



DIANE

I don't understand, he's talking,  
he's responsive. You said he was  
healthy -- and now you want to ship  
him off to be someone's science  
experiment?

Tom puts a comforting hand on his wife's shoulder.

TOM

Diane --

DIANE

He's coming home with me.

TOM

Enough.

This catches everyone by surprise. All eyes on Tom now.

TOM (CONT'D)

Let's at least take some time to  
consider --

DIANE

We've waited long enough.  
(then; almost pleading)  
Haven't we?

Dr. Warren looks from Tom, then to Diane. Registers the  
anguish those twelve years have caused this couple.

DR. WARREN

It's your decision. I can't hold  
him without your consent. But  
until we understand what happened,  
I can't guarantee there won't be  
unforeseen... complications.

Diane nods. Her features soften as she weighs her words.

DIANE

I'm grateful, Doctor. Truly  
grateful, for everything you've  
done... for keeping my family  
whole. But my son is coming home.

Dr. Warren looks into Diane's eyes. There's a strength  
there. An unbreakable resolve.

DR. WARREN

Then let's get your son home.

// END