

THE END OF THINGS

Written by

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EXT. MIDWEST SUBURBAN STREET - DAWN

Dead quiet street of modest, ranch-style homes.

The gray dawn light casts pallor on THE KNOLL'S HOUSE.

Garage door GROANS open on car-less garage and DR. SARAH KNOLL, 32, dressed in business slacks and blouse, straddling her husband's TEN-SPEED BICYCLE, adjusting helmet.

She pushes off down driveway, onto street.

Next-door neighbor LAURIE MILLER, 35, is on her front lawn, clutching bathrobe as she bends down to pick up newspaper.

Laurie straightens as Sarah pedals past. Eyes WIDEN, she opens newspaper, eagerly scanning front page.

Sarah picks up speed. She is biking with resolve.

This is no joyride.

A SERIES OF VIGNETTES:

- SMALL BUSINESS DISTRICT. Too early for traffic. Sarah BRAKES to complete stop at red light. Lone delivery truck idles at curb. Green light, Sarah sticks out arm to signal left.

- Shoulder of FOUR-LANE EXPRESSWAY. Sarah is pulled over to check directions on cellphone as cars, trucks ROAR by. All are blinded by fierce, rising sun.

- Blighted INDUSTRIAL AREA. Sarah coasts past chain link fence crowned with razor wire, dismounts at closed metal gate for VEHICLE IMPOUND LOT.

- Helmet off, she smooths her hair, straightens sweat-drenched clothes. Presses button. BUZZER sounds as gate opens. Sarah walks bike with a fast-paced stride to small building set amidst rows of lifeless cars.

END CREDITS

SUPER: THE END OF THINGS

INT. VEHICLE IMPOUND OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Sarah stands on one side of tall counter. She is pretty, capable, doggedly determined. A YOUNG POLICE OFFICER, 23, is on the other side. He has acne and a uniform too ample for his slight frame.

He examines some folded papers Sarah carried in her pocket.

YOUNG OFFICER

This isn't the official paperwork
we need to release the car. It
should look like this yellow copy
here.

He flips through papers on the counter and snaps out yellow
copy of an official form.

SARAH

My attorney assured me this letter
would suffice.

YOUNG OFFICER

Nope. Sorry, ma'am.

SARAH

(steadfast)

I'm not leaving without the car.

YOUNG OFFICER

My commanding officer will be here
around 10. Why don't you come back
then, with the correct form and we
can--

SARAH

I won't do that.

YOUNG OFFICER

Lady, I'm coming off the overnight
shift and I'm real tired--

SARAH

I have to get things back on track.
My son has to go to school. We have
no other car--

YOUNG OFFICER

I gotta do the right thing here.
There's a procedure--

SARAH

(maintains eye contact but
voice breaks, just a bit)

Please.

Young Officer sees something in Sarah, a misery that might
spill over if he doesn't help.

YOUNG OFFICER
 (sighs)
 You got your license and
 registration?

SARAH
 Here's my license. The registration
 is...it's still in the car.

YOUNG OFFICER
 Might take a minute.

Young Officer searches stacks of files and forms until he finds the one he's looking for, reads it over, looks back at Sarah. He's wet-behind-the-ears and his emotions betray the bureaucratic facade.

YOUNG OFFICER (CONT'D)
 (low voice)
 You're the lady who killed her
 baby.

INT. KNOLL HOUSE MASTER BEDROOM - SAME

Slats of hot, white morning light stream through the blinds and hit the bed where PETER KNOLL, 32, is asleep, his arm draped across his head. The air is stagnant, the only movement from floating dust mites until

ETHAN KNOLL, 5, bursts in. He is wearing dinosaur pajamas and tennis shoes.

ETHAN
 Daddy! Daddy! Wake up.

PETER
 (drowsy, lifts arm up)
 Hey.

Ethan scrambles onto bed and plops down next to his dad. He points to his barely tied tennis shoes.

ETHAN
 Look! I did it all by
 myself!

Ethan pulls at his dad's arm. Peter keeps it there. He's usually playful with his son but not today.

ETHAN (CONT'D)
 (stands up, starts
 jumping)
 Up! Up! Up!