

CRASH BACKWARDS

Written by

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EXT. ALLIGATOR ALLEY - NIGHT

A long stretch of road in the middle of the FLORIDA EVERGLADES. Few street lights.

Canals border both sides of the alley.

Grassy areas divide the road from the water. Ten foot tall metal fencing runs the length of the canals.

It had been raining.

The moon peers in and out of dark, quick moving thunderous clouds.

Lightning silently flashes behind them like a child playing with a light switch in a dark room.

No cars on the road until --

ROAR!

The scream of an engine, followed by the scream of a FEMALE.

FABLE (O.S.)
Hurry, Felden!

A BLACK AUDI races next to an ORANGE CAMARO. The Audi pulls ahead.

The Camaro ducks back in behind.

The only cars on the dark road.

Frequent flashes of lightning reflect off them, tires spraying water all the way.

INT. AUDI (MOVING)

The speedometer surges past the hundred mile an hour mark.

On the open glovebox door a box of bullets has been torn thru, its contents scattered everywhere.

A FEMALE HAND tries to load the thirty eights in a COLT DETECTIVE SPECIAL, her fingers jittery.

She keeps dropping the bullets.

FABLE (O.S.)
C'mon. C'mon.

Finally, she gets one in.

REAR VIEW MIRROR

A MAN's panicked eyes steal a glance.

HEADLIGHTS from behind flash bright. The man's eyes wince.

His hand flicks to the mirror and flips the night switch.

EXT. ALLIGATOR ALLEY

The orange CAMARO with deadly intentions, brights blaring, catches up to the Audi, noses the back bumper.

FELDEN (O.S.)

Hang on!

The Camaro smashes the Audi, shoves it off the road.

INT. AUDI (MOVING)

The Driver wrestles with the steering wheel.

Their headlights shine against a --

BILLBOARD

ZZ Top looking smiling faces hold up bottles of green liquid.

They pulverize the sign, get jostled around.

EXT. ALLIGATOR ALLEY

FABLE (O.S.)

Felden!

Both cars cut across the soaked grassy area, bulldoze thru the metal fence, and go airborne.

FABLE (O.S.)

Aaauuughhh!

INT. AUDI (MOVING)

The headlights glare off the water. They slam into it. The Woman wrenches against the seatbelt. She is *PREGNANT*.

The Colt flies out of her hand smashes against the windshield. It goes off. A flash of orange fire.

BLACK.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

A WOMAN(30's) and her SON, DILLON(7) hustle a corner together. The woman with a sign and money basket asking for help, and the son holding up bottles of water to anyone that might buy one.

WINNY (O.S.)

You can't keep pushing Fink, Fable,
or we'll both be peddling street
ware.

Passersby just push by the boy and go on about their day never giving either one a look.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

FABLE BAXTER(Female, 30's), dressed in a sharp business dress suit,

Has a cup of coffee with --

WINNY(Male, 30's), dressed flamboyantly in bright oranges, and greens in a mix mash of stripes and oversized polka-dots.

Fable's cup is full. She stares out the window watching the mother and son.

Winny notices she's not listening.

WINNY

I mean, I'm not sure we should use
the gargantuan caterpillar in our
next scene or the abominable
snowman.

Still no response.

He waves his hand in front of her face to snap her out of it. Nothing.

WINNY

(spanish accent)

Hello, Juan Valdez to Fable. Is
your Cafe con Leche too much leche?

RING. RING.

Fable's phone faces up on the table.

Fable snaps out of her daydreaming, looks down at the phone. She turns it over.

RING. RING.

Winnie snatches it up. It reads --

"Unknown Caller"

WINNY

Don't blame you. If they can't identify themselves, they can talk to the machine.

RING. RING.

He puts the phone back down.

FABLE

That just started a couple days ago. I've answered, but it's always weird static.

WINNY

I wouldn't pick it up at all. No telling what weirdo's on the other end.

FABLE

He is abominable.

WINNY

Unknown caller?

FABLE

Fink the Skink.

The phone quits ringing.

Winnie chuckles.

WINNY

Yes, but he's the Station Manager and this swamp show we're doing is my stepping stone to a sequel to Creature from the Black Lagoon.

Winnie chuckles, sighs.

WINNY

Seriously, I hate reality TV shows, but...we just need to play nice.

Fable takes a sip of her coffee. She gags, gets up with it.

FABLE

Be nice if they served this hot.

She heads to the counter. He hollers after her.

WINNY

Be nice if you didn't wait half
hour to drink it.

He glances over at a FEMALE CUSTOMER staring at him.

WINNY

Waste is a terrible thing to mind.

She gets a confused look on her face.

WINNY

As in, your own business.

He waves her to look somewhere else. She gets embarrassed
and looks away.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Fable has three cups in her hands, a small bag of goodies
scrunched under one arm and her purse over her other arm.

WINNY

Tomorrow morning we better be able
to convince the Skink to keep those
Gladers on the air.

Fable hands Winny one cup. The WALK SIGN flicks on. Fable
steps off the sidewalk, cuts across the street.

WINNY

Fable!

He watches her stride right up to the mother and son and hand
her the two cups, and the small bag.

SIDEWALK ACROSS FROM COFFEE SHOP

The woman looks at her gratefully. Hands the boy a muffin.

Fable looks down at the disheveled boy. He attacks the sweet
like he hasn't eaten in days.

Fable hesitates, then digs her wallet out of her purse, pulls
out all the cash in it.

Three twenties, and two ones.

FABLE

Here.

She hands it to the woman.

FABLE

It's all the cash I got.

The woman takes the money. Her eyes grow wide, and well up. She jumps up, hugs Fable.

HOMELESS WOMAN

Bless you. They were cutting off our lights today. It's exactly what we need. You're an angel.

She releases Fable. Fable gets embarrassed.

FABLE

It was nothing.

HOMELESS WOMAN

Oh no. It's everything. Dillon, thank the lady for her kindness.

Dillon glances up without stopping.

DILLON

Thank you, for your kindness.

Fable nods, turns and cuts back across the street to a gaping Winny. He dabs his eyes with a napkin.

WINNY

That is the kindest thing I've seen in forever. I hate you. Here I am worried about me, and you're being all Mother Theresa out here feeding the homeless.

He blows his nose and blinks back tears.

WINNY

I'm a despicable despot.

FABLE

It's selfish.

WINNY

That was anything but selfish.

He hands Fable back her coffee.

FABLE

Ever felt like someone's watching you.

FABLE

Even catch them out of the corner
of your eye, but nothing's ever
there?

WINNY

Like a ghost.

FABLE

I don't know. It's even affecting
my dreams. My sleep. Then those
unknown caller's started.

WINNY

You need to get yourself a gun.

FABLE

Where I live? Edge of the Glades?
I'm always packing.

WINNY

Look at Miss Dirty Mary.

FABLE

Miss Dirty Mary is paranoid.

They walk towards their cars.

WINNY

Well that explains.

FABLE

Explains what?

WINNY

Why you've been so out of it, I
guess. You talk to Victor?

FABLE

Victor is sweet.

A MAN(40's) in a car parked just down the street watches
them.

FABLE (O.S.)

But talking to him is like talking
to a rubber wall. 'I'm exhausted
today.' 'You need more sleep.'

Fable and Winny reach her car, a BLACK AUDI.

FABLE

'I didn't sleep at all last night.'
'No wonder you're exhausted.' He
keeps saying I need to talk to
a...Listener.

WINNY

A shrink? Honey, you're the sanest
person I know. Listen, it's just
stress. We're under the gun to
finish the last few episodes before
they cancel us. And working in
swampsilvania doesn't help.

Fable uses her key fob to unlock the Audi's door. Winny
opens the door to let her in.

FABLE

Anyway, I just needed to do
something to make me feel better.
So, I guess, it wasn't so saintish
as selfish.

They pause at the open door.

WINNY

I still think it was beautiful.

Winny gives her a hug over the door.

The Man in the car glares at them, drives off.

FABLE

Feel like my life is being picked
apart by an evil woodpecker. One
peck at a time. Half the time I
don't know if I'm awake or asleep.

Winny lets out a blood curdling scream.

WINNY

Aaaauuuuggghhhhh!

Fable jerks away, panic stricken.

FABLE

What the hell was that?

Winny grins.

WINNY

Well if you were asleep, you'd be
awake by now. But we're still
here.

Fable glares at him.

FABLE
Thanks a lot.

WINNY
Cheese and crackers, Fable. You
have lost your sense of humor.
Forget about today. I'll handle
the shoot. Go home, get some rest
and let's hit the Skink *manana*
morning when you're fresh.

Fable looks at him, forces a smile.

FABLE
I can't.

Winnie gently pushes down on her to force her in the car.

WINNY
You can and you will. Now that's
an order from your Director. Not
that the Director's over the
Producer, but...

DILLON (O.S.)
Miss?

Fable and Winnie turn to the voice. Dillon gazes up at her.

DILLON
Mama told me to bring you our
bestest, coldest drink.

He holds up a bottle of greenish liquid.

"Glader - Two - Oh"

*With a picture of some long bearded hillbillies smiling on
the front.*

Winnie looks at Fable, his eyes go wide and he busts out
laughing. Fable shakes her head.

FABLE
I'm telling you...

INT. FABLE/VICTOR HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

WHAM!

The empty bottle of *Glader - Two - Oh* gets slammed to the counter.

FABLE (O.S.)

...I need a vacation, Victor, not a head doctor.

Fable, in a night gown, snatches up the glass of green liquid and spins towards --

VICTOR FALKER, (The MAN who was spying on her in the car.)

He sits at the dining table, dressed in business attire, pecks on an *ELECTRONIC TABLET*, chows down a bowl of cereal.

VICTOR

What if you take a vacation and still can't sleep?

FABLE

Then we really have a problem.

He doesn't look at her, engrossed in his work.

Fable gets annoyed.

FABLE

Maybe if I had a keyboard attached to me.

Victor puts the tablet down, gets up, slurps down a glass of orange juice, heads to her.

VICTOR

Honey.

He pulls Fable in for a hug, plants a kiss on her forehead.

VICTOR

I'm obviously not helping. Have you been taking your pills?

Fable pushes away. Victor pulls her back in.

VICTOR

Fable. I love you. I don't want to see you hurting.

Fable relents. Victor kisses her. Holds her away from him.

VICTOR

Where you going to be today? Maybe I can get you for lunch.

Fable buries her head in his chest.

FABLE
I'm crazy busy today, meetings
first thing this morning, on set
this afternoon.

Victor scowls, releases her.

FABLE
But tonight.

He slams the orange juice glass in the sink and heads out.

VICTOR (O.S.)
I work late tonight.

FABLE
Victor.

She hears the front door slam.

INT. FABLE/VICTOR HOUSE - STAIRCASE - DAY

Fable comes down dressed in a dark goldenrod suit. She holds her high heels in one hand, and her phone pressed to her ear with the other.

FABLE
I've got time, Jessee. I'll be
there.

KITCHEN

The sun bleeds through the closed rooster curtains that grace the window box outside the sink.

Fable cradles her cell phone between her ear and her shoulder. She washes dishes.

FABLE
No, don't reschedule.

She turns to grab her husband's cereal bowl off the table.

A SHADOWY FIGURE

Appears outside her kitchen window, diffused by the curtains.

She turns back to the sink --

FABLE

Just tell Fink I had an outside client.

-- and catches sight of the *Dark Silhouette*.

Startled, she lets out a quick scream. Her cell drops into the dish water. The bowl crashes to the floor, shattering. She slips and collapses onto it.

A piece of broken shard bites into her right leg. She cries out, and grabs her shin. The shard sticks out just below the side of her knee.

Fable snatches the dish towel hanging below the sink.

Blood oozes out around the shard. She winces, tries to ease it out, but it's buried too deep. She stops.

Sweat breaks out across her forehead. She looks away, inhales to gather her resolve. Then turns back to the bloody piece, takes a hold of it and yanks.

FABLE

Aauuggghh!

She slings it across the floor and doubles over in pain.

Blood oozes from the wound. She squeezes it shut, fights passing out, gathers herself, pats her face with the towel, then uses it to wrap her leg.

She squeezes her eyes shut momentarily, struggles to slow her breathing. Seconds go by. Her eyes snap open.

Fable nudges up, fights thru the pain, turns around to peek over the sink. No one at the window.

She pushes up higher, peels back the curtain for a quick scan. Still no one around.

She looks down into the dish water at her phone, snags it out of the water and tries to push a button.

The screen black. The phone fried.

EXT. FABLE'S HOUSE - DAY

Fable gimps to her car. Still in her dress suit, but now wearing fashionable strapped sandals. Her leg has gauze wrapped around it with a small stain of blood.

She glances around nervously as she gets to her vehicle. Pops the lock, opens the door, and struggles to get in.

INT. FABLE'S AUDI

Fable starts the car. She digs her cell out of her purse and checks it one last time.

Dead phone.

She tosses it on to the passenger seat, it bounces and hits the floor.

EXT. LONG RURAL ROAD - DAY

The Audi cuts along a slim two lane road bordered closely by tall grasses, trees, and bushes, no place to pull over, save for a thin area of rocks.

A TALK SHOW drifts from the car.

WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

And I always wake up right before
the train hits me. I'm scared
Doctor Stevenson.

DOCTOR STEVENSON (V.O.)

A dream, particularly a recurring
bad dream, or rather, unnerving
dream, because not all unnerving
dreams are necessarily bad, though
you may react to it as such.

INT. FABLE'S AUDI (MOVING)

Fable smokes a cigarette.

Her mind could be a million miles away, or she could be listening intently. Either way, she seems to be driving unconsciously.

DOCTOR STEVENSON (V.O.)

It could be the subconscious
warning you of an impending
situation, which on the surface
seems like a nightmare, but in
reality, may be a call to save your
life.

BLAM!

The car suddenly careens across the road. Fable grips the wheel to get it under control. She bites down on the cigarette.

DOCTOR STEVENSON (V.O.)
 No one really knows when a life
 altering or threatening situation
 can suddenly occur.

An ORANGE CAMARO heads right at her. It's HORN BLARES.

She slams the brakes and rips the wheel back to the left.

EXT. RURAL ROAD

The Audi careens back across the highway, a whisker separates the two head on vehicles.

Strips of rubber fly off the Audi's front passenger tire.

The Camaro shreds off to its side of the road, just missing the Audi before righting. One last horn blast protests as it continues on.

INT. AUDI (MOVING)

Fable wrestles the car to a grinding halt.

WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
 So it could be a good thing? The
 train about to kill me?

DOCTOR STEVENSON (V.O.)
 Well, I would need to go deeper
 with a few sessions to be able to
 answer that. I'm just saying, not
 everything that appears bad, is.

Fable plucks the mangled cigarette from her lips, stabs it in the ashtray.

FABLE
 That's it. I quit.

She switches off the radio. Pauses to gather herself.

Bugs buzz around her car windows. The sounds of nowhere.

As far as she can see in front of her no cars are coming. She looks in the rear view mirror. No cars behind her.

She strangles the wheel with both hands and lets out a SHRIEK. She hangs her head and begins to sob.

She notices her leg. A red stain expands across the gauze.

RING. RING.

Startled, Fable looks towards the sound.

FABLE

How the hell?

Her purse on the passenger side floor, she stretches for it. The seatbelt snags her.

RING. RING.

She unsnaps the belt, lurches for the purse, snatches it off the floor.

RING. RING.

She spots the cell on the floor. Dives for it, scoops it up and reads the display --

"Unknown Caller"

KNOCK. KNOCK.

Fable jumps, the phone flies out of her hands back to the floor. It stops ringing.

A STRANGER(40's)

At her window. Brown hair, flecks of gray. A handsome, boy scout face.

But in this situation, his good looks, suit and tie, are not exactly comforting. Especially appearing out of nowhere.

Fable glances around for his car. No vehicle in sight. Fear claws at her throat.

The Stranger places his palms against the window. He peers at Fable like she's a long lost treasure.

STRANGER

You.

The man goes around to the front passenger wheel.

Fable eyes him all the way. He bends down and disappears from her sight.

Fable shoots to the glove compartment, pops it, rifles through the crap til she lands a --

COLT DETECTIVE SPECIAL

Panicked, her eyes dart to the window.

Clear.

She snags the gun out, grasps a small box of thirty eights, sets it on the open glove box door. Rips into it, scattering bullets everywhere.

Fable fumbles to put them in the chamber, her shaky fingers drop some to the floor.

Sweat in her eyes doesn't help. She swipes at her face with her forearm.

Finally loaded, she shoves the gun under her purse. Waits for the man to reappear.

Several long seconds.

Sweat rolls down her face, her lips twitch, her breathing stifled. She blindly reaches for the door handle, dares to crack the door open.

Pauses. Nothing.

She eases out. Holds the gun in front of her, shaking like a scared puppy in a hurricane.

She creeps around to the front of the car. Stops to listen. Bugs whiz by her face. She holds her breath.

Humid silence.

Fable takes a deep breath, whips around the car, and points the gun at --

NOTHING.

She glances at the blown tire. Intact. Looks at the rear tire. Also intact.

She looks around at the high grasses that border the road. No sign of entry or exit. No sign of the Stranger.

The bugs dive bomb her sweaty face again. Annoying little shits. She flails at them.

HONK!!!

A RED SEMI blasts its horn as it careens by.

EXT. ALLIGATOR ALLEY - NIGHT

A BLUE EIGHTEEN WHEELER splashes water off the black top as it races by two cars that have plunged into the canal.

INT. SEMI TRUCK (MOVING)

A large BURLY MAN glances in his passenger side mirror and notices the brake lights of a car protruding from the water.

He double takes, then slams his breaks.

EXT. TELEVISION STUDIO - DAY

Fable's Audi pulls up to a GUARD GATE. The sign above the gate reads --

"WCMA Your Hometown Station"

The gate rises and Fable pulls through.

FABLE (O.S.)
I'm telling you Victor my tire blew out, and the next thing I know some guy appeared, disappeared, and the tire was fixed.

INT. TELEVISION STUDIO - WCMA - DAY

Fable limps her way through the throng of desks and WORKERS.

FABLE
(on her cell)
Of course I grabbed my gun. The bullets went everywhere.

Dried blood down her leg, all eyes on her.

FABLE
(on cell)
No, I didn't fire it. It wasn't like the range. I was so shaky I barely got it loaded.

She doesn't acknowledge anybody.

FABLE
 (on cell)
 I wasn't imagining it.

Fable makes it into her office. The door reads --

"Fable Falker, Producer"

INT. FABLE'S OFFICE

Fable dumps her purse on her desk.

FINK(early 30's)

Walks in. Dressed in suit and tie, smarmy look on his face like he's about to feed Fable a "You're fired" sandwich.

FABLE
 (on cell)
 I was almost killed, dammit.

Fable turns with fire in her eyes and shoots them at Fink. He twitches, offers a weak smile, then slinks out of the room.

Fable glances around, notices her CO-WORKERS staring at her.

FABLE
 (on cell)
 Screw it, Vic. I'm late and Fink
 the Skink just slipped back into
 his hole.

She stops, turns away from the office and cuts off her phone.

She tosses it to her desk. It smacks a WEDDING PICTURE --

Victor and her cuddled together, carefree joyous smiles.

-- And knocks it to the floor.

FABLE
 ...Great.

She goes over, picks up the frame.

FABLE
 You deserved it.

She looks at it. The glass has cracked.

FABLE
 Crap.

Fable stands it back on the desk next to her phone. She turns and limps to the door.

FABLE

Jessee.

Fable hobbles back to her desk and slumps into her chair. She stares at the face of her husband. He stares back at her, smiling through the broken glass.

FABLE

I'm not talking to you.

She turns the picture face down.

JESSEE(early 20's)

An effusive young lady scurries in with an IPAD. She stops in her tracks.

JESSEE

Sorry, Missus Falker, I thought you called me.

She turns to leave.

FABLE

I did.

Jessee turns back, gives Fable a big grin. She punches up the IPAD.

JESSEE

So I called and rescheduled your first appointment.

Jessee swipes the IPAD.

JESSEE

But the one with Mister Fink and Winny...

Fable holds her hand up. Jessee freezes.

FABLE

Jessee I clearly told you not to reschedule.

Jessee's smile fades.

JESSEE

You did?

Jessee starts punching at the iPad to bring up the clients.

JESSEE
I can get them back and change it.
It was only about a half hour ago.

FABLE
Leave it.

Jessee continues to punch nervously.

JESSEE
But I can get them back today.

FABLE
Leave it, Jessee.

Jessee looks up with anguish painting her face. Tears threaten.

FABLE
Just leave the new appointments,
changing them again will look
extremely unprofessional.

Jessee looks down.

JESSEE
Yes, Missus Falker.

Fable struggles up and limps to Jessee.

JESSEE
What happened?

FABLE
Rough morning.

Fable puts her arm around Jessee's shoulder.

FABLE
Hey. You saved me today.

Jessee looks into her eyes. A single tear drops.

JESSEE
I'm really sorry Missus Falker but
I don't remember...

FABLE
Forget it.

Fable glances down the corridor to Fink's office. He stands behind his glass window, arms folded, staring at her.

Fable glares back at him.

FABLE
 C'mon. I'll make us both a cup of
 "I don't give a skink's nuts."

Fable snags a tissue from a box on a small table, hands it to her.

FABLE
 Dry those pretty eyes.

Jessee dabs her eyes, nods, a slight smile.

They start to go out.

RING. RING.

Fable stops and turns back.

FABLE
 Cell.

Fable lurches quickly back to her desk, scoops up the phone.

Again it reads --

"Unknown Caller"

She frowns, starts to turn when she notices the cracked picture of her husband is UPRIGHT.

Confused, she glances at it. Now, the Wedding Picture has her cuddling with the Stranger that appeared to her on the road.

And the glass is fixed.

Fable staggers back, faints. The phone bounces away, The ringing stops.

EXT. EVERGLADES - HAMMOCK - DAY

Everything BLACK.

The drone of muffled VOICES. Bugs whirring.

WINNY (O.S.)
 Let's shoot this on the west side
 to catch the sun setting.

A half dozen members of a TV CREW and several REDNECK looking MEN and WOMEN, (a Group of people who live in the Everglades) called "GLADERS", can be heard.

HEAVYSET GLADER (O.S.)
 Come around the shack or start out
 in front?

WINNY (O.S.)
 What do you think, Fable? Fable?

Winnie SHOUTS.

WINNY (O.S.)
 Fable!

Fable's eyes pop open. She jerks in her Producer's Chair as if catching herself falling.

FABLE
 Huh?

Gnats freckle her pasty face.

The scorching sun beats down pissed off.

Fable's eyes wander towards --

WINNY

A Hot Pink Cooling Sleeve over his head and neck with large mirrored sunglasses, and a loud tie-dyed one piece jumpsuit.

He looks like a giant rainbow caterpillar.

WINNY
 Hello.

He SNAPS his fingers.

WINNY
 Snapping turtle. Are you with us
 today?

Fable, disoriented.

FABLE
 Of course.

She glances at her surroundings. A medium sized clearing circled by trees and bushes.

A ramshackle large HUT made of mix matched plywood and native tree limbs with an old tin roof sits at one edge about two feet off the ground on construction blocks of cement.

The tacked together shack has several small rooms added on like tics on a alley mutt.

The CREW stand sweaty and impatient.

Scattered around, grubby, fully bearded Caucasian Gladers with their female counterparts, dressed in patchwork jeans, camouflaged shorts and dingy sweat stained T-shirts, have stopped what they're doing.

One FEMALE GLADER, has a half gutted rabbit on a crate in front of her. Knife buried in its belly, innards spilling out. Fat flies getting their fill.

Another GLADER FEMALE hangs slices of snake meat across a line to dry out. Her DAUGHTER(6) hands her the strips.

A MALE GLADER with a braided beard cleans a shot gun. Another MALE with RED HAIR sharpens his machete.

ALL eyes wait on Fable.

FABLE

I'm with you.

Everyone glances at each other concerned, perplexed.

Winnie approaches Fable, signals for one of the PRODUCTION ASSISTANTS to get her something to drink.

WINNY

Fable, maybe you're dehydrated.

The Production Assistant scurries up and hands the Director a cool bottle of *"Glader - Two - Oh"*.

Winnie gives the greenish liquid to Fable.

FABLE

I was just in my office...

Fable reaches down and pulls up her right pants leg to reveal a perfectly normal leg.

She yanks up her other pant leg. Again, normal. No injury to either.

FABLE

What? But, I was bleeding, and the man's face was in the broken picture.

Fable begins to swoon. She grabs her head.

WINNY

Fable, maybe it's heat stroke. Here, drink some of this Two - Oh.

Winnie takes the bottle from her, cracks it open.

FABLE

I'm not crazy. What the hell is going on?

She glances around looking for someone with an answer. Blank stares meet her glare.

WINNY

We never said you were.

Fable shoots a look toward the shack and catches the Stranger staring at her through a window.

FABLE

You!

Fable pushes herself up, knocks past Winny and the Assistant, and staggers into the building leaving everyone flabbergasted.

INT. HAMMOCK SHACK - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Sparsely decorated with old beaten up furniture.

HEADS of DEER, RABBITS with ANTLERS, and various other Glade creatures hang from the walls.

Shotguns rest in corners and hang from wall hooks.

In the center of the room on a well worn cypress coffee table rests a large alligator head, mouth open, a friendly toothy smile.

A BABY CRIES from another room.

Fable darts into the --

BABY'S ROOM

Surrounded by junk gathered over the years, a makeshift crib shoved against one wall.

A dark FIGURE holds the BABY covered by an old tattered quilt. His back to Fable.

FABLE

What do you want? Why are you stalking me?

The figure doesn't turn, doesn't answer. The Baby continues to cry.

FABLE

Hey, I'm talking to you.

Fable strides over to him, grabs him by the shoulder and spins him around to reveal --

A SCRAGGLY BEARDED GLADER(70's)

A scarred eyeball and only a couple crooked teeth in an unnerving smile.

He spits out a repulsive CACKLE through his salt and pepper beard and filth matted mustache.

It sounds like a baby's cry.

Fable's eyes dart to the infant. She yanks back the quilt.

Horror screams across Fable's face.

A beat up PLASTIC DOLL with a stuffed SQUIRREL head lodged in the neck.

Cold black eyes and a frozen stare greet her.

SCRAGGLY BEARD GLADER

Hold the baby.

The Glader shoves the macabre doll at Fable and squawks.

SCRAGGLY BEARD GLADER

Hold the baby. It wants its mother.

The Glader makes another curdling cry.

Fable bolts out of the room terrified.

A maniacal WAIL chases her out.

SCRAGGLY BEARD GLADER (O.S.)

It wants its mother!

LIVING ROOM

Fable runs through the shack, bashes her leg against the table, sprawls to the floor. She writhes in pain. Cradles her right leg to her body.

Blood stains her jeans.

She looks up at the ceiling. Light from the setting sun glances off a mobile made of various Everglade bird heads with their wings sewn together in a small umbrella above them.

Bird SCREECHES and SHRIEKS fill the room.

She scans the whole ceiling. Dozens of freakish bird head mobiles with lifeless eyes staring out hang all around.

The SHRIEKING gets louder and louder. The room begins to spin.

Fable lurches up, smashes her hands against her ears and stumbles out the door.

EXT. HAMMOCK SHACK - DUSK

The sun has disappeared behind the tall twisted Gumbo Limbo trees creating gnarled branching shadows reaching out as if trying to grab Fable.

Fable staggers around the shack looking for her crew.

FABLE

Winnie?

The clearing eerily empty, she sinks onto a fallen tree trunk.

STRANGER (O.S.)

Fable?

Fable turns towards the VOICE.

The Stranger stands in the shadows on the far side of the circle.

Fable lurches up and weaves into the woods.

She half runs, half limps down a tunnel like path created by the various trees and bushes. Darkness collapses on her. Branches take turns punishing her.

Fable steals a glance back. The Stranger's silhouette fills the tunnels entrance.

Fable cuts off the path, falls head first into a Solution Hole filled with murky water and decayed leaves.

INT. FABLE AUDI - NIGHT

Fable flails under water. She tries to kick the passenger side window out.

The MAN next to her floats unconscious. A small cloud of blood drifts from his head.

Headlights from the car in the water behind them beam into her face blinding her. Fable pushes up to the ceiling of the car and gasps for the little air left.

A sudden SMASH from behind her on the driver's side. Glass shattered.

Fable ducks back under.

In the light of the headlights, Fable watches a large dark FIGURE snatch the Man out through the broken window as the car sinks further into the murky depths.

Fable reaches towards the rescuer as she sinks with it.

INT. FABLE'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Fable flails out of the bathtub water, knocks a small box of pills off the side of the tub. The label reads --

"CLONAZEPAM"

The packaged pills scatter across the floor.

Fable pushes up and sucks in all the air her lungs can handle. She hacks and coughs until she catches her breath.

She pulls her knees up and checks the side of her leg. No injury.

FABLE

What is happening to me?

She begins to shake.

KNOCK. KNOCK.

Fable's eyes dart toward the door, petrified. Waits.

VICTOR (O.S.)

Fable? How long you going to soak?

She exhales softly, but doesn't respond. Still shook up.

HALLWAY

Victor stands at the bathroom door, a blank expression on his face. He wipes a carving knife dry with a dish towel.

VICTOR
I love you.

He lightly slices the knife across the door.

VICTOR
Life is so much better when we're
never apart.

BATHROOM

Fable rubs her red flushed face.

VICTOR (O.S.)
Fable.

FABLE
Be out soon.

A moment of silence. Then Victor's footsteps plod away down the hallway. Fable clenches her eyes shut. Takes a deep breath, holds it.

The room becomes very still, very quiet.

A single drop of water eases from the tub faucet, hangs forever, then lets go. It hits the bath water and reverberates like a bell in a tower.

Fable throws her hands over her ears, squeezes her eyes even tighter.

The sounds of REVELRY and CHEERS from a multitude of people rise up as they break into singing --

"Auld Lang Syne" The New Years Eve Song.

As the song ends --

BOOM!

EXT. PUBLIC PARK - NIGHT

A FIREWORK splatters against the clear onyx sky.

Then another. And another.

"Oooohhs" and "Aaaahhs" and applause from HUNDREDS of people gathered together to watch the New Years Eve Show.

Fable stands rooted amongst the celebrating throng of all ages in a large field.

Some stand. Some sit in folding chairs. Some lay on blankets. Everyone stares up at the spectacular display.

Fable turns around absorbing her surroundings.

KIDS playing tag dash by her, brush against her.

She falters back a step as she follows them with her eyes.

About twenty feet away the kids duck out of her vision behind other PARTIERS.

Left in her line of sight, lounging on a blanket and propped up on his elbow facing towards her, Fable spots the shadowy face of --

The Stranger.

A WOMAN lies in front of him with her back to Fable.

The Stranger listens intently to the woman, then lets out a jovial laugh.

Fable draws towards them as the crowd noise and sound of fireworks dissolve into the background.

The sound of her heart THUMPS against her eardrums.

Trance like, she moves ever forward, oblivious to the people that cross back and forth in front of her, some with *Sparklers*.

Her total focus fixed on the Stranger. Even the woman appears blurred.

The Stranger's face, warm and inviting, like hot apple pie in a window. His smile genuine and happy.

Closer Fable steps. She gets within a few feet, she can hear him.

STRANGER

I was lost before we met.

Fable stops.

The Stranger hands the Woman a small black felt box. The Woman opens it.

A SILVER LOCKET on a chain.

WOMAN
It's beautiful.

Her back still to Fable.

STRANGER
Open it.

The Woman takes it out, pops it open.

A SMALL COMPASS with HEARTS in place of N and S

WOMAN
A compass?

STRANGER
A heart compass.

The Stranger suddenly looks up, points at Fable.

Fable freezes. Panic grips her.

The WOMAN turns where the Stranger points. She looks up into the night sky. Her face darkened in Fable's shadow so Fable can't see her.

A firework like a shimmering umbrella explodes high above and behind Fable.

The crowd gasps in delight.

Fable gasps in dismay as the Woman's face is now visible.

The Woman with the Stranger is --

FABLE #2

Fable #2 looks up in awe at the firework, not seeing Fable.

Fable stares down at herself as the Stranger's brightly lit face swoons to the beauty of Fable #2. He moves in, takes the locket and slips it around her neck.

Fable grabs her own throat as if she was being violated.

Fable #2 thrills to his touch. She turns to him, kisses him passionately.

The firework fades to leave them in the shadows.

Fable stands, hands to her throat in repulsed disbelief. She cannot look away as they embrace.

The Stranger works his hand slowly down Fable #2's body.

Another firework bursts across the sky. Again the crowd cheers.

With the light from this firework Fable can clearly see the Stranger's hand reach Fable #2's waist.

Fable #2 turns, lies back, places her hand on the Stranger's hand and pulls it to her bulging stomach.

Fable #2 is -- *PREGNANT FABLE*.

Fable's eyes roll back, she faints to the ground.

INT. HAMMOCK SHACK - LIVING ROOM - DAY

BLACK.

Muffled VOICE.

WINNY (O.S.)
Fable. Fable.

Fable's eyes open groggily.

Winnie hovers over her, barks out an order.

WINNY
Get me a wet towel. And another
Two-Oh.

Fable still groggy, she whispers.

FABLE
Pregnant.

WINNY
Pregnant? Why didn't you say so,
honey.

The CREW crush around.

WINNY
Give her air. Here, help me. Can
you get up, Fable?

Fable nods. A couple of Crew GUYS help.

WINNY
Careful. She's pregnant.

A MURMUR goes through the Cast and Crew.

WINNY

You really should have said something. You can't be out here in this heat in your condition. What's wrong with you girl? You giving birth to a swamp rat?

They help Fable to the couch.

WINNY

Today's a wrap. Pack it in. We'll start back tomorrow.

The Crew tramp out. Several of the Gladers stand around watching.

WINNY

Where's that Two - Oh?

A Glader FEMALE rushes in with the drink and a wet towel.

Winnie snatches it, wrenches open the lid and hands it to Fable. He lifts it to her mouth. She begins to guzzle it down, spilling some on herself.

Winnie mops it up with the towel.

WINNY

Your baby. Does anybody else know?

Fable begins to come back to life. She drinks a little more. They wait for her answer.

FABLE

Know what?

Winnie points at her stomach and winks. Fable looks at him blank eyed.

The Scraggly Bearded Glader enters holding the baby in the quilt.

Fable spots him, points at him accusingly.

FABLE

That's not a baby.

Fable pushes up, knocks Winnie back, spills the drink everywhere.

She lurches towards the Glader, stops in front of him. He secures the baby tighter, protecting it.

Fable jabs her finger at it.

FABLE

That's a dead squirrel.

Fable yanks the quilt back.

A precious INFANT about six months old sleeps cradled in the man's arms.

Fable's mouth drops open. She glances around.

FABLE

That was a plastic doll with a dead squirrel head stuffed in it.

Winnie and everybody else stare mortified.

Fable turns back on the Scraggly Bearded Glader.

FABLE

Didn't you? Where is it? Where's the dead squirrel baby?

Fable shakes his arms. The infant wakes with a start and begins crying.

The Glader wrenches away from Fable, takes the baby back into the room.

Winnie rushes up to Fable.

WINNY

Now would be a good time to leave these kind folks alone.

He nods apologetically to them. The Gladers just stare back.

EXT. EVERGLADES - DUSK

The sun sinks down behind the tall thin grasses. The sky awash with purples, oranges, reds and golds.

The sounds of AIRBOATS ring in the distance.

WINNY (O.S.)

Honey, I don't know what was going on in there, but you were fussing more than a Bigfoot crappin' a porcupine.

EXT. EVERGLADES - AIRBOAT (MOVING)

Fable and Winny, along with MICCOSUKEE INDIAN #1(40's), who captains the airboat, zip along the River of Grass.

In front of them, a second airboat transports the Crew with MICCOSUKEE #2 at the helm.

As they skim across the water, turtles dive off old logs long since stuck in the muck of the riverbank.

INT. AIR BOAT (MOVING)

FABLE

I'm telling you he had a baby doll
with a dead squirrel head stuffed
in it and was making a sick baby
crying noise.

A gator peeps out of the water. The upper side of his knobby body looks like a large black floating branch.

WINNY

With the heat.

Winny pulls out a pack of cigarettes. Feels for a lighter.

WINNY

Your pregnancy.

FABLE

I'm not pregnant.

WINNY

You serious? Got a light?

FABLE

I'm not pregnant. I quit.

WINNY

But you said you were pregnant in
there. When did you quit?

FABLE

When I was with that stalker. Well
not me, but...

Fable grabs her head.

A tall grey Egret picks its way along the river's edge foraging for food.

WINNY

No, when did you quit smoking?

Fable shakes her head.

FABLE

I don't know. Whenever.

Winnie puts the pack back in his pocket.

WINNY

Stalker? You mean you were with Unknown Caller? Girl I need to hear this.

A flock of white Ibises fly overhead.

FABLE

Wait a minute. How'd I get here?

WINNY

In the boat?

FABLE

Out here? With all of you?

WINNY

You've been here all day. Remember you had heat stroke and ran into the house and passed out?

FABLE

No. I was in a park. I saw myself with that, that man that's been following me. I was pregnant.

Winnie sits in stunned silence.

EXT. FABLE'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

The yard festively decorated for a WEDDING.

A CROWD squeezes around a three tier CAKE with two figurines on top. A man in a tuxedo and a woman in a wedding gown.

A large knife slices into it.

Fable in a wedding gown, her hand on top of a MAN's hand and they are cutting the cake.

Everything starts to move around jelly like. Voices echo in and out of her head.

VOICES

Congratulations. Just the beginning.

She looks up at his blurry image. He is dressed in a tuxedo.

The unidentified MAN pulls Fable in and plants a long passionate kiss on her.

As he pulls back, he lifts the icing filled knife to her lips. His face comes into focus --

The Stranger.

STRANGER

Til death do we part, my love.

INT. FABLE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dark.

Fable shoots up in bed. Her breathing heavy. She reaches over, switches on the lamp, glances back at Victor.

His back to her, sound asleep.

Above them hangs their WEDDING PICTURE, the same one Fable knocked off her desk.

She grabs a glass of water from the night stand, takes a gulp. The water spills over her onto the bed.

She jerks up.

FABLE

Crap.

She places the glass back, rips out a couple of tissues from a kleenex box, and starts to soak up the water. The water increases across the bed.

She grabs more tissues but the sheets become soaked as if it was a waterbed that sprung a leak. She jumps out of bed, notices the water comes from under her husband's body.

FABLE

Victor.

Victor doesn't respond. The water continues to soak the bedsheets.

FABLE

Vic wake up.

He doesn't stir. Fable stretches across and shakes him. He still doesn't wake.

Fable clutches his shoulder and pulls him over onto his back.

Glassy eyes frozen open, a chilling expression on Victor's bloated face, like he'd drowned and been decomposing under water.

She rears back, petrified, knocking the lamp off the stand. It blows out. She tumbles to the floor in the --

INT. FABLE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dark.

Fable shoots up in bed. Her breathing arduous. She switches on the light, looks back at her husband.

His back to her.

She reaches out to him, hand trembling, gives him a quick shove.

He stirs.

Fable sighs, relieved. She draws her legs up and begins to cry.

Above her the large happy Wedding Picture smiles down on her--

The Stranger and Fable.

Same one that appeared on her desk.

As Fable sobs, strong arms wrap around her, pull her in to comfort her.

FABLE

Victor.

She sputters thru her tears.

A WHISPERED VOICE answers.

STRANGER (O.S.)

Help me find me.

Fable jerks up, face to face with the Stranger, his eyes pleading with her.

STRANGER

Help me find me.

She throws the Stranger off, dives out of bed, knocks the lamp off the stand. The light blows out.

The sound of Fable hitting the floor resounds in the darkness.

SCREECH!

EXT. ALLIGATOR ALLEY - NIGHT

An orange Camaro chases a black Audi down the wet highway.

FABLE (O.S.)
Felden he's catching up.

INT. AUDI - MOVING

Panic flashes in Fable's blue eyes as she looks back at the chasing car, its headlights stab her face.

The sound of a large FAN rumbles as a motor REVS.

EXT. EVERGLADES - DAY

A BRIGHT BLASTING LIGHT becomes the sun in a cast blue cloudless sky.

An airboat glides slowly down the river. Tall brown grasses line both sides.

Fable has her face up, soaking in the rays. She opens her eyes, blinks and looks down towards the water.

INT. AIRBOAT (MOVING)

Miccosukee #1 captains.

Fable gazes out at the redundant scenery. Occasionally a fish leaps out of the water ahead of the boat. Fable finally turns to the Captain.

FABLE
Those fish sure are fast.

Not catching her drift the Indian turns and smiles.

MICCOSUKEE #1
Aren't they?

FABLE

I'm running late for the shoot if
you don't mind.

MICCOSUKEE #1

Lady, you've been making this run
for a while now. Haven't learned
the Law of Habitats?

FABLE

Can't say I've had the chance to
study it.

MICCOSUKEE #1

It's all around you out here.
We're visitors, invaders. We don't
naturally belong.

PSSSHHTT!

A large SEACOW breaks the water next to the boat, blows out
air.

Fable jerks back.

The Miccosukee laughs.

FABLE

Look at the size of that thing.

MICCOSUKEE #1

Manatee. Seacow. Harmless.

FABLE

To who?

The Miccosukee cuts the boat off, lets it drift to a stop.

FABLE

There's also a law in television
that says don't be late or you're
out of a job.

The Captain gets down from the bridge and moves to the side.
He puts his hand in the water and splashes around.

FABLE

Hey, careful. I don't know how to
drive this thing.

MICCOSUKEE #1

This is God's Hoover.

The mucky brown creature gently swims to the Captain like a dog that wants to be pet. It sticks its snout out of the water and exhales.

The Captain puts his hand in its mouth and rubs its tongue.

MICCOSUKEE #1

It has two tongues. One on top.
One on the bottom. No teeth.
Perfect for cleaning the bottom.
God's vacuum.

FABLE

You're crazy.

The Miccosukee laughs heartily.

MICCOSUKEE #1

When someone invades our habitat we
feel threatened, afraid. This
creature doesn't know us but trusts
us.

Fable takes this in.

MICCOSUKEE #1

Even invites us to get to know it.

She gets up the courage to peer over the side. Notices its
great flat tail scarred and missing a small chunk.

FABLE

Gentle? Looks like it's been in a
few bar fights.

Anger flashes across the Indian's face.

MICCOSUKEE #1

Man. Propeller scars from careless
boaters. No respect for the Law of
Habitats.

FABLE

Which is?

MICCOSUKEE #1

In any habitat, the smallest of
creatures, snails, or even algae,
even things that cannot be seen,
are a part of the whole.

The creature turns over for a belly rub. He obliges.

MICCOSUKEE #1

If they are out of balance or worse, taken out of the equation, the whole system is effected. Life in the habitat can quickly crumble.

He waves her over.

MICCOSUKEE #1

Come.

Fable glances at him and shakes her head. He points to the scars on its belly.

MICCOSUKEE #1

Still it welcomes me, no fear or animosity.

Fable watches as the Captain loves on this unusual mammal.

MICCOSUKEE #1

It knows, even the invader can be a friend.

This hits Fable like a ton of bricks. She slides next to the Indian.

He glances at her, smiles, and takes hold of her hand. She resists at first then allows him to move it to the docile creature.

He moves her hand back and forth across the animals soft belly.

The seacow snorts approval.

Fable laughs.

The Indian lets her hand go as she continues to pet it.

MICCOSUKEE #1

Sometimes we just need to put aside our fears and learn how to reach out to the unknown.

The seacow turns and moves towards Fable.

FABLE

Fear can keep you alive.

MICCOSUKEE #1

Fear can cheat you of who you are.

The Indian nods at her.

MICCOSUKEE #1

He wants his tongue rubbed.

Fable pulls her hand out of the water.

MICCOSUKEE #1

He'll be your friend for life.

Fable hesitates. The seacow looks at her, mouth open. She shrugs and dips her hand down.

FABLE

Reaching out to the unknown.

She slides her hand in its mouth.

FABLE

Ha! It does have two tongues. Not even slimy.

She moves her hand back and forth in the creatures mouth, a smile plastered on her face.

The Miccosukee chuckles.

Fable notices a fishing line coming from the animal. She follows it under its tongue with her hand.

FABLE

There's a hook in its mouth.

The Captain jumps up, goes to the hull, takes out a tool kit. He pulls out a pair of needle nose pliers, comes back over.

MICCOSUKEE #1

Move its tongue out of the way.

FABLE

I don't want to hurt it.

MICCOSUKEE #1

It's asking for our help.

Fable nods and moves its tongue out of the way. She pets its snout with the other hand to comfort it. The Captain digs into its mouth and pries the large hook out.

The seacow snorts.

FABLE

You got it.

The Captain holds it up.

MICCOSUKEE #1

Lucky the barb was rusted away. But
any longer and it could have become
infected.

Fable continues petting its tongue.

FABLE

You saved its life.

Fable smiles, pets the creature one last time as it rolls
over and dives under water.

MICCOSUKEE #1

You saved its life.

Fable watches as the seacow reappears, snorts, turns over,
and dives away.

MICCOSUKEE #1

We have an ancient saying, 'When
you save a life, you save
yourself.'

SCREECH!

An *Osprey* flies overhead, dives into the water talons first.
It makes a small splash as it snatches up a fish and flies
away.

Fable follows its flight directly into the blaring sun.

EXT. PREGNANT FABLE HOUSE - NIGHT

A LIGHT spots Fable's face, then flicks away.

Fable squeezes her eyes shut, swishes her head a moment to
clear it.

STRANGER (O.S.)

Fable.

Fable opens her eyes. Glances around disoriented. Dressed
in jeans, a t-shirt, and white sneakers.

She's on her hands and knees behind a small bush. She looks
up over the bush towards the Stranger's VOICE.

The Stranger comes up on *Pregnant Fable*. He carries a
flashlight. Pregnant Fable stands out next to the end of
the driveway in a white maternity blouse with gold lace on
the neck and sleeves.

Pregnant Fable stares right at Fable.

Fable ducks.

STRANGER (O.S.)

Honey.

Fable peers through the bush. It does not cover her very well.

The Stranger moves the flashlight down to *Pregnant Fable's* hand. She holds a cigarette.

STRANGER

Thought we agreed.

She glances down at it.

PREGNANT FABLE

We did.

Fable watches them.

Pregnant Fable moves her free hand to her now very pregnant stomach. She caresses the unborn baby. She hasn't stopped staring towards Fable.

PREGNANT FABLE

Thought I heard something.

The Stranger's eyes dart around the front yard.

Fable crouches down even more.

The Stranger scans the trees and bushes that line the street with the light.

The flashlight moves closer and closer to Fable. Fable turns around, plops down, pulls her legs up to ball up behind the bush.

The light lands on the bush, spotting Fable. She holds her breath, freezes.

STRANGER

Hey!

CAUGHT.

STRANGER

Who's out there?

Fable gets up, turns to them. The light fully on her.

The Stranger and *Pregnant Fable* look directly at her.

A SILENT TENSE MOMENT.

STRANGER

There's nothing out here.

The light moves away to scan the rest of the yard.

STRANGER

Probably just a raccoon or something.

Fable exhales, her legs go weak, she slinks back down on her hands and knees behind the bush.

Pregnant Fable blinks. Gazes back at the Stranger.

PREGNANT FABLE

Probably. Something.

Pregnant Fable offers the Stranger an unsure smile, drops, crushes the cigarette into the grass.

The Stranger pulls her close, stares deeply and affectionately into her eyes.

Fable peeks back through the bush.

STRANGER

If you're really worried about him, I'll call the police.

PREGNANT FABLE

Just don't know what he's capable of. Feels like he's always watching me. Always just in the shadows.

STRANGER

Just say the word and I'll call them.

Pregnant Fable shakes her head.

PREGNANT FABLE

He was so...kind at first.

The Stranger bends down to her close to giving birth belly.

STRANGER

I'm not going to let anything happen to you or Junior here.

The Stranger kisses her belly, comes back up and kisses *Pregnant Fable*.

Fable looks away as if watching something dirty and distasteful.

CRACK!

Lightning rips across the ominous sky brightening the whole yard.

They all look up.

The Stranger takes *Pregnant Fable's* hand and they head to the house, leaving Fable behind the bush staring after them.

Another streak of lightning.

Pregnant Fable glances around one last time. Fear flashes across her face. She pushes it away, goes in, the door closes.

Fable stands up. Unsure of what she just witnessed, or even how to process it.

SNAP!

A noise, like a branch being stepped on comes from the left side behind her. Fable, now all by herself, jerks towards the sound.

The sky rumbles and flashes.

The FIGURE of a MAN breaks from the trees and runs towards the house. Terror seizes Fable. She strains to see who he is.

The Man slinks along the front of the house, peers into the kitchen window. The light from the kitchen falls across the Man, but creates a silhouette so Fable can't make him out.

INT./EXT. PREGNANT FABLE HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Pregnant Fable comes into the kitchen and over to the sink.

The Man outside ducks, then peeks back up at her as she washes a dish. *Pregnant Fable* glances up at the window as if she hears a noise.

The Man ducks back again.

Worry crosses *Pregnant Fable's* face as she stares at herself in the window. The Stranger comes in, wraps his arms around her in a loving embrace. He rubs her belly.

Pregnant Fable forces a smile. Lays her head back on his chest. Her SILVER LOCKET glints.

The Man outside peeks up and watches this. He suddenly turns, eases along the side of the house and onto the front porch. He tip toes to the front door.

Fable, out in the yard, can't take it anymore.

FABLE

Hey!

The Man turns momentarily as if he hears her.

In the light of the porch, Fable in the yard, catches a glimpse of the intruder.

VICTOR FALKER!

Fable reels, falters back a step.

FABLE

Victor?

Victor slides something out of his coat pocket. Another streak of lightning. Metal flashes in his hand.

Fable sucks in a short breath. Her hands shoot to her mouth.

BOOM!

A sonic clap of THUNDER. Fable flails to the ground.

RING. RING.

INT. FABLE AUDI - DAY

The phone on the passenger side floor reads --

"Unknown Caller"

A hand snatches it up.

FABLE (O.S.)

Hello?!

Fable squeezes the phone to her face. She stays below the dash.

STRANGER (V.O.)
We have to meet.

KNOCK. KNOCK.

Fable's head whirls towards the banging.

Victor peers in through the Driver's side window. His two palms against the glass.

VICTOR
Why're you out here like that?

Fable swipes off the conversation. Springs up. Forces a smile.

Victor opens the door. He looks annoyed.

VICTOR
The whole world can see you.

Fable glances around at the empty yard in the middle of nowhere.

FABLE
Really?

EXT. FABLE/VICTOR HOUSE - DAY

Fable gets out, tries to mask her nervousness.

FABLE
What are you doing back?

VICTOR
Forgot my E-pad.

Victor leans in to kiss her lips. She puts up her hands to hold him off her.

FABLE
Maybe we both need a break.

An awkward moment between them.

FABLE
From our E-tethers.

Fable holds up her cell, offers him her cheek instead. He doesn't kiss it.

FABLE
Getting the sniffles. Don't want
to give them to you.

Fable wipes her nose. Victor pulls her in.

VICTOR
You know I'm sniffle proof.

He plants a quick one on her lips. Heads into the house.

VICTOR
I'm late. Gotta find that Pad.

INT. FABLE/VICTOR BEDROOM - DAY

Fable walks in, sets her phone on her dresser, goes into the bathroom.

BATHROOM

Fable in the tub, turns on the shower.

BEDROOM

Victor storms in, slings the blankets off the bed.
Frustration reddens his face.

VICTOR
Fable. Still can't find my Pad.

RING. RING.

Fable's phone on the dresser. Victor glances at it.

RING. RING.

He goes to it, picks it up, notices --

"Unknown Caller"

He answers it.

VICTOR
Hello?

The line goes dead. Victor brings up the call list. He begins to surf through the calls.

"Unknown Caller"

"Unknown Caller"

"Unknown Caller"

Over and over, one right after the other. He flips past dozens. No other numbers.

Anger darkens his expression.

BATHROOM

Fable turns off the water, grabs a towel.

BEDROOM

Fable comes in from the bathroom wrapped in a towel.

No Victor.

She goes to the closet, pulls out her golden rod suit and lays it on the bed.

She goes over to the dresser, picks up the box of Clonazepam. As she starts to open it she notices her phone is gone.

She lifts up some papers, shifts other items around to look for it. No phone.

FABLE

I know I left it right here.

She puts the pills down.

STAIRCASE

Fable, barefoot, comes down in her dark goldenrod suit, holding her dress shoes.

FABLE

Victor? Have you seen my phone?

No answer.

The house eerily quiet.

FABLE

Vic?

Dead silence. She crosses the --

LIVING ROOM

Puts her shoes down on a chair and goes into the --

KITCHEN

Empty.

She spots a shattered bowl on the floor and stops.

FABLE

What happened? Victor?

She moves to get a broom and dustpan when she steps on a broken SHARD. She SCREAMS, stumbles forward, collapses into a dining chair.

She swoons from the pain, rocks back and forth until she can stand to look at her foot. Her eyes well up.

The broken ceramic piece sticks out of the center of her foot. Blood drips down her heel onto the floor.

She gathers herself, pushes up, winces, and hops towards the sink.

She stops outside the smashed bowl, strains to reach the dish towel, just snagging it off the hook.

She lets out a CRY, twists around, never letting her foot touch the ground, hops back and collapses on the chair.

Her blood paints the floor around her. She crosses her foot on her knee, and tries to pry the shard out. She can't.

She takes a deep breath, and grimaces. Sweat pours from her face, she starts to sob.

FABLE

Victor. Dammit.

She squeezes her eyes shut, and pounds the table with her fist. Her teary eyes snap open. She glances around.

FABLE

Where's my phone?

She looks down at her foot, resolve crosses her face. She grabs the towel, takes hold of the shard, and rips it out of her foot.

She HOWLS, and drops the shard onto the table. She quickly ties the towel tightly around her blood oozing foot and leans back in the chair to recover.

As she gets her breathing calm she opens her puffy eyes, and spies the bloody shard. Suddenly curious, she picks it up and turns it different ways.

She holds the piece down next to her knee.

Same piece that nailed her before.

She glances at the sink. Pushes herself up, writhing from the pain, and hops around the broken dish, up to the counter.

She eases along the counter to the sink, careful not to step on any more pieces. She peers down into the sink, spots something, and reaches into the water.

She snags out her SMART PHONE. Then looks down at the broken dish.

FABLE

Everything's the same.

She grimaces again, glimpses at her foot. The towel has turned red, and is dripping blood.

FABLE

But my foot.

Pain shoots through her body.

FABLE

Oh, God.

Her face flush, nose running, she sets her jaw, determination floods her puffy eyes.

FABLE

It's changed.

She lurches painfully out the kitchen, her blood trailing.

FABLE

Now it's *my* turn.

EXT. LONG RURAL ROAD - DAY

Fable's car cuts along a slim two lane road bordered closely by tall grasses, trees and bushes.

Same road as the morning she cut her knee.

A TALK SHOW drifts from the car. Same talk show as that morning.

WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

And I always wake up right before the train hits me. I'm scared Doctor Stevenson.

DOCTOR STEVENSON (V.O.)

A dream, particularly a recurring bad dream, or rather, unnerving dream, because not all unnerving dreams are necessarily bad, though you may react to it as such.

INT. FABLE'S AUDI (MOVING)

Fable white knuckles the steering wheel. She wills the car forward, senses on high alert.

DOCTOR STEVENSON (V.O.)

Could be the subconscious warning you of an impending situation, which on the surface seems like a nightmare, but in reality, may be a call to save your life.

BLAM!

EXT. FABLE'S AUDI

Her front passenger tire explodes.

Just like clockwork.

The car careens across the road.

DOCTOR STEVENSON (V.O.)

No one really knows when a life altering or threatening situation can suddenly occur.

The Orange Camaro heads right at her.

HONK!

It's HORN BLARES.

Back tires on both vehicles lock.

SCREECH!

Burned rubber and asphalt smoke.

A heart beat separates the two head on vehicles. Strips of black rubber jettison all over the road.

The Audi swerves back to the left. Sparks fly from the damaged wheel.

The Camaro shreds to its left before straightening. A scathing horn blast flips Fable off as it goes on its way.

INT. FABLE'S AUDI

Fable wrestles the car to a grinding halt. She grabs her injured leg. Winces in pain. Her breathing heavy.

Her foot and ankle wrapped with gauze, she wears the same fashionable sandals. A small stain of blood begins to work its way through the white fabric from the side of her foot.

WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

So it could be a good thing? The
train about to kill me?

She cuts off the radio, reaches over and pops the glove box.

Grabs her COLT.

FABLE

No dumb bitch. A train about to
kill you is never a good thing.

EXT. RURAL ROAD

Bugs whizz by her windows.

No cars coming either way.

INT. FABLE'S AUDI - MOMENTS LATER

An opened box of bullets rests on the glove box door.

Fable shoves the bullets into the gun, buries it under her purse on the seat.

Waits.

Fable glances at her cell on the floor.

Waits.

THUMP. THUMP. THUMP.

Her heart pounds her head. She sweats profusely.

Waits.

RING. RING.

Even though she was expecting it, she still flinches from the suddenness of the call. She winces from the pain that shoots through her body from her injured foot.

RING. RING.

"Unknown Caller"

A bead of sweat drips from her forehead down her face to her lips. She licks the salty drop like sweet nectar to a honeybee.

Waits.

RING. RING.

Her eyes intense. Her body coiled for the --

KNOCK. KNOCK.

There it is.

The phone stops ringing.

Fable whips the gun towards her driver's side window at --

The Stranger.

He flinches back, his hands shoot up.

STRANGER

Whoaa.

Fable shoves open the door, gets out.

FABLE

You.

EXT. AUDI - RURAL ROAD

She keeps the pistol on him. The wavering gun belies her nervousness.

The man dressed in suit and tie like the last time this happened, backs away slightly.

STRANGER

What is this?

FABLE

This is my alternate reality you
stalking son of bitch.

The Stranger spots blood dripping from her wrapped foot.

STRANGER

You're bleeding.

She doesn't take her eyes off of him.

FABLE

Bleeding today. Not bleeding
tomorrow.

Fable waves him to go around the car to the blown tire.

FABLE

Move.

He moves on around the car, hands still up.

Fable lurches behind him, shadowing him, afraid he's going to
disappear.

He halts. She almost runs into him.

They stare down at a mangled black peel of rubber collapsed
around an alloy rim.

FABLE

I don't know how you fixed it the
last time, but I'm holding the
magic wand now.

Fable's eyes dart down the road, she forearms the Stranger
back over the hood, the gun crammed up to his nose.

HONK!!!

A RED Eighteen Wheeler blasts its horn as it careens by like
a freight train barely an arms distance from them.

Their eyes lock. The Stranger's face a mask of panic and
sweat. Fable's face wrath, her eyes menacing.

The Semi clears them.

Unnerving silence envelops them in a dry cloud of dust.

BZZZZZ!

Mosquitos zip back and forth past them. Their high pitched whine like strained notes on dueling violins.

Heat swims just above the road. The sticky humidity oppressive and punishing.

Fable, in pain, lets him up. She takes a staggered step back, gun never leaving him.

The Stranger exhales. She waves him to the back of the car.

FABLE

Isn't it convenient you always just appear out of nowhere?

The Stranger pushes off the hood, his hands go back up as he takes the lead to the trunk.

STRANGER

I don't know how I got here.

Fable tosses him the keys.

FABLE

That makes two of us.

He catches them. Opens the trunk, then looks back at her.

Fable flicks the gun towards the trunk. He sighs and climbs in.

FABLE

Fix the tire, Houdini.

He gets an embarrassed look on his face, gets out.

EXT. FABLE AUDI - MOMENTS LATER

The Stranger squats down to change the tire. The spare and jack next to him.

STRANGER

I'm not going to hurt you.

He waves the bugs away from his clammy flushed face.

FABLE

You got that right.

She chucks the tire iron next to him. He looks up at the shaky gun.

STRANGER

Easy with that thing. Don't want it accidentally going off.

FABLE

If it goes off, it won't be an accident.

STRANGER

Fable.

Fable stabs the gun towards him.

FABLE

Tire on. Mouth off.

He removes his coat, tosses it onto the hood.

INT. AUDI - LATER

The Stranger in the driver's seat. Fable in the passenger. She continues to fight through her injury. Her foot tiptoes the floor.

The snub nose points at him like a bird dog on its prey.

FABLE

Drive.

He slips the key in, cranks the car, takes off.

STRANGER

Where to?

FABLE

How the hell do I know. I haven't lived this part yet. Just drive.

EXT. RURAL ROAD

The black car moves on down the narrow roadway.

INT. AUDI (MOVING)

The two drive in silence until they get to a stop sign. A "T" in the road.

A large sign reads --

"Alligator Alley Hwy 75"

A smaller sign underneath --

"Naples"

With an arrow pointing to the left. And --

"Miami"

With an arrow pointing to the right.

The Stranger looks over at Fable. The gun still trained on him, she stares straight ahead.

STRANGER

You don't have to use that. I wanted to meet you. Needed to meet you.

FABLE

That's *why* I have to use it.

She flicks the gun to the left.

FABLE

That way.

INT. AUDI (MOVING) - LATER

Silence parts the two again, oppressive as the heat outside.

Fable stares out the window on her side.

Just past the canal, magnificent ocean blue skies kiss the tall sandy brown sea of grasses as far as the eye can see. They gently wave back and forth caressed by a hot breeze.

Extreme beauty.

Perfect spot to dump a body.

Fable spies a large black Alligator sunbathing along the bank.

The Stranger focuses on the road.

Finally Fable blurts out.

FABLE

Help me find me. Help me find me?

The Stranger doesn't look at her.

STRANGER

Yes.

Fable shakes her head, turns back towards the window.

A large Billboard advertises a Miccosukee Rest Stop next exit.

FABLE

Get off there. Gotta use the little girl's room.

EXT. MICCOSUKEE REST STATION - DAY

Just off the highway, this rest stop looks like a yellowed post card from the past.

Part gas station, part picnic area, covered by either thatched or tin roofs.

A small food store, and a separate building of men and women's bathrooms.

Fable's black Audi slides into a parking space in front of the bathrooms.

People tramp to and fro, in and out of the various structures. Some snap pictures, others eat in the picnic area, still others pump gas.

INT. AUDI - DAY

Fable keeps the gun on the Stranger.

FABLE

Stay.

Fable gets out, limps around to the driver's side door. She hides the gun below her arm but still at him.

She yokes open the door.

FABLE

Let's go.

STRANGER

I don't have to go.

FABLE

You're not staying here.

The Stranger gets out. Fable flicks her head towards the bathrooms. They move side by side.

PEOPLE pass them, not giving them any notice. Fable directs him to the ladies room.

A WOMAN exits.

Again she flicks her head for him to head inside.

STRANGER

I can't go in there.

Fable crushes into him, shoves the deadly steel into his rib cage.

FABLE

Look here. If I'm going crazy, I'm taking you with me.

STRANGER

But...

Fable grabs him by the necktie and yanks him into the bathroom.

INT. MICCOSUKEE REST STATION - BATHROOM

FABLE (O.S.)

Hello?

Her voice echoes against the bare concrete walls. Fluorescent lights shed a greenish glow in the smelly, sordid room.

No one here.

Fable steals a glance out the window. The screen too filthy to see through.

She yanks some papertowels out of the holder, pulls the Stranger over to the last stall. A tiny blood dripped trail behind them.

She shoves open the stall door.

FABLE

Hands and knees.

The Stranger casts a sour look at the nasty concrete floor.

FABLE

Do it. I don't have time to fool
around with you.

She sticks the gun in his face. It doesn't waver.

The Stranger relents, sinks to all fours.

Fable holds tightly to his neck tie as he crawls into the
stall.

She quickly changes gun hands, reaches under the stall wall
from the stall next to him and snatches the end of his tie so
that she's holding him like a dog on a leash.

FABLE

Shut your door.

He does.

She limps into her stall, shoulders her door shut.

INT. FABLE'S STALL

She locks the door, glances around.

Fable sets the gun and towels down on the back of the toilet.
She grabs a single towel, and wipes down the seat, all the
while clinging to the Stranger's tie.

His hands and lower body can be seen below right next to the
stall wall.

Fable quickly spreads the rest of the towels across the seat.

FABLE

I can never understand how a woman
messes up the seat when she doesn't
even touch it.

Fable quickly switches hands on the Stranger's tie as she
whips around to sit down.

She wrestles her panties down below her knees.

STRANGER

Fable, I...

She yanks him against the side of the wall.

THUMP!

FABLE
Sorry, but shut up.

She plops onto the seat. Lets out a low cry. She recovers.

FABLE
I'm holding the gun at you, so
don't even think about looking.

The Stranger hacks.

STRANGER
You're choking me.

Fable realizes she has the tie wrenched too tight. Gives him some slack.

FABLE
Now quiet. I can't pee with you
talking to me.

The Stranger clears his throat.

FABLE
Quiet.

Fable waits to pee. Nothing yet.

She glances down at the Stranger's hands and knees.

FABLE
And how do you know who I am but
don't know who you are?

STRANGER (O.S.)
I only know your name, not you.
But I get this feeling...

CLOP. CLOP.

The sound of someone entering the room.

FABLE
Sssshh.

CLOP! CLOP!

The footsteps grow louder, until they stop in front of Fable's door.

BOOTS.

Swampy, black water drains off them into a puddle on the floor.

Fable watches as the muddied water slowly begins to creep towards her feet as if the floor is tilted.

She catches her breath. All the while clinging tightly to the Stranger's tie.

Just as the murky rivulet touches the blood that has dripped from her wound, the door shakes violently.

BABY (O.S.)
Waaa! Waaaa!

A Baby's cry reverberates off the dank walls.

The Stranger's tie jerks back tight like a fish hitting a line.

Fable slams hard against the stall wall. Her sandals slip and slide in the filthy water.

BABY (O.S.)
Waaaaa!

Fable's eyes snap open.

The dripping Boots...

Inside her stall.

Terror seizes her. Her eyes follow the boots up to --

Scraggly Bearded Glader

Looming over her.

He lets out a WAIL. A baby's cry.

The tie yanks Fable violently again.

The Glader gets in her face. Howls at her.

SCRAGGLY BEARD GLADER
Hold the baby. It wants its
mother.

His spittle rains on her as water begins to fill the stall.

Fable yanks back against the tie.

The Glader's forehead presses against her forehead.

His scraggly beard sprays drool all over her.

SCRAGGLY BEARD GLADER
Waaa! Hold the baby.

A fierce tug of war ensues as the sooty water rises.

SCRAGGLY BEARD GLADER
It wants its mother. Waaaa!

Fable yanks the tie one last time. It comes free.

Water rushes up to her waist, she lifts the tie up.

Swinging at the end --

The BABY DOLL

The dead squirrel's head dangles inches from her face knotted at the end of the tie.

BABY (O.S.)
Waaaaa!

Its face turns towards her. Black glass eyes glare lifeless at her. Its mouth opens, and lets out a SHRIEK.

DEAD SQUIRREL
Waaaaa!

A baby's cry. She slings the doll against the stall door.

The water floods over Fable as she screams and kicks trying to get away from the toilet.

She can't. A SEATBELT straps her to the tank.

INT. STRANGER'S STALL

The Stranger pressed against the wall, the tie choking him.

STRANGER
Fable.

INT. FABLE'S STALL

Scraggly Bearded Glader gone. Baby doll gone. The stall dry save for a couple drips of blood on the floor.

Fable, breathing heavy, has the tie pulled taut under the stall wall.

The Stranger coughs.

STRANGER (O.S.)

Fable.

Fable looks down. Her knuckles white, the tie twisted around her hand.

She realizes she's choking the Stranger, and relaxes.

The Stranger wheezes.

INT. STRANGER'S STALL

He massages his throat, leans against the stall wall, gulps at the air.

CLOP. CLOP.

FABLE (O.S.)

Ssshhh.

INT. FABLE'S STALL

Fable braces for the worst.

The footsteps echo through the squalid bathroom, stop in front of her stall door.

Black dress shoes. WOMAN #1.

The person tries to open her door.

Fable freezes. The door shakes again.

Fable blurts, her voice strained.

FABLE

Occupied.

INT. STRANGER'S STALL

The Stranger stares down at the floor.

A large nasty roach crawls from under him onto his hand. He quietly tries to blow it off. The ugly palmetto bug skitters away and under the door.

The dress shoes appear in front of him.

SQUISH!

One of them squashes the roach.

His door shakes.

FABLE (O.S.)
Someone's in there, too.

The person walks away. Parts of the crushed bug left behind.

A stall door squeaks open, closes, and locks.

The sound of Fable beginning to pee echoes in the room.

The sound of the other woman peeing joins her.

The Stranger closes his eyes, leans his head against the stall. He listens to Fable finish, grab toilet paper, flush, and stand up.

He watches her sandals shift around as she wrests her panties back up. She flushes.

The sound of her door unlocks and swings open as his tie gets yoked forward.

WHACK!

The Stranger bangs his forehead against the stall door. He shakes it off, sees Fable's feet in front of him. Her one bloody foot a mess.

He unlocks the door and ducks as it creaks open.

Fable wavers in front of him, gun swimming in his face.

He leans away from it, points to her blood-soaked sandal.

STRANGER
You're really bleeding.

WOMAN #1 (O.S.)
Is there a man in here?

Fable brings her finger to her lips, looks to her left at the other stalls. Fable weakens, her eyes close, then open.

She leans against the stall, barely able to put any weight on her injured foot. She pulls at the tie for the Stranger to get up.

BATHROOM

The Stranger comes out of the stall, she digs the gun into his side.

Whispers.

FABLE

Move.

Fable collapses against him. He puts his arm around her, props her up.

STRANGER

You've lost a lot of blood.

Fable pushes off him, struggles to stand on her own. She jabs the gun back in his ribs.

FABLE

Let's go.

They head toward the exit.

WOMAN #1 in the other stall opens the door and cuts them off.

Her mouth drops open to protest but no words come out.

Fable shoots her a "Don't even think about screaming" look as she and the Stranger shove past her.

Fable stops at the sink, nods for the Stranger to grab some paper towels.

Fable peers at the mirror, notices *Pregnant Fable* behind her in place of Woman #1, staring at her.

Fable glances back over her shoulder.

Just Woman #1 staring dumbfounded.

The Stranger snatches a handful of towels, wets them, looks up.

Stuck to a corner of the mirror, a small advertisement --

A PICTURE of the smiling GLADERS holding up their bottles of green liquid with the caption --

"Now's the time to drink a Glader - 2 - 0"

The Stranger stops, stares at it, *recognizes* it.

Fable pulls him away toward the front door.

STRANGER

I know that.

Fable jerks him out the door.

EXT. MICCOSUKEE REST STOP - BATHROOM - DAY

Fable staggers out with the Stranger in tow. They push past LADY #1 who starts to enter.

Lady #1 halts in her tracks.

LADY #1

Hey!

Fable turns around, points the gun in her face and slurs.

FABLE

Stay out of my alternate reality.

Lady #1 gasps.

Fable teeters back around. The Stranger helps her towards the car.

Lady #1 beats it into the bathroom.

EXT. MICCOSUKEE GAS STATION - DAY

The black Audi backs out and pulls off as Woman #1 and Lady #1 come running out of the bathroom.

They glance back and forth looking for Fable and the Stranger.

A few slots down Victor in his car. He watches the Stranger drive the Audi away. Anger turns his face flush, his eyes cold.

INT. FABLE AUDI (MOVING) - DAY

Fable wraps her foot with the paper towels. Bloody ones balled up on the floor around her. She slips her shoe back on.

STRANGER

Stay out of my alternate reality?

Fable looks over at him, points the gun back at him. He looks back.

They share a momentary chuckle. Then an awkward silence.

Fable turns back towards the window. Her eyes heavy.

They both blurt.

STRANGER
I know that poster.
Stop. Speak again.

FABLE
What happened to you.

STRANGER
Sorry. You go.
More silence.

FABLE
What did you say?

The Stranger glimpses at Fable.

Her head leans against the window, she watches the scenery whip by, her gaze drained.

He looks down at the gun still pointed at him.

STRANGER
Believe me when I tell you I am not
going to hurt you.

She slowly turns her head, weakly takes him in. Surrenders an exhale.

FABLE
Alright.

She lets her hand slip into her lap. But the gun still flirts with him, just in case.

He glances at it, then her, then back at the road. Shakes his head.

She turns back towards the window.

STRANGER
Need to get you to a hospital.

She whips her head around.

FABLE
No.

Stabs the gun towards him.

FABLE
No hospitals.

STRANGER
But you need blood.

She waves the gun in the air.

FABLE

This too shall pass.

She drops the gun back to her lap.

Silence.

Fable takes him in.

FABLE

How the hell do you expect me to help you find you?

STRANGER

I don't know, but I have some sort of connection with you. I mean, I know your name, but I don't know how I know it.

FABLE

Listen. This is going to sound crazy, not that what you're telling me is sane, but...I saw you.

STRANGER

You did?

FABLE

With me.

STRANGER

See I knew we had a connection.

FABLE

Just wait.

The Stranger looks over at her.

STRANGER

Those faces on that poster back there. I know them.

FABLE

What poster?

STRANGER

In the bathroom. You didn't see it?

The Stranger looks past her out the window.

Nothing but a tall metal fence, wide canal, and amber waves of grass. Forever.

FABLE

I saw a lot of things in there.

The Stranger's eyes go wide.

STRANGER

I know this place.

Fable looks out again.

Fence. Canal. Grass. Fence. Canal. Grass.

FABLE

You don't know you. You don't know me. But you know this place? What are you, kidding? It's the same frickin' last forty miles over and over again.

EXT. ALLIGATOR ALLEY

The Audi whizzes up on several vultures pecking apart a carcass on the side of the road.

Just before they reach them, the carrion birds flap off into the grassy area abandoning their flattened meal.

The car races by them.

FABLE (O.S.)

With an occasional road pizza.

INT. AUDI (MOVING)

The Stranger scans the side of the road.

STRANGER

No, but something.

He keeps searching. Spots it. In the grassy area, a small BILLBOARD --

The smiling Gladers holding up bottles of green liquid.

"Don't Forget Ya'lls GLADER - 2 - 0"

STRANGER

There!

He slams the brakes.

Fable jolts violently against the seatbelt. The gun flies off her lap, cracks the windshield.

A SHOT rings out. A fiery flash.

SCREECH!

INT. SEMI TRUCK (MOVING) - NIGHT

The BURLY MAN wrestles the BLUE Eighteen Wheeler to a smoking stop.

Fable whiplashes against the passenger seat.

The Burly Man throws open his door, leaps out of the cab.

Fable fights blacking out.

Her head leans back against the seat, she blinks several times to clear her head, glances in the side view mirror.

Flashing red and yellow lights from the truck reflect off the wet road behind her.

The husky Driver lumbers away, disappearing into the darkness beyond the lights.

Back farther she spots what he's running towards.

BRAKE LIGHTS

Two glowing red dots like the embers of a fire about to go out. They stare up at the pulsating, thunderous night sky.

Fable grapples with the door. She latches on to the handle, wrenches it back, throws her body against it.

Clinging to the open door, she half slides, half tumbles out.

EXT. PREGNANT FABLE HOUSE - NIGHT

Fable takes a spill, gets up and lurches towards --

Her own house.

EXT. KITCHEN WINDOW

Pregnant Fable and the Stranger cuddle, share a laugh.

Fable halts. She spins. She wears jeans, t-shirt, and white sneakers, same clothes she had on the last time she was here.

She glimpses down at her foot. No bandage, no gauze.

Confusion. Trepidation.

Lightning crackles across the apocalyptic sky. A deep rumble threatens to unleash a deluge.

The yard rotates around her.

She faces back to the house. The kitchen window.

Pregnant Fable and the Stranger get interrupted. They turn back behind them, obvious concern, dismay.

The Stranger slides *Pregnant Fable* behind him, protecting her from something.

Or *Someone*.

Outside, Fable draws in closer to the window.

Thunder rumbles ever louder.

The Stranger has his hands up. Unintelligible VOICES. Shouting and strained.

Fable gets right under the window.

PREGNANT FABLE

We work together. Nothing more.

VICTOR (O.S.)

No. We're supposed to be together.

Fable peeks in but can't see the other person. She can only see the Stranger and *Pregnant Fable*.

STRANGER

Just put the knife down, Falker.
We can work through this. No one
has to be hurt.

VICTOR (O.S.)

Someone already is.

Pregnant Fable SCREAMS.

The Stranger fends off a knife attack from --

VICTOR!

Fable pushes back off the window, shocked.

Victor stabs at the Stranger again.

Pregnant Fable begins sobbing.

Screams and shouts accompany the brawl.

Fable outside, watches as the Stranger and Victor go out of her vantage point.

She crushes back against the window. Still can't see them. She watches *Pregnant Fable* react in horror and despair.

Hard to read what's happening and who is winning.

The Stranger comes back into view, snatches a dining chair back over his head and slams it down.

SMASH! It lands out of view.

The Stranger disappears again.

CLAP!

The skies open up with a peal of thunder and a

CRACK!

Of lightning.

The rain pounds Fable. She stays glued to the window.

Victor comes into view, wields his knife. He spins towards *Pregnant Fable* and springs to attack her.

Outside, Fable, soaking wet, stares riveted. The rain distorts her vision.

Victor headlocks *Pregnant Fable*, raises the knife.

VICTOR

If I can't have you in this life.

Fable wipes the window, and screams.

FABLE

Victor! The baby!

Victor doesn't hear her.

VICTOR

I'll have you in the next.

Victor brings the knife down.

The Stranger rams him from behind, plasters Victor over the sink.

Pregnant Fable's LOCKET breaks off, falls to the floor. She staggers away holding her throat.

Thunder growls.

The rain continues to pound. The Stranger crushes Victor's face against the kitchen window.

Flashes of lightning distort Victor's face.

Outside, Fable screams. Pitches away, then lurches back to the window, pounds on it.

FABLE

Victor! Victor! Stop it! Stop it!

The large carving knife up against the glass, the Stranger locks Victor's wrist keeping him from using the weapon.

Fable begins to weep.

FABLE

Victor.

The rain comes down in sheets. Everything blurs. She blinks back the water. As her eyes clear, Fable sees Victor's face smashed up against the window.

From the side, *Pregnant Fable* appears with a vase, and smashes it against Victor's head.

FABLE

No!

Victor stares blankly out at Fable, then slips down, his knife squeaks against the glass. He falls away from the window.

FABLE

Victor.

INT. PREGNANT FABLE KITCHEN

The Stranger and *Pregnant Fable* embrace.

EXT. PREGNANT FABLE HOUSE - NIGHT

Lightning crackles, lights up the sky.

Fable looks up at the sky, glances back to the window. The Stranger and *Pregnant Fable* are gone.

The rain stings Fable's face and eyes. She shuts them for a moment.

INT. FABLE'S SHOWER - NIGHT

Fable rubs the water from her face.

She opens her eyes, her vision clears to focus on a tile that has a painted Manatee on it.

She traces it with a finger. Mumbles.

FABLE
Save yourself.

Fable leans on the shower wall. The water pours over her. She swipes her face again, flips her hair back and shuts the water off.

She reaches out and drags her bath towel off the door hook. Covers her head.

FABLE
Victor.

Her voice squeezes out, muffled under the towel.

Fable slides down against the wall, sits in the tub, and begins to sob.

FABLE
I'm crazy. None of this is real.

She continues to bawl into the towel.

RING. RING.

EXT. PREGNANT FABLE HOUSE - NIGHT

Fable looks up.

RING. RING.

She glances towards where the sound comes from.

The Stranger and *Pregnant Fable* stand out on the porch. The Stranger answers his phone.

STRANGER
Doctor?

He looks back at it.

STRANGER

Went dead. I'll call on the way.

Puts the phone in his pocket, opens an umbrella and hurries *Pregnant Fable* to the black Audi.

Fable looks back into the kitchen.

Victor rises up.

FABLE

Victor.

Victor wobbles, rubs his bloodied head, snags his knife off the floor, then staggers out of the kitchen.

Fable dashes towards the Stranger and *Pregnant Fable*.

FABLE

He's up. Victor's up.

The Stranger closes the car door for *Pregnant Fable* and hurries around to the driver's side.

He opens the door, gets in, puts the umbrella down, shakes it.

FABLE

No!

INT. PREGNANT FABLE AUDI - NIGHT

The knife comes down on the umbrella, slashes it.

Pregnant Fable screams. Lightning flashes.

The Stranger shoves the umbrella forward. Victor's arm sticks through it, the knife rips past the Stranger's face.

The Stranger grabs the door, slams it on Victor's arm. Victor hollers out. Releases the knife.

The Stranger shoves the car door into Victor knocking him back.

The Stranger shuts the door, starts the car, and peels back, spinning his tires on the wet pavement.

Pregnant Fable a hysterical mess.

EXT. PREGNANT FABLE HOUSE - NIGHT

The rain pours down.

Victor sprawled on the ground, face up. Rain punishes him as he grimaces to stay conscious.

Fable stands over him.

RING. RING.

Victor's eyes pop open, stares spitefully, right at Fable.

RING. RING.

INT. FABLE'S SHOWER - NIGHT

Fable rips the towel off her head, jumps up, wraps the towel around her, and lunges out of the tub.

RING. RING.

INT. FABLE'S BATHROOM

She yanks open the door and crashes into --

FABLE

Victor.

Fable stumbles back, looks up, smiles apprehensively.

Victor stands in the door, glares at her. His face seethes rage.

RING. RING.

He holds up her phone. It reads --

"Unknown Caller"

FABLE

Vic?

He doesn't move.

RING. RING.

He swipes the phone off. Fable stammers out --

FABLE

What's...what's wrong, honey?

A glint causes her to look down.

Victor chokes the carving knife handle.

Fable gasps.

FABLE

Victor?!

VICTOR

Unknown caller. Unknown caller.
Unknown caller. Unknown caller.

FABLE

Victor stop it.

VICTOR

Unknown caller. Unknown caller.

Fable wraps the towel tighter around her body as she backs away from him.

FABLE

Stop saying that.

Victor brings up the phone, holds the face to her. Presses the on button.

"Unknown Caller"

He flips to the next call.

"Unknown Caller"

The next one.

"Unknown Caller"

Fable begins to break down and cry.

FABLE

I was trying to help him find him.

Victor enters the bathroom.

He scrapes the knife against the wall like fingernails across a chalk board.

VICTOR

Liar. You love him.

Fable crushes back against the wall.

FABLE

Victor, please. I'm your wife.

Victor continues towards her, very deliberately, very menacingly.

VICTOR

We're not married.

He towers directly over her, a mountain of retribution.

FABLE

What?

Something glimmers on her neck. Victor puts the phone in his knife hand and takes up the shining object.

Pregnant Fable's SILVER LOCKET.

VICTOR

He gave you this.

Fable fearfully looks down at what he is talking about.

She gasps.

FABLE

I don't know where that came from.

He snatches it off her neck, shakes it in her face.

VICTOR

Liar!

Fable balls up and slides down in the corner squeezed in between the toilet and the bathtub.

FABLE

We are married. Victor.

Victor slings it behind him into the bedroom. He kneels down in front of her.

VICTOR

When did we get married?

Fable stares into his cold eyes.

FABLE

I...I can't remember.

He takes her head in his hand. His whole demeanor changes.

VICTOR
I love you, Fable.

Fable fights back tears.

FABLE
I love you too, Victor.

Victor kisses her hard, passionately. Then releases her.
He stands back up.

VICTOR
I've seen you with him.

He takes the cell in one hand and holds the knife down towards her in the other.

FABLE
Who?

VICTOR
Felden.

Fable glances up at him through teary eyes.

FABLE
Who?

He gets into her face and seductively rolls the name off his tongue.

VICTOR
Felden.

FABLE
I don't know who you are talking about.

VICTOR
Your husband.

Fable shakes her head.

FABLE
No, Victor. No.

Victor rears back and slams the phone down at her. It smashes against the tub and breaks into pieces.

Fable SCREAMS and shrinks back.

Victor grabs her up by the back of her head, pulls her face to face, lips to lips.

VICTOR

I'm not going to stop loving you,
even when I give you to Felden
piece by piece.

He raises the knife above his head.

VICTOR

In a bunch of little baggies.

He comes down with it. Fable shrieks.

SMASH!

Broken glass rains all over.

Victor and Fable crumble to the floor in a heap.

Victor MOANS, barely conscious. Fable looks up, crying,
fearful.

Her vision blurry, she can only make out a SHADOWY figure
standing in front of her.

A familiar VOICE.

VOICE (O.S.)

Did he hurt you?

Fable coughs, shakes her head. Her vision clears.

The Stranger.

STRANGER

We have to go. I think my time is
short.

Fable looks down at Victor, sobs.

The Stranger holds his hand out to her. The LOCKET dangles
from it.

SCREECH!

EXT. ALLIGATOR ALLEY - NIGHT

The black Audi swerves, then straightens down the stormy
road.

INT. PREGNANT FABLE AUDI (MOVING) - NIGHT

Rain punishes the windshield. Visibility close to zero. Windshield wipers flail uselessly.

PREGNANT FABLE (O.S.)

The baby!

The Stranger reaches over, takes *Pregnant Fable's* hand.

STRANGER

Hang in. I'm going fast as I can.

PREGNANT FABLE

Watch it!

Rear lights from a BLUE Eighteen Wheeler appear out of nowhere. The Stranger yokes the steering wheel to the left.

FABLE sits up in the back seat, jostled violently. She grips the two headrests.

EXT. ALLIGATOR ALLEY

The car wildly misses clipping the truck's back end in front of them, before it rights itself and passes it.

INT. PREGNANT FABLE AUDI (MOVING)

STRANGER

We're okay. We're okay.

The Stranger picks up his cell and dials.

Pregnant Fable shrivels in the seat.

PREGNANT FABLE

Something's wrong.

Fable stares helpless as she hangs on to the two headrests from the back.

All at once the rain stops. Visibility clears.

The wipers squeak back and forth frantically.

STRANGER

Thank, God. We drove out of it.

Pregnant Fable pushes back up, looks up at the night sky.

PREGNANT FABLE
 We're going to be alright. The
 baby's going to be alright.

The wipers continue to SQUEAK against the windshield.

EXT. ALLIGATOR ALLEY - NIGHT

No rain.

The moon peers in and out of dark, quick moving thunderous clouds. Lightning silently flickers behind them.

The peek a boo white moonlight reflects off the wet asphalt.

The Audi spits water off the road as it speeds down the deserted highway.

FABLE (O.S.)
 Where are we headed?

INT. FABLE AUDI (MOVING)

Windshield wipers occasionally swipe the glass clearing the dampness off.

STRANGER
 The only spot that means something.

The Stranger in the driver's seat. Fable in the passenger. She holds the Locket.

FABLE
 This time of night?

STRANGER
 The time doesn't matter. The answer does.

FABLE
 How will you know it? It's pitch black out.

STRANGER
 I don't know how. But I'll know it. I felt it before. I'll feel it again.

Fable looks over at him.

FABLE

Thank you for helping me back
there. I...I've never seen him...
It's like I never knew him.

STRANGER

I'm sorry it came to that.

Fable nods, looks back at the Locket. She pops it open,
stares at the compass with its two hearts.

FABLE

I couldn't remember marrying him.

She snaps the Locket shut. Sets it on the dash and looks out
her window. Black nothingness greets her back.

FABLE

I'm going to help you. No matter
what.

The Stranger looks up into the growling dark sky.

STRANGER

At least it cleared up.

Fable wipes the moist window with her forearm. Her image
becomes clearer.

Her REFLECTION is the Stranger's FACE looking back at her.

She GASPS.

BRIGHT LIGHTS

Hit them from behind, blast the whole inside of the car with
a blinding white.

INT. PREGNANT FABLE AUDI (MOVING)

The blinding headlights reflect off the wet back window.

PREGNANT FABLE (O.S.)

What's that?

Fable in the back seat turns forward to look at the Stranger
and *Pregnant Fable*.

The Stranger's eyes wince. He's on his cell.

STRANGER

I have to slow down. Let them go
around.

Pregnant Fable grabs his arm.

PREGNANT FABLE
No. Don't slow down.

STRANGER
They want to pass, let them pass.

EXT. ALLIGATOR ALLEY

The Audi slows a bit to let the car pass.

STRANGER (O.S.)
Yes. Naples Hospital? This is
Mister Memphi. M. E. M. P. H. I.

INT. PREGNANT FABLE AUDI (MOVING)

The headlights disappear from the inside of the car, leaving them in the dark save for the dash lights.

STRANGER
I'm bringing my wife in. We're
having the baby.

He hangs up. Takes *Pregnant Fable's* hand.

STRANGER
They'll be ready for us.

Fable from the back looks at the Stranger.

FABLE
Memphi.

The Stranger looks over at *Pregnant Fable* and smiles.

STRANGER
See? Just wanted to go around.

Fable peers out of the back seat window as the car pulls up along side of them.

She spots the driver. He stares right at her as he pulls past.

VICTOR

He looks monstrous in the dash lights. His face wrathful.

Fable shoves away from the window and catches her own reflection. The Stranger's distorted face stares back at her from it. She wipes the window, takes a better look.

Her reflection is the Stranger's FACE!

FABLE
Help me find me.

RING. RING.

The loud tone reverberates inside the Audi like a bell in a bell tower.

The Stranger, *Pregnant Fable*, and Fable's eyes dart to the cell sitting on the seat between them.

"Unknown Caller"

Pregnant Fable snatches it up.

INT. CAMARO (MOVING)

Dried blood down the side of his head, Victor watches *Pregnant Fable* turn towards him. A look of horror crashes across her face.

INT. PREGNANT FABLE AUDI (MOVING)

Pregnant Fable has her phone crushed to her ear.

She can't rip her eyes away from Victor. She watches his lips move as his VOICE slithers out her cell like a snake from a dark crevice.

VICTOR
I love you.

Pregnant Fable drops the phone. Pops the glove box.

SHRIEKS

PREGNANT FABLE
Go!

The Stranger crushes the gas.

EXT. ALLIGATOR ALLEY

ROAR!

The scream of an engine, followed by the scream of a female.

INT. PREGNANT FABLE AUDI (MOVING)

PREGNANT FABLE
Hurry, Felden!

EXT. ALLIGATOR ALLEY

The Audi separates itself from the Orange Camaro.

The Camaro ducks back in behind.

The only cars on the dark road. Frequent flashes of lightning reflect off them, tires spraying water all the way.

INT. PREGNANT FABLE AUDI (MOVING)

The speedometer crosses the hundred mile an hour mark.

On the glovebox door a box of bullets has been torn thru, its contents scattered everywhere.

Pregnant Fable tries to load the thirty eights, her fingers jittery. She keeps dropping the bullets.

PREGNANT FABLE
C'mon. C'mon.

Finally, she gets one in.

Fable's whispered VOICE from the back pushes thru the anxiety like a sudden breeze on a sweltering summer's day.

FABLE (O.S.)
Felden?

REAR VIEW MIRROR

The Stranger's panicked eyes steal a glance. He catches a glimpse of *HIMSELF* staring back from the back seat where Fable was just sitting.

A momentary gaze.

BACKSEAT

Fable stares back at Felden now.

FABLE
Help me find me.

HEADLIGHTS from behind flash bright.

FELDEN's eyes blanch. The moment severed.

His hand flicks to the mirror, flips the night switch.

EXT. ALLIGATOR ALLEY

The orange Camaro chases the Audi. Catches it and noses the back bumper.

PREGNANT FABLE (O.S.)

Felden!

INT. FABLE AUDI (MOVING)

Headlights blare into the car spotting the Stranger and Fable in the front seat with stark white light.

Fable grabs the Stranger.

EXT. ALLIGATOR ALLEY

The Camaro smashes into the Audi, shoves it off the road.

STRANGER (O.S.)

Hang on!

INT. FABLE AUDI (MOVING)

The Stranger wrestles with the steering wheel as Fable clings to him.

FABLE

I know now!

Their headlights shine against a --

BILLBOARD

The Gladers smiling, holding up bottles of green liquid.

"Don't Forget Ya'lls GLADER - 2 - 0"

They pulverize the sign, get jostled around, shred the grassy area and crash through the fence.

Fable shouts.

FABLE

Felden!

The Stranger glances at her quizzically.

FABLE

You're, Felden Memphi!

Fable grips him tighter. Only now it's not Fable in the passenger seat, but FELDEN #2.

FELDEN #2

We're Felden Memphi!

DISSOLVE TO:

MONTAGE: STRANGER NOW WITH FELDEN (FLASHBACKS)

--- Stranger places his palms against the window of the Audi. He peers in at FELDEN like he's a long lost treasure.

STRANGER

You.

--- FELDEN in bed, sobs. Strong arms wrap around him, pull him in to comfort him.

A WHISPERED VOICE.

STRANGER (O.S.)

Help me find me.

Felden jerks up, face to face with the Stranger.

--- Felden outside his Audi on the long rural road. He holds a gun on the Stranger.

STRANGER

What is this?

FELDEN

This is my alternate reality you stalking son of bitch.

--- FELDEN in the car with the Stranger. He is in the passenger seat holding the locket. He snaps it shut, sets it on the dash and looks out the window. Black nothingness greets him back.

FELDEN

I'm going to help you. No matter what.

Felden turns and looks at the Stranger.

BACK TO:

EXT. ALLIGATOR ALLEY

Both cars go airborne.

PREGNANT FABLE (O.S.)
Aaauuughhh!

INT. PREGNANT FABLE AUDI (MOVING)

The headlights glare off the water. They slam into it.

Pregnant Fable wrenches against the seatbelt. The Colt flies out of her hand cracks against the windshield, goes off.

A flash of orange fire!

BLACK.

INT. FELDEN HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

The sound of the FAMILY FEUD GAME SHOW.

Bright white light.

BLINK. BLINK.

The room comes in to focus.

-- A DREAM CATCHER hangs from a ceiling fan.

-- A TV on. FAMILY FEUD. Audience LAUGHING.

Around the room until --

FABLE

In a chair, asleep.

HUSKY VOICE (O.S.)
Honey.

Fable stirs. Wakes. Jumps out of her seat and rushes over to --

FELDEN

Lying in bed, hooked up to an IV, a heart monitor, a brain analyzer with all manner of tubes and wires running in and out of him.

INT. PREGNANT FABLE AUDI - UNDERWATER - NIGHT

Headlights beam through the car from behind. The gun slides off the dash. Sinks to the floor.

Fish swim through the car as *Pregnant Fable* watches a SHADOWY FIGURE pull the silhouette of an unconscious Felden out through the broken driver's side window.

The Silver Locket floats by. *Pregnant Fable* reaches out and grabs it.

The car sinks deeper as she SCREAMS. Air bubbles explode out of her mouth. Through the bubbles, a HAND snags her wrist.

In the headlight beam -- the SCRAGGLY BEARDED GLADER.

His beard wisps back and forth as he yanks *Pregnant Fable* through the broken window.

Her pregnant belly barely clears a jagged piece of broken glass but her right leg catches on it as he pulls her through.

A dark cloud of blood billows out like smoke from a chimney.

The Audi disappears into the murky depths below. The Camaro follows.

INT. FELDEN HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

A summer dress reveals a long jagged scar on Fable's right leg.

Fable mashes the NURSE CALL BUTTON.

FABLE

Felden. You're here. You're here.

She bursts into tears and hugs him with all her love. Her tears mix with kisses. Fable pushes back, drinks him in.

Felden gazes at her.

FABLE

Oh, Felden, I knew you'd come back.
I knew it.

Felden notices the SILVER LOCKET swinging from her neck. He takes it in his hand, pops it open to reveal the compass.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PUBLIC PARK - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Felden and *Pregnant Fable* lie on a blanket. She holds a small black felt box.

FELDEN

Open it.

The Woman takes it out, pops it open.

A SMALL COMPASS with HEARTS in place of N and S

PREGNANT FABLE

A compass?

FELDEN

A heart compass.

BACK TO:

INT. FELDEN HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Felden snaps the locket closed, Fable wraps his hand with hers. They share a loving gaze.

Then Felden's face clouds, angrily.

FELDEN

Where is he? That bastard.

Fable stops. Her mind racing to make sense of his question.

FELDEN

That lunatic who ran us off the road.

Fable connects the dots.

FABLE

You just woke up. Let's not talk about him.

Fable fingers through his hair.

FELDEN

I don't want him coming back after you.

FABLE

Felden. He's dead. They never found his body.

NURSES rush in.

FELDEN

The baby?

FABLE

Junior is here everyday.

One Nurse punches off the Call Button.

Felden smiles at the love of his life. Tears begin to stream down his face.

FELDEN

How long have I...?

The nurses begin to check his charts, machines, and vitals.

Fable steps back letting the Nurses do their thing.

Hands to her mouth, Fable's smile can hardly contain her joy. Her tearful eyes dare not leave her husband's pale sunken face.

INT. FELDEN HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY - LATER

A MALE NURSE, (MICCOSUKEE #1), checks Felden's IV as Fable stands by beaming with joy, eyes red from happy tears.

MICCOSUKEE #1

Doctor Stevenson is coming in to see you.

He pauses, looks down at Felden, smiles and pats his shoulder.

MICCOSUKEE #1

Welcome back, Mister Memphi.

FELDEN

Good to be back.

Felden stares at the Miccosukee.

FELDEN

You seem familiar.

Miccosukee #1 glances up and smiles at Fable.

An ORDERLY, (WINNY), bursts in. He wears a rainbow scarf and springy SMILEY FACES on his head that go from happy to sad as they bounce around.

He strides over to Felden, cracks open a bottle of green liquid.

WINNY

Drink up, Mister Memphi. Nectar of the glades.

He puts it on the tray in front of Felden.

"GLADER - 2 - 0"

Winnie leans down to him in an aside.

WINNY

Careful. Might give you swamp gas.

Winnie chuckles, glances up at the television.

BILLIONAIRE'S BOG

WINNY

Our favorite show. Rich rednecks in the marsh. I sit in here and watch it with you everyday.

MICCOSUKEE #1

Sometimes twice a day.

WINNY

Alright, Mister 'Save yourself.'
(to Felden)
Has he explained the Law of Habitats to you yet?

MICCOSUKEE #1

Everyday.

The Miccosukee smiles.

A MAN'S VOICE Booms in the room.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Felden Memphi.

The Man stands behind Fable. His Name Tag reads --

"DOCTOR STEVENSON"

WINNY
 (to Felden)
 That one's a rerun. We'll catch you
 tomorrow.

Miccosukee #1 and Winny exit.

DOCTOR STEVENSON(70's)

His wrinkled face sags on his skull, framed by bushy unkempt
 greyish sideburns and a comb over that would make a rooster
 envious.

He moves past Fable, gives her a smile, gestures at her as he
 goes past.

DOCTOR STEVENSON
 You've had an angel on your
 shoulder, Felden.

He grabs Felden's chart, comes up to him.

DOCTOR STEVENSON
 This brave little lady never left
 your side, never gave up, never
 stopped praying. You should thank
 her with hugs and kisses the rest
 of your life.

Felden nods, beams at her.

FELDEN
 My hero, Doctor. Wouldn't be here
 without her.

DOCTOR STEVENSON
 That's the truth.

FINK (O.S.)
 As for these insurance papers,
 Mister Memphi.

The Doctor shoots a look towards the door.

DOCTOR STEVENSON
 Fink!

FINK in the doorway, a thick file in hand.

DOCTOR STEVENSON
 Harass these good people another
 day.

FINK

But we need to get these figures settled.

DOCTOR STEVENSON

Back to your hole, Fink!

Fink slinks out.

The Doctor stares at Felden, a grave look crosses his face.

DOCTOR STEVENSON

Don't want to go too much into this now, but you have a bullet lodged in your brain. In a place we don't dare go after.

Fable drops her head.

FABLE

My fault, I had the gun...

The Doctor cuts her off.

DOCTOR STEVENSON

(to Fable)

We talked about you blaming yourself. It was an accident. Now stop that.

Fable nods, dabs her eyes.

FELDEN

What'll we do?

DOCTOR STEVENSON

The fact that you're awake means the brain is functioning around it. But it'll take time to know where we head from here.

Felden nods.

FABLE

Doctor? Can the baby sitter bring our son in?

DOCTOR STEVENSON

I won't be the one to say no.

Fable gets on her cell phone.

FABLE

Bring Junior in to see his Daddy.

The Doctor shines a pen light in Felden's eyes.

DOCTOR STEVENSON
 Felden. One day, when you're
 strong enough, I'd like to pick
 your brain, so to speak. Find out
 where you've been all this time.

The Doctor clicks off the light, pockets it.

DOCTOR STEVENSON
 Make a hell of a book.

FELDEN
 Not sure I even know.

JUNIOR (O.S.)
 Daddy!

A little boy(3) bolts into the room past Fable, climbs onto
 the side of the bed.

JESSEE stands at the door watching.

JESSEE
 Junior, mind the wires and tubes.

Junior holds up a stuffed animal.

JUNIOR
 Look, Daddy. I keep him for you.

A SQUIRREL

Black glass eyes, tattered and pitiful.

FABLE
 He will not let that dirty toy out
 of his sight.

Junior pushes the stuffed animal into his face.

JUNIOR
 Hold the baby.

Felden looks at it, pauses, tries to remember something just
 out of reach. He looks back at Junior.

Junior's sweet grin melts all over Felden. Felden gathers
 the little boy in. Hugs, kisses and tears all around.

FELDEN
 I can't believe how big you are.

Junior holds up three fingers.

JUNIOR
I three, daddy.

Junior puts his ear to Felden's chest.

JUNIOR
I hear Daddy heart, Daddy.

FELDEN
It's saying 'I love, Junior.'

Junior looks up.

JUNIOR
And, Mommy.

FELDEN
And, Mommy.

Felden snuggles his chin into Junior's neck. Junior giggles and giggles. The Doctor notes the chart.

DOCTOR STEVENSON
Funny.

Felden and Fable look at him worried.

FELDEN
What?

DOCTOR STEVENSON
Have to shoot across the Alley
today. Another miracle.

FABLE
Another miracle?

Doctor Stevenson hangs the chart back, pockets his pen.

DOCTOR STEVENSON
Patient of mine, in Miami. Been in
a coma about as long as Felden
here.

Fable's face turns white.

FABLE
Where's...Who is he?

EXT. ALLIGATOR ALLEY - NIGHT

DOCTOR STEVENSON (V.O.)

John Doe.

In the red glow of the brake lights the BURLY TRUCK DRIVER drags a MAN out of the water onto the canal bank.

Another car pulls up and several FIGURES dash out, dive into the water.

DOCTOR STEVENSON (V.O.)

Apparently, a big ole trucker brought him in they said.

INT. FELDEN HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

DOCTOR STEVENSON

Didn't leave any information. Must have been his angel.

Fable's fearful eyes dart to Felden.

INT. MIAMI HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

The room sits in shadow.

BEEP. BEEP.

A dim green glow from a monitor tracks a patient's heart beat.

DOCTOR STEVENSON (V.O.)

Two miracles in one day.

A dark FIGURE lies in bed, hooked up to all manner of machines.

DOCTOR STEVENSON (V.O.)

Amazing organ, the brain. I always say we know so little about it, but somehow, it will find a way.

An ORDERLY comes in, cracks open the cherry wood blinds. Sunlight spreads its wealth.

ORDERLY

Sun time, Johnny D.

FIGURE (O.S.)

Falker.

The Orderly turns to him.

VICTOR

Lies motionless, staring at the man.

VICTOR
Victor Falker.

FADE TO BLACK.

RING. RING.

INT. ANY ROOM - DAY

A cell phone lays on a desk.

RING. RING.

"UNKNOWN CALLER"

In the reflection of the face, a nondescript figure comes up,
reaches for it.

CUT TO BLACK.