

ACT FIVE

49 INT. HOLDEN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

49

Holden's seated in front of Luke's ancient computer, his face lit by the screen.

TIGHT ON THE COMPUTER SCREEN as Holden types his NAME into the search bar. Hits SEARCH.

BACK TO HOLDEN

He navigates his way through several articles, all relating to his coma. Goes back to SEARCH. Types in "Coma."

We see SNIPPETS of articles -- key words like "brain injury" and "recovery." Back to SEARCH. Types in "Sleepwalking." Reads. Doesn't find what he's looking for.

Holden thinks. Knows it's a long shot, but types anyway. The letters fill up the search bar -- ONE BY ONE -- spelling out "SUPERNATURAL."

A KNOCK at the door startles Holden. He quickly closes his search window, flustered --

START →

Yeah?

HOLDEN

Tom peeks his head through the semi-open door.

TOM

Thought I heard typing...

(re: the computer)

Don't worry. I won't ask.

Holden starts to defend himself, but thinks better of it. Tom takes a seat on Holden's bed. Looks around the room, staring into the past.

TOM (CONT'D)

I used to tell you stories... this was when you were very young... to get you to sleep. You remember?

Holden nods. Smiles at the memory.

TOM (CONT'D)

I'd sit right here. On this very bed. You were so small, your legs barely made it halfway. Anyway... I'd whisper these stories. Always a whisper... just in case you were already asleep.

Beyond
- "Tom"

1/4

ON HOLDEN, emotion rising up in his chest as he remembers.

TOM (CONT'D)

And then one night your legs made
it to the edge of the bed. You
didn't need my help falling asleep.

(a beat; shakes his head)

I probably spent more time here,
right here on this bed, during
those twelve years... anyway...

(then; softly)

I guess sometimes the past can help
you deal with the present.

Holden's eyes are wet. His father's vulnerability having an
impact. Tom stands, the bed creaking as he rises.

TOM (CONT'D)

Something I want to show you.

50 INT. HOLDEN'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - MINUTES LATER

50

We're in an unfinished basement. Cement floor. Exposed
insulation. Cobwebs everywhere.

Holden and Tom stand side by side, FACING CAMERA.

HOLDEN

Does it work?

REVERSE on Holden's old MOTORBIKE. Or what's left of it.

TOM

Not yet. Couple replacement parts.
Some man-hours. I believe you can
get her up and running again.

Holden steps forward. Speechless. Nostalgic. Reaches out
to touch it with a slow, reverential hand... *

But as soon as he touches it, the head lamp snaps off --
CRASHING to the floor by Holden's feet. He picks it up, and
as he holds it in his hands, his face darkens. *

HOLDEN

Why? Why save... all this? *

TOM

(off-guard)

Because... this bike was an
important part of your childhood. *

HOLDEN

My childhood. That was twelve
years ago. My childhood's gone.
Along with everything else.

*
*
*
*

TOM

You know that's not true.

*
*

Holden shakes his head, finally realizing what he's tried so
hard to ignore.

*
*

HOLDEN

~~You think tightening a few bolts...~~
~~a new coat of paint... will make~~
~~everything better? I turn the key~~
and what, get my life back? Just
like that?

*

Tom doesn't know what to say. Clearly this isn't going the
way he thought it would. The way he hoped it would.

TOM

Of course not. I'm only trying to
help --

HOLDEN

Then tell me why I can't sleep. Or
why I wake up in the middle of the
woods with no memory of how I got
there --

Holden's on a roll now. Days worth of pent up anger and
hostility boiling over.

*

HOLDEN (CONT'D)

Tell me why an entire radiology lab
goes up in flames while they're
looking inside my head.

TOM

You had nothing to do with that.
It was faulty equipment -- they're
lucky we don't press charges.

Does Holden buy this explanation? Maybe. But there's a more
pressing concern that Holden needs to get off his chest:

HOLDEN

You should've never brought me home
from that hospital.

ON TOM. Completely CRUSHED by this sentiment. Because he
knows, deep down, that Holden is probably right.

HOLDEN (CONT'D)
You wanna put this bike back
together?

He tosses Tom the head lamp.

HOLDEN (CONT'D)
Be my guest.

//END

Holden turns and makes his way back up the basement steps,
leaving his dad with a shattered heart and a broken bike.

CUT TO:

51 INT. BATHROOM — KEVIN'S HOUSE — NIGHT 31

Kevin stands at the sink. The water is running, but he pays
it no attention. Outside the door, CHRISTINE knocks gently.

CHRISTINE (O.C.)
Kevin?

He doesn't answer. Doesn't even flinch.

OUTSIDE THE BATHROOM

Christine has her ear pressed to the door, listening.

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)
Everything okay?

Behind her, a PHONE RINGS. She ignores it.

BACK TO KEVIN. Gazing at his own reflection. Conflicted.

CHRISTINE (O.C.) (CONT'D)
Honey... Please, just answer me --

KEVIN
(shouting; on edge)
Can you get the phone?

A beat. Through the door, he HEARS the RINGING cut short.
Muffled voices. And then panic floods into Kevin's eyes --

KEVIN (CONT'D)
Wait! Don't --

Kevin throws open the door. Christine is there, holding the
phone out towards Kevin.

CHRISTINE
... It's for you.

4/4