

FADE IN.

EXT. — FREEWAY — NIGHT

A car is hurtling down the freeway at high speed. It weaves in and out of lanes of traffic.

HANSON (O.S.)

Slow down.

INT. — CAR

HANSON is sitting in the passenger seat. He is pale and in pain. He is pressing a bunched up sweatshirt against his thigh to stem the blood from a bullet wound. JAMIE is driving. She keeps glancing at Hanson, then back to the road.

HANSON

Slow down! Do you want to
get pulled over?

JAMIE

Do you want to drive?

A car horn blasts and Jamie jerks the wheel, swerving the car into a new lane.

HANSON

Shit! Careful! You almost
hit him! You're going to
crash, or get the cops
chasing us or..

JAMIE

(interrupting)

Jesus Hanson, you think the
cops will care I don't have a
license? Think they'll want
to give me a ticket for
speeding? You've been shot,
I think that's more
important!

They sit in silence as the car speeds on. They approach an exit and the car pulls off the freeway. Hanson appears startled that they are leaving the freeway at this exit.

HANSON

Wait - where are we going?

JAMIE

I'm taking you to Mercy General. It's closest.

HANSON

No! No. We can't go to a hospital.

JAMIE

(exasperated)

You're hurt Hanson. You're bleeding everywhere. You can't just stick a Band-Aid on your leg and walk this off.

HANSON

I know, it's just... I can't.

He peels the bloodied clothing back to look at his leg. Dark blood seeps out of the wound. He quickly covers his leg again.

HANSON

(continuing)

Oh god.

Hanson closes his eyes and grimaces. He begins to breathe heavily, trying to control the pain.

JAMIE

(concerned)

We need to get you to a doctor.

HANSON

(roughly)

No doctors. No hospitals.
I'm serious, I can't go
there...

He cries out in pain.

JAMIE

Listen to yourself babe,
you're not making any sense.
You need help.

HANSON

If we go to a hospital,
they'll ask questions, call
the police.

JAMIE

So what? Maybe they'll catch
the bastard who did this to
you.

Hanson begins to laugh, but his laugh quickly becomes
sobbing. Jamie looks concerned by his erratic behavior.

HANSON

The bastard was a cop. It
was a cop who shot me. Get
it? That's why I can't go to
a hospital, and we can't tell
anyone.

JAMIE

(interrupting)

A cop? Hanson why would a
cop shoot you? No, it can't
have been, you've got it
wrong...

Hanson reaches underneath his t-shirt and pulls out a gun
that is tucked into the waistband of his jeans.

HANSON

Because of this.

Jamie glances at the gun and gasps. She brakes sharply, bringing the car skidding to a stop on a deserted street. She turns and looks at Hanson, who is trying to keep control of his emotions. Jamie looks frightened.

JAMIE

What did you do Hanson?

HANSON

I just wanted to scare him, that's all, I swear. I... I didn't know he was a cop, and... he wouldn't give me the money, if he'd just given me the money, then everything would be different.

(choking back a sob, then regains composure)

HANSON (CONT.)

He started shooting, and I ran, I was shooting back, I wasn't even looking. He got my leg, and I fell and shot at him again and this time... I thought... I thought they were blanks... I was trying to scare him off. I didn't think they were real...

Hanson turns away from Jamie, and wipes his face with his hands, smearing blood across his face.

HANSON

(continuing, in a lower voice)

I thought they were blanks. But they weren't. And I hit him. Straight in the chest. I think he might be... I think I killed him.

Hanson breaks down and begins to sob uncontrollably. Jamie reaches across and cradles his head against her shoulder. She is crying too.

JAMIE

(sobbing)

Why? Why Hanson? Why would you do something like that?

HANSON

(hesitating)

I... I wanted to... I needed the money. I wanted to get... to show you how much I... I wanted to get a ring. For you.

Jamie releases him and pulls back angrily. Jamie begins to hit Hanson as she speaks, her voice getting louder with each blow.

JAMIE

Don't you dare. Don't you dare make this about us! For me? You did this for me? Do you expect me to be happy about that? You kill someone to get me a ring? Am I supposed to be impressed by that?

She stops hitting him, and they both sit in silence. Jamie is breathing heavily, exhausted by her outburst and glaring at Hanson, who looks straight ahead, unable to make eye contact with Jamie.

HANSON

(quietly)

He was a cop. And he might be dead. That's why I can't go to a hospital.

JAMIE

So what are you going to do now Hanson? Bleed all over my dad's car, and hope that no one notices a dead cop in the middle of the park?

Hanson takes a cellphone out of his pocket.

JAMIE

Are you calling the cops?

HANSON

I'm calling Derrek. He'll know what to do.

JAMIE

(derisively)

Great. Good plan. What, you think he'll have some tips for you about surviving in juvey?

HANSON

Have you got a better idea? Maybe I should call my dad? Or yours? Just... start the car, ok? Head for Denny Boulevard.

Jamie starts the car and drives off. Hanson dials a number and listens as the phone rings. He hears DERREK's voice answering.

DERREK (O.S.)

(filtered)

Hey, I can't make it to the phone right now...

HANSON

Shit, answerphone.

DERREK (O.S.)

(filtered)

So leave a message at the tone, and I'll get back to you.

Hanson waits for the beep before speaking.

HANSON

Hey Derrek, uh, it's... it's Hanson. If you're there, pick up. Please? I really need to talk to you. Are you there?

DERREK (O.S.)

(filtered)

I'm here, I'm here. I'm just back in from my shift. How you doing kiddo? What's up?

HANSON

(crying)

I don't know what to do, I'm coming over, it's all messed up. I'm messed up, I've fucked things up so bad. I don't know where else to go.

DERREK (O.S.)

(filtered)

Whoa, whoa. Hold on, slow down. What's happened? Is it dad? Shit, has he done something, I swear to god, if he has...

HANSON

No, it's... it's me. I'm in trouble.

DERREK (O.S.)

(filtered)

What kind of trouble?

HANSON

I've been shot.

There is no response from Derrek. Hanson shuts his eyes. He is beginning to lose focus.

HANSON

Derrek, are you there? I
said...

DERREK (O.S.)

(filtered)

I heard. Don't bother coming
round. I don't need this
kind of trouble.

HANSON

Please Derrek, I've been
shot...

DERREK (O.S.)

(filtered)

Yeah I heard. Go to a
hospital, don't come here.
Jesus Hanson, what do you
expect me to do? I'm not a
doctor.

HANSON

I can't go to a hospital. I
shot someone. It was... it was
a cop...

DERREK (O.S.)

(shouting,
filtered)

A cop? You shot a cop? What
the hell were you thinking
Hanson, how do you wind up
shooting a cop?

(pausing)

DERREK (CONT., O.S.)

(filtered)

Where did you get a gun
anyway?

Hanson swallows hard. His voice is faltering.

HANSON

It was... I used your gun. The
one you used...

DERREK (O.S.)

(shouting,
filtered)

Why does dad still have that thing? Jesus, both of you are fucking insane. He should have got rid of that... God dammit. Hanson you stupid son of a bitch, did the past four years not teach you anything? Did you not learn from what I went through?

Hanson does not respond. His eyes are shut and his head is swaying with the movement from the car. The cellphone slips from his hand and falls into his lap.

DERREK (O.S.)

(shouting,
filtered)

Hanson? Hanson?

Jamie looks across and sees that Hanson is unconscious. She screams his name and begins to panic. She reaches over to get the cellphone which has dropped onto Hanson's lap. As she picks it up she hears a long, drawn out car horn, and realizes that the car is heading straight for another car on the wrong side of the road. She swerves out of the way, then slows the car down. She continues to drive, but is shaking. She puts the phone to her ear.

DERREK (O.S.)

(shouting,
filtered)

Are you there? Hanson?
What's going on?

JAMIE

(hesitatingly)

Hello? Derrek?

DERREK (O.S.)

(filtered)

Who is this? What's happened? Is Hanson OK?

JAMIE

(crying)

He's... I think he's... Oh god
no, Hanson, please don't be...

Hanson begins to moan quietly.

JAMIE

(continuing)

Oh thank god, he's just
passed out.

DERREK (O.S.)

(filtered)

OK, calm down. Calm down.
What's your name?

JAMIE

Jamie. I'm Hanson's
girlfriend.

DERREK (O.S.)

(filtered)

OK Jamie, I'm Derrek. Just
take some deep breaths,
you'll be fine. Hanson said
you were on your way, where
are you now?

Jamie looks at a passing road sign.

JAMIE

Uh... 19th and Parkway. Heading
downtown.

DERREK (O.S.)

(filtered)

Good, OK, you're only a
couple of blocks away from me
now. You'll see a pharmacy
coming up on the left,
Johnson's Pharmacy. My
apartment's right above that.
I'll meet you outside.

(MORE)

DERREK (CONT., O.S.)

(filtered)

You're doing great Jamie,
we'll get Hanson inside, then
we'll figure out how to sort
this mess out. OK?

JAMIE

(sniffling)

OK.

DERREK (O.S.)

(filtered)

OK, I'll see you in a second
Jamie.

The line goes dead. The car approaches the pharmacy and pulls in to the curb. Derrek bursts out of a doorway and heads towards the car. Jamie exits the car as Derrek reaches the passenger door. He opens it, and leans in towards Hanson.

DERREK

(quietly to
Hanson)

I'm so sorry Hanson, if I'd
been a better brother... I
shouldn't have left you on
your own with dad.

He gently lifts Hanson out of the car, and calls over to Jamie.

DERREK

Grab that rag. Hold it
against his leg, keep the
pressure up. We need to stop
the bleeding.

(to Hanson)

DERREK (CONT.)

Come on kiddo, let's fix you
up.

FADE OUT.