

STUCK IN NEUTRAL

by

Terry Trueman, Robert Caisley And Juan Mas

(Based on the Novels and Manuscript Stuck in Neutral, Cruise
Control and Cutter

by Terry Trueman)

Property of

PURPLE CRAYON PICTURES

434 West 26th Ave Spokane WA 99203

Copyright 2019

INT. DARKNESS

We hear a young boy's voice -

SHAWN (V.O.)
Right now I can't shut down my
memories.

Beginning at dead center of the frame, and rippling outward,
the darkness begins to shift, to surge.

Grayish light bleeds into the void. And now a flit of color.
It begins to swirl. A glowing patch of white, lengthening
like a sunbeam breaking through cloud cover, as we slowly
SEE:

A sea of inky shadows. Formless. Neutral. We're trapped
somewhere between sleeping and waking. And from inside this
nightmare, we begin to see -

HUMAN SHAPES

Blur softly into focus, then slip away into the disorienting
haze before we can discern them. We see what could be hands
fighting for a rebound

The pixilated face of a man in an orange jump suit talking.
The hammers of a piano as they strike the strings. Music
begins to accompany the images.

A TEENAGE BOY'S FACE. NOW TWO.

They're there, and then they're gone.

SHAWN (V.O.)
My life races through my brain.

A little clearer now a pair of moist female lips whispering
in a young male's ear.

Traveling at high speed inches above a sea of wheat in the
Palouse.

Wooden Horses on carousel spinning past.

SMASH CUT TO

THE FACES OF TWO TEENAGERS

Laughing. Some sounds are MUFFLED; others respond like
GUNSHOTS. It's menacing and beautiful and chaotic all at the
same time.

SHAWN (V.O.)
I can't slow it down.

A flood of images crashing at us in rapid fire succession:

VARIOUS ANGLES:

A cheap cigarette pinched in the corner of teenage boy's
mouth.

The same mouth inhaling.
 A finger flicking a nose.
 A sickening grin, exhaling a plume of smoke.
 A finger stabs at a shoulder.
 The cherry of a cigarette glowing.

SHAWN (V.O.)
 But I remember everything.
EVERYTHING.

HARD CUT TO

A ZIPPO LIGHTER-

Being thumbed open. We go tight on the FLAME as it flares into life.

THAT SAME FLAME, now inching closer to human skin. Closer and closer.

THOSE MENACING TEENAGE FACES-

Mouths agape, are still laughing sickly as a blur suddenly wipes the frame, and we PULL BACK TO REVEAL:

All of these lightning quick images have been reflected in the dark, inky pupil of -

A HUMAN EYEBALL-

Dilated wide with fear. ALL SOUND DROPS OUT, save for the rapid thumping of a HEART BEAT as the words:

STUCK IN NEUTRAL

Appear from the deep darkness. And like a camera lens, that eyeball suddenly snaps shut, plunging us into total darkness.

INT. SHAWN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

MOVING THROUGH THE ROOM - light from the window finds: Framed photos line the wall, a figure, motionless in the bed. An empty chair beside it.

Out of the shadows steps SHAWN MCDANIEL, our narrator, vibrant and good looking and 16. He looks over to the figure that lies in the bed and crosses over and stands next to the bed.

SHAWN
 Memory is all we have. For
 ourselves and for people we love.
 Memories, once we die, are all
 that's left of us.

He speaks directly to us:

SHAWN (CONT'D)
The question is: do our memories
show us what really happened?

THE CURVES OF-

A beautiful young female dancing. Her hand reaches out. Shawn gets up from the couch and joins in following her sensual moves. They dance as one. She turns to him. They are about to kiss.

SHAWN (V.O.)
Or what we wanted to have happened?

BACK IN THE BEDROOM-

He pulls the chair close to the bed and sits, leaning INTO
CAMERA -

SHAWN
(confidentially)
I hope that when I say this, I'm
not coming off as conceited or
anything, but I have this...This
weird I don't know what to call it.
Ability? Gift? Power? Whatever name
you give it, the thing is...

AN EXTREME CLOSE UP

Of an ear.

SHAWN (O.C.) (CONT'D)
...I remember everything. The
things I see, the things I hear.

The sound of heavy traffic carries over:

INT. CAR - DAY

A POV from inside the car - through heavy traffic on a busy
street, WE SEE: two teenage girls sitting at a bus stop.

SHAWN (V.O.)
Even things far away and faint.

One of the women speaks, her lips moving, but we hear:

SHAWN (V.O.)
Well, do you still love him or not?

Before her friend can answer, a BUS rolls through frame, and
suddenly we're -

INT TARGET-TYPE STORE (SPORT'S DEPT.) - DAY

MOVING down an aisle in the sport's department, an arm of
wheelchair in the foreground. Two out of focus figures
standing in the distance.

SHAWN (V.O.)
Dad will never know.

INT. SHAWN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Shawn's grinning broadly, still sitting in the chair.

SHAWN
I know some people would say it makes me gifted or special. I hate that word "special" especially when it's applied to people like: "He's a very special person." I mean, who isn't?

Shawn stops suddenly and shoots a look TOWARD THE BEDROOM WINDOW.

THE WINDOW-

But the angle is tilted, cockeyed, from the POV or someone lying in the bed We see the chair, but Shawn, Our Narrator is no longer sitting in it. We hear the sound of a car pulling in as...

EXT. THE MCDANIEL'S HOUSE (DRIVEWAY) - NIGHT

A car tire rolls to a dead stop.

INT. SHAWN'S BEDROOM - CONTINUED

CLOSE UP: of an ear. And we recognize it as the same ear we saw earlier. Outside, the car engine is killed.

BACK TO SHAWN

Sitting in the chair in his bedroom. He spins around and looks right at us.

SHAWN
Crap.

ON THE DRIVEWAY

The car door swings open.

SHAWN'S BEDROOM

Another cockeyed POV: this time of the BEDROOM DOOR cracked open, a shaft of light from the hallway beyond spills into the room.

SHAWN (V.O.)
I've been having this...
Intuition...

REVERSE OF SHAWN

Sitting in the chair, clutching a decorative pillow in his lap.

SHAWN
Just this nagging feeling that...

ON THE DRIVEWAY

The car door SLAMS shut, loud as a gunshot.

SHAWN (V.O.)
I am pretty sure that someone is
planning to kill me.

In the car window WE SEE: a figure's reflection in
silhouette, heading toward the porch.

SHAWN'S BEDROOM

The light bleeding in from the hallway angles across the bed
covers.

SHAWN
Man, this sucks!

He turns his head, slowly, slowly, cautiously toward -

THE BEDROOM DOORWAY

It is ajar.

SHAWN (V.O.)
I'm trapped, and there is nothing I
can do about it, but wait.

INT. THE MCDANIEL'S HOUSE (FOYER)- NIGHT

Marco of a dead bolt is thrown open with a deafening CLACK!

INT. SHAWN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Shawn sits in the chair. Frozen. Silent. His eyes shift
gingerly in our direction, as he whispers -

SHAWN
What am I supposed to do? Please.
Tell me.
(Beat)
It's not fair for me to ask you
that. You see...

We PAN OFF to find-

EXT THE MCDANIEL'S HOUSE - MORNING

Bright shafts of sunshine shooting through a large bay window
across a well decorated living room. Shawn makes his way down
the stairs.

SHAWN (CONT'D)
Nothing is ever quite like it
seems.

He makes his way to the bay window.

SHAWN (CONT'D)
 If I had been paying more attention
 over the last three weeks, maybe...
 I would have seen it sooner but
 hindsight is 20/20, right?

The sound of a car pulling up. He stops at the window and looks out.

EXT. THE MCDANIEL'S HOUSE (DRIVEWAY) - CONTINUED

A car sits in the driveway. Behind the wheel, the DRIVER remains motionless, staring blankly ahead. The car still running.

SHAWN (V.O.)
 That's my dad. The famous writer
 Syd McDaniel.

SYD MCDANIEL is a good looking guy in his early fifties. Stoic, urbane, sophisticated.

SHAWN (V.O.)
 He doesn't live with us anymore.

EXT/INT. MCDANIEL'S HOUSE (LIVING ROOM) - DAY

Shawn leaves the window. He goes to a shelf full of books and thumbs through the titles. In one section WE SEE: about 20 books, all written by Syd McDaniel. They include collections of poems, short stories, novels.

SHAWN
 It's been almost 10 years. My dad
 didn't divorce my mom. Or my
 sister, Cindy, or my brother Paul.

He pulls out a small, thin volume.

SHAWN (CONT'D)
 He divorced me.

On the book's cover, we see a Pulitzer Prize Medallion and the title: SHAWN. By Syd McDaniel. Edited by Lindy McDaniel.

In the b.g. behind SHAWN, WE SEE:

The wheelchair parked on the rear porch that extends off the living room.

SHAWN (CONT'D)
 He couldn't handle my condition. So
 he had to leave. Still, it gave
 him... something.

He opens to the first stanza of a long narrative poem.

The sound of an appreciative CROWD APPLAUDING carries over--

INT. LECTURE HALL - NIGHT

A jam-packed room full of people.

SHAWN (V.O.)
 Something that made him even more
 famous.

Syd McDaniel steps up to the rostrum, shakes the hand of the woman who introduced him. Looks into the crowd. Basks in the applause.

SHAWN (V.O.)
 My story.

He sips a little water, creases open his book, and the room goes pin-drop silent.

SYD
 (reading)
 Lindy felt the early tugs, her womb
 becoming tidal and loud, the fetus,
 turning, crying out - a tiny beast,
 a braying sigh he calls to her. He
 calls to her -

INT. MCDANIEL'S HOUSE (LIVING ROOM) - DAY

Shawn thumbing through the book.

SHAWN
 I love the beginning of Dad's poem.
 What's not to love.

He looks right up at us.

SHAWN (CONT'D)
 Who wouldn't enjoy being a witness
 at their own birth.

He turns back to the window

THE DRIVEWAY

Where Syd still sits in his car, like he's frozen in time,
 lost deep inside reverie.

SYD (V.O.)
 A single bird, small leaps inside
 my chest, turning to pure spirit,
 to pure joy as we watch, crying.

LECTURE HALL

SYD
 Shawn, he becomes Shawn now, and
 that bird inside me wings free too,
 wings, wings it way inside me.

EXT/INT. MCDANIEL'S HOUSE (LIVING ROOM) - DAY

Shawn, still looking out at his dad.

SHAWN
 What I love most of all is how
 happy and excited my dad sounds.

He turns away from the window.

INT. MCDANIEL'S HOUSE (LIVING ROOM) - DAY

And talks directly to us as he walks back to the bookshelf

SHAWN

How grateful and full of hope at
the moment of my arrival.

He places the book on the shelf.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

But that's just the start of the
poem.

He walks away from us towards the back patio.

SYD (V.O.)

I take him into my arms, stare into
his face. In his eyes there is
quivering,

We PAN OFF to find -

INT. LECTURE HALL - NIGHT

The Audience rapt and spellbound by Syd's words. He is no
longer reading, but performing from memory.

SYD

A strange crackling. Everything
that was ever going to be,

Shawn's voice joins his fathers.

SYD/SHAWN (CONT'D)

Everything that was going to
become, begins a slow unraveling.
Shawn does not...

EXT. THE MCDANIEL'S HOUSE (BACK PORCH) - DAY

Shawn in the wheelchair but something is quite different.

We slowly pan up his BODY slumped oddly in the seat:

The thin bent foot. Spaghetti noodle limbs, atrophied and
limp, held down by Velcro straps -

SHAWN/SYD (V.O.)

Grow, he stays the same. Behind his
eye...

His arms and legs are over-cooked spaghetti laced with the
bones of dead birds.

A stream of saliva pools onto his shirt. We move up stream to
a drooping chin.

Across the cheek to eyes with a vacant stare.

SHAWN
It's blank as fog over snow.

As we continue pulling out to REVEAL TWO SHAWNS.

We come to understand the shocking DUALITY of:

SHAWN: Our vibrant, energetic narrator and -

ACTUAL SHAWN: A limp body, arrested in its development, stuck forever in neutral!

ACTUAL SHAWN
AHHHHHH!!

In the background, our narrator Shawn, offers a translation of his own helpless body's plaintive cry:

SHAWN
This is my reality. Nothing is ever quite like it seems.

And seemingly, in response to that harsh fact -

ACTUAL SHAWN
AHHHHHH!!

SHAWN
I have cerebral palsy and it has affected my family.

NEW ANGLE ON - LINDY MCDANIEL

Shawn's mother comes out on the porch from inside the house with a bowl, a spoon sticking out of it, and a glass of iced tea. Lindy has this earthy feel. She exudes gentleness like a dancer exudes grace.

SHAWN (V.O.)
They've all handled it in different ways.

LINDY
You ready for lunch, big boy?

Lindy pulls up a chair and sits next to ACTUAL SHAWN. She begins to carefully spoon the soft scrambled eggs and apple sauce into his mouth.

LINDY (CONT'D)
We've got your favorite, scrambles and applesauce.

And as she feeds her son, all the while speaking tenderly to him, we see...

A SERIES OF INSERTS -

Lindy, wiping the saliva from his chin.

Spooning the sustenance ever-so-gently, like a mother with her newborn child.

Tucking a stubborn curl of hair behind his ear.

Her hand resting momentarily on his wasted forearm.

LINDY (CONT'D)
 Tonight is Paul's big game. If they win, they make the play-offs. I think he's a bit nervous, but he'll never admit it. I wish we could be there, but he understands.

ACTUAL SHAWN
 AHHHH!

LINDY
 Do you know what Coach Jones told me? That this is the year they'll make it to state. Wouldn't that be great, hon?

Both Shawns body and Lindy seem to be frozen in time for a split second as the world SPINS. When the spinning subsides -

SHAWN - OUR NARRATOR

Is sitting in the wheel chair. He swallows a spoonful.

SHAWN
 I love how she just shares with me.
 (beat)
 But that food?? Man, what I wouldn't give for a bacon double-cheese burger. Oh yeah!

But before he can fantasize any further, ANOTHER SPOONFUL comes into FRAME, and Shawn reluctantly opens his mouth.

Lindy smiles at him as the CAMERA spins off and lands on ...

INT. SHAWN'S BEDROOM - DAY

A pair of strong, healthy legs pound the sidewalk in a full sprint, matching perfect tempo of the PIANO we hear.

SHAWN (V.O.)
 How do your legs feel when you run?

INT. THE MCDANIEL'S HOUSE (LIVING ROOM) - DAY

Slim female fingers dance gracefully over the ivory keys of a piano playing a playful tune.

SHAWN (V.O.)
 Or your fingers touching the keys of a piano?

EXTREME CLOSE-UP

of slightly parted lips joining for a SLOW MOTION kiss.

SHAW (V.O.)
Or your lips... when you kiss
someone?

EXT. THE MCDANIEL'S HOUSE (BACK PORCH) - DAY

Lindy spoons the last of the food into Actual Shawn's mouth as Shawn, our narrator watches.

SHAWN
I don't spend too much time
worrying about how hard my life is.
I won't let it get the better of me.
For the most part I just live my
life. I think I learned that from
my mom.

INT. SHAWN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

MOVING THROUGH SHAWN'S BEDROOM - light from the window finds:
Family photos lining the wall. Actual Shawn, motionless in
the bed.

Shawn, our narrator, is sitting in the chair next to the bed,
still clutching the pillow. This time we notice a wheelchair
tucked into a corner. The MUSIC FADES.

SHAWN
I do wonder sometimes what life
would be like if even one person,
knew that I was hidden in this
useless body.

ACTUAL SHAWN
AHHHHH!

SHAWN'S POV: His own body laying lifeless in the bed.

SHAWN'S BODY'S POV: The bedroom door, slightly ajar, the
hallway light bleeding
in.

INT. THE MCDANIEL'S HOUSE (FOYER) - NIGHT

Macro as the dead bolt is thrown with a deafening CLACK into
the door jam.

SHAWN (V.O.)
Waiting for death...

The sound of HEAVY RAINFALL drowns everything out.

EXT. STREET- DAY

The roads are slick, the day made darker by the rain. A beat-
up old JUNKER barrels along.

SHAWN (V.O.)
For Christ sake, I just turned
sixteen.

INT. MINI-VAN - DAY

The rhythmic CLIP-CLAP of windshield wipers. Rain lashing the steamed-up windows. Up ahead, we can just barely see the one functioning tail light of the old JUNKER.

Lindy is driving. In the passenger seat beside her, Shawn's sister, CINDY, a 17 year old, dark-haired version of her mom.

Actual Shawn is secured in his wheelchair in the back of the van.

SHAWN (V.O.)

I shouldn't have to think about it.

SHAWN'S BODY'S POV:

The JUNKER up ahead, partially obscured by the rain and streaking of the wiper blades.

SHAWN (V.O.)

Who can grasp the meaning of death?

Suddenly, tearing in from the right side of the road, a DOG flies into the path of the Junker.

The driver hits the brakes but can't stop in time, fishtails madly. The dog is literally SUCKED under the front tires and then SPAT out the back.

CINDY SCREAMS AND LINDY SLAMS ON THE BRAKES, JERKS THE WHEEL HARD RIGHT -

EXT. ROAD SIDE (SOFT SHOULDER) - CONTINUOUS

- the van's tires chew through the loose gravel. Before they even come to a complete stop, Cindy is out the passenger door.

LINDY (O.S.)

Cindy! Cindy!

THE DOG

-is staggering the few steps to the edge of the road, its back legs shattered, its lower torso grossly compressed by the impact.

Cindy runs to the dog's side, lifting it's head gently onto her lap.

In the b.g. WE SEE Lindy sort of pacing helplessly through the beam of the van's headlights. She's on her cell-phone.

LINDY (CONT'D)
 Yes Spokane. Spokanimal Care.

INT. MINI-VAN

Actual Shawn in the back seat, his facial expression unchanged. But then we shift to -

HIS POV: -through the rain soaked window, the dog's face, its body beginning to jerk, the blood frothing out of its nostrils, its mouth.

Cindy, rain soaked, cradling the dog. Soundlessly, it squirms, and jerks and then stops. In the blink of an eye, its chest deflates and transforms from something terribly hurt and suffering into nothing.

Cindy discovers the tag. She reads it.

Cindy walks slowly back to the van right past Lindy. Lindy watches her daughter, not sure what to do.

ON THE FACE OF ACTUAL SHAWN

The moment may not have registered in the facial muscles, but

HIS EYE

tells a different story, as we PUSH IN tighter.

THE EYES

of the lifeless dog. Rain falling. A long, drawn out moment, then an amber colored light begins winking in the inky surface of the vacant eyes.

INT. MINI-VAN - LATER

The silent drive back home. Cindy just stares ahead. Wet hair plastered to her face; her once-white Pearl Jam T-shirt soaked, stained with blood and mud.

A long-suffering silence. Then -

CINDY
 Roscoe.

LINDY
 What?

CINDY
 The dog's name was Roscoe. He belonged to someone.

LINDY
 I'm so sorry you had to see that, sweetie.

Cindy's in a daze. Silent.

CINDY
It was just like I thought it would
be.

Lindy looks at her.

CINDY (CONT'D)
A big nothing. You just disappear.

Lindy shifts her glance between the road and her daughter.
She sees Cindy take a quick look back at her brother.

CINDY (CONT'D)
Don't you ever wonder...

LINDY
(heading off that thought)
Look, Cindy...

CINDY
If something happened to him?

LINDY
For Christ sake, Cindy, nothing is
going to happen to him.

CINDY
How do you know that?

But Lindy doesn't. Instead, she comforts herself by looking
in the rearview mirror to see -

ACTUAL SHAWN

the empty distant look on his face staring out the window.
Cars, houses and trees travel past. They pick up speed. They
travel faster and faster blurring. They start going out of
focus as the speed continues to build.

CROSSFADE TO:

INT. CAROUSEL - DAY

Blurred images fly past. Slowly they come into focus. They
are the heads of painted wooden horses. It is a beautiful
carousel of decorative horses and other animals spinning past
with no passengers. Empty. The carousel begins to slow down
as a playful piano piece begins to play.

From the midst of the menagerie of animals rises SHAWN.

SHAWN
It is good to have memories to go
hide in. I like this one.

He smiles and looks to see a bushy haired, bearded man
franticly waving his arms at a young, thin man in a theme
park uniform.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

That's my dad in what I like to call his mad poet days. I think I was like eight years old, and he got into his head I was going to ride a carousel.

Shawn looks as the MAD POET version of Syd comes into view again. He is a bit calmer, putting his hand on his heart and then pointing to Shawn's wheelchair. Eight year-old Shawn can barely be seen.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

It wasn't good enough for my dad to place my wheel chair in the handicap area of the carousel. He wanted me to ride a horse.

The colorful creatures begin to spin faster. Some of them seem to come alive as they rise and fall. Shawn smiles as he walks against the spin of the carousel.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

I loved the idea, but I loved more that it was his idea.

Bearded Syd and the ATTENDANT appear as the ride spins. Syd has his arm around the young attendant, who can do nothing but stare at the ground.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

The poor attendant didn't understand that my dad was not going to accept no as an answer.

The ride is now much more kinetic. Shawn seems to glide through as the wooden animals move past him.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

Before you know it Dad had us both strapped to the same horse. A beautiful black horse. I imagined this horse taking us, spinning us right off the ride. Taking my dad and I high into the air and far away.

Shawn jumps on the black horse and grabs onto the golden pole. He closes his eyes and lets the momentum take him away. It is just Shawn and menagerie of colorful creatures. No Dad. No Attendant. No wheel chair.

INSERT:

Slightly out of focus shot of Syd's hands clasped around Shawn's chest.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

The best part of it all was the feeling of my dad's arms around me, holding me tightly as we spun.

The ride comes to an end. It stops. Shawn takes one last look at the black horse and walks off. We get one last look at the black beast he just rode, in its eyes a glimpse of pain and fear.

DISSOLVE TO:

Shawn our narrator's face, still sitting in a chair in his room. His eyes shift to us.

SHAWN (CONT'D)
I don't want to die. Why is this happening?

INT. LECTURE HALL- NIGHT

Same audience, same scene. Syd behind the rostrum, performing his poem.

SYD
I say why is this happening to us?
Lindy shifts Shawn on her lap,
slides her fingers across his
cheek, gently as soft breathing.
She doesn't answer. We sit in
silence and we wait.

EXT. MCDANIEL'S HOUSE (DRIVEWAY)- DAY

Syd still sits in his car in silence.

EXT./INT. MCDANIEL'S HOUSE - DAY

Shawn is back in the living room looking out the bay window, watching his dad just sit there in the car.

Breath fogs up the window. Shawn's hand touches the glass.

SHAWN
It has been a long time since my
dad touched me like that.

He turns his gaze toward us.

SHAWN (CONT'D)
I'm sure he has, but right now I
can only remember that one time.
There have to be others....

He looks back towards his dad but instead we see:

A PAIR OF STRONG, MUSCULAR LEGS-

Pounding the sidewalk. Same shot we saw earlier. But now we PAN UP TO REVEAL they belong to Shawn's brother, PAUL, an athletic 18 year old basketball player, who's just now arriving home from a long run.

EXT. THE MCDANIEL'S HOUSE (FRONT PORCH & DRIVEWAY) - DAY

Cindy and TIM GUNTHER (18), Paul's best friend sit on the porch along with Actual Shawn in his wheelchair.

Paul jogs up the driveway, dripping with sweat.

PAUL
Is he still here?

CINDY
No, Dad left. Something about an interview.

PAUL
Figures.

TIM
You look beat.

PAUL
I'm good.

TIM
You sure?

PAUL
Don't worry about me.

TIM
I don't wanna kick your butt right in front of your family.

Paul grins: that'll be the day! Tim throws the ball to him.

CINDY
God, there's way too much testosterone here for me!

Cindy heads into the house as the game of one-on-one in begins. Tim doing his best to guard Paul.

INT. CINDY'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Cindy touches the screen on her phone causing Music to play through a Bluetooth speaker then sits at her bedroom window, while she scrolls her phone.

EXT. MCDANIEL'S HOUSE (DRIVEWAY)- DAY

The MUSIC carries over. The two boys jostle for position. We see Tim trying hard, laughing and bumping and hustling, but we see that Paul is not smiling at all, he's all business. Paul is moving quickly, and there is a strange aggression to his play, a brute force, as he adjusts to Tim's every effort to stop him.

BAM! A shot goes through.

PAUL
I'm feeling awful strong today
Tim-bo.

TIM
That's your breath.

PAUL
Oh Tim-bo, big mistake!

BAM! Another fast break lay-up.

PAUL (CONT'D)
I cannot be stopped!

TIM
Just play!

BAM! Another fast break lay-up.

INT. CINDY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUED

Cindy seems to have lost total interest in her phone. She peeps through the curtains, her eyes clearly focused exclusively on Tim.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - CONTINUED

With a little elbow action and spin, Paul moves past Tim.

BAM! Another basket.

INT. CINDY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUED

A little love-struck smile on Cindy's lips, she begins to finger the window ledge like the keys of piano along with the music.

Cindy SPINS to the music and mouths the words of the song creating her own Tik Tok.

SHAWN (V.O.)
You want to know a secret...

INT. SHAWN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Shawn keeps his usual vigil beside the bed. A slight smile creeps across his lips.

SHAWN
I think both my brother and sister
are pretty cool. I can't let them
know that 'cause that wouldn't be
cool. Still,

EXT. MCDANIEL'S HOUSE (FRONT PORCH) - CONTINUOUS

Actual Shawn, a silent spectator to the ball game.

SHAWN (V.O.)
It has completely changed their
lives.

The CAMERA SPINS around Actual Shawn, as -

SHAWN (V.O.)
I worry about that.

PAUL (O.S.)
So mom are you coming?

INT. THE MCDANIEL'S HOUSE (KITCHEN) - MORNING

The McDaniel Family morning routine. Lindy downing coffee as she pores over her schedule on her tablet.

Paul wolfs down eggs from his piled-high plate. Cindy is feeding Actual Shawn, her gentle manner is even more tender than her mom.

PAUL (CONT'D)
(his mouth full)
You know it's the playoffs.

Lindy never looks up from her day planner.

LINDY
I know, but you know how difficult
it is for me.

PAUL
Whatever.

LINDY
Okay... you guys, it's that time of
the year again.

CINDY
Stop talking in code mom, it's too
early.

LINDY
It's time for Shawn's IEPS.

Paul glances to heaven.

PAUL
Oh Christ what a waste!

CINDY
Shut up Paul!

PAUL
What?! It's the same thing every
year. They send some jackass to re-
test Shawn and the results are
always the same.

He pushes his plate away in disgust.

PAUL (CONT'D)
It's idiotic.

CINDY
Whatever.

PAUL
(mocking)
Whatever!

LINDY
Please!

Cindy crosses over to Lindy, who goes back to jotting notes in her book.

CINDY (CONT'D)
Mom, when are they coming?

LINDY
Monday at two.

Cindy shakes her head; this won't work.

CINDY
But I'm at school then.

LINDY
I have no choice.

CINDY
I have to be here. Shawn and I have been working on it.

LINDY
Honey, they assign me a time. I have no choice.

Lindy looks up to catch Paul sneaking a tiny piece of chewed up bacon from his mouth to Shawn's Body's mouth.

LINDY (CONT'D)
Paul, how many times have I told you. Stop feeding him your food.

PAUL
It's better than the tasteless crap you feed him.

He storms out.

LINDY
Paul!

Off screen, a door SLAMS shut. Lindy lets out a sigh.

CINDY
Someone who believes in him needs to be there so I will miss school.

LINDY
No you won't young lady.

CINDY
Fine!