

35 INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

35

The door swings open. She hits the lights -- and FREEZES.

REVERSE ANGLE. The office has been RANSACKED. File cabinets torn open and scoured. Loose papers tossed about. She quickly grabs the phone and punches in a number.

DR. WARREN  
(into phone)  
I need Security, Room 204!

36 INT. HOLDEN'S BEDROOM - LATER

36

Holden stands in front of the window. Calm. Watching as the dog BARKS up at him from the backyard. Luke enters behind him, arms cradling a bulky desktop computer. He sets it on a desk, blows off a layer of dust.

START →  
Sc 1

LUKE  
Here, this should do the trick...  
it's a CD-ROM so it can't burn  
music, but it's got Wi-fi...

HOLDEN  
He's afraid of me.

LUKE  
Who? *Ralphie*? He's like, ninety-  
one in dog years, he's afraid of  
his own tail. Don't take it  
personally.

(then; remembering)  
Do you remember the last thing you  
told me? Before...

Holden shakes his head.

LUKE (CONT'D)  
"Take good care of *Ralphie*." You  
made me swear on the holy sacred  
covenant of brotherhood.

Holden smiles, remembering.

HOLDEN  
There's no such thing.

LUKE  
(warmly)  
Sure there is.  
(then; genuine)  
You okay?

BETOND - "LUKE"

1/4

This authentic concern catches Holden off his guard.

HOLDEN  
(covers)  
Yeah. Course.

LUKE  
Because you can tell me if you're  
not... Y'know... okay.

HOLDEN  
Okay.

LUKE  
I'd be out of my mind, pissing down  
my left leg terrified --  
(catches himself)  
Not that you should be terrified...

HOLDEN  
I'm fine. This morning... I just  
wanted some fresh air. That's all.

Luke studies Holden. Knows he's holding something back.

LUKE  
Swear by the holy sacred covenant  
of brotherhood?

HOLDEN  
I swear by the holy sacred covenant  
of brotherhood.

Luke nods, satisfied. Digs out a set of CAR KEYS.

LUKE  
C'mon. Mom gave me money for a  
shaver, maybe some new clothes...  
you up for a drive?

Holden stops. A thought just occurred to him.

LUKE (CONT'D)  
What is it?

HOLDEN  
... I've never driven a car before.

// END  
SMASH TO: SC-1

37

INT. GARAGE - HOLDEN'S HOUSE - LATER

37

Holden sits behind the wheel. A puzzled look on his face as  
he studies at the complex dashboard. Luke sits shotgun.

2/4



Sheriff Dayton pulls the folder closer. Studies the label.  
His face hardens, tightening into a frown.

The label reads: "MATTHEWS, HOLDEN"

39

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY

39

We're in a Target-like warehouse. Hot HALOGENS and THRONGS  
of people dominate the space.

ON HOLDEN. He squints against the severe lighting -- which  
now almost seems to grow BRIGHTER.

IN HOLDEN'S POV

Shoppers swarm around him. SUFFOCATING him as they jostle  
him and we see the occasional glance of recognition as they  
slow to stare and it's all too goddamn OVERWHELMING --

LUKE

Holden --?

Holden SNAPS back to normal. The white light has softened.  
~~The buzzing... GONE.~~ Holden collects himself as we CUT TO:

40

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - MINUTES LATER

40

Holden stands facing a mirror, appraising a new button down  
shirt. And he's not thrilled with it.

START  
sc. 2

LUKE

So? What do you think?

HOLDEN

I think I look like Dad.

(beat)

Or somebody's dad.

Luke glances just over Holden's shoulder.

LUKE

She seems to like it.

Holden looks past the mirror -- an attractive BRUNETTE stands  
in the women's lingerie section -- looking right at Holden.

LUKE (CONT'D)

Wait, don't --

(too late)

-- Or you can look right at her.

Who needs subtlety, right?

ON HOLDEN as his heart quickens as they make eye contact.

HOLDEN  
Think she recognizes me?

LUKE  
Not unless she owns a TV. Or a  
computer. Or has had any  
interaction with the outside world  
in the past three weeks.

HOLDEN  
What do I do?

LUKE  
Go over there and talk to her.  
Maybe she wants an autograph.  
(then; suggestive)  
Maybe she wants something more.

Holden looks uneasy. Luke catches this hesitation. Realizes  
that talking to girls, like shaving, never entered his life.

LUKE (CONT'D)  
Look, there's nothing to it.  
Honest. Just go over and ask her  
name. Compliment her. That's very  
important. It doesn't matter what,  
just y'know, pick something and  
tell her it looks good. She'll  
like that.

Holden nods, psyching himself up.

HOLDEN  
Okay.  
(smiles uneasily)  
... Here goes.

// END

He starts to walk over, but Luke stops him. SC. 2

LUKE  
Wait --

Luke grabs another stripped shirt off a nearby rack, quickly  
holds it up to Holden -- then, satisfied, we SMASH TO:

41 INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - MINUTES LATER

41

Holden approaches the Brunette. We see he's wearing the new  
shirt, fresh off the rack -- TAGS HANGING OUT.

HOLDEN  
Hey.

The Brunette looks up, startled. Maybe this was a bad idea.

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