

ACT I

EXT. JOHNSON RESIDENCE - DAY

It is a red brick house. What you picture when someone says middle class american dream home. An SUV sits on the driveway.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Maria, 50, a short brunette mother, stands at the kitchen counter filling a serving dish with today's lunch. Behind her sits Hank, her husband. Average looking with a full head of black hair and a golf shirt, reading the local news paper.

MARIA

Hank, can you please call Thomas down for lunch?

Hank looks up slightly from his news paper, his reading glasses slightly below his eyes.

HANK

(Loudly)

THOMAS, COME DOWN FOR LUNCH.

MARIA

(Sarcastically)

I could have done that

She splashes water playfully from her hands at hank as she is now washing the pots

HANK

So why didn't you?

MARIA

Because i meant go up to get him. He probably has those ear things on.

HANK

He's 22 maria, i don't want to be walking in on anything i don't need to see.

MARIA

You and I both know there's a better chance hes making a breakthrough

HANK

Well if he's anything like his old

man, I can guarantee the only this
he's breaking through is another box
of tissue.

MARIA

Not something i needed to think about.
Please go get your son.

HANK

Fine, but if i see something, its your
fault.

Hank gets up, placing his now folded news paper on the table
in front of him. Walking out of the kitchen and into the
hallway

CAMERA FOLLOWS HANK

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Its a modest size home with hardwood flooring and pictures
that decorate the walls. Pictures of Thomas graduating high
school, college and med school all at very early ages.
Pictures with very highly esteemed people from the science
community. Hank walks up the stairs and up to Thomas' door.
Knocking softly.

HANK

Hey Tom, didnt you hear me? I said
lunch is ready.

Hank waits at the door for a moment. Then knocks again
slightly more aggressively.

HANK

Thomas. Lets go. Its going to get
cold. Then your mother is going to
kill both of us.

Hank grabs for the door handle and slowly starts to open the
door.

INT. THOMAS' ROOM

The room is dark with only a soft blue tinge from Thomas's
computer screen. His room is clean. Too clean for a teenagers
room. His bed is made and all his paperwork is stacked neatly
on his desk. Hank finishes opening the door to Thomas' room.

HANK

Thomas, i am speaking to you!

His words are cut short by the discovery of a body hanging.
Its thomas'

HANK

Thomas? Oh my god! Maria, call 9-1-1!

Hank rushes over to get his son down. Once down he starts CPR. Maria runs up the stairs in a panic unsure of what is going on.

HANK

No! Dont come in here. Just call the ambulance.

MARIA

Hank! what is going on?

Maria stands at the door as she sees her husband trying to resuscitate their son. Hank looks back at the door with maria standing stunned.

HANK

What are you waiting for?

Maria runs back down the stairs. You can hear her from a distance frantically speaking to the 9-1-1 operator. Hank still performing CPR

HANK

Come on Tommy! Come back to me!

CAMERA BACKS OUT OF THE ROOM

We can hear Hank still trying to speak to his son. Maria is on the phone with 9-1-1 still. the sound of an sirens can be heard approaching from a distance.

FADE TO BLACK

EXT. CEMETERY- LATE AFTERNOON

At a birds eye view a small group dressed in black dresses and suits stands by an open grave. A casket rests at the opening as an elderly priest stands over it, wearing a typical priest robe, as he reads a passage from the bible. Hank and Mary stand together opposite of the priest. Soft somber music plays in the back ground and you hear the priest from the distance speaking as he has hundreds of times before. A man stands away from the rest of the group. Far enough to not draw attention but not so far that he can't see what's happening

PRIEST

Yea, though I walk through the valley
of the shadow of death, I will fear no
evil: for thou art with me; thy rod
and thy staff they comfort me. Thou
preparast a table before me in the
presence of mine enemies: thou
anointest my head with oil; my cup
runneth over. Surely goodness and
mercy shall follow me all the days of
my life: and I will dwell in the house
of the Lord forever

The funeral is over and the remaining mourners are paying their final respects. The man in the black suit now stands by a black car, watching the rest of the group. Hank makes note of him but is quickly distracted by a friend coming to shake his hand hand give his sympathy. When he looks up the man is gone.

PANNING UP AWAY FROM THE CEMETERY DIRECTLY TO HANK AND MARY'S HOME.

EXT. JOHNSON RESIDENCE - EVENING

The house has no lights on other than the exterior lights. It is the same red brick house as the beginning, but now it seems darker. Not only because of the time of day, but almost as if the life has been removed from the house.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM

Hank sits on the edge of his bed. He has clearly been crying. Mary lays sleeping in a fetal position under the sheets facing away from Hank. His end table light is on. A few seconds pass before he gets up, turns off the light and leaves the room.

INT. UPPER HALLWAY - NIGHT

Hank walks down the hallway. only moonlight fills the house. Hank stands at the door to his sons room. It has not been changed since that day. He pauses for a moment before walking in

INT. THOMAS' ROOM

Hank takes a picture of Thomas off a book shelf. Its a picture of the two of them when Thomas was 8. In a lab coat. He places the picture back and walks over to Thomas' desk and looks at some of the paper work he has piled neatly. Its

nothing important. Hank looks in the garbage bin and sees shredded paper. He grabs some pieces and can faintly make out "CONFIDENTIAL" stamped across the top of one. Hank has never known much about what Thomas did at work. Thomas had to keep it secret. Hank bumps the table moving the mouse and wakes the computer up. A Word document is open and it read.

(voice over)

THOMAS

To whoever's finds this, im sorry.
Believe me when i say this is not in
any way someone's fault. I was happy,
but this was my only way out. I know
too much. I tried to leave but they
told me i couldn't.

Hank sits on the chair and continues reading

CONT. THOMAS

Hawthorn has too many resources for me
to fight. They brought my family into
it and I couldn't live with myself
knowing I put my parents in danger. I
was tired of always looking over my
shoulder but I couldn't keep working
for them. Please dont try to take on
this battle. You wont win.

A shot of hanks face with tears in his eyes and his face lit
up by the computer screen.

HANK

(whispering)

What do you mean you know too much?

FADE TO BLACK

INT. UPPER HALLWAY - DAY

an overcast sun provides light into the house. Maria walks
down the hall and passes by Thomas' room. The door is still
open and she hears movement from inside. She walks up to the
door to investigate

INT. THOMAS' ROOM

Hank is asleep on the floor with paper shreds all over him.
He has clearly been up all night trying to put the paper back
together.

MARIA

Hank! What are you doing in there.

Hank wakes up almost shocked he is still there.

HANK

What? What time is it?

MARIA

Its 9:30. You didnt answer my question. What are you doing in there? And look what you did to his room. Youre making a mess.

HANK

Maria, he left us a note

MARIA

What?

HANK

Yeah, on his computer. He left a note saying hawthorn was dangerous. He said he knew too much. That we were all in danger. Look!

Hank moves the mouse on the computer to wake it up again. This time the word document that appears on the screen is blank. A note saying "time limit expired. Document deleted" is seen. He looks back at Maria who is part shocked and part pissed off.

MARIA

You sound like a crazy person. What are you talking about? And what are you doing going though his garbage.

HANK

He has his notes shredded in here. I think I can piece them them together.

MARIA

What are you trying to prove hank?

HANK

That maybe there's more to this. Why else would thomas do this?

MARIA

Why would hawthorn want to hurt Thomas? He worked there for christ's

sake.

HANK

Well why else would he say that in his suicide note?

MARIA

What suicide note hank? All you showed me was a blank screen and some ripped up paper.

HANK

Im not crazy. It was here last night. I swear. Ive been trying to put these papers back together. Try to make sense of it all.

MARIA

Make sense of what Hank? Thomas was depressed. He was upset and stressed out and clearly didnt feel like he could talk to anyone. He was a 22 year old kid who spent his entire life with people he never felt like he could fit in with. What 22 year old do you know that graduated med school at 20? Thomas was sick and he killed himself. All I have left of him was his room and you've gone and fucked it up. And none of this conspiracy theory bullshit is going to bring him back. So please get out of there and leave his room as it is.

HANK

Why would I be lying about this? He was my son too you know.

MARIA

You need to sleep Hank. This story you made up isn't going to bring him back.

HANK

It's not a story! What part of this don't you understand. He left a note. Clearly something is going on. Don't you want to know what's really going on? That man at the funeral. Did you recognize him?

MARIA

He was probably someone he worked with.

HANK

Exactly! Nobody else from his work came and why was he standing so far away? Something doesn't feel right about this.

MARIA

Yes hank, what isn't right is your son is dead and you are playing a made up detective game.

Beat

MARIA

Look I going to go to ,y sister's place. I think we both need so,e time to destress. Please, get some rest and put this fantasy of yours to bed.

Maria leaves the room walking back down the hallway to her room. Hank sits on the floor holding a handful of paper shredding, staring at it. He sits for a moment before he starts to clean up the paper. The documents that he's started to piece back together get thrown away. He holds the last few pieces and just as he's about to throw them away a few words catch his eye.