

# b e a r i n g s

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based on a script by  
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01.19.10

"God gave us memories that we  
might have roses in December."

~ James M. Barrie

**EXT. DAWN**

Cold, stark, quiet. Fields for miles.

A highway disappears into the horizon.

Suddenly, a car races by at extreme speed and we're--

Moving, tight on the eyes of a man: MARTIN HICKS (70s).

His gaze narrows: fierce, determined, alive.

We hear him flip a switch; a siren screams to life.

Then we hear ignition, acceleration, gears slamming: in pursuit. The engine roars when--

SNAP!

**INT. HALLWAY - DAY**

Calm, serene, peaceful. Martin's fists are empty.

Arms outstretched as if holding onto a steering wheel, but nothing's there.

He looks to each fist carefully. Turns the left one over, opens it -- nothing. Same with the right -- nothing.

He looks beyond his open hands; still moving?

Confused, he looks down to see that he's sitting in a--

WHEELCHAIR. Then, behind him--

A HAND. He follows its arm to a nametag--

LATCHKI, an orderly (40s), and one thing is immediately apparent: God blessed this man with too much testosterone.

He looks down. Martin stares back, trying to piece it together. Latchki gives him the eye and then a snort of contempt.

Martin furrows his brow as a phone rings and we're--

**INT. NURSING HOME, FRONT DESK - DAY**

NURSE SARAH (30s), overworked and underappreciated, answers a phone as Latchki wheels Martin toward the desk.

She notices--

NURSE SARAH  
 (on phone)  
 Please hold.

Looks over at--

NURSE SARAH  
 You lost *another* one?

Martin looks at his feet, wiggles a toe. Sure enough, he's missing a slipper. He seems a little disconcerted by this.

NURSE SARAH  
 Any chance of you *rememberin'* where  
 this one went?

He looks at her. Draws a blank, shrugs.

NURSE SARAH  
 Latch, take him to his room and  
 then find it. Third one this week.  
 He ain't gettin' another pair.  
 (to Martin)  
 Keep it up, you goin' to the boss  
 man.

**INT. MARTIN'S ROOM - DAY**

Latchki parks Martin by the window and sets the brake.

Martin glances as he leaves, and then his attention slowly drifts, once again, to his hands.

We finally get our first good look at Martin: silver-haired, canvas-skinned, tough -- too many miles.

He seems sad as he studies his hands. His longing eyes now empty and defeated.

**INT. NURSING HOME, FRONT DESK - DAY**

A HUSKY MAN (40s), approaches, unsure--

HUSKY  
 I can't seem to find--

NURSE SARAH  
 Name?

HUSKY  
 Martin Hicks.

NURSE SARAH  
The wandering handfuf...

HUSKY  
I'm sorry?

NURSE SARAH  
Moved to the end of the hall.

HUSKY  
Shouldn't someone have notifi--

She's gone. Frustrated, he turns--

**INT. MARTIN'S ROOM - DAY**

Husky appears in the open doorway.

He steps forward to reveal a room with the sterile quality of a hospital, complete with amenities. Then notices--

PHOTOS. They seem to go in reverse chronological order; from color to black and white:

- An older couple kissing.
- The older couple, but younger, with a teenager.
- The family together, all smiles, in front of a house.
- A middle-aged man in a police uniform.
- The officer playfully pinning a badge on a young boy.

We linger on the last photo as--

Martin looks over, studies Husky, and then looks back to the window.

HUSKY (O.S.)  
I found this. Thought you might  
like to have it.

He places a somewhat-tarnished SHERIFF'S BADGE in Martin's hand.

Martin looks at it, rubs his thumb over it -- his eyes go wide and there's that spark again: fierce, alive.

Husky kneels next to him, watching carefully.

HUSKY  
Dad?

Martin's gaze remains transfixed on the badge, discovering.

Husky takes a deep breath:

HUSKY  
*Martin...* I need to talk to you...  
 about the house...  
 (searching)  
 I... we had to--

Martin gives him a look of contempt, or curiosity -- we're not sure which.

Husky looks back at him, clearly unsure how to proceed.

Before he can say anything more, Martin turns back to the badge.

Husky regards him for another moment -- *what more is there?* -- then slowly disappears toward the doorway as quietly as he arrived, unnoticed by Martin, who sits admiring the badge.

**INT. MARTIN'S ROOM - LATER**

The photo from earlier: the police officer and the young boy.

Suddenly, Martin's hand appears beside it holding the badge.

He studies it, then the badge; making the connection.

Then he looks at the photo of the family in front of the house. Studying the badge once more, he narrows his gaze; *something isn't right.*

He turns around and holds the badge up, viewing it in the context of his room -- slowly, all around the room -- when he notices--

THE DOORWAY and starts toward it, when suddenly--

NURSE SARAH  
 All right, Walkabout. Time for your  
 bath.

Entering, she closes the door, passes by him, and goes straight to his wardrobe.

She pulls out a change of clothing, then carries it to the bathroom.

Martin follows, puzzled. He looks at her curiously as she turns on the water.

He then looks back to the closed door, somewhat offended by the sight.

At once, he feels something in his hand. He looks down to see the badge, rubs his thumb over it: a spark--

He pins it to his shirt without hesitation, then looks back to the bathroom; narrows his gaze -- defiant, resolute.

**INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS**

As the water runs and steam rises, Nurse Sarah arranges the toiletries to her liking when suddenly--

SLAM! She jumps, turns; the door is shut.

NURSE SARAH

Martin?

She reaches for the handle, tries it repeatedly; the door won't budge.

**INT. MARTIN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

A chair is wedged under the doorknob and the doorway to Martin's room is wide open.

NURSE SARAH (O.S.)

Martin Hicks, when I get this door open I'm gonna--

**INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Martin is on the move. He cautiously slips past each doorway.

Not that it matters, what he apparently lacks in speed he makes up for in persistence as other elderly patients barely give him a second glance.

**INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Nurse Sarah calmly backs away from the doorway; with a frustrated sigh she pulls a cell phone from her pocket.

**INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Martin reaches the end of the hall, stops, peeks around the corner--

AN EXIT, but then a look of uncertainty crosses his face.

He looks around, seemingly unsure of where he is. Sensing something, he turns to see--

Latchki, closing his cell phone, followed with a snort.

Martin furrows his brow as a mixture of confusion and consternation consumes him.

An old-time melody slowly fills the air and we're--

**INT. CAFETERIA - DAY**

A diverse group of residents are seated, or being seated, at multiple tables, while an ORDERLY (30s) pushes a carrier full of trays.

The Orderly chooses a tray, sets it on a table before Martin, who's freshly bathed and wearing different clothes.

Martin looks down at the food: neatly organized, but basic and unappetizing. He looks up, across the table, to see--

The Orderly, pushing the food carrier onward, then turning to reveal an open doorway, where--

Latchki stands, steadfast. Then, distracted, he turns to see--

CRUSTY, a long-haired hippie (70s), seated directly across from him.

Crusty seems to be looking down at something, leading Martin to look down where he's astonished to discover--

The badge pinned to his shirt. He looks back to Crusty; who is now glaring at him and making snorting sounds.

Martin finds himself becoming incensed by Crusty's behavior.

Before he can say anything, Martin notices the Orderly exiting into the hallway with a pack of cigarettes. He offers one to Latchki, who follows.

They stop at an EXIT, where the Orderly reaches up to a--

KEYPAD. Martin follows the Orderly's finger movements to see him press the numbers: 2-4-5-1. With that, the Orderly and Latchki exit the building.

Martin silently mouths the numbers; his fingers start working: two fingers, four fingers, five fingers, one finger.

Concentrating, his fingers go through the motion again. And again. And--

Martin notices Crusty mocking him, making crazy hand movements, then erupts into laughter and snorts.

Martin's face scrunches with irritation, when--

A SMALL CUP OF PILLS appears in his hand?

ORDERLY #2 busily distributes similar cups to each resident, including Crusty.

Martin studies the cup's contents carefully, then looks around to see some of the residents downing theirs.

His gaze narrows and he quickly pockets the cup, then takes his immediate NEIGHBOR's pills while she isn't looking--

CRUSTY (O.S.)

Hey!

Martin turns to see Crusty watching him, then spots the cup of pills by Crusty's tray. Crusty, seeing this, grabs his cup of pills and holds them defensively away from Martin.

Martin pulls his gun on Crusty (his hand and index finger, naturally). Crusty lowers his defenses.

CRUSTY

Go on, pig. *Shoot me.*

Martin, confused by his words, looks down at his hand to see it pointing at Crusty.

He slowly lowers his "gun." In doing so, he spots the badge pinned to his shirt. He rubs his thumb over it: a spark--

He looks to the other hand to find his finger pointed at the applesauce in his tray. He looks at Crusty. *Hmmm*, his gaze narrows.

Crusty swallows his pills with milk when suddenly--

SPLAT! Applesauce, square in the face!

Crusty wipes it away to see Martin still in flinging position with his spoon.

Livid, Crusty grabs his dinner roll; hurls it at Martin, who dodges--

THUNK! It beans an ELDERLY LADY at the next table.

Incensed, she answers with a spoonful of her own, but misses her mark.

The residents, one by one, look at each other; a twinkle entering into each of their eyes.

**INT. CAFETERIA - SECONDS LATER**

CHAOS as Nurse Sarah glides by a side door, glancing in as she passes.

Within seconds, she reappears; the look on her face is priceless. She stands there, mouth agape.

All around her, food flies through the air in -- what can only be described as -- the slowest, oldest, least dramatic food fight ever.

The residents seem to be having the time of their lives.

Nurse Sarah springs into action as we find--

Martin's chair: empty.

**INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Martin stands at the exit door, furiously pressing numbers on the keypad--

2-5-4-1

BEEP! Denied.

2-1-4-5

BEEP! Denied. He looks around nervously.

Faster now: 2-5-1-4

BEEP! Denied.

Furious, he slams his hand against the door.

Martin collects himself; focuses his concentration with every ounce of his being and looks down to his hand -- it remains still.

Desperate, he takes a deep breath, closes his eyes, then--

Looks to his hand. Suddenly, to Martin's amazement, the hand begins moving, forming with two fingers, then four fingers--

Martin mouths the numbers as they're formed by the hand through muscle memory.

Into the keypad: 2-4-5-1

BEEP! The green light flicks on.

Martin pushes the door open and the beauty of the outside world engulfs us; freedom only steps away, when--

Latchki appears out of nowhere. We're pulled backward and--

**INT. OFFICE - DAY**

A nameplate reads:

**Harold David Powell  
Director**

Martin, seated, looks quizzically at the nameplate until a rustling of papers breaks the silence.

DAVID POWELL (40s), calculating and intelligent, closes a file and tosses it on his desk. He looks at Martin, almost amused. Almost.

DAVID

Mr. Hicks, do you know why you're here?

Martin just sits there.

David nods, knowingly. He glances toward his office door where Latchki and Nurse Sarah, disheveled and covered in food stains, are standing. He is considerably less amused with them.

Returning his attention to Martin, David notices the badge pinned to his shirt. He points to it:

DAVID

What is that?

He looks to Latchki, then Nurse Sarah. She shrugs.

Martin looks at the badge and rubs his thumb over it, a new discovery.

David reaches for it, but Martin instinctively shies away.

David stops, reconsiders.

DAVID

Exactly how much of a liability do you think we'd have if Mr. Hicks, or some other patient, were to be stabbed by the pin on that badge?

Nurse Sarah blanches. Latchki's stone-faced.

DAVID

Are you people trying to get us shut down? My God...

Exasperated, David stands, pacing.

DAVID

I've got one family up in arms because their father... he falls in his bathroom and breaks a hip, and lays there for several hours in the middle of the day because no one bothered to check on him. I've got another family threatening legal action because we failed to call the medical power of attorney when the patient -- indubitably in command of her faculties -- *asked* for it... THREE TIMES! Oh, and then there's one patient's daughter who is in absolute hysterics over us almost killing her mother by overmedicating, all because we didn't have any working thermometers. How does a medical facility of any kind not have any working thermometers?? And if that isn't enough... in case none of those win the grand prize...

He stands and crosses around the desk toward Martin.

DAVID

...I have a nursing staff who can't keep sharp objects out of the hands of the patients! Damn it, what do I have to do to make you people understand?

(beat)

If we don't care for these people... their families will be *forced* to.

(beat)

And what do we do then?

With that, he turns to Martin.

DAVID

What's that saying? If you want something done right...

David reaches for the badge, just touches it, when--

THUD! Martin knocks David to the floor! They're both on the ground, wrestling, fighting. Martin draws back just as--

Latchki appears and pulls Martin away. Nurse Sarah hurries over with a hypodermic needle and injects him.

David stands, adjusts himself, and smiles at Martin, wiping a smattering of blood from his lip.

Martin grins, the badge still on his shirt, intact.

DAVID

Psych ward. Lock down.

#### **INT. HALLWAY - DAY**

Nurse Sarah escorts a now-limping Martin to a wheelchair. He takes a seat and they start down the hall. Latchki follows.

Closer, as Martin realizes that he's moving.

He reaches for his steering wheel with conviction and presses his right foot on the wheelchair pedal in front of him.

The farther they go, the blurrier Martin's journey becomes as he slowly loses consciousness, and his "driving" becomes more and more erratic.

#### **INT. MARTIN'S NEW ROOM - MORNING**

Martin awakens with a start, turns to see--

Latchki lumbering through the open door carrying a very large thermos.

He takes a seat in a nearby chair, opens the thermos, and pours himself a steaming hot cup of coffee.

He smells it, inhaling deeply, before finally taking a sip as if it were some kind of religious ritual.

Martin, slightly disoriented, discovers he's sitting in the wheelchair.

Without hesitation, he rolls toward the open doorway, but--

Latchki's FOOT swiftly appears to block a front wheel, stopping Martin cold.

He looks down, then at Latchki, who ever so slightly shakes his head no. Martin's brow furrows.

Latchki takes a cigarette from behind his ear, lights it, then drops the lighter in his shirt pocket.

Martin glances at a sign on the wall:

**NO SMOKING**

He points to the sign and asserts his badge with authority.

Amused, Latchki reaches; touches the badge. Martin hesitates, obviously weighing his odds...

Then simply watches as Latchki removes the badge from his shirt, admires it, and pins it to his own shirt.

Martin is clearly displeased. Latchki takes a long drag on his cigarette, leans back, exhales, and just stares at Martin.

Martin, annoyed, rolls further back into the room and looks around: sparse, drab. More like a prison cell than a room.

He looks back at Latchki, who's piercing him with an unblinking, challenging -- almost menacing -- stare.

Martin just stares back...

**INT. MARTIN'S NEW ROOM - LATER**

Latchki swallows a large gulp of coffee; reaches for the giant thermos and refills his cup.

Martin, arms folded and now lying on the bed, watches -- eyes trained on the badge.

Latchki takes notice, shifts. Martin looks at him. Latchki smirks.

Rolling his eyes, Martin returns his attention to the ceiling, where aside from the light fixtures, only a sprinkler exists above him.

Uncomfortable, Martin sets his arms down at his sides. A strange look crosses his face.

He gently pats the contents of his pants pocket, which causes a slight rattle. Realizing, he brandishes a smirk of his own.

**INT. MARTIN'S NEW ROOM - LATER**

Latchki downs another gulp when Martin, now back in the wheelchair, catches notice of something--

Although the massive Orderly is still focused, his left leg is bouncing slightly.

Martin continues watching. Within moments, to his discernment, Latchki shifts and very calmly crosses his legs.

Martin's attention wanders...

A very long beat.

THUMP!

He looks up, the door is closed; the chair, empty.

And-- wait, *what was he going to do?*

*Ah, what was it?!* He looks around--

Pats his chest, no badge. *Maybe?*

Pats his pants, a rattle--

*Oh yeah!* His gaze narrows.

Springing into action, Martin rolls over to Latchki's huge thermos, picks it up, shakes it, revealing the slosh of more coffee.

He quickly removes the cap, and from his pocket, pulls out the cups of pills.

Martin hurriedly fumbles every last pill into the thermos and pockets the empty cups.

He scrambles to get the lid back on when he looks to see--

THE DOORKNOB turning!

Turning, turning, and--

The door swings open! Latchki enters to find--

Martin, still seated in his wheelchair, on the *other side* of the room.

With that, Latchki retakes his seat, and repeats his ritual pouring coffee from the thermos.

Martin watches *carefully*.

Latchki smells the coffee, inhaling deeply, and then proceeds to start a sip--

Suddenly, he stops. Martin freezes, bated.

Latchki looks at the coffee, a displeased look on his face.

Martin's eyes grow wide as Latchki proceeds to stick his chunky index finger into the coffee to find--

*It's room temperature.* Latchki frowns, then takes a swig.

Martin exhales.

Latchki sits the cup down and we--

MATCH CUT TO:

**INT. MARTIN'S NEW ROOM - LATER**

The cup: empty.

THUMP! Wider, Latchkey has just passed out on the floor.

Martin rolls over to him and takes the lighter from his shirt pocket. He starts to move away, then notices the--

SHERIFF'S BADGE. He removes it from Latchkey's shirt, admires it, rubs his thumb over it: a spark -- fierce, alive, determined, with purpose.

He pins the badge to his own shirt: *where it belongs.*

He then quickly rises from the wheelchair and, limping, moves to the bed, climbs up, and--

Raises the lighter to the sprinkler and with a--

FLICK-FLICK! The flame leaps to life and, as if the heavens had opened--

WATER begins to rain down from the ceiling.

**INT. NURSING HOME - CONTINUOUS**

Sprinklers throughout the facility begin to spew water as its residents exit their rooms in confusion and bewilderment.

At once, the lights on all of the emergency exits switch from RED to GREEN.

**INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Martin joins the throng and is instantly lost in the shuffle.

He slowly squeezes past several of the residents and makes his way to an exit.

**EXT. NURSING HOME - EVENING**

The residents make their way out of the building as the nurses and orderlies attempt to keep everyone corralled.

Martin, still limping, ducks through some tall bushes that tear at his clothing and heads straight toward the road.

He does his best to stay in the shadows and not be seen.

**EXT. ROAD - EVENING**

Martin stops to take a breath and looks back toward the nursing home.

All smiles and quite proud of himself, he starts walking toward the horizon.

As an old pickup truck approaches, Martin sticks out his thumb.

It pulls over and slows to a stop.

**INT. PICKUP - EVENING**

Martin, soaked, climbs in. The driver is an OLD FARMER (60s).

OLD FARMER

Well hell, you tryin' to catch a cold?

(reaching)

Here, take this...

The Old Farmer hands Martin a jacket, then flips on the heat.

As Martin wraps the jacket around himself, the Old Farmer notices the nursing home sign near the road.

He takes a good look at Martin, his clothes, and then past him to see the nursing home in the distance.

Martin, warming his hands, becomes aware of the lull, turns to look at the farmer.

A beat.

The Old Farmer returns his gaze to Martin.

A beat.

The Old Farmer moves, as if to speak, then hesitates--

Finally, he puts the pickup into drive and pulls back onto the highway.

OLD FARMER  
Where ya headed?

Martin looks at him and reaches for his sheriff's badge, but finds--

A TEAR in his shirt instead. His eyes go wide.

He looks to the Old Farmer and starts to speak, but can't seem to find the words.

The farmer takes notice--

OLD FARMER  
Well hell, mister... you figure it out, just let me know.

Martin, finding solace in the man's words, turns and looks out at the road.

**EXT. ROAD - DUSK**

The truck blows by us and disappears into the horizon.

Fields for miles. Cold, stark, unknown.

FADE OUT.