

EXT. WELBY, COLORADO - HOSPITAL - NIGHT

An AMBULANCE, with sirens ROARING, comes to a SCREECHING STOP.

INT. HOSPITAL ER - NIGHT

The double doors burst open with a loud steel-on-steel THWACK! A gurney barges through propelled by two wired PARAMEDICS on autopilot. The patient: a WOMAN, mid 40's, Caucasian, Unconscious, with a head wound. BLOOD smears everywhere. Pandemonium for a moment as...

NURSE 1
Fifth gear people!

PARAMEDIC 1
I need parking... She's fading fast!

FLOOR MANAGER
TRAUMA 3!... There on the left...

He makes eye contact with a YOUNG INTERN.

FLOOR MANAGER
... Gail!

We can see her FEAR, yet she jumps at the chance to help.

They wheel her into Trauma 3.

INT. TRAUMA 3 - NIGHT

NURSE 1
On my go. Ready. Lift.

They transfer her from gurney to bed. The trauma team springs into action.

PARAMEDIC 2
By the time we got there she was barely going. Started saying something about a child... or a BABY. Couldn't quite make it out... she was gone just after that.

NURSE 1
Gail, could you get DR. MORGAN down here please!

GAIL
I'm on it...

EXT. TRAUMA 3 - NIGHT

Gail quickly exits the room and down the hallway. She RUNS into Dr. Morgan.

GAIL
...trauma 3!

INT. TRAUMA 3 - NIGHT

Double windows on door. Labeled beneath we see the number THREE. Through the door, we see the peering eyes of a the patient's husband, DALE mid 50's, overcome with emotions.

EXT. TRAUMA 3 - NIGHT

Dr. Morgan approaches the door, pushing it open. Dale GRABS his long white coat, squeezing his arm.

DALE
That's my wife...doctor.
Please...please.

DR. MORGAN
We will do what we can...I promise.

INT. TRAUMA 3 - NIGHT

Dr. Morgan enters the room. He takes the chart from the nurse.

NURSE 1
Head on accident. The husband was driving. He seems to be fine, outside of a small head wound. Can't say the same for this one.

NURSE 2
Pressure's low. 60 palp!

DR. MORGAN
Regular saline, run it straight through!

NURSE 1
She lost consciousness shortly after the medics arrived. The driver said she was muttering something about a baby. There was no child at the scene though...
(beat)
I think we might be trying to save more than one life here.

Dr. Morgan takes note of her expression. Gives a look of CONCERN.

DR. MORGAN
Shit! Not today.

NURSE 1
Do I need to get a whole of OR?

DR. MORGAN
ROSE!...
(nurse 2)
Could you get BILL on the phone? He will be needed here for this one.

ROSE
What?...

DR. MORGAN
Bill, on the phone, right away please!

ROSE
Gotcha.

EXT. TRAUMA 3 - NIGHT

Rose exits the room, into the hallway. Gail STOPS her.

GAIL
Hey, what's going on?

ROSE
She's pregnant!

GAIL
Oh my god...

WE FOLLOW GAIL INTO THE ROOM

INT. TRAUMA 3 - NIGHT

CAMERA PANS TOWARDS DOUBLE WINDOWS ON DOOR.

Dale looks through with FEAR.

WE PASS THROUGH THE WINDOW.

EXT. TRAUMA 3 - NIGHT

Two STAFF WORKERS restrain Dale. The VOICES of the room grow FRANTIC.

NURSE 1

We're losing her!...pressures down
to 40...no pulse here!

DR. MORGAN

Charge 200!...everybody clear!

SMASH CUT TO

BLACK

FADE IN:

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

A small two story HOUSE. An outdoor WORKSTATION, with a variety of tools mounted to the wall. Dale enters through the side door.

INT. HOUSE BEDROOM - DAY

Dale enters the bedroom. It's DARK. Reaches under a lampshade. The LIGHT goes on. Slides open a drawer from the nightstand, removing a WATCH, strapping it to his wrist.

Shuts the drawer, which knocks over a FRAMED PHOTO. He picks up the photo, STARING at it. This is a photo of Dale and his wife, LISA.

Dale moves towards the closet, removing clothing and an old ball cap. A STUFFED ANIMAL falls from the shelf. Dale picks up the stuffed animal. Walks towards a BABY'S CRIB, that sits in the corner of the room. Places the toy amongst a few others.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

A BIRD on it's perch is startled. Loud thumps echoes throughout. An AX smashes down, splitting a freshly cut LOG in two. The UPSTAIRS WINDOW of Dale's house catches his attention.

The SUN is blinding. It's difficult to see details of Lisa, standing in the window. Dale smiles. Removes the ax. Takes another glance at the window.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Dale searches through several cabinets in his kitchen. His dog, JAKE, sniffs around, looking for a treat. He tosses Jake a snack. Jake takes off through the house, exiting through a door leading outside.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Dale follows Jake outside to his workstation, searches around for a few seconds. He finds what he's looking for. An old mason jar full of PAINTBRUSHES. A small flat tin of WATERCOLOR PAINTS.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Dale returns to the house, placing the supplies on the counter.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY

An old red pickup truck rounds the corner, creating clouds of dirt.

I/E. TRUCK - DAY

A NEWS REPORTER crackles over the radio. A cardboard BOX, with the label, Martha, sits on the seat. Dale flicks a lighter, lighting his pipe. He tunes the radio to a local station. An old familiar song comes on.

INT. ANTIQUE SHOP - DAY

A quaint ANTIQUE SHOP, owned by MARTHA 45. A kind face lady, with a love for unique antiques. Martha attends to a CUSTOMER.

MARTHA

Will this be it?

CUSTOMER

Um, actually, there was some frames, on the shelves, in the back. I can't seem to find them.

MARTHA

Oh those, there gone. There some of my best sellers. Should of stopped in earlier.

CUSTOMER

(regretting)

I was... earlier this week, but...

MARTHA

(interrupting)

Tell you what. I have a delivery on Friday, similar to those. How about I hold on to one for you.

CUSTOMER
Oh, it's no big deal.

MARTHA
Don't worry about it.

CUSTOMER
Thank you...
(beat)
I know I've been in before but,
I've never caught your name.

MARTHA
That would be Martha.

CUSTOMER
Martha... nice to meet you...
(looking around)
You sure have a lot of nice things
around here.

MARTHA
Why thank you.

CUSTOMER
Where does all this stuff come
from?

MARTHA
Friends. People get tired of them
and want to throw it away, I
collect it.
(beat)
Sometimes, I go out and find things
myself.

CUSTOMER
Must be nice. I'm a big fan of
antiques.

MARTHA
You know, this is also one of my
best sellers.

Martha holds up a WOODEN CANDLE HOLDER.

MARTHA (cont'd)
Think you might have gotten the
last one.

CUSTOMER
(picking up the candle
holder)
(MORE)

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For the complete script please contact Jennifer Brooks at
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