAMPER-CAB - MOMENTS LATER 75

Agitated, Hank gets back into the driver's seat. We see Owen notice Hank's BRUISED KNUCKLES. He says nothing.

76 EXT. BANK ATM MACHINE - LATER 76

Hank is standing in line to use the ATM at HOLIDAY BANK. Hank and TWO TEENAGE GIRLS are waiting impatiently while an OLD LADY #2 struggles to use the ATM. The girls are clearly repulsed by Hank and WHISPER and GIGGLE while glancing at him.

Hank gets increasingly nervous while he waits, and scans the area repeatedly.

77 INT. MARBURY CAMPER-CAB - MOMENTS LATER 77

Owen also scans the area for any sign of the police. He is clearly uneasy about his brother's plan.

78 EXT. BANK ATM MACHINE - MOMENTS LATER 78

Hank looks around one last time, then puts his card into the ATM.

The ATM screen prompts Hank to enter a PIN. He enters 5-5-5-5-5 and presses OK. The PIN is correct. In the reflection of the ATM screen, we see Hank smile in knowing triumph.

Hank attempts to withdraw \$1000 from Claire's checking account, but the ATM machine shows a message indicating a maximum daily withdrawal of \$200.

HANK

(mumbling to himself)

How the hell can rich people only be allowed to get \$200 a day? How do they pay for all their caviar and shit?

Hank punches buttons to withdraw \$200 from Claire's account. We hear the WHIRRING SOUND of the ATM machine counting the bills, and Hank waits nervously for the money.

79 EXT. ROAD NEAR BANK ATM MACHINE - MOMENTS LATER 79

We see a police car driving slowly by the ATM machine. TWO POLICE OFFICERS look suspiciously out the window when they drive by the Marbury's camper and Hank at the ATM.

80 INT. MARBURY CAMPER-INSIDE CAMPER - MOMENTS LATER 80

Claire is peering through the tiny sliver of an opening she's found. She sees the police car roll slowly by. She bangs on the back of the camper with both hands.

CLAIRE
(screaming)
Help! Help me! Help! Police!
Somebody help me!

Claire realizes that the police can't see or hear her. She crumbles in despair. She begins to sob again.

CLAIRE
(wimpering)
Somebody please help me.

81 EXT. BANK ATM MACHINE - MOMENTS LATER 81

Hank turns around and is startled to see one of the police officers standing right next to him.

POLICE OFFICER #2
That your truck over there?

HANK
Yes, officer. Is there a problem?

POLICE OFFICER #2
You need to clean off your license plates. California law states that they need to be visually accessible at all times.

HANK
Visua--?

POLICE OFFICER #2
You need to clean your license plates. Do it today.

HANK

Yes, officer. Thank you. I will
clean them right away.

Hank walks away, trying his best to be invisible to the
police officer's stare he can feel behind him.

82 INT. MARBURY CAMPER-CAB - MOMENTS LATER

82

Hank and Owen sit in the camper cab. Neither says anything.
Both are shaken from yet another close encounter with the
police.

OWEN

I need a drink, bro'...

Hank nods his head up and down, but still sits quietly.

After many, many seconds, Hank finally starts the engine and
begins to drive.

83 INT. COUNTY COURTHOUSE-HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

83

Parker walks out of the room in which he and McKnight have
been sitting all day long, and into the courthouse hallway.

He leans against the wall, pulls out his phone, and turns it
on. He dials "Claire at Clinic." He doesn't see the message
indicator showing that Janet has called.

Parker paces nervously as we hear FOUR RINGS and then:

SHANIQUA (V.O.)

(over chaotic background
noise)

Martin Luther King Junior Health
Clinic. Shaniqua speaking. How can
I help you.

PARKER

Hi Shaniqua. It's Parker Hobson. Is
Claire there?

SHANIQUA (V.O.)

Hi Parker. No. Claire never showed
up this morning. She was supposed
to be here at eight.

PARKER

She never showed up? Really?

SHANIQUA (V.O.)

Yeah. I called her cell phone but it went right through to voice mail.

(rushed)

Listen, I gotta go. Mr. Lloyd is acting up again. Have Claire call me when you talk to her, all right? Talk to you later. Bye.

Parker removes the phone from his ear and talks to the phone, pretending to conclude the conversation. Shaniqua has already hung up.

PARKER

(staring at the phone in his extended arm)

Uh, sure thing. Bye.

Parker quickly dials "Claire Cell" on his phone. Claire's voice mail message comes on immediately:

CLAIRE (V.O.)

Hi. I'm not here right now, so please leave a message at th-

Parker hangs up without leaving a message. He is visibly agitated, on the edge of panic even.

Parker turns off his phone and pockets it. He walks quickly back to the conference room and his client. Before opening the door, he composes himself by taking a deep breath and straightening his suit jacket. Then he opens the door and enters the room.

84

EXT. LIQUOR STORE - AFTERNOON

84

Hank walks out of the liquor store carrying a large cardboard box in both arms. The box is full: several fifths of liquor, a few six-packs of beer, and a bunch of munchies.

Hank hands the box in through Owen's window, then goes around and gets in.

HANK

Let's go hang out with the guys for a while.

OWEN

Share our good fortune?

HANK
Yeah, why not?

85 EXT. AN INNER-CITY ALLEY - AFTERNOON

85

Hank pulls the camper up to the entry of an alley. At the near end of the alley, there is a homeless camp of sorts. We see:

- several men standing around a fire raging in a garbage can in the center of the alley

- several men lying on the ground, some in the fetal position, some sprawled out

- several men sitting, leaning against the alley walls, tipping back paper bag-covered bottles of beer or alcohol

- several make-shift homes made of cardboard boxes, sleeping bags, well-lived-in doorways

Hank carries the box of goodies toward his pals. They cheer as they see him coming.

As the guys are passing out the booze and snacks, Owen pulls Hank's sleeve, motioning for him to talk in private.

OWEN
We should give something to that lady. She's probably hungry.

HANK
It's only been like, what, eight, ten hours.

OWEN
Yeah, but that's a long time for her. She's probably not used to going a whole day without eating.

HANK
(softening somewhat)
All right. Fine.
(in his best Yul Brenner impression)
So let it be written, so let it be done.

HANK (CONT'D.)
(to one of the homeless guys)
Hey! Give me that GRANOLA BAR!

The man reluctantly tosses it to Hank.

Hank turns and walks back to the camper, gets the handle out of the cab, then goes to open the camper.

Hank opens the camper door, granola bar in hand. But as soon as the door opens, Claire kicks forward with both legs. She's apparently been waiting, poised at the door for just such an opportunity. Her kick hits Hank square in the chest, sending him staggering backwards. He falls into a pile of TRASH BAGS.

Claire begins to run down the alley, away from the camper.

While on his ass, flailing to get up, Hank yells to Owen:

HANK

Drive around to the other end of
the alley and cut her off! Go! Go!
Go!

Claire runs toward the homeless guys celebrating homeless Christmas. She bumps into one older man and pleads with him:

CLAIRE

Please! Please help me!

The man stares back at Claire with watery, rheumy eyes. He's obviously stone cold drunk. He gives Claire a gummy smile.

OLD DRUNK MAN

(with sexual overtones)
How can I help you little lady?
(conspiratorially)
I'm afraid my penis doesn't work
very well these days...

Hank finally gets up and heads after Claire. She notices and starts running again.

Claire runs down the alley amidst more homeless people.

86 EXT. STREET AT NEAR END OF INNER-CITY ALLEY - MOMENTS LATER 86

Owen races the camper around the corner. We hear the tires SQUEALING.

87 EXT. AN INNER-CITY ALLEY 87

Hank gains on Claire. She turns back and notices. She keeps running while looking back and bumps into a bum.

CLAIRE
 (slapping at his chest)
 Eeuuw! Eeuuw!

Claire pushes him aside and keeps running away from Hank.

88 EXT. STREET AT FAR END OF ALLEY - MOMENTS LATER 88

Owen SCREECHES to a halt at the end of the alley. He's stopped the car right in front of Claire, who has to come to a quick stop.

Hank, huffing and puffing, catches up to Claire. He roughly shoves her into the camper.

After looking both ways along the street at the far end of the alley and behind him down the alley where his friends are, he rushes into the passenger seat.

HANK
 Go! Go! Go!

The camper drives off. A few of the homeless guys shrug, then go back to what they were doing: enjoying a rare feast.

89 INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL-BOARDING AREA - EVENING 89

Parker is in the boarding area for his flight. The place is crowded with BUSINESS PEOPLE, MOTHERS AND THEIR CHILDREN, and a group of COLLEGE GIRLS. We see a clock showing that it is a few minutes after 5:00pm.

There's a TELEVISION mounted on the wall in the seating area. It is tuned to a news channel and we see the same reporter as earlier, still standing in front of the court house. In the background, we hear him:

REPORTER
 (on television)
 ...As you can see, there are thousands of people here picketing the Mayor's proposed free AIDS testing program for the homeless. The first protestors arrived this afternoon around 3:00 and by 4:00 there were several hundred...

Parker is leaning up against the wall with his cell phone to his ear. Immediately after he places the call, we hear:

CLAIRE (V.O.)
 Hi. You've reached Claire's cell
 phone. I'm not --

We hear an ANGRY WOMAN being interviewed on the television:

ANGRY WOMAN
 (on television)
 Why is my tax money going to a
 service which promotes unsafe sex
 and drug use within the homeless
 community? I am outraged. People
 should be outraged...

Oblivious to the television, Parker is worried, and stares at
 his phone.

90 INT. MARBURY CAMPER-CAB - EVENING 90

Owen is driving, Hank is in the passenger seat. Both are
 breathing heavily and sweating profusely. The stress is
 palpable; both know they got lucky. They say nothing for
 quite a while.

HANK
 Let's get something to eat, all
 right?

Owen shoots daggers at Hank with his eyes.

91 INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL-BOARDING AREA - EVENING 91

Parker is making another call.

PARKER
 No, no message. That's all right.
 I'll try back again later. Thanks.

Parker hangs up his phone. He is obviously anxious, worried
 that he hasn't been able to reach Claire and that she never
 made it to either the clinic or the hospital.

We see Parker unsure of what to do, then suddenly make a
 decision. He throws his PLANE TICKET into the trash, and we
 see a few people notice the seemingly bizarre act. Then he
 grabs his briefcase and suitcase and rushes out of the
 boarding area.

92 EXT. AIRPORT TERMINAL-PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER 92

Parker is just leaving the toll booth. He's thrown his suitcase and briefcase in the back seat. He's also taken off his suit coat and his tie. Both are also in the back seat. He's loosened the top button on his shirt. He's on the phone again, having put the call on speakerphone. We hear:

PARKER
 (speaking rapidly)
 Yes. Hello.
 (heavy, panicked
 breathing)
 I'd like to report a missing
 person.

POLICE OFFICER #3 (V.O.)
 Okay, sir. Please calm down and
 tell me what's happened.

93 INT. MARBURY CAMPER-INSIDE CAMPER - EVENING 93

Claire is sitting in the darkness of the camper.

CLAIRE
 All right. Here we go...

We hear a MATCH LIGHT and, in the pitch black of the camper, the sudden FLARE OF THE MATCH shocks us. As our eyes adjust, we see Claire with the match in one of her hands. With her other hand, she crumples a few pieces of newspaper and puts them into a metal garbage can, then places the match slowly into the garbage can, lighting the newspaper. Soon, the fire is going strong and we are able to see the inside of the camper more clearly.

We see Claire scrambling around the camper, looking for things. As she finds things -- the FLASHLIGHT, a half-eaten pop tart, etc. -- she holds them up in front of herself and then places them carefully in a corner that she's cleared out. When she finds a HYPODERMIC NEEDLE, she reacts, cringing and afraid, and tosses it away quickly as if she'll contract AIDS just by touching it.

While she's working, the fire burns quickly. She is so focussed on her search that she doesn't notice until it's too late: the fire dies out, it is once again pitch black, and, worse, smoke has filled the camper.

Claire begins COUGHING from the smoke.

CLAIRE
 Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!
 (beat)
 (sarcastically)
 Smart, Claire. Real smart. Top of
 your class at Johns Hopkins, huh?

Claire continues COUGHING.

94 INT. MCDONALD'S - EVENING 94

Hank and Owen are sitting in another McDonald's restaurant. Their trays are full, but noticeably less so than they were at lunch. The two sit somberly, barely touching their food, saying nothing.

95 EXT. AIRPORT TERMINAL-PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER 95

Parker is still in his car and on the phone. We hear:

POLICE DISPATCHER (V.O.)
 I'm sorry sir. We can't officially
 report someone as missing until
 they've been missing for twenty
 four hours.

PARKER
 But I just know something's
 happened to her. I just know it.

POLICE DISPATCHER
 I'm sorry sir. If you'd like, we
 could have a patrol car swing by
 your home if you'd like.

PARKER
 Yes... yes... Please. Please do
 that. Thank you.

96 EXT. HOBSON HOUSE-FRONT YARD - EVENING 96

Parker's car speeds along his street and screeches into his driveway. He hurries out of the car and to the front door, which he opens with the key he has waiting in his hand.

Parker shoves the door open and enters his house. He does not bother to remove his keys from the lock, or to close the door.

97 INT. HOBSON HOUSE-FRONT HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER 97

As soon as the door is open, Parker immediately calls out:

PARKER
Claire? Claire, are you here?
(beat)
Claire, are you here?

He rushes up the flight of stairs, taking the stairs two or three at a time.

98 INT. HOBSON HOUSE-BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER 98

Parker frantically looks all around his and Claire's bedroom. He goes in and out of the closet and the bathroom. No Claire. He turns around and heads back out of the bedroom.

99 INT. HOBSON HOUSE-KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER 99

Parker rushes into his kitchen.

PARKER
Claire? Claire?

Parker peers into the dining room. No Claire. He looks across to the formal sitting area. No Claire. Then he unlocks the sliding glass door and goes into his backyard.

100 EXT. HOBSON HOUSE-BACKYARD 100

Once in the backyard, Parker looks left and right, surveying the yard. From Parker's POV, we see an enormous pool, but we can't see inside.

PARKER
Claire? Claire? Are you here?

Parker waits a beat for an answer. Then we see a look of worry form on his face. He walks slowly, with fear, toward the pool. He thinks she may have drowned. We see things from Parker's POV as he slowly approaches the edge of the pool and is able to see fully into the pool. The pool is empty.

Parker sighs in relief. Then, after a short pause, we see him thinking, a thought dawns on him. He rushes back into the house.

101 INT. HOBSON HOUSE-BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER 101

Parker is back in his bedroom.

Parker sees Claire's hospital scrubs are still right where they were earlier in the morning, where Claire always puts them. The blood drains from his face in recognition.

Parker plops down on the end of the bed and rubs the back of his neck in worry. He sits this way for a long time, overwhelmed.

With visible determination, Parker re-groups. He gets up, walks over to his dresser, and opens the bottom drawer. He pulls out a pair of FADED BLUE JEANS and a TIE-DYED T-SHIRT. He begins to change.

102 INT. HOBSON HOUSE-KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER 102

Parker, now dressed in his blue jeans and tie-dyed T-shirt, goes back down to the kitchen. He opens a drawer near the phone and takes out a PAD OF PAPER and a PEN. He writes Claire a note that says, "Claire, CALL ME! Love, Parker".

Just then, we hear a KNOCK at the front door and a police officer (SERGEANT KIM) saying:

SERGEANT KIM (O.C.)
Hello? Is anybody here?

Parker turns and begins to hurry to the front door.

PARKER
Yes. Hello? Who's there?

103 INT. HOBSON HOUSE-FRONT HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER 103

SERGEANT KIM
Sergeant Kim of the police
department, sir.

Parker shakes hands with the officer.

PARKER
Thank you for coming, sergeant...

104 INT. MARBURY CAMPER-CAB - AFTERNOON

104

HANK

Hey! I've got an idea.

OWEN

(suspiciously)

Uh-huh.

HANK

Come on, man. Why you gotta rain on my parade all the time?

OWEN

What? What's your idea?

HANK

Why don't we head over to where this lady lives and see if she lives alone. We could take a real shower. We could grab a bite of real food. Maybe sleep on a real bed for the first time in, what, two years?

OWEN TWO

I don't know, bro'. I'm kinda freaked about this whole thing as it is. I think we should just drop her off somewhere and get the hell out of dodge for a while.

HANK

Don't be such a pussy.

Hank pulls Claire's fanny pack out from under the seat, then pulls her wallet out. He flips through it quickly.

HANK (CONT'D.)

No pictures. Hmmm...

Hank looks at Claire's driver's license.

HANK

Bluebird Lane.

(beat)

(sarcastically)

Isn't that special...

OWEN

Come on, bro'. Let's not do this.

HANK
 (mischievously)
 Oh, let's. Let us definitely let's.

105 INT. HOBSON HOUSE-FRONT HALLWAY 105

Parker and Sergeant Kim are wrapping up in Parker's front hallway.

SERGEANT KIM
 All right, Mr. Hobson. I'll take a look around the neighborhood. I'll call you if I learn anything.

PARKER
 Thank you. I appreciate it. I'm going to drive around where she normally runs to see if I can find her.

The two men shake hands and head out to their respective cars.

106 INT. MARBURY CAMPER-CAB - EVENING 106

Hank and Owen are driving slowly on Bluebird Lane. They pass by the Hobson house, both looking out to see if anyone is home. The house looks dark, deserted.

HANK
 Looks quiet.

OWEN
 What if someone's home? Maybe sleeping upstairs or something.

HANK
 I said, don't be such a pussy.

OWEN
 All I'm saying is, what if she's married?

HANK
 Did she have a wedding ring on?

OWEN
 How the hell should I remember?

HANK
 Don't take that tone with me,
 little brother.
 (beat)
 Let's go see about that ring.

Owen looks defeated, but says nothing. Hank grabs the handle and gets out.

107 EXT. BLUEBIRD LANE - MOMENTS LATER

107

Hank puts the door handle back on the camper door and opens it. He has one arm outstretched if it is necessary for him to once again squelch her screams. With his other arm cocked and his fist balled, Hank quickly gets into the camper.

HANK
 Are you married?

CLAIRE
 W-w-why?

HANK
 Just answer the fucking question,
 be-atch.

We see Claire calculating, trying to decide whether telling the truth is a good idea or not.

CLAIRE
 Yes. I'm married.

HANK
 Where's your husband? Is he at
 work? When does he usually get
 home?

CLAIRE
 He works at a law firm, but he's
 already made partner, so he comes
 home early, usually around 5:00 or
 so. He's probably home by now.

HANK
 (enraged)
 You lying whore! I can tell you're
 lying!

CLAIRE
 Honestly. He's home early every
 night.

HANK
Do NOT lie to me, bitch.

Hank raises his fist, ready to punch Claire again.

HANK (CONT'D.)
When is he going to be home
tonight? Tell me the truth or so
help me God I'll make hamburger out
of your pretty little face.

CLAIRE
(defeated)
He's not coming home tonight. He's
out of town. On a business trip. To
Chicago.

Hank smirks a smile of satisfaction, backs out of the camper,
slams the door shut and removes the handle. We hear Claire
screaming:

CLAIRE
God damn you!

Her scream is cut off abruptly when the camper door shuts
closed.

108 INT. MARBURY CAMPER-CAB - MOMENTS LATER

108

We see Hank getting into the cab and closing the door.

HANK
We are SET little brother!

OWEN
What'd she say?

HANK
Hubbie's out of town. Hot shower
here I come baby! Maybe even a
night's sleep in a real bed. A real
bed!

Owen says nothing.

HANK
(selling)
Oh, and little brother: maybe we
can get you a new pair of shoes if
hubbie's the right size.
(MORE)

HANK (cont'd)
 Maybe we can get you a whole bunch
 of new shoes!

OWEN
 (half-heartedly)
 Good call, bro'! If that idea was
 hanged for being a bad one, it
 wouldd die innocent.

109 INT. FITNESS FANATICS - EVENING

109

Parker walks up to the front desk. A HANDSOME, BUFF MAN and a BEAUTIFUL, WELL-TONED WOMAN, both in Fitness Fanatics t-shirts, are standing behind the desk.

FITNESS FANATICS WOMAN
 Hi Parker! I thought you weren't
 going to be in until tomorrow.

PARKER
 I'm actually not here to work out.
 I'm looking for Claire. Have either
 of you two seen her?

Both the man and the woman shake their heads no.

HANDSOME, BUFF MAN
 No, 'fraid not. And I've been here
 since six this morning.

BEAUTIFUL, WELL-TONED WOMAN
 Me too. Sorry Parker.

PARKER
 All right. If you see her, could
 you tell her to call me right away?

BEAUTIFUL, WELL-TONED WOMAN
 Is everything okay?

PARKER
 I don't know.
 (beat)
 I don't think so.

110 EXT. HOBSON HOUSE-FRONT YARD - MOMENTS LATER

110

Hank pulls the camper into the Hobson's driveway. He and Owen are looking out nervously, trying to see if anyone has noticed their arrival.

Hang reaches down under the seat and locates Claire's fanny pack. Then he reaches into the pack and hunts around for her garage door opener.

OWEN

Probably should've taken that out ahead of time, huh bro'?

HANK

Fuck you, BRO'!

Hank points the garage door opener at the garage door and presses the button. We see the garage door slowly open, revealing an empty garage.

111 INT. SERVICE DEPARTMENT, BMW DEALERSHIP - EVENING 111

Parker forces his way to the front of the line of people standing in front of the BMW service department counter. The people in line are perturbed, but Parker ignores them.

PARKER

Excuse me. Could you please tell me whether Claire Hobson has picked up her car? It was supposed to be ready this afternoon.

BMW LADY

Sure. One second.

The BMW LADY looks through some paperwork, then looks back at Parker.

BMW LADY

No. It's still here. Would you like to pick it up?

Parker turns and rushes out without answering the woman.

112 INT. MARBURY CAMPER-INSIDE CAMPER - EVENING 112

Inside the camper, Claire has turned on the FLASHLIGHT. She's propped it up so that it shines on the roof of the camper, giving the space an EERIE GLOW. We can see that the air in the camper is still a bit smoky from when she lit the newspaper on fire.

Claire looks around the camper. She's doing a detailed search.

She finds a few more half-eaten pieces of food and puts them with the half-eaten pop tart she found earlier. After looking at her choices, she picks up the pop tart, tries to tear off the edge that has bite marks, and reluctantly puts it in her mouth. After the first taste, she shovels the rest into her mouth hungrily.

Claire continues her search. Each time she finds something interesting, she puts it into her cache. She finds a half-finished BOTTLE OF JACK DANIEL and adds it to her collection. As she's searching, her eyes once again fall on the HYPODERMIC NEEDLE, which she leaves where it is.

113 EXT. LAS PALMAS ROAD - EVENING 113

We see a STREET SIGN that says "Las Palmas Road." Parker is driving very slowly, leaning forward anxiously, carefully scanning the sidewalks on both sides. Twice, he approaches from behind a female jogger wearing an outfit similar to the one that Claire is wearing, but each time he sees that the woman is not Claire. We follow him for several tense minutes as he drives around looking for her.

114 EXT. BEACH - EVENING 114

Parker continues his drive-around search, now along the beach. As before, he strains to see the faces of the female joggers he sees that look anything at all like Claire. We again follow him for several minutes as he drives around looking for Claire.

Eventually, Parker pulls over and stops.

115 INT. PARKER'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER 115

Sitting in his car on the side of the road, Parker hyperventilates, then calms himself, then we can see him visibly make a decision. He takes out his cell phone and calls Claire's mother.

MRS. ROUSSEAUX (V.O.)
(on the phone)
Hello?

PARKER
Hello, Mrs. Rousseaux. It's Parker.
Listen, I still haven't found
Claire. I'm going home now to
change clothes and grab a quick
bite to eat.

(MORE)

PARKER (cont'd)

Then, I'm going to head out again
and keep looking for her.

(a beat)

Yes, of course. I'll call you as
soon as I know anything.

116

EXT. HOBSON HOUSE-GARAGE

116

Hank creeps the camper into the Hobson's garage. He grabs Claire's fanny pack and takes out her keys. Then he grabs the camper door handle and gets out of the cab. He walks around to the camper door. Owen remains sitting in the cab, unsure of what to do.

Hank snaps Claire's fanny pack around his waist. Then he places the handle on the door, turns it, and opens the door.

Hank remembers what happened in the alley, when Claire kicked at him, and he stands away from the camper just in case.

He's surprised to see Claire just sitting calmly.

HANK

All right. Let's go. Get out.

CLAIRE

Why? Where are we?

HANK

Just get the FUCK out. And stop
asking so many questions.

Claire slowly scoots forward and sits at the edge of the camper. She looks scared but resolved.

We see Claire recognize her own garage. We see her notice her key chain in Hank's hand.

CLAIRE

This is my house.

HANK

No shit, Sherlock.
(beat; motioning toward
the door)

Inside. Now.

Claire stands as she gets out of the camper. She has a half-empty BOTTLE OF JACK DANIELS in her hand.

CLAIRE

How 'bout a drink first?

Claire twists off the top of the bottle. She hesitates for a moment, then wipes off the rim of the bottle with her spandex shorts. After a deep breath, she slugs the bottle back. She finishes with a loud, satisfied:

CLAIRE

Ahhhh.

She wipes her mouth with her arm.

CLAIRE (CONT'D.)

Your turn.

Hank smiles uncertainly.

HANK

(suspiciously)

All right.

Hank takes the bottle from Claire.

HANK (CONT'D.)

(tipping the bottle at
Claire in a mock toasting
motion)

Salud.

As Hank lifts the bottle to his lips and begins to knock it back, we see the HYPODERMIC NEEDLE secured in Claire's spandex running shorts, in the small of her back.

Hank finishes his pull on the bottle of Jack.

HANK

(politely; maybe he'll get
more bees with honey)

Let's go inside, shall we.

Right when Hank turns to head toward the door, Claire reaches behind her, grabs the needle and jabs it into Hank's neck. He SHRIEKS in surprise and pain. In the process of reacting, Hank drops the bottle of Jack, which SHATTERS on the garage floor. He drops Claire's keys, too.

Claire grabs her keys from where Hank dropped them, but in the process she CUTS HER HAND and SHRIEKS.

Ignoring the pain, Claire bolts toward the door. She jams the key in the door, opens it, steps in, closes the door, and locks it.

We see a confused and scared Owen still sitting in the camper's cab while an enraged Hank, having pulled out the needle, rushes toward the door.

117 INT. HOBSON HOUSE-FRONT HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER 117

Claire leans back against the door she's just locked, panting in fear. She takes several deep breaths, trying to calm herself. She's just starting to feel safe in her own home when she's jarred forward off the door by Hank's BANGING on the door. We hear Hank through the door:

HANK

Open up bitch! We're not finished here. I say when we're finished and we are definitely NOT finished...

Claire runs into the kitchen.

She grabs the dish towel that she used in the morning to tidy up the sink and wraps it around her bloody hand.

Claire notices Parker's note on the counter, reads it quickly, then tosses it.

She hurries to the phone, takes it out of its cradle, and punches a speed dial button. Nothing happens! After a beat, she remembers: the speed dial buttons haven't been set yet. She dials Parker's cell phone number manually. Her hands are shaking while she waits for him to pick up. She gets a busy signal.

118 INT. PARKER'S CAR - SAME TIME 118

Sitting in his car, Parker is wrapping up his conversation with Claire's mother:

PARKER

(on phone)

Me too, Mrs. Rousseaux. Me, too.

119 INT. HOBSON HOUSE-KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER 119

CLAIRE

(to herself)

Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!

(beat)

Call waiting, Parker. It's called call waiting...

We hear HANK CRASH THROUGH THE DOOR.

Claire hangs up and dials 911.

Hank rushes into the kitchen and sees Claire with the phone to her ear.

We hear ONE RING and then:

EMERGENCY OPERATOR
911 Emergency Services.

Before Claire can say anything, Hank slaps the phone out of her hand. The phone CLATTERS on the ground.

Hank grabs Claire and throws her onto the kitchen floor.

Hank picks up the phone and heaves it against the wall. It SHATTERS into a dozen pieces.

Claire looks up at Hank defiantly, decides to bluff:

CLAIRE
I've already called 911. The police
are on their way. Give it up. Just
get the hell out of here now while
you still have the chance.

Hank is enraged -- things are unravelling. He takes a long knife out of the knife set on the counter. Claire cringes, thinking he intends to use it on her. But Hank simply walks over and hands the knife to Owen, who has reluctantly walked into the Hobson's kitchen.

HANK
(to Owen)
Watch her while I figure out what
to do. If she moves, cut her.

OWEN
But... The cops... She called the
cops, bro'...

HANK
Just watch her, damn it!

While Hank begins to pace around, Claire looks up at Owen, who looks down at her apologetically.

- 120 EXT. BLUEBIRD LANE - SAME TIME 120
- Parker is driving on his street, approaching his house. As he arrives at his house, he sees a strange, dirty truck in his garage. It is Hank and Owen's camper. He races into his driveway, slams on the brakes and races out of his car. He heads toward the camper in the garage.
- 121 INT. HOBSON HOUSE-KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER 121
- Hank paces around. Intermittently, he rubs his hands through hair or pumps his fist into his forehead. He's trying to think of some kind of solution, some way to stay in control, but he can't. He walks over to where Claire is still sitting on the kitchen floor and viciously slaps her across her cheek. Claire SCREAMS.
- 122 INT. HOBSON HOUSE-GARAGE - SAME TIME 122
- While he is looking through the camper's cab window, he hears CLAIRE'S SCREAM FROM INSIDE the house.
- Parker quietly approaches the door that leads into the house, walking over and CRUNCHING the glass from broken Jack Daniels bottle.
- After pausing to note the glass, Parker approaches the door and puts his ear up against it. He notices the door has been forcibly opened. He can barely hear OWEN'S and HANK'S VOICES through the door.
- Parker backs away from the door. He hurries out of the garage...
- 123 EXT. HOBSON HOUSE-FRONT YARD - MOMENTS LATER 123
- ... and around the front of the house to the...
- 124 EXT. HOBSON HOUSE-FRONT DOOR - MOMENTS LATER 124
- ... front door. Parker takes a deep breath the ready himself. Then he slowly opens the door.
- 125 INT. HOBSON HOUSE-FOYER, HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER 125
- Parker stealthily walks into his house, slowly moving to the back of the house where he heard the voices.

Peering around a corner, he sees Owen with the knife, then sees Hank pacing around, agitated, talking to himself. Then he sees Claire huddled on the ground, her face bruised, her clothes soiled from the day's events, her hand bandaged in the bloody towel. She is frightened and Parker pauses for a moment and stifles his own tears.

Parker steels himself, and quickly sizes up the situation. He guesses from their clothing and demeanor that the two men are homeless. He has an idea...

126 INT. HOBSON HOUSE-KITCHEN - EVENING

126

Parker walks into his kitchen, surprising Hank, Owen, and Claire.

CLAIRE

Parker!

PARKER

(to Hank and Owen,
casually)

Hey guys. What's up? How's it
goin'?

Hank and Owen look at each other, shocked by Parker's appearance and a bit confused by his friendly demeanor.

Hank recovers somewhat:

HANK

(imitating Parker)

How's it goin'?

(normal voice)

Fuck you, how's it goin'.

(to Owen)

You believe this guy?

Owen can't take his eyes off of Parker.

OWEN

(to Hank)

Bro'?

Hank says nothing.

OWEN (CONT'D.)

(even more forcibly)

Bro'?

HANK

Just shut the FUCK up, Owen. I need
time to think.

Parker's and Claire's eyes meet while they quietly watch and listen to what's happening between the two men.

OWEN

What are we gonna do, bro'?

HANK

I'm trying to figure that out.

OWEN

But what are we gonna do?

HANK

I said, shut the fuck up, Owen.

Something inside Owen snaps. He's had it with the way his brother treats him.

OWEN

You know what, Hank, you shut the fuck up.

Owen pantomimes the marionette puppet they saw earlier in the day, flapping his arms up and down, lifting his legs up and down.

OWEN (CONT'D.)

I'm outta here.

Hank is stunned, but before he can say anything, Owen walks toward him, hands him the knife, then begins walking toward the door to the garage.

HANK

(calling out as Owen walks away)

Hey. Hold on. Come back here, little brother.

(beat)

Who's going to take care of you?

Owen turns back and shoots Hank a look to kill. Then, without saying a word, he turns away and walks out.

Parker and Claire continue to connect with their eyes.

Hank goes from dazed at his brother's sudden departure to once again focussed on the current situation. He begins to wave the knife as he approaches Claire.

HANK (CONT'D.)

(to Claire)

This is all your fault.

Parker menacingly waves the knife in Claire's direction.

PARKER
 (to Hank)
 What's your problem, man?

CLAIRE
 (to Parker)
 Parker.

PARKER
 (to Claire)
 Shut up, Claire.

Claire is taken aback, but says nothing.

PARKER (CONT'D.)
 (to Hank)
 I said, what's your problem, man?
 Why are you doing this?

HANK
 You wanna know why I'm doing this?
 You wanna know why?

PARKER
 Yes. I do.

HANK
 I've had coffee thrown at me,
 people yell at me, disrespect me.
 People spitting at me all day long.

PARKER
 I understand.

HANK
 Fuck you understand. You don't
 understand shit.

PARKER
 All right. Fine. You're right. I
 don't understand. But all that
 doesn't give you the right to do
 what you've done, to do what you're
 doing.

Claire decides to assert herself:

CLAIRE
 What do you want? I work at a
 hospital... You want drugs?
 (MORE)

CLAIRE (cont'd)
Is that what this is about? I can
get you anything, you name it.

PARKER
(trying to control the
situation)
Shut up, Claire.

HANK
(to Claire)
I don't want your drugs.

CLAIRE
You want other drugs, ones I can't
get? Is that it? Like crack. You
want crack?

HANK
Whitney Houston was right... crack
is whack.

Parker can't help but laugh.

PARKER
What's your name?

Hank hesitates, then decides to give only his first name:

HANK
Hank.

PARKER
Hank. My name's Parker. And you've
already met my wife, Claire.

Claire can't stand that Parker is treating Hank nicely, with
respect:

CLAIRE
The fucker's met me all right. He's
pushed me around, slapped me,
punched me, not to mention that he
kidnapped me all god damn day and
he's got a knife pointed at me
right now.

PARKER
(losing his patience with
Claire)
I said, SHUT UP, Claire.

Once again, Claire is shocked to hear her husband talk to her
this way, but, once again, she quiets down.

PARKER (CONT'D.)
So what do we do now, Hank?

HANK
I don't know, man. I just snapped, you know? I just wanted her to shut up, for the world to shut up for just one day.

PARKER
I underst --
(catching himself)
So what do you want to do now?
You've got the knife. You're in control.

Hank lifts out of his funk just a little upon hearing this.

HANK
You got anything to drink in this house?

PARKER
Yeah sure. You want a beer? Wine?
Or something harder?

HANK
You got any Jack?

PARKER
Jack Daniels? Sure. I'll get it.
(pointing to a cupboard)
It's right up there.
(beat)
Just be cool, all right?

Parker reaches into a cupboard and pulls down a bottle of Jack Daniels. It's never been opened. Parker opens it, walks slowly toward Hank, and hands it to him.

Hank knocks back a slug.

HANK
Thanks.

Claire once again decides to get involved:

CLAIRE
Parker?

This time, Parker doesn't tell her to shut up. He simply bores a hole in her skull with a look that communicates the same directive. Once again, she quiets down.

PARKER
So what do you want to do?

HANK
Don't push me.

Hank takes another chug of the Jack Daniels, then sets the bottle down on the counter.

PARKER
Deal.

Parker paces around, still trying to figure out what he wants to do.

HANK
(to Parker)
Mind if I smoke?

CLAIRE
Yes.

PARKER
No.

Claire glares at Parker. Parker glares back.

PARKER (CONT'D.)
Go ahead.

Hank takes a pack of cigarettes out of his pocket. He pats his chest to signify "I don't have any matches."

PARKER
(noticing)
Need a light?

HANK
Yeah. That'd be great.

PARKER
(motioning to a drawer)
They're in the drawer over there.
I'll get 'em for you.

HANK
All right. No funny business,
though.

Parker walks over to the drawer. He walks past the knife set and we see him eye it, but he doesn't make a move toward the knives.

Instead, he simply opens the drawer, finds the pack of matches, closes the drawer, and walks back to where Hank is standing.

Parker hands the pack of matches to Hank.

HANK

Thanks.

PARKER

No problem.

In quick succession:

Hank gives Claire and Parker a "don't even think about it" look, then puts the knife down on the counter.

Hank puts the cigarette in his mouth.

Hank takes a match out of the book of matches and STRIKES it.

Cupping his hands around the match, Hank looks down, focussed on lighting his cigarette.

Claire rushes forward toward the counter and grabs the bottle of Jack Daniels. She grabs the bottle, rushes toward Hank.

Hank looks up in time, and realizes what Claire is doing. He reaches up with his hand and stops her arm.

The Hank does an amazing thing: He stares directly at Claire, then CRACKS the bottle over his head.

Claire jumps back.

The liquor sprays all over Hank and the kitchen.

Hank's match, which was still lit, lights the liquor on fire. Hank is on fire. He does not try to put the fire out. He continues to stare directly at Claire.

HANK

(quietly, as much to
himself as to Claire)

My party. My party. My party.

Hank stumbles around, blinded by the flames that engulf him. He stumbles toward the doorwall and the CURTAINS catch fire. As well, the liquor elsewhere in the kitchen is on fire.

The fire spreads and soon the kitchen is engulfed in flames.

PARKER

Claire! Get out of here!

Hank is still stumbling around, now completely on fire. After several gruesome seconds, he collapses and falls on his face.

Claire watches Hank burn in satisfaction.

PARKER (CONT'D.)

Claire! Get out of the house!

The fire spreads into the nearby rooms. It is clear that it is raging out of control.

Instead of listening to Parker's sound advice, Claire instead approaches the roasted carcass of Hank's body. She stands over his body for quite some time, while the flames rage all around her.

PARKER (CONT'D.)

Claire! We need to get out of the house NOW!

Claire reaches down, unsnaps her fanny pack from Hank's waste, rolls him over, and removes the pack. Standing back up, Claire spits on Hank, then kicks him, hard, in the groin.

CLAIRE

Fuck you, you homeless fuck.

Parker makes his way through the flames and, grabbing Claire's arm by the elbow, forces her to leave the house with him.

127

EXT. HOBSON HOUSE-FRONT YARD - DUSK

127

As their HOUSE BURNS behind them, Claire and Parker Hobson sit huddled together on the curb in front of the house. They are both sweaty, grimy and exhausted. We hear APPROACHING SIRENS IN THE DISTANCE, but we can tell that the fire department is not going to arrive in time to save the house. We see NEIGHBORS walking in clusters toward the Parkers and the inferno that was once their home.

PARKER

You alright?

CLAIRE

Yeah. I think so.

PARKER
You sure? I was so worried about
you.

CLAIRE
I'm all right. Really. You?

PARKER
Yeah. I'll be all right.

A beat. Then we see Claire remember something important.

CLAIRE
Parker, tell me you paid the
insurance bill.

Parker looks up. He looks guilty and afraid. He opens his mouth to begin speaking, but then shuts it. After a beat, he opens his mouth to speak again, but again shuts it without saying anything.

Then he gets up and walks away, without turning back.

CLAIRE (CONT'D.)
Parker! Parker! Where are you
going?

Parker continues to walk off into the distance.

CLAIRE (CONT'D.)
Parker! Parker! Come back here.
Parker! Parker!

Claire's face displays a glimmer of recognition of just what an all-controlling bitch she's been. Then she begins to cry.

FADE TO BLACK.