

NOBODY DIES

(Rain. Wind. A clap of thunder. Footsteps slapping hard against wood. A door slammed open, louder rain. Thunder. A car alarm, shrieking tires. A door flapping open in the wind. Thunder. Squealing brakes, metal against metal - CRUNCH! Thunder.)

(AT RISE: DUSTIN stands in a doorway facing the kitchen, dressed in a gray t-shirt and sweats, barefoot. Bedclothes. Behind him JARED, similarly dressed, faces away from the kitchen, staring down at the floor.)

JARED

Dustin... There's blood here...

(LIGHTS UP ON KITCHEN: Where MR. and MRS. FRANKLIN are lying, bleeding on the floor. Bleeding bad. Mr. Franklin from the head, Mrs. Franklin from the chest. Shattered glass in on the floor, a broken wood frame sits near Mr. Franklin's head. A shard of glass sticks out of Mrs. Franklin's chest.)

(Dustin stares.)

(Rain. Thunder. And the sound of a screen door slapping repeatedly open in the wind. Jared looks up, still facing away from the kitchen.)

JARED (Continued)

Why's the door open?

(Dustin stares. Swallows hard. Jared slowly turns toward him, toward the kitchen. Jared's eyes go wide.)

JARED (Continued)

(whisper)

Mom...

(Jared steps into the kitchen. Dustin's eyes go to him.)

Dad? JARED (Continued)

911... DUSTIN

(Jared stares at his fallen father.)
(Dustin steps forward)

Call 911! DUSTIN (Continued)

(and over Mr. Franklin, avoiding the
blood on the floor.)
(Jared looks over at him, blinks,
and steps over to the counter and
the phone.)

What happened? JARED

(Dustin kneels at Mr. Franklin's
side. He looks at the man's head,
at his hair. The boy's hands hover
awkwardly.)

(Jared snatches the phone and dials.)
(Dustin stares at the blood.)

| | |
|----------------------|---------------------------|
| DUSTIN | JARED |
| Stop the bleeding... | Someone... ran out of the |
| Nobody dies... | house... |

(Dustin pulls off his shirt, balls
it up and presses it reluctantly
against Mr. Franklin's head.)

| | |
|----------------------|----------------------------|
| DUSTIN | JARED |
| Nobody dies when | (fast) |
| someone is trying to | My name is Jared Franklin, |
| help them... | I live at seventy-two-- |

(Thunder. A loud crack outside.)

JARED (Continued)
--seventy east eighty-second. My parents, they're hurt,
they're bleeding, they need help.

(Dustin focuses on his hands.)

(They move slowly up and down in time with Mr. Franklin's unsteady breath.)

JARED (Continued)

Hello?

(Jared looks at the phone, confused.)

(Thunder. Both boys jump.)

DUSTIN

What did they say?

(Jared looks at him.)

DUSTIN (Continued)

What did they say?

JARED

Nothing!

DUSTIN

Did they hear you? Is it working?

JARED

I don't know! I don't know...

(Mrs. Franklin moans. The boys look at her. A shard of glass is stuck in her stomach, moving up and down as she breathes.)

(Dustin presses harder against Mr. Franklin's head. Glances around. A table, a counter, a phone, a friend. Next to the phone, a roll of towels.)

DUSTIN

The towels!

JARED

What?

DUSTIN

Use the towels, stop the bleeding, you have to put pressure on the wound!

(Jared looks at his mom, looks at the phone. Grabs the paper towels, unrolls a bunch, kneels beside her and pushes them to her stomach.)

JARED

There was an accident down the road...

(Dustin watches his hands, moving up and down, up and down, in time with Mr. Franklin's breath.)

JARED (Continued)

(pleading)

You heard it, right? The tires, the... crunch...

(The towels soak through quickly with blood.)

(Jared breathes through a sob, unrolls more, tears them away, presses them hard against the first. They remain mostly white.)

JARED (Continued)

(almost desperate)

Do you think... Whoever did this...

(Thunder. Sirens sound faintly in the distance.)

(Dustin and Jared both look toward the door. Jared looks back at Dustin and smiles.)

JARED (Continued)

(relieved)

They heard...

(Dustin glances at Mrs. Franklin's face. Pain. Her eyes tightly closed, her mouth frozen in a grimace. Her chest moves up and down rapidly as she pants through the pain. And then for a second she opens her eyes, looks at him, closes them again.)

(The sirens are coming closer.)

(Dustin looks at Mr. Franklin's head. Looks at his hands. His hands aren't moving. His eyes widen.)

(Sirens wail in the distance.)

DUSTIN
I don't think he's breathing...

JARED
What?

DUSTIN
I don't think he's breathing!

(Jared stares at him wide-eyed.)

DUSTIN (Continued)
I don't think he's breathing! What do I do?

(The sirens get louder and louder as they get closer to the house.)

DUSTIN (Continued)
Jared, what do I do?

JARED
Mouth to mouth!

DUSTIN
How?

JARED
Like in health! Mouth to mouth!

DUSTIN
I never pay attention in health!

JARED
You you you you put your mouth on his, I don't know!

DUSTIN
Well I don't know!

JARED
(almost a whine)
Dustin!

(The sirens are right outside. Both boys hold their breath.)

(And then the sirens are passed, moving on down the street.)

(Dustin grits his teeth and moans. Jared looks out at the door, confused.)

DUSTIN
Mrs. Franklin...

JARED
Why didn't they stop?

DUSTIN
Mrs. Franklin...

(She weakly opens her eyes.)

DUSTIN (Continued)
You have to hold the
towels yourself now.

JARED
Why did they come if they
weren't going to stop?

DUSTIN
Jared, put her hands on the towels.

JARED
What?

DUSTIN
Help her get her hands up so she can hold them herself!

(Jared jumps, looks down at her
hands, grabs them one at a time
and moves them to the towels.)

(Mrs. Franklin grasps the paper
towels to her chest. The second
wad is growing red.)

(The sirens have come to a halt down
the street.)

DUSTIN (Continued)
Now go get help...

(Jared looks confused.)

DUSTIN (Continued)
Jared... You have to go get help...

(Jared looks desperate and confused.)

DUSTIN (Continued)
The accident down the street, you have to go get help!

JARED
Do you think... whoever did this...

DUSTIN
Jared...

(Jared's eyes fall on the frame next
to Mr. Franklin's head.)

(He steps over and grabs it.)

JARED

This is... the fountain... it's supposed to be next to the door...

DUSTIN

Jared...

JARED

Dad...

DUSTIN

I can help him...

(Jared stares down at his fallen father.)

DUSTIN (Continued)

Jared, I'll help him! Nobody dies when someone is trying to help them! Now go!

(beat)

Go, damn it!

(Jared jumps and gets up and runs, runs through a kitchen covered in blood, runs out into the night.)

(Dustin closes his eyes and breathes very slowly. He looks around. At the table. At the counter. At the phone dangling by its cord. At Mr. Franklin's motionless chest. At Mrs. Franklin. At the blood.)

DUSTIN (Continued)

Nobody dies when someone is trying to help them...

(He closes his eyes and breathes.)

DUSTIN (Continued)

Mouth to mouth... CPR... ABCs... Pulse!

(He grabs Mr. Franklin's wrist, looks out toward the door and whines. Grits his teeth and looks at Mr. Franklin. At the deadly still chest. Breathes deeply, bends down, exhales into his friend's dad's mouth. And feels the air against his cheek.)

(It makes him jump, he looks at Mr. Franklin's nose. Shakes his head. Pinches Mr. Franklin's nose. Exhales into his mouth again.)

(His chest rises, his lungs expand, and then collapse again slowly.)

(Dustin smiles excitedly and breathes into his mouth again. And again. And again and again.)

(Dustin stops, dizzy. Takes a few deep breaths to steady himself.)

DUSTIN (Continued)

Count... Five...

(He licks his lips and breathes into Mr. Franklin's mouth.)

DUSTIN (Continued)

One, two, three, four, five...

(Breathe.)

DUSTIN (Continued)

One, two, three, four, five...

(Breathe.)

DUSTIN (Continued)

One, two, three--

(Mrs. Franklin's hand drops down and slaps against the floor.)

(He freezes. Slowly looks up at his best friend's mom. He looks at her chest. It sits painfully still.)

(He looks out toward the door, toward the sirens, and sobs.)

(He looks at Mr. Franklin. He looks at Mrs. Franklin. And slowly, slowly, he steps between them, between them and into the blood.)

(He pinches Mrs. Franklin's nose. Breathes into her mouth. Turns.)

(He pinches Mr. Franklin's nose.
Breathes into his mouth. Turns.)

(He pinches Mrs. Franklin's nose.
Breathes into her mouth. Starts
counting as he turns.)

DUSTIN (Continued)

One, two--

(He pinches Mr. Franklin's nose.
Breathes into his mouth. Starts
counting as he turns.)

DUSTIN (Continued)

Four-one, five-two--

(Breathe.)

DUSTIN (Continued)

Four-one, five-two--

(Breathe.)

DUSTIN (Continued)

Four-one, five-two--

(Breathe.)

(And then he stops counting out
loud, just moves back and forth,
shifting back and forth, breathing,
breathing, breathing for three.)

(He turns a little slower each time.)

(Breathe. Turn. Breathe. Turn.
Breathe. Turn. Breathe.)

(His legs are hurting and he's
running out of breath.)

(Breathe. Turn. Breathe. Turn.
Breathe. Turn. Breathe.)

(His knees are quivering, he fights
back tears.)

(Breathe. Turn. Breathe. Turn.
Breathe. Turn. Breathe.)

(In the distance, far away,
footsteps are coming toward him.)

(Breathe. Turn. Breathe. Turn.
Breathe. Turn. Breathe.)

(And then there are men, two of
them, suddenly filling the kitchen.
Men in blue uniforms. First aid
kits. And Jared's voice.)

JARED
My dad stopped breathing, help him!

DUSTIN
They both...

(One of them pulls Dustin away. He
and Jared stumble into the hall.)

JARED
The accident! The car! It was...

(Dustin focuses on him.)

JARED (Continued)
There was an accident... The guy...

(Dustin smiles.)

DUSTIN
It's okay...

(The paramedics take pulses, pull
oxygen masks from their kits.)

JARED
The guy who did this... He ran the light...

DUSTIN
It's okay...

(LIGHTS DOWN ON KITCHEN.)

JARED
He ran the light and crashed the car...

(Thunder. Rain. Wind. A door
flapping open. Dustin grabs
Jared's shoulders.)

DUSTIN
It's okay... Nobody dies when someone is trying to help
them...

(LIGHTS DOWN.)