

CRAZY ON YOU

Written by

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FADE IN

INT. THE LEWIS FAMILY VEHICLE - EARLY MORNING - SUMMER

The steady **HUM** of the road resonates through the vehicle as trees blur past, blending into streaks of green and brown. The car speeds down the narrow one-lane road, while the sun, just cresting the horizon, casts soft golden beams that filter through the windows, gently bathing the interior in warm light. The car is packed to the brim with luggage and all the essentials needed for a multi-week family vacation.

BRANT LEWIS, mid-30s, grips the steering wheel, focused on the road ahead. It's their annual summer tradition; a trip to the family lake house.

Beside him, his wife, **JANET LEWIS**, also mid-30s, flips through the pages of a book, engrossed in her reading.

In the back seat, their 13-year-old daughter, **DAKOTA LEWIS**, sits behind **BRANT**, staring out of the window, her gaze distant, lost in the blur of passing scenery.

Next to her, **DANIEL LEWIS**, 16, sits behind **JANET**, his face illuminated by the glow of his phone as he mindlessly scrolls, disconnected from the world around him.

The radio plays lightly in the background, its music barely audible but filling the silence.

BRANT

I can't think of a better way to start summer break. Don't you all agree?

DANIEL

(mumbles to himself)
I can think of a hundred different things.

BEAT

Conversation stalls as everyone sits in silence, the barely audible radio in the background still fills the silence.

BRANT

Come on. I can't be the only one excited to go to the lake house.

DANIEL

We've done the same thing every summer and we always end up hating each other and wanting to come home after a few days. I still don't understand why I couldn't stay home.

BRANT

Because it's a *family* vacation.

BRANT quickly glances at DAKOTA through the rear view mirror as she stares out of her window.

BRANT (CONT'D)

Kota, you're excited to go, right?

DAKOTA looks over at BRANT, annoyed that he would attempt to speak to her.

DAKOTA

Sure.

She turns, casually resting her elbow on the door handle, her head propped up by her hand, and resumes gazing out of the window.

BRANT inhales, then loudly exhales in disappointment.

RADIO DJ

Here's Heart with Crazy On You.

"Crazy On You" by HEART starts plays on the radio.

BRANT leans over and turns the volume up on the radio.

BRANT

(excited)

I love this song!

Using his left knee to steer, BRANT plays the air guitar with the intro of the song.

JANET looks up from her book and stares at BRANT as he sings along to the song.

BEAT

JANET

(aggravated)

Hello? I'm trying to read.

BRANT stop playing the air guitar, grabs the wheel with both hands, glances over at JANET, then back at the road.

BRANT

(disappointed)

So, we aren't allowed to listen to music because you're reading a book?

JANET drops the book in her lap, she stares at the passing road in front of her, her face twisted in anger.

BEAT

BRANT leans forward, his hand fumbling to find the volume dial on the radio. He turns the volume down, the song fading into a barely audible whisper in the background.

BEAT

JANET picks up her book and starts reading again.

DAKOTA turns from her deep stare out of the window.

DAKOTA

Are you guys going to fight the entire time, again?

BRANT loudly **SIGHS**.

BRANT

We aren't fighting.

DAKOTA turns to look out of her window again.

DAKOTA

(mumbles to herself)
Not yet.

BRANT nods in agreement.

BRANT

(Whispers)
Not yet.

BEAT

BRANT (CONT'D)

It's so disappointing that I bust my ass to make a little bit of money so that we can enjoy things most families dream about. I bought this house for us.

"Crazy On You" continues to play.

BRANT reaches over and grabs his cup of coffee out of the cupholder in the center console.

BRANT (CONT'D)
I'll just enjoy my coffee in
silence.

BRANT grips the cup by the top and lifts it to take a sip. As he tilts it, the lid suddenly pops off, sending a surge of hot coffee spilling onto his lap. He jolts in pain, swiping the coffee from his lap.

BRANT (CONT'D)
Ow! Shit!

JANET immediately drops her book, and frantically opens the glove, reaching for napkins.

JANET
(yells)
Oh my god, Brant!

CUT TO WHITE:

FADE IN

INT. BEDROOM - 6:45 AM

BRANT **GASPS** for air, his chest heaving as he jolts upright from bed. He excessively **COUGHS**, trying to catch his breath.

BRANT, throws the comforter off of him, then springs out of bed, wearing all white pajamas, he runs into his bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - 6:45 AM

His hands extended, searching for the faucet.

He finds the sink and twists the handle, the sound of running water filling the quiet room.

Without hesitation he leans down to drink water directly from the faucet, the cold water quenching his thirst.

BEAT

He turns off the water and looks into the mirror above the sink, water dripping down his chin. He touches his face and looks around, confused.

He looks down and doesn't recognize the pajamas he's wearing.

BRANT

What the hell? When did I get these?

He stands in silence, lost in thought.

BEAT

He exits the bathroom.

INT. BRANT'S BEDROOM - 6:45 AM - CONTINUOUS

BRANT exits the bathroom, stopping just outside the bathroom door.

Brant looks over at his alarm clock that sits on his night stand.

ALARM CLOCK: 6:45 AM.

BRANT walks over to his bed and leans over to look at his wife.

Once reassured that JANET is sleeping, he slowly moves toward a window overlooking their backyard. He pulls open the blinds, gazing out into the unsettling darkness. The silence is heavy, the stillness almost otherworldly, as if the scene before him doesn't quite belong to reality.

He recognizes an old framed picture of himself, JANET, DAKOTA, and DANIEL on a dresser next to the window that was taken at their family lake house a few years ago. But, when he touches the frame it feels cold to the touch, startled and confused, BRANT steps away from the window.

He turns around, walks towards the door, and exits his bedroom.

INT. HALLWAY - 6:45 AM - CONTINUOUS

BRANT slowly walks out of his room, the hallway eerily silent, and walks over DAKOTA'S bedroom door, which is closed.

He reaches for the door knob, his fingers curl around it, then tighten. Slowly, he turns it.

He slowly opens the door.

INT. DAKOTA'S BEDROOM - 6:45 AM -CONTINUOUS

DAKOTA is sound asleep in her bed. The fan swirls, and the soft glow of a nightlight dimly illuminates the small space.

BEAT

BRANT closes the door.

INT. HALLWAY - 6:45 AM - CONTINUOUS

BRANT walks quietly towards DANIEL'S bedroom door, which stands just next to DAKOTA'S. The muffled sound of voices heard through the thin wood, grabbing his attention.

He leans in, pressing his ear to the door, his brow furrowed as he strains to make out the conversation. The voices are unclear, but there's a tension in the air.

BEAT

Hesitant, BRANT reaches for the doorknob. His fingers curl around it, then tighten. Slowly, he turns it, the faint creak of the door echoing in the quiet house.

INT. DANIEL'S BEDROOM - 6:45 AM - CONTINUOUS

Inside, Daniel lies soundly asleep in his bed, the room still and undisturbed. No one else is present. The quiet sound of DANIEL'S breathing fills the room.

BEAT

BRANT stands frozen for a moment, his eyes darting across the room, searching for the source of the voices. But the room remains empty and silent.

Confusion crosses BRANT'S face, then, slowly, he shuts the door with a quiet **CLICK**.

INT. HALLWAY - 6:45 AM - CONTINUOUS

The muffled conversation continues, the voices blending together, just out of reach, like a distant whisper. Brant stands at the door, his brow furrowed as he tries to make sense of the words that remain just beyond his comprehension.

BEAT

The conversation abruptly stops.

BRANT presses his forehead against the door, closing his eyes as he takes a deep, shaky inhale. He holds it for a moment, as if trying to steady himself, then exhales slowly, the weight of the moment settling in.

With a heavy **SIGH**, Brant turns, his footsteps slow and deliberate as he walks back down the hallway

INT. BRANT'S BEDROOM - 6:45 AM - CONTINUOUS

BRANT walks into his room and slowly closes the door behind him, trying to stay quiet as not to wake JANET.

BRANT softly and quietly walks to the bed.

He sits on the edge of the bed, the bed **CREAKING** as he sits.

JANET stirs, rolling over as her eyes slowly flutter open, still half-dazed and barely conscious.

JANET

Brant?

With a look of confusion on his face, BRANT turns his head to speak to JANET.

BRANT

Why are we home?

JANET slowly sits up in bed.

JANET

What are you talking about?

BRANT

Did we go to the lake house?

JANET

You're sleepwalking again.

JANET lies back down and pulls the comforter over her.

JANET (CONT'D)

Go back to bed, Brant.

BRANT turns, his gaze vacant as he stares ahead, lost in thought, and still confused.

He rubs his face, yawns, stands up, walks over to his side of the bed, and then gets back in bed.

BRANT pulls the comforter up to his chest, his eyes fixed on the ceiling as the fan above him spins.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. BRANT'S BEDROOM - 6:45 AM CONTINUOUS

"Crazy On You" by HEART plays on BRANT alarm clock.

BRANT quickly jolts up in bed.

He **GASPS** for air, his chest heaving as he jolts upright from bed. He excessively **COUGHS**, trying to catch his breath.

BEAT

He looks at the alarm clock on his night stand.

ALARM CLOCK: 6:45 AM.

He reaches over and turns off the alarm.

BRANT rubs his eyes and squints to focus his vision.

He glances around the room.

He reaches over to touch JANET next to him, but she isn't in bed, and her side of the bed is perfectly made, and untouched.

BEAT

BRANT looks at the bedroom door which is closed.

BRANT
(yells)
JANET!?

BEAT

JANET doesn't respond.

He throws the comforter off of him, quickly gets out of bed, then walks to the closed bedroom door.

BRANT slowly turns the knob, opens the bedroom door.

The faint sound of laughing is heard from the kitchen downstairs.

INT. HALLWAY - 6:45 AM - CONTINUOUS

BRANT smiles, then rushes down the hall towards the stairs.

INT. STAIRS - 6:45 AM - CONTINUOUS

He rushed down the stairs, passing the portraits of framed family memories hung on the wall, the echo of his heavy footsteps repetitively **THUMPING** as he stumbles down the stairs.

INT. KITCHEN - 6:45 AM - CONTINUOUS

The kitchen is pristine, yet the table is covered with plates of freshly cooked breakfast

JANET, DAKOTA, and DANIEL are at the kitchen table eating breakfast, indistinctly chattering with each other.

Their voices muffled and difficult for BRANT to understand.

BRANT enters the kitchen, the conversations stop, and they all look at BRANT.

BEAT

BRANT

What's wrong?

DANIEL

Why are you just standing there?

BRANT

Why are you all up so early?

DAKOTA

Dad, it's the first day of school.

BRANT looks around the kitchen.

BEAT

BRANT

Didn't school just get out for summer?

JANET

(concerned)

Are you ok? You're kind of freaking us out.

DANIEL stands up from his chair and grabs a piece of bacon.

DANIEL
Well, that's my cue.

BRANT
Where are you going?

DANIEL walks over to BRANT and kisses him on his cheek, his bacon-greased lips press against his face.

BRANT touches the spot DANIEL kissed him.

He turns his head to watch DANIEL leave.

DANIEL
(as he exits the kitchen)
Love you!

BRANT turns around and faces JANET and DAKOTA.

JANET and DAKOTA stare at BRANT, confusion etched on their faces.

JANET
Want some breakfast?

BRANT
No. I think I'm just going to take
a shower and lie back down. I'm not
feeling well.

DAKOTA gets up from her chair and walks over to BRANT, placing her hand on Brant's forehead to take his temperature.

DAKOTA
Nope. No fever!

Dakota takes her hand off of BRANT'S forehead, walks over to the kitchen table and reaches for another piece of bacon.

BRANT gently touches his forehead.

DAKOTA (CONT'D)
I'm going to be late for the bus.

DAKOTA walks towards BRANT to exit the kitchen, BRANT opens his arms awaiting a hug, but DAKOTA walks past him, leaving him without a hug.

DAKOTA (CONT'D)
(leaving the kitchen)
BYE! I LOVE YOU!

JANET remains sitting at the kitchen table.

JANET
LOVE YOU! SEE YOU AFTER SCHOOL!

BRANT puts his arms down by his and then reluctantly sits in the chair DAKOTA was sitting across from JANET.

BEAT

BRANT stares at JANET.

BRANT
I'm going to ask you a question.
And I want you to be honest with
me. OK?

JANET
(confused)
Uh...OK.

BRANT
Did we, or did we not, go on
vacation to the lake house?

JANET
Brant, the kids are still in
school. Plus, I thought we decided
not to go to the lake house this
year.

BRANT
(confused)
I have no idea what you're talking
about. The last thing I remember
was driving to the lake house.
Then, all of a sudden, I woke up in
bed... at home.

BRANT rubs his eyes.

JANET
Stop rubbing your eyes.

BRANT stops rubbing his eyes, blinking heavily and opening his eyelids wide for a brief second, trying to focus his vision.

BEAT

BRANT
(frustrated)
My vision is blurry. I can't seem
to focus.

JANET

Do you want me to make you an appointment with the eye doctor?

BRANT

No, I'm sure I'll be fine.

BRANT (CONT'D)

So, my question...

JANET

Brant, I don't know what game you're playing, but I don't like it.

JANET gets up from the table and starts cleaning, collecting dishes as she makes her way to the sink.

BRANT

Everything feels so weird. My vision is blurry. Daniel and Kota's touch felt cold on my skin.

JANET places dishes in the kitchen sink, and washes them.

JANET

Why don't you eat something? Maybe you're just hungry.

BRANT stares at the food on the table.

BRANT

I'm not even hungry.

JANET turns off the water, reaches for a dish towel, dries her hands, and then walks over to the kitchen table to pick up some more dishes and food.

She stops right next to BRANT and with a free hand, she puts her hand on his forehead to feel his temperature.

JANET

You don't have a fever. Why don't you go lie down? I'll call your boss and tell him you aren't coming in today.

BRANT looks up at JANET, the look of confusion takes over his face.

BRANT

My boss? Janet, I've owned D&D Architects, my own business, for ten years. I *am* the boss.

JANET laughs and walks over to the kitchen sink.

JANET

I wish! Did you hit your head or something?

BRANT rises slowly, his hand instinctively pressing to his head as he checks for any sign of injury, his fingers brushing lightly over his scalp in search of pain or damage.

BEAT

He exits the kitchen as JANET continues to clean.

BRANT

I need to go back to bed.
Something's wrong.

INT. STAIRS - 6:45 AM - CONTINUOUS

BRANT slowly walks up the stairs, holding the handrail and looking around, lost and confused. The sound of his heavy footsteps **THUMP** louder and louder with each step.

His footsteps echo throughout the house.

He reaches the top step, then freezes.

The sound of his final footsteps reverberates off the walls, amplifying the emptiness around him, as though he's standing in a hollow, concrete shell of an unfurnished room.

BRANT looks around, blinking repetitively, attempting to focus his vision.

Disoriented, he scans the room quickly, a look of confusion crossing his face.

He takes a deep breath and continues walking to his room.

INT. BRANT'S BEDROOM - 6:45 AM - CONTINUOUS

BRANT approaches his bedroom door and freezes at the entrance.

He reaches for the light switch.

The bedroom light **CLICKS** loudly as he flips the switch, instantly blinding him, followed by the sound of a steady **HUM**.

Brant briefly squeezes his eye lids shut, then puts his hands above his eyes to attempt to shade the immense light in order see in front of him.

The light becomes unbearable and he quickly turns them off.

He stands in place, his eyes adjust to sudden change in light.

BEAT

A faint, familiar melody drifts through the air, coming from somewhere outside, but BRANT can't quite make out the lyrics or identify the song.

BEAT

Drawn to the sound, he slowly approaches the window. The blinds are pulled up, and as he peers out into the yard, he notices a collection of shadowy figures moving about, seemingly enjoying the outdoors. But the early morning darkness obscures their faces, and BRANT can't tell who they are. He tenses, suspicion creeping in that they could be trespassers.

He reaches for the window latch, fumbling in frustration as he struggles to unlock it. The melody continues to play, but his efforts are unsuccessful. With a soft sigh, he pulls his hand away and steps back from the window.

BRANT

(whispers)

This can't be real.

He slowly steps away from the window, the music gradually fades into silence, leaving only the stillness of the room.

BEAT

BRANT walks over to his side of the bed, slips under the covers, and pulls the comforter up around him. He adjusts himself, settling into the warmth and comfort, and takes a deep breath, trying to relax.

Lying in bed, he stares into the distance for a few seconds before taking a deep breath, and then closing his eyes.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT - BRANT'S BEDROOM - 6:45 AM

BRANT'S alarm clock goes off. "Crazy On You" by HEART plays on the radio.

BRANT quickly jolts up in bed.

He **GASPS** for air, his chest heaving as he jolts upright from bed. He excessively **COUGHS**, trying to catch his breath.

He leans over, turns the alarm clock off and looks around the room in confusion.

His vision remains blurry, as he rubs his eyes to attempt to focus.

BRANT glances at the clock. It's difficult to read, but eventually, his eyesight is focused enough to see.

ALARM CLOCK: 6:45 AM.

BRANT looks next to him to look for his wife, but her side of the bed is made.

The bedroom door is closed. Silence overcomes his surroundings.

BRANT

Janet?

BRANT sits on his bed for a few seconds waiting for a response.

He slowly removes the comforter from his lap before sitting on the edge of the bed.

He rubs his eyes in an effort to focus his vision, before standing up and stretching.

BEAT

A sudden **RATTLE**, then the bedroom window **SLAMS** open.

A violent **GUST OF WIND** surges through the room, sending papers and objects flying. BRANT'S hair whips wildly as he stares, wide-eyed, at the open window.

BEAT

Snapping into action, he lunges out of bed and fights his way toward the window, pushing against the relentless wind. Every step feels like a struggle.

Reaching the window, he strains to force it shut. The wind is unrelenting, until finally, with one last push, he slams it closed and latches it.

Silence.

BRANT, breathless, leans against the window, his pulse hammering in his ears.

He turns, and freezes.

The room is pristine.

Nothing is out of place. The papers, the objects, everything is exactly as it was before. No sign of the chaos. No proof that anything happened.

BRANT'S eyes scan the room, his chest rising and falling. His confusion deepens.

BEAT

BRANT (CONT'D)
(confused)
What was that?!

He walks to the bathroom.

INT - BRANT'S BATHROOM - 6:45 AM- CONTINUOUS

He walks over to the bathroom and before entering he reaches for the lights switch, turns on the bathroom light. It **CLICKS** loudly as he flips the switch, instantly blinding him, followed by the sound of a steady **HUM**.

He immediately squeezes his eyes closed, and in an effort to cover the immense light from his face, puts his hands over his eyes, but the light is too immense.

Unable to focus, he quickly turns off the light.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

BRANT lies motionless in a hospital bed, his face pale and still. A tangle of tubes and wires extends from his body, connecting him to machines that **BEEP** softly, their rhythmic hums a reminder of the life they're sustaining. An oxygen tube feeds into his mouth and down his throat, while an IV drip feeds into his arm. The room is sterile and quiet, save for the faint sound of his ventilator pumping oxygen into his body, keeping him alive. The slow **HUM** of a fan gently circulates the air.

A DOCTOR, mid-50's, wearing the stereotypical sky blue scrubs, covered by an oversized lab coat, a stethoscope dangling from his neck, leans over BRANT, gently lifting his eyelids and shining a small light into his eyes, meticulously searching for any flicker of life.

JANET, nervous, anxious, and exhausted, paces around the room as the doctor observes BRANT'S vital signs.

DAKOTA and DANIEL sit in separate chairs beside his bed, worn and drained. Their eyes are heavy with fatigue, their faces etched with sleeplessness, and their hair disheveled.

The DOCTOR **CLICKS** the small flashlight off and places it in the left breast pocket of his oversized lab coat.

He walks over to a side table next to BRANT'S hospital bed and picks up a small tablet. His focus on the tablet, he updates information regarding BRANT'S vital signs.

BEAT

He places the tablet under his left arm, then turns to JANET, still pacing around the room.

DOCTOR

Mrs. Lewis, could I please speak with you in the hall?

JANET

Of course.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

They both step into the hall, the door slowly closing behind.

JANET leans against the wall next to the door, with the DOCTOR in front of her.

DOCTOR

I want to give you an update on Brant, but I feel as if speaking in front of the children would just make this more difficult than it already is for them.

JANET slumps her shoulders, drops her head, and begins to cry.

JANET

(crying)

Is he getting any better?

DOCTOR

Mrs. Lewis, Brant sustained massive brain trauma in the car accident. Although he isn't technically "brain dead", in the few weeks he's been here, I'm afraid that he hasn't shown any signs of improvement.

JANET covers her face with her hands as she endures the heartbreaking update from the DOCTOR.

JANET

So, now what?

DOCTOR

Well, this is never easy to say, but it may be time to start thinking about getting your affairs in order and figuring out what you want to do with Brant.

BEAT

JANET

What am I supposed to tell his parents? His friends? They're all in the waiting room. I can't just go in there and tell them he's about to die.

JANET sobs uncontrollably, her hands still covering her face.

DOCTOR

If it were me, I would be completely honest with them. We're obviously going to continue to do everything we can for him, but in the instance of a seizure, an infection, or he simply doesn't come out of this on his own, I'm going to be completely honest... it is a very real possibility that Brant will die.

JANET removes her hands from her face, and attempts to gain control of her emotions.

BEAT

JANET

But, he's flinching, his fingers move. It isn't much, but I can feel his fingers move when I hold his hand.

The DOCTOR nods his head in agreement.

DOCTOR

That can happen in these situations. The machines, the medications, they're keeping him alive, which means his nerve functions can still be active.

The conversation goes silent.

Lost in thought, JANET stares at the floor in front of her.

With the tablet still under his left arm, the DOCTOR places his right hand on JANET'S shoulder.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Take all the time you need. We're going to continue to work with Brant to ensure he remains getting the best care possible.

JANET continues staring at the floor in front of her.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

I don't mean to discourage you. I'm really pulling for him and for your family. My goal is for him to walk out of here. Keep talking to him. Keep playing music for him, keep watching TV and movies with him. He's still there.

BEAT

The DOCTOR removes his hand from JANET'S shoulder and walks away.

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

BRANT'S parents, PHILIP and ANGELA LEWIS, mid 60's, both utterly consumed by grief, caught between hope and the overwhelming realization that their world may never be the same. BRANT'S brother, BRANDON LEWIS, mid 30's, sits anxiously, his gaze flickers toward the door, hoping for any sign that things will turn out differently, but he knows better.

A few close family friends sit with the family, helpless and lost in the unbearable uncertainty. They're all exhausted, sitting and staring at nothing.

Around them, the hospital hums with life. The intercom announcements echo, voices of doctors calling to their patients, muffled arguments between receptionists and visitors, and the constant, relentless ring of telephones.

BRANT'S brother, BRANDON LEWIS, sits on the edge of his seat. The anticipation to see his brother has turned into frustration.

BRANDON

I'm starting to get annoyed. Why can't we be in the room with him?

PHILIP looks to his son. His unspoken message is clear, he needs his son to steady himself, and keep it together, even as everything around them unravels.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

I'm going to text Janet.

BRANDON stands up from his seat, and removes his cell phone from his pocket.

PHILIP

Brandon, please leave her alone. She's dealing with a lot. When we're allowed to see him, she'll come get us.

BRANDON ignores his father's request, and continues to text JANET.

BRANDON

Sent.

BRANDON'S eyes swell with tears.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

I just want to see my brother.

BRANDON puts his phone back in his front pocket and begins pacing around the waiting room.

BEAT

The waiting room door opens and JANET appears.

She approaches the group.

The group gathers around her.

Her eyes swollen and red from crying.

BEAT

JANET

Things aren't... looking good.
We're still only allowed 3 people
in the room at a time, but I'll
have the kids come out here and
trade places with whoever wants to
come back.

JANET starts to cry.

JANET (CONT'D)

Mom and Dad, do you want to go
first?

PHILIP and ANGELA stand.

ANGELA holds onto PHILIP'S arm and follow JANET through the
waiting room door to go to see BRANT.

Just before the door closes behind JANET, PHILIP, and ANGELA,
BRANDON sprints through the door and rushes passed them.

He sprints passed the nurses and doctors on duty, passing the
nurses station, and immediately causing a scene.

NURSE

(yells)

Sir, you can't be in here!

JANET, PHILIP, and ANGELA freeze in their steps as they watch
BRANDON rush to BRANT'S room.

Three nurses rush to stop BRANDON before he reaches BRANT'S
room.

As he approaches BRANT'S room, the nurses are able to cut off
BRANDON'S path.

They begin to argue in front of the closed door to BRANT'S
room.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT - BRANT'S BATHROOM - 6:45 AM

The early morning moonlight illuminates the bathroom and BRANT blinks repetitively as he squints his eyes and stretches out his arms in an effort to find the bathroom sink.

He turns on the water and splashes cold water onto his face in a desperate attempt to wake himself up, hoping it will also sharpen his blurred vision.

He turns off the water and reaches for the towel to dry his face, but the towel on the towel rack is missing.

BRANT
(frustrated)
JANET! CAN YOU PLEASE GET ME A
TOWEL!?

He stands in front of the sink, water subtly dripping from his face.

JANET fails to answer.

BRANT (CONT'D)
(to himself)
OK, I guess I'll get it myself.

Brant exits the bathroom.

INT - BRANT'S BEDROOM - 6:45 AM - CONTINUOUS

BRANT steps out of the bathroom and heads toward the linen closet to the left. Just as he reaches for the handle, he stops abruptly. Faint voices are heard in the distance, an argument, muffled, seemingly coming from DAKOTA'S room. Straining his ears, BRANT stands frozen, trying to make sense of the hushed but tense exchange.

BEAT

He grabs the door knob, tries turning it, but the it's locked.

Water continues to drip from BRANT'S chin as he aggressively continues to try turning the doorknob knob.

BEAT

BRANT stops and stares at the door in front of him.

He slowly takes a step back.

He calls for his wife.

BRANT
(frustrated)
JANET?!

JANET fails to answer.

BEAT

BRANT quickly rushes out of his room.

INT - HALLWAY - 6:45 AM - CONTINUOUS

He reaches DAKOTA's bedroom door, still hearing the inaudible argument, he tries turning the door knob.

Frustrated, he frantically tries to open it, but the door remains locked.

He aggressively bangs on the door. The **THUMP** of his hand hitting the door echoes through the hallway.

BRANT
DAKOTA! DAKOTA OPEN THIS DOOR!

BEAT

The argument suddenly stops.

DAKOTA fails to respond.

BRANT then rushes over to DANIEL'S bedroom door which is also closed.

He stops in front of DANIEL'S door, slowly inhaling and **EXHALING** multiple times in an effort to calm himself down.

BEAT

BRANT (CONT'D)
Daniel.

DANIEL doesn't answer.

BRANT (CONT'D)
(in a stern voice)
Daniel. I need you to open the door.

Continued silence.

BEAT

BRANT attempts to turn door knob, but it's locked.

He releases his grip on the door handle, takes a step back, and swiftly kicks the door. The **THUD** of his kick reverberates off the walls, amplifying the emptiness around them, as though they're standing in a hollow, concrete shell of an unfurnished room.

BRANT realizes the kick was ineffective and quickly turns around.

A very dim voice is suddenly heard coming from the living room.

INT. STAIRS - 6:45 AM - CONTINUOUS

BRANT rushes down the stairs, his feet **THUMPING** on each step, echoing throughout the home.

INT. LIVING ROOM - 6:45 AM - CONTINUOUS

BRANT follows the voice and rushes into the living room to notice a TV is on.

The rapid flicker of images from the TV casts sporadic light across the room. BRANT'S vision remains blurry, distorting the images on the screen and making it impossible to fully grasp what's being shown.

BRANT moves slowly toward the TV. Blurry images of a car accident flicker rapidly across the screen, but the fleeting frames are too quick for his unfocused eyes to fully grasp.

BEAT

Suddenly, JANET'S voices is heard.

JANET (O.S.)
Oh my god, Brant!

BRANT quickly turns around and notices JANET standing at the entrance to the living room.

Frustrated and confused, BRANT stares at JANET.

BRANT
Where have you been?

JANET
You're sleepwalking, again. Go back to bed.

JANET turns and walks away.

BRANT runs after her, but when he reaches the exit to the living room, JANET is gone.

INT. STAIRS - 6:45 AM - CONTINUOUS

BRANT sprints toward the stairs, his feet pounding the floor as he rushes to his room. As he dashes by, the pictures lining the wall seem to blur, their colors faded and their details slipping into obscurity, almost forgotten in the blur of his hurried pace.

His footsteps create a deep, thunderous **THUMP**, echoing through the house like the rumble of a stampeding herd of elephants. The sound reverberates, filling every corner of the home with its powerful presence.

INT. HALLWAY - 6:45 AM - CONTINUOUS

BRANT reaches the top of the stairs, then runs to his bedroom.

INT. BRANT'S BEDROOM - 6:45 AM - CONTINUOUS

BRANT reaches the entrance of his bedroom and stands at the door, catching his breath.

Breathing heavily, he glances at the bed and notices JANET sleeping.

He catches his breath and slowly, tip-toes to the bed.

Once at the bed he leans over to look at JANET, his vision still blurry.

He sees what he believes to be JANET, smiles, and chuckles, shaking his head in embarrassment. He gets into bed, and pulls the covers over him.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING - FLASHBACK

JANET, DAKOTA, and DANIEL are eating breakfast. The table is full of plated breakfast food.

BEAT

BRANT enters the kitchen in his pajamas, dragging his feet as he walks. The scraping sound of his slippers drag across the tile floor.

JANET

Well, good morning sleepy head. How are you feeling?

BRANT walks over and has a seat at the table with his family. His hair disheveled, and his face is in need of a shave.

BRANT yawns.

BRANT

Much better.

DAKOTA gets up from her chair and walks over to BRANT.

She puts her hand on his forehead.

DAKOTA

Nope. No fever!

DANIEL is on his phone, slowly chewing a piece of bacon, not paying attention to anyone.

BRANT looks over at DANIEL.

BRANT

Good morning, Son.

DANIEL'S remains fixated on his phone.

DANIEL

Good morning, dad.

BRANT

Can you put the phone down for a minute and have breakfast with your family?

With his free hand, DANIEL reaches for more bacon and stands up.

DANIEL

Well, that's my queue.

DANIEL takes a bite of bacon and walks over to his BRANT.

He kisses his dad on the cheek with his grease-covered lips.

BRANT wipes his cheek with a napkin.

BRANT

Gross.

DANIEL begins to exit the kitchen, still looking at his phone.

DANIEL

GOTTA GO, LOVE YOU!

JANET, DAKOTA, AND BRANT

LOVE YOU!

The front door is heard opening, then closing with a loud **BANG**.

DAKOTA

I have to go too. I'm going to be late for the bus.

DAKOTA takes the last bite of her bacon, then stands up to give her mom a kiss on the cheek.

BRANT extends his arms in anticipation of a hug.

DAKOTA gets close to him but stops just short.

DAKOTA (CONT'D)

Dad, you stink.

She smiles.

DAKOTA (CONT'D)

But, I love you.

DAKOTA exits the kitchen in a hurry.

A door is heard opening, then closing with a **BANG**.

JANET stares at BRANT.

BEAT

JANET

Do I need to make a doctor's appointment for you?

BRANT

No, I'll be alright. I feel better.

JANET stands up and starts picking up empty plates, then takes them to the sink.

She turns on the water and starts cleaning.

BRANT (CONT'D)

Do you want me to help you with anything?

JANET stops washing the dishes, slams a utensil in the sink, the high pitch **CLINGING** resonates throughout the kitchen. She turns off the water, and then stares at BRANT sitting at the table.

JANET

I'm tired of having the same argument with you. I want to go back to work.

BRANT **SIGHS** and looks away.

BRANT

Janet...

JANET interrupts.

JANET

No. I sit here all day, by myself. I cook, I clean, and I do it all again the next day. I've taken care of the kids, I've done my job as a stay-at-home mother, and now, I want to go back to work.

BRANT rises to his feet, the chair **SQUEAKING** against the floor as it scrapes backward. His footsteps are soft, yet deliberate as he crosses the room until he reaches the kitchen sink.

He leans up against the counter next to JANET.

BRANT

I told you, I don't want you to get a job. What's wrong with staying home? I like that you're home.

JANET

There isn't anything wrong with being home, except for the fact that I've been home for almost 17 years. I'm ready. I want to go back to work. I want to contribute. I want to make money...my own money.

BRANT

But I make enough for both of us. Isn't that what we all want? To be taken care of? Not having to work? You have a great life.

JANET

I do have a great life and I'm so thankful and grateful of every opportunity we've had as a family. But, every time I want to buy something you always give me a guilt trip and remind me who makes the money in the house. It's almost like you enjoy having that over me. Do you like the control? Is that what this is all about?

BRANT

Janet...

JANET interrupts.

JANET

Brant.

They stare at each other in silence.

BEAT

BRANT

I don't want you to go back to work.

BRANT smiles in an effort to ease the tension.

BRANT (CONT'D)

You're so good at staying home.

Disgusted, JANET reaches for a towel and aggressively dries her hands.

She throws the towel in BRANT'S face, then walks away.

JANET (O.S.)

You're such an asshole.

BRANT rolls his eyes.

BRANT

Whatever you say, Janet.

BEAT

BRANT steps up to the sink, he takes over where JANET left off. He turns on the water, then silently resumes washing the dishes.

CUT TO

INT. BEDROOM - 6:45 AM - END FLASHBACK

BRANT'S alarm clock goes off. "Crazy On You" by HEART plays on the radio.

BRANT quickly jolts up in bed.

He **GASPS** for air, his chest heaving as he jolts upright from bed. He excessively **COUGHS**, trying to catch his breath.

BEAT

BRANT catches his breath.

He leans over to look at the clock. His vision is progressively getting worse and squints his eyes to read the time.

CLOCK: 6:45 AM

BRANT drops his head in disappointment.

BEAT

He raises his head and puts his hands in front of his face as close as he can until they come into focus.

BRANT

Great. Now I need glasses.

He reaches over to turn off the music, but suddenly stops and retracts his hand. He stares at the alarm clock.

BRANT (CONT'D)

I love this song.

Confused, he continues to stare at the alarm clock.

BEAT

He gently reaches over to the alarm clock and turns off the music.

BRANT rubs his eyes in an attempt to focus his vision.

He looks over to the other side of the bed and touches where JANET should be, but notices that she isn't there and the bed is made as if she had never come to bed.

He slumps his shoulders in disappointment.

BEAT

He removes his comforter and sitting on the edge of the bed.

BRANT looks around.

He slowly stands up and stretches.

BEAT

BRANT walks over to the bathroom door, which is closed.

He reaches for the handle and turns the knob, but it's locked.

BRANT begins to frantically trying to open the door.

BRANT (CONT'D)
(yells)
What is going on!?

He punches the door and starts to **SOB** uncontrollably.

BEAT

He falls to his knees, and continues **SOBBING**.

While on his knees, the door slowly opens.

A terrified DAKOTA slowly walks out of the bathroom.

BRANT slowly looks up, but due to his blurry vision, he can only make out certain parts of what he believes is DAKOTA.

BRANT (CONT'D)
Dakota?

DAKOTA stares in fear as her father is on his knees in front of the bathroom, he whimpers as he try's to stop himself from sobbing.

DAKOTA
Daddy, are you ok?

BRANT, still crying, extends his arms for a hug.

BRANT
Kota, I am so sorry. Come give me a hug.

DAKOTA ignores his request and slowly walks past him.

DAKOTA
Daddy, you stink.

BRANT hangs his head and lowers his arms as DAKOTA exits the room.

He puts his hands on the floor, now on all fours, sobbing uncontrollably.

BRANT
(crying and confused)
Someone, please tell me what's
going on.

JANET appears at the entrance of the bedroom.

JANET
What are you doing?

BRANT jumps to his feet and although he can't see her clearly, he quickly walks over to JANET.

He reaches her and gives her a giant hug, still sobbing uncontrollably.

BRANT grasps onto JANET, his face buried in her neck and he continues to sob uncontrollably.

His voice muffled.

BRANT
I'm so sorry.

JANET
(confused)
Sorry for what?

BRANT
Everything. I'm sorry for
everything. If you want to go back
to work, go back to work...

BRANT releases his hug and faces JANET.

His eyes red and swelled from sobbing.

JANET
What are you talking about?

BRANT
What are *YOU* talking about?

JANET turns around to leave.

JANET
You're sleepwalking, again. Go back
to bed.

BRANT, in disbelief watches his wife walk away from him.

BRANT

Janet, I know I'm not sleepwalking.
Can you stop walking away from me?
I'm in obvious need of help!

INT. HALLWAY - 6:45 AM - CONTINUOUS

JANET walks to the stairs and exits the hallway.

INT. STAIRS - 6:45 AM - CONTINUOUS

BRANT runs after JANET, but when he reaches the stairs JANET isn't there.

BRANT stands at the top of the stairs.

He attempts to clear his vision by squinting and rubbing his eyes.

BEAT

He runs as fast as he can down the stairs. The continuous **THUMPING** of his feet on each step sounds like a running herd of elephants.

He quickly reaches the bottom of the stairs.

BEAT

INT. FRONT DOOR - 6:45 AM - CONTINUOUS

BRANT runs to the front door, then freezes in his tracks.

He rubs his eyes, stands up straight, and stares at the handle.

BRANT

(whispers to himself)
Please, I beg you, please don't be
locked.

He slowly extends his shaking hand, and grabs the door knob.

BRANT closes his eyes.

A small tear streams down the side of his face.

He takes a breath, then slowly turns the handle.

He opens his eyes in surprise as his hand turns the knob, giving him the ability to open the front door.

He flings the door open, but the light of the sun is so immense it immediately blinds him. Covers his face with his arm to block the light and quickly slams the door.

He takes a few steps back and removes his arm from his face.

BRANT (CONT'D)
Something is wrong.

BEAT

BRANT (CONT'D)
(yells)
Something is wrong!

He falls to his knees again and curls into a fetal position, sobbing uncontrollably.

BRANT (CONT'D)
(yells)
Where are you? Someone help me!

BEAT

The front door suddenly opens and the immense sunlight illuminates the entire entrance of the house.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

BRANT lies motionless in a hospital bed, his face pale and still. A tangle of tubes and wires extends from his body, connecting him to machines that **BEEP** softly, their rhythmic hums a reminder of the life they're sustaining. An oxygen tube feeds into mouth and down his throat, while an IV drip feeds into his arm. The room is sterile and quiet, save for the faint sound of his ventilator pumping oxygen into his body, keeping him alive.

A DOCTOR leans over him, gently lifting his eyelids and shining a small light into his eyes, meticulously searching for any flicker of life.

The family remains sitting in chairs around BRANT'S hospital bed.

DANIEL holds his dad's hand as the DOCTOR checks BRANT'S vitals.

DANIEL
(pleading)
Come on, Dad. Show us something.

INT. FRONT DOOR - 6:45 AM

DANIEL walks through the door.

Staring at his phone, he **SLAMS** the door behind him.

BRANT, surprised, quickly stands in front of DANIEL, then grabs his arm.

DANIEL
OWE! What are you doing?

BRANT stares into his son's eyes.

BRANT
You're real? Please, tell me you're real. Please.

DANIEL struggles to remove BRANT's tight grip.

DANIEL
I'm real! You're hurting me! Stop!

BRANT releases DANIEL'S arm and abruptly hugs his son tight.

DANIEL is reluctant to hug back.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
Why are you hugging me so tight?

BRANT starts to cry.

BEAT

With tears rolling down his face he releases his hug and looks into Daniel's eyes.

BRANT
I'm so sorry. Whatever I did to deserve this, I'm so sorry I did it. I just want things to go back to normal.

DANIEL
Dad, are you ok?

BRANT wipes the tears from his face.

BRANT
I don't know.

BRANT slowly takes a step back from DANIEL.

BRANT (CONT'D)
(confused)
Nothing seems real. Every door in the house is locked. I can't leave because the light is so bright. Your mother won't sleep in the same bed as me. I try and try to talk to her but all she says is I'm sleepwalking again. I don't know what's real and what's a dream. I don't know, Daniel. I'm so scared.

DANIEL looks at his father with confusion and genuine fear.

DANIEL
Maybe you should go talk to someone?

BRANT
I can't. I can't leave the house. I tried. Just before you walked in, I tried.

DANIEL then reaches back for the door handle and opens the door.

The light is normal and BRANT can actually see the sun clearly reflecting on the outside world for the first time.

Children are heard playing, dogs are barking, and birds are chirping. Signifying a life BRANT desperately wants to be a part of again.

DANIEL
Here, the door's open. You can go wherever you want. Where do you want to go, dad? You and I will go. Just us.

BRANT slowly walks towards the door.

He becomes mesmerized by the outside world.

BRANT
Anywhere. Let's just go.

Behind him, BRANT hears Dakota.

BRANT (CONT'D)
(yells)
Dakota? Daniel?

A light flickers from the kitchen as JANET yells again.

JANET (O.S.)
Why does it do what?

INT. KITCHEN - 6:45 AM - CONTINUOUS

BRANT quickly walks over to the entrance of the kitchen.

He sees JANET, in her early 30's at the sink washing dishes, DAKOTA, 10 years old at the table eating, and DANIEL, 12 years old, leaning back in his chair, his knees leaning against the edge of the table.

He slowly gazes around the room, then looks at his family in confusion, however, no one notices him.

"Crazy On You" by HEART is faintly heard from a kitchen radio nearby.

BRANT'S eyes begin to swell with tears.

BRANT
I love this song.

BEAT

He smiles, a sense of ease comes over him.

BRANT (CONT'D)
Good morning my family.

Everyone stops what they're doing and stares at BRANT standing at the entrance to the kitchen.

DAKOTA
Good morning, Daddy. Hungry?

BRANT
What time is it?

He looks over at the clock on the wall .

CLOCK: 6:45 AM.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BRANT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

The red numbers on the alarm clock illuminate the dark room. The **HUM** of the spiraling ceiling fan overtakes the room.

BRANT slowly rises in bed, removes his comforter, then gets out of bed. He walks over to the closet located at the front of the bed.

He stands motionless in front of the closet door.

BEAT

He opens the door, then turns on the light, which glares brightly on JANET'S sleeping face.

BEAT

JANET'S eyes slowly flicker open.

With her arm, she blocks the immense light from her face.

JANET
(groggy and disoriented)
Brant? What are you doing?

BRANT
(mumbles)
I'm just... listening...

JANET
(whispers)
Not again.

BRANT turns off the light in the closet, closes the door, and walks back to bed.

BRANT
(mumbles)
Do you need to go?

JANET
You're sleepwalking again. Go back to sleep.

JANET rolls over and pulls the covers over her.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

The rhythmic **BEEP** of the heart monitor fills the sterile, dimly lit room. Machines hum softly, casting faint glows over BRANT, who lies motionless in the hospital bed.

Tubes and IVs snake around him, his face pale, his breathing slow and steady.

Across from the bed, DANIEL is slumped in a chair, elbows resting on his knees, fingers laced together. His eyes are blood shot, and dark circles beneath them. He hasn't slept. He refuses to leave.

BEAT.

DANIEL inhales sharply, gathering himself. His voice, when it comes, is hoarse, barely above a whisper.

DANIEL

I was told that I should keep talking to you. But, at this point, I don't know what to say. Mom and Dakota went to get something to eat, but I can't bring myself to leave.

Tears swell in DANIEL'S eyes.

BEAT

DANIEL (CONT'D)

I can think of a hundred other things I'd rather be doing, but I can't imagine doing them without you. I'm so sorry, Dad. I would give anything to go to the lake house with you again.

His voice cracks. He exhales sharply, blinking away tears.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

I love you so much.

DANIEL hangs his head, tears dripping from his face, his fingers still laced together.

BEAT

The hospital room door **CREAKS** open, and JANET and DAKOTA step inside, each carefully balancing a tray filled with food. The faint scent of warm meals drifts into the sterile air.

JANET

We brought you some food.

DANIEL wipes the tears from his face, then looks up at JANET as she and DAKOTA put their trays on a table next to the hospital bed.

JANET (CONT'D)
There wasn't much of a selection.

DANIEL
It's OK. I'm not that hungry.

JANET slowly approaches BRANT, her eyes glistening with unshed tears. She leans over him, her hand trembling as she gently strokes his cheek, her fingers tracing the lines of a face that once brimmed with life.

She exhales softly, before her lips softly press against his forehead, lingering for a moment.

JANET
(whispers)
Please wake up.

BEAT

JANET slowly straightens, her face reflecting devastation and sadness, she turns toward DANIEL and DAKOTA, both standing at the foot of the bed.

No one speaks.

BEAT

DANIEL steps towards his Mom, his composure crumbling as he pulls JANET into a tight embrace. His breath shudders, his body trembling.

His face buries into her neck, he **SOBS**.

JANET clutches him tightly, her own tears silently falling as she strokes his back, holding him together as best she can, while she herself is falling apart.

DANIEL
(muffled)
I miss him so much.

DAKOTA stumbles forward, her body trembling, and without a word, she wraps her arms around JANET and DANIEL, pulling them into a tight, desperate hug.

The three of them cling to each other, their cries blending together.

DAKOTA'S **SOBS** are quiet at first, then escalate into heart-wrenching cries.

BEAT

They stand there, huddled together in their shared pain.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GROCERY STORE ISLE - 6:45 AM

The fluorescent lights gently flicker, and illuminate the inside of a local grocery store with the recognizable **HUM**. The shelves are stocked, the store is immaculate, and "Crazy On You" by HEART plays on the grocery store intercom.

BRANT stands alone in front of the beer aisle, frozen and lifeless. He doesn't blink. He doesn't move. He just breathes. Staring ahead of him.

CUT TO:

INT. GROCERY STORE ISLE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

BRANT stands alone in front of the beer aisle, his eyes scanning the shelves until they land on a familiar red label, Budweiser.

Reaching out, he grabs a 12-pack, the bottle **RATTLE** as he grasps the cardboard handle.

He turns and notices DANIEL appear at the end of the isle.

DANIEL

There you are. I've been looking everywhere for you.

BRANT, beer in hand, meets DANIEL at the end of the isle.

BRANT

I'm all set. Where's your mom and sister?

INT. GROCERY STORE ISLE - 6:45 AM - END FLASHBACK

BRANT blinks repeatedly and frantically looks around.

He is alone.

BEAT

BRANT starts to sprints through the store, searching and calling out for anyone to respond.

BRANT
(yells)
HELLO?! JANET!

He recognizes a familiar face that stops him in his tracks.

DANIEL is walking towards him in slow motion.

A steady **BEEPING** begins to echo louder and louder.

BRANT turns around, searching for the **BEEPING** noise.

He looks back at DANIEL, still walking in slow motion.

BRANT tries to run, but his feet are heavy, making it difficult to walk.

DANIEL
(yells)
Dad!

His voice echoes.

BRANT is struggling to move his heavy feet.

BRANT
(panicking)
My feet. They're...stuck!

DANIEL meets BRANT, then embrace in a hug.

BEAT

They release from their embrace.

BRANT (CONT'D)
Where's your mom and sister? I want
to go home.

DANIEL stands motionless in front of BRANT, his gaze cold and distant, staring straight through him, as if he's nothing more than a ghost.

DANIEL
Dad, can you hear me?

BRANT
(confused)
Uh...What?

DANIEL walks passed BRANT, getting further and further away.

BRANT turns around, following DANIEL walking away from him.

Suddenly, JANET, and DAKOTA appear next to DANIEL as they all walk side by side away from BRANT.

BRANT breathes heavily.

BRANT (CONT'D)
(yells)
DANIEL! KOTA! JANET!

They ignore his calls.

He tries running after them, but his feet are stuck and unable to move.

BRANT cries, hanging his head in defeat.

Tears drip from his face.

The **BEEPING** sound continues, gradually getting longer and longer in between beeps.

"Crazy On You" by HEART plays on the grocery store intercom.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

DOCTORS swarm around BRANT as his body convulses violently, the beeping monitors **SCREAMING** with alarm. Shouts echo through the room, urgent, frantic orders flying between the medical staff.

JANET, DANIEL, and DAKOTA stand frozen, **SOBBING** uncontrollably, their cries drowned out by the chaos. A NURSE moves swiftly, ushering them toward the door.

JANET fights against the nurse's grip, desperate to stay by her husband's side. Tears streak down her face as she reaches out, but she's pulled away, the last glimpse of BRANT lost in the blur of flashing monitors and frantic hands.

JANET
(yells)
BRANT!

DANIEL
(yells)
No! Please, don't! Dad!

DAKOTA
(yells)
Dad?! Dad?! Please wake up! Please!

FADE TO BLACK.

The chaotic **BEEPING** of the monitors begins to fade, slowing until it stretches into a single, piercing **FLATLINE**.

THE END