

SECOND CHANCES

Written by

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INT. KAILAH'S HOUSE - DAWN

KAILAH, 25, tosses and turns in bed.

Kailah jumps up from sleep and sobs.

Kailah curls in on herself and prays.

KAILAH

Lord please, it's too much. I want
to rest. I'm so tired. Please,
please, please. Make it stop.

Kailah cries herself to sleep.

INT. KAILAH'S HOUSE - DAY

SUPER: "A FEW HOURS LATER"

Kailah blinks her eyes open and sighs.

Kailah sits up, places her hand over her mouth and sobs.

Kailah balls up her fists and bangs them on the bed.

KAILAH

(angry cry)

I don't want to do this! I don't
want to be here!

Kailah screams and wails as she continues to bang on the bed.

KAILAH (CONT'D)

It's too much!

Kailah throws her phone at the mirror across from her bed.

Kailah plops on her bed and cries into her hands.

INT. PAT'S CAR - DAY

PATRICK/PAT, 33, veteran, amputee, gets into the car and
checks his mirrors.

Pat puts on his seatbelt, grips the steering wheel with both
hands, and sighs.

Pat looks in the rearview mirror and points to himself.

PAT

Today is going to be a great day.

Pat sighs and rubs his hands down his face.

PAT (CONT'D)
Don't dwell. Doc said don't dwell.

INT. KAILAH'S HOUSE - DAY

Kailah's cell phone rings across the room and her therapist's picture displays on the cracked screen.

Kailah looks up between her fingers and watches it ring.

INT. PAT'S CAR - DAY

Patrick's cell phone rings in the passenger seat, face down.

Patrick glares at the phone and lets it ring.

Patrick grips the steering wheel.

INT. KAILAH'S HOUSE - DAY

Kailah's house phone rings and Kailah watches the number light up on the voicemail box as her therapist leaves a message.

KAILAH'S THERAPIST (V.O.)
Hey Kailah, I was just calling to check on you. Your sober companion says she hasn't really seen you this week and you canceled all of your upcoming appointments. If anything is wrong, I'm here to talk. I'll check in again later. If you're on one of those hikes just give me a call asap and if you haven't been in a while, try one.

The phone clicks and the display flashes with the new message.

Kailah watches the light blink.

INT. PAT'S CAR - DAY

Patrick's phone stops ringing and starts again.

Patrick huffs and picks up.

PATRICK'S THERAPIST (V.O.)
Good morning Lieutenant.

Patrick grunts.

PATRICK'S THERAPIST (V.O.)
Patrick?

PAT
If you wouldn't mind, can we speed
this up?

PATRICK'S THERAPIST (V.O.)
Have you given my suggestion any
thought?

PAT
Yes, ma'am.

PATRICK'S THERAPIST (V.O.)
And?

PAT
I understand your perspective and I
haven't found anyone.

PATRICK'S THERAPIST (V.O.)
You wanna talk about anything else?

PAT
No. ma'am.

PATRICK'S THERAPIST (V.O.)
You know I can only help if you let
me.

PAT
Yes, ma'am.

PATRICK'S THERAPIST (V.O.)
Ok. I'll check in later.

PAT
Of course.

PATRICK'S THERAPIST (V.O.)
Talk to you s--

Pat hangs up.

INT. KAILAH'S HOUSE - DAY

The house phone rings again and Kailah continues to watch the phone as the shelter director leaves a message.

SHELTER DIRECTOR (V.O.)
Hey Kai, just wanted to remind you
that you're only allowed to drop
stuff off today. Take the day off!
Be safe and see you soon.

The phone clicks and the display flashes with the new message.

Kailah watches the number blink.

INT. PAT'S CAR - DAY

Pat opens a driving app, places his phone in the car mount, and plugs it in to his car charger.

Pat closes his eyes and takes a few deep breaths.

Pat's phone dings, he opens his eyes, swipes his phone and pulls off.

EXT. KAILAH'S HOUSE - DAY

Kailah stands by the curb with a large tote filled with books, a fanny pack slung around her shoulder and torso, a tomato plant propped on one hip, and a box of sprouting herbs, garlic and onion.

Pat pulls up and Kailah takes one headphone out with her shoulder.

Pat gets out of the car.

PAT
Kailah?

Kailah nods.

Pat helps Kailah pack the trunk with the box and tote, and opens the back door for her.

Kailah slides in and places her tomato plant on the floor.

KAILAH
Thanks.

PAT
You're welcome, ma'am.

Kailah makes a face.

Pat smiles and closes the door.

Pat gets in the front seat.

INT. PAT'S CAR - DAY

PAT
Is the temperature comfortable?

KAILAH
Yes, thank you.

PAT
Do you mind if I play my music?

KAILAH
Nope.

Kailah holds up her headphones and places them in her ears.

MONTAGE - PAT DRIVES KAILAH AROUND TOWN
Seen through the rearview and side mirrors from Pat's perspective.

-- Patrick pulls up to the shelter. Everyone gets excited and calls out to those inside.

-- The shelter director takes the vegetables and herbs from Kailah and hands them off. She hugs Kailah tight, swaying back and forth and thanks her profusely.

-- Pat pulls off from the shelter. Kailah swipes at tears and ignores a call, putting her phone away and gazes out the window.

-- Kailah has a coffee date with her brother. She gives him the tote full of books.

-- Kailah's brother holds her tight and lectures her before she gets in the car.

END MONTAGE

INT. PAT'S CAR - NIGHT

Kailah's phone rings and she picks up the phone.

KAILAH

Hi mom.

KAILAH'S MOM (O.S.)

Hi, baby. I just got off the phone
with your brother. You okay?

KAILAH

Yeah.

KAILAH'S MOM

You know you can talk to me.

KAILAH

I know.

KAILAH'S MOM

Okay baby. I know things are hard
and it's easy to want everything to
end, but I couldn't handle a
permanent decision.

KAILAH

I know mom.

KAILAH'S MOM

Okay, Love you.

KAILAH

Love you too. Bye.

Kailah hangs up and gazes out the window, swiping at tears.

PAT

I didn't see a destination after
the bridge. You going to be alright
getting home?

KAILAH

Huh? Oh, yea. I'm okay. Thank you.

Patrick pulls up to the side street under the bridge.

Kailah gets out and walks up the steps.

Patrick pulls off and keeps checking his rearview mirror.

Patrick makes a u-turn, parks, and jogs up the steps after
her.

EXT. THE BRIDGE - NIGHT

Patrick jogs down the bridge sidewalk.

Kailah climbs to sit on the ledge.

Patrick speeds up to a run.

Kailah sits on the ledge and leans forward,

Patrick breaks into a sprint.

Kailah lets go.

Patrick grabs ahold of her hand and pulls her up and over the bridge as she falls.

Kailah and Pat sit on the sidewalk against the railing and catch their breaths.

PAT

What brought you here?

KAILAH

Life. What else?

PAT

Seems to be the universal explanation.

Kailah hums in agreement and they sit in silence for a while.

KAILAH

I tried before you know. Twice.
Failed both times.

PAT

I wouldn't say that. Seems like a success to me that you're still here.

KAILAH

How do you figure?

PAT

I've seen the impact you have on those around you.

KAILAH

It's all a lie.

PAT

I know you know different and you still haven't really answered my question.

KAILAH

I have.

PAT
You've given me the generic answer.
Give me the real answer.

KAILAH
You ever felt like life was a
prison sentence?

Kailah rubs her temples.

KAILAH (CONT'D)
I do and I want out.

PAT
I get that.

KAILAH
Do you? Really?

PAT
Yeah, I can.

KAILAH
So, you know what it's like to wake
up everyday and feel imprisoned in
your own skin? In your own mind?

PAT
Ye--

KAILAH
It's like I'm performing major
surgery blind. Like--

PAT
Like you're holding your insides in
your hands while trying to stitch
yourself back together.

KAILAH
Yeah. Exactly like that. I was
trying to figure out a less
gruesome way to say it.

Kailah tilts her head towards Pat and raises her eyebrows.

PAT
Let's just say I've been on this
same ledge a few times myself.
Figuratively speaking.

KAILAH
Small world.

PAT
Yes and no.

KAILAH
How so?

PAT
It only feels small because being
in the dark can be like that.
Lonely. Isolated.

KAILAH
It can.

PAT
Feels impossible that anyone other
than ourselves can understand.

KAILAH
It does.

PAT
And it doesn't help that it seems
like everyone is pressuring you to
be okay the way they want when they
want.

KAILAH
It doesn't.

Pat chuckles.

PAT
Can I tell you a quote that's been
helping me?

KAILAH
What can it hurt?

PAT
"Remembrance of things past is not
necessarily the remembrance of
things as they were." It's by
Marcel Proust.

KAILAH
Where'd you hear that.

PAT
This episode of Criminal Minds that
explored how memory can muddle the
truth of things. Leave you with
only the negatives. Without the
full picture.

KAILAH
Much like real life.

PAT
You get me.

Pat stands and reaches his hand down for Kailah.

PAT (CONT'D)
So, what do you say?

Kailah chews her bottom lip.

KAILAH
I don't know. Feels like I'm still
kinda trapped here.

Pat rubs at the back of his neck.

PAT
Can I ask something of you? And
feel free to say no if the question
makes you uncomfortable.

KAILAH
Shoot.

PAT
Would you be my accountability
partner?

KAILAH
Accountability partner?

PAT
My therapist says having someone to
hold accountable for their well-
being and vice versa might be good
for me. I've been mulling it over
for a while and then I met you and
it seemed like more of a good idea.

KAILAH
How often would I be required to
participate?

PAT
Let's get you up first.

Pat reaches his hand back down and waves it in a come hither
motion.

Kailah tentatively reaches out and grasps his hand.

KAILAH

Okay.

Pat pulls Kailah to a standing position and dusts off her pants.

KAILAH (CONT'D)

You like to hike?

PAT

Absolutely, but we have to go slow.

KAILAH

That's my favorite speed.

Pat and Kailah walk shoulder to shoulder.

PAT

Ya know, you may meet me on this bridge one day.

KAILAH

I know.

PAT

Are you sure you up for that?

KAILAH

Well, you don't even know me yet and you took that leap of faith, quite literally I might add.

Pat chuckles.

PAT

True.

Kailah chews her lips.

KAILAH

Even though I'm not thankful right now. Thank you from future me.

PAT

You're welcome. Both of you.

KAILAH

And yes, I think I'm up for that.

Pat and Kailah walk back to the car.

CREDITS