

BEYOND REPAIR

Written By

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INT. ER - NIGHT OF THE ACCIDENT

On a quiet night in the ER, JON, a man in his late 20s, dressed in casual clothing, rubs his head with both hands. He roughly runs his hands through his hair and looks around, hurriedly. A look of panic is on his face.

He looks straight ahead, seeing a woman in her 50s, MARTHA, holding another woman, HOLLY, in her early 20s. Martha holds Holly close to her chest, resting her head on top of the younger woman's. The older woman watches him, sadness obvious, but also curiosity.

He returns her gaze, staring right back.

The woman gives him an affectionate look.

A hospital employee walks to Jon, and places their hand on his shoulder. They exchange a few words, before Jon leans his head down, while placing his hand overtop theirs. The hospital employee leans down far, and gives him a prolonged hug.

Martha kisses Holly's head.

MARTHA (V.O.)

Um, my son, Jacob. He had an accident tonight. He was, um, driving home, and- he, drove home and went through an intersection, trying to catch a yellow. He's a good guy, really. But that poor woman.

INT. CAFETERIA - MINUTES LATER

Jon sits at a table. Martha and Holly sit across. All look sullen. Jon drops his coffee cup. He stares at Martha, shocked. Martha stares back.

She jolts forward, suddenly.

INT. LIVING ROOM - SEVERAL HOURS LATER

Jon sits on a couch, staring straight ahead. His face takes on an angry look, as he puts his head in his hands, covering his face.

MARTHA (V.O.)

He just tried to- They were both just going home after work, he just- honey, no. No, please. Lung? kidney? Is she going to?

INT. CAFETERIA - EARLIER THAT NIGHT

Martha sits next to Jon, holding him to her chest. Holly sits across, alone.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - 3 WEEKS LATER; NIGHT OF THE KILL

A female NURSE, mid 30s, makes a hospital bed, diligently.

MALE VOICE (OFFSCREEN)

The fucking shit, the goddamn
wheelchair won't- fucking- lock.

In a wheelchair, sits JACOB, late 20s, fiddling with the braking mechanism. He is very upset for the size of this problem.

NURSE

Lock?

JACOB

It doesn't brake sometimes, the
brakes are worn down or something.

NURSE

I'll get someone to get you a new
one before I come back.

JACOB

Could you? I don't want to break my
neck smoking.

NURSE

You can't smoke in here.

JACOB

Hey, who's fucking stuck in a
goddamn wheelchair? Fine.

The nurse goes to leave.

JACOB (CONT.)

Fine, I won't smoke. Not here. I'm
sorry. I'm sorry, I...

INT. STAIRWELL - LATER THAT NIGHT

Jacob sits at the top of the stairwell, in his wheelchair, crying lightly, trying to contain himself. He has a cigarette in hand.

(CONTINUED)

MAN (OFFSCREEN)
Are you ok?

Jacob turns quickly, looking up to see a man in the corner.

JACOB
Yeah, yeah, I'm fine.

MAN (OFFSCREEN)
Need some painkillers?

The man gestures at Jacob's legs.

JACOB
Nah, it's not too bad. Probably
chronic from what they said. You
want a cigarette? Talk?

The man indicates no.

JACOB
What, you think you're gonna get
caught?

MAN (OFFSCREEN)
Nah. Just don't smoke.

JACOB
Well, sorry.

Jacob goes to move his chair, but it won't budge now.

JACOB
Just got these brakes to work, now
they won't quit.

MAN (OFFSCREEN)
Need some help?

JACOB
No, I got it.

Jacob manages to get it moving again, rolling back and forth
a few times, testing himself.

JACOB (CONT.)
Better get used to working this
thing, gonna be using one for the
next 50 years.

He pauses, stopping in place. He starts to break down,
quietly sobbing. He brings his hands to his face.

(CONTINUED)

JACOB (CONT.)
50 fucking years in this piece of
shit chair. And she was barely even
30, god. How in the hell can I-

The man in the corner rubs his face with his hands, before
we see his face clearly. It's Jon. He starts to move towards
Jacob, calmly.

JON
Here, I'll help you.

INT. LIVING ROOM - SEVERAL MONTHS EARLIER

Jon is pushing a couch, without ease, into position.

KATIE
You owe me.

JON
(while exerting himself)
I know I owe you. But unlike you, I
can't afford to go buy you a couch
or a flat screen, or a dinette set
for your place-

KATIE
Well better figure something out,
little brother, or I'm gonna sue.

Jon walks next to Katie and stands side by side, surveying
the new addition to the living room with her.

JON
Ah, oh yeah. Alright. Maybe you
could just take my new chair, we'll
call it even.

She leans into him playfully, laughing lightly at his joke.
He smiles as she walks forward, towards the chair.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT OF THE ACCIDENT

Jon stands at the end of a hospital bed, one hand on the
foot of the bed. He looks at the figure on the bed, before
leaning his head down.

JON (V.O.)
It wasn't long after she died. Just
a couple weeks. He was getting
better, recovering. I didn't go in
there thinking about pushing him
down the stairs. Well I thought
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JON (V.O.) (cont'd)
about it. A fantasy. But that's
just it. Fantasy. Repaying my
sister.

BEAT.

JON (V.O.)
Do you know who I am? My name is
Jon Hall, and you killed my sister.

INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT OF THE KILL

Jacob looks up at Jon, weeping, pleading with him, reaching
out towards Jon, trying to just hold onto something.

The stairs are directly behind him.

JACOB
I'm sorry, I'm so sorry, please.
Oh, god, Jon. Forgive me.

INT. FAMILY ROOM - 1 WEEK AFTER THE ACCIDENT

Martha and Holly stand, on opposing sides of the room,
mid-discussion.

HOLLY
We can't help him.

MARTHA
He needs us right now.

HOLLY
Why us? Anybody else could.

MARTHA
He only had her, he doesn't have
anyone else.

HOLLY
We don't owe him anything! Just
because Jacob ruined this guy's
life.

MARTHA
He can't afford to keep his place.
He's a janitor with hospital bills
to pay.

HOLLY
Well he works at the hospital,
they'll probably help him.

(CONTINUED)

MARTHA

This is a good man, he doesn't deserve to lose everything all at once.

HOLLY

Mom.

MARTHA

This will be the hardest, most testing thing that we've ever been through. But he's a good person who needs us, we can be there for him. And just remember, it's so much harder for him.

INT. LIVING ROOM - SEVERAL MONTHS EARLIER

Katie reclines in the new chair. Jon has his head in his hands, rubbing his face.

KATIE

You know that face rubbing thing you do when you're stressing? You're doing it.

JON

How can I ever pay you back? You find me a place like this, you buy me awesome furniture.

KATIE

Perks of working at the hospital.

JON

Hey I work there too.

KATIE

A little lower paygrade than me. 8 years of school, I hope I'm making more than your ass.

JON

Yeah.

KATIE

You always come through, don't you?

Jon half nods, half tilts his head.

KATIE

We'll work out some system. Acts of kindness.

(CONTINUED)

JON
Acts of kindness?

KATIE
Yeah, you can come fix things
around my house.

JON
Acts of kindness?

KATIE
You're a good handyman.

JON
Why "acts of kindness"?

KATIE
Because I know you hate it.

Jon puts his head in his hands again.

JON
Oh, good.

KATIE
Little acts of kindness.

JON
Little acts.

KATIE
You owe me one.

JON
I'll get you back.

CUT TO:

INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT OF THE KILL

Jacob's body lies at the bottom of the flight of stairs,
twisted with the metal of the wheelchair.

He is still.

EXT. HOUSE - MORNING; SEVERAL DAYS LATER

Martha is in her robe, on the phone. She puts the phone down
suddenly, and falls to her knees, grabbing onto a chair for
support. She weeps.

(CONTINUED)

MARTHA (V.O.)

They found him days after he fell. I've found out since then, that this has happened before, that people have fallen down rarely used stairwells, and not found for days, weeks. They might be conscious, maybe breathing. But they don't get found in time. Just bleeding out, or dehydrating. Jacob's neck broke on the first step he hit. He didn't suffer. And since many hospitals don't put cameras in stairwells, and it had been days, there's no footage to really ever know what happened that night. I've been told he likely... didn't realize how close he was to the stairs.

INT. FUNERAL HOME - DAY

Montage throughout her eulogy.

MARTHA

He was smoking there. But I know how broken up he was over what had happened. What he thought he'd done... He was never gonna be the same. Just sitting with him, in silence, he was so angry. So lost in his head. I don't know what he was thinking that night, all alone in that stairwell. I didn't know that man. I just want to remember my son.

MONTAGE BEGINS

MARTHA (V.O.)

And though it is under tragic circumstances, at the same time... In this time I feel like I've gained a son. Jon is kind and helpful and forgiving, in this time of need. Forgiving so much I don't think I could. I don't know for sure, but I'd like to think Jacob would feel somewhat happy for this melding of families.

Martha stands at the front of the room, finishing her eulogy.

Jon and Martha hug, both emotional.

(CONTINUED)

Jon and Holly talk, little laughs, hand on shoulder.

They each go up to give their final words to Jacob, in the open casket up front, throughout.

END MONTAGE

Jon goes last. He walks up slowly, coming to stop touching the casket. He looks over Jacob for a moment, from a slight distance.

Martha and Holly watch Jon, while holding each other.

Jon leans in, overtop Jacob, looking nearly face to face. He smiles slightly.

JON

(whispering)

Forgive you? No. You asshole.
Motherfucker. This is perfect. You
just lay there, let me tell you
some things. No one knows. No one
has a clue, or suspects a thing. I
know that place, where the cameras
are. Where they aren't... One of
the benefits of the job.

BEAT.

No one cares about you. Oh do they?
Well how come they replaced you,
like that? Got a new son. I'm a big
part of the family now. You were
just a big wimp. A big pussy,
aren't you? Crying in your chaie,
"boo hoo, ahh, I'm so sorry," no. I
don't care, you think I'm done now?
Really? Yeah, I got you and now
we're even.

Jon begins shaking his head slowly, as he continues speaking.

JON

Nah. Not even close. This is not
over until I say so. I got an in
with the family now, you think
they're safe from your actions,
from your responsibility? Try and
stop me.

Jon's eyes dart back and forth at Jacob's face, waiting for a response.

(CONTINUED)

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10.

He puts on a sad face and turns his back, walking towards Martha and comforting her.

FADE TO BLACK:

END.