

SOMETIMES MIRACLES HIDE  
by  
Stan Everett

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FADE IN:

FLASHBACK

INT. BEDROOM - TWILIGHT

A squeaky door knob creaks as it turns, moonlight cascading on the bassinet.

STAN REYNOLDS, 33, sporting a day's beard growth and a premature silver lining along his close shaved hairline. Tattoo of a lightning bolt symbolizes strength and vanity. His sun-drenched body is mapped with veins. A trickle bead of sweat weaves its way down his pulsating temple. Instinctively, he reaches toward his holster.

Holster, no gun.

Intruder peers inside, ignoring Stan and ELENA REYNOLDS, 32, his wife and sleeping Spanish beauty, his eyes fixed on the prize, the bassinet. Time slows to a stop as the intruder reveals a knife raising the shiny sliver blade to execute...

STAN  
(leaping)  
Noooooooo!

Time starts. He misses his chance, the deed is done, his wife and son are gone.

Falling on the floor, wailing...

ELENA  
(sitting upright,  
matter of factly)  
You let our baby die. You wanted  
him to die so you could you be  
with her didn't you? You killed us  
both. Why did you let us die?

Opening his eyes, he relives the pain, empty bassinet, picture of a pregnant Elena. He reaches for the bottle of Jack, spilling half into his mouth and half onto his chest, he throws the bottle to the wall and, in typical Stan fashion, destroys the nightstand, bassinet and most of the bedroom.

Stan plays broken answering machine, repeatedly...

DR. (O.S.)  
... Hello Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds,  
congratulations, you're having a  
baby boy...congratulations, you're  
having a baby boy...

FLASHBACK

INT. CAR - DAY

MEL TOKAR, 60, is taking his daughter and grandson to lunch on Sunday after church. It is a pastor's prerogative. Bible, pages worn, adorns the dash, in gold script, *Pastor Tokar*. The family is all smiles as they round the bend. He gazes in the mirror at his grandson, CONNOR MORRIS, 4, sitting contently in his big boy car seat. Rounding Big Oak Curve east...

CUT TO:

INT. TRUCK - DAY

66 year old, male, redneck, swigging beer, driving a beat up old Chevy truck, *Bob Seger* playing, "*Like a Rock...*" Drunk as a skunk and happy to be driving, deer antlers adorn the hood, rusted rear bumper with a MADD sticker on it. Stereotypes apply. Rounding Big Oak Curve west...

Metal meets deer antler, bodies thrown violently, metal pierces flesh, Mel's radio plays *George Jones* "*Amazing Grace*." Redneck, daughter, wearing a new sterling silver cross bent by her contused body, she is crushed beyond life, the steering wheel saves Mel the brunt of the "accident." Connor pinned, mangled, bleeding from the left side of the head, alive. Connor takes the impact through ejection, EMT's brings his mangled body back to life, what is left of it.

He survives, barely, EMT's place the only symbol left of his mother in his small hand, the bloodied and bent cross.

BACK TO PRESENT DAY

EXT. BAR - MIDNIGHT

The bar has emptied out, 2 or 3 regulars. Stan and DAVID COOPER, 30, working side job security for the money that cops don't make. Business as usual, kicking along the occasional drunk. SHEILA COOPER, 29, pulls up in the ultimate red corvette, classic, with side pipes. Fit, sexy, buxom, she is a welcome distraction. Her eyes fixed on Stan as she pulls up to talk to her husband of 5 years, David. Stan and Sheila exchange intimate glances, knowingly, and she revs off, leaving a little smell of rubber and whorish, wickedly French perfume.

STAN

Hey kid, you better keep working  
these side jobs with me.

DAVID

I'm doing everything I can,  
working two side jobs...I guess  
that is the key to keeping them  
happy?

STAN

And they say money doesn't bring  
happiness. Give me a dollar and  
watch me smile.

As they exchange words, a subtle, small commotion takes place in the background. Two men and a car. A beaten and broken up and down, blue Toyota. A couple of pops - pop, pop, pop. Small caliber gun fire, two men running from the bar to the Toyota.

Instinctively, David runs toward them, Stan for the moment frozen, small caliber gunfire again, pop, pop, pop. David free falls to his knees and looks surprised, first, at his chest, then to Stan, before he falls face first into the pavement. Stan goes for his weapon too late, about the same time the car is purposely bearing down on him, he is hit with such force it knocks him out of his shoes. He flies north, his left leg south.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Stan rubs his "new" leg or stump unknowingly, is it steel or titanium? He feels like he looks, unshaven and smelly, slumped in his wheelchair off to himself. Pain is an 11 out of 10.

He's in a room of victims...or patients, physical therapy people. Connor, present day age 13, bent cross on a new sterling silver chain. His smile lights the room, only dampened by his limp arm and leg and a crescent shaped hairless scar along the right side of his head. He travels from person to person high fiving, with his left hand, stopping only to play with his best friend, ANGEL ROMA, 8. One look reveals her secret, a child with Down Syndrome, not a Down Syndrome child. Their favorite game, Angel kicks the ball, Connor shuffles to get it and pretends to fall, Angel falls, stomps with girlish laughter every time he does it. Small group of special needs children watch and laugh.

Mel walks in with DICK MENDELL, 30, aptly named, their ties and badges give them away as Internal Affairs.

DICK

(patting his leg)  
Hey Stan, how's the leg?

STAN  
Still hanging there and so are  
you. How are you, DICK?

DICK  
(pulling up a chair)  
Sheila been to visit you? Ohhhh,  
that's right, she doesn't want to  
see you anymore after you killed  
her husband.

Stan grabs him by the tie and pulls him to his  
wheelchair. Noise and activity in the room stop.

STAN  
Look at me, I lost my leg you  
bastard!

Mel steps in and releases Stan's grip from his tie.

MEL  
(to Dick)  
Wait outside.

DICK  
(sarcastically)  
Pray for him, preacher, maybe God  
will show him mercy, but I won't.

Mel pulls up a chair and sits next to him eye level.

STAN  
Do you think I care what any of  
you say or think anymore?

MEL  
You mean you did before? I know  
you don't care and that's the  
problem, Stan. In fact, the only  
person you've ever truly cared  
about...is you. But you are fine,  
aren't you. You lost your leg but  
hey, you are alive right?

STAN  
He has no right to judge me,  
neither do you. You know he has a  
personal vendetta against me.

MEL  
(waxing poetically)  
There was a king who had many  
sheep and a poor man who had one.  
(more)

5.

MEL (cont'd)  
The king stole the sheep from the  
poor man and then he had none.

Mel gets close to him so he can look him directly in the eye.

MEL  
(continuing)  
You stole another man's sheep. You  
were blessed and you took  
advantage of the situation. What  
you thought you did in private is  
now made known to everyone.  
Private sin has public results.  
Don't look to me for sympathy or  
judgment, that's not up to me. My  
job is to know and reveal the  
truth and I will know the truth.

Stan looks down and away.

MEL  
(continuing; moving  
to see him eye to  
eye)  
I know about your wife and son.

STAN  
You don't know anything about me  
and I could care less what  
Internal Affairs thinks. IA  
doesn't care about cops.

MEL  
This isn't about IA nor is it  
about cops. This is about you and  
your reckless actions and how it  
cost Officer Cooper his life.

STAN  
Can you do anything worse than has  
already been done? Look at me, I'm  
crippled and have nothing!

Connor enters the picture at that moment breaking the silence.

CONNOR  
(speaks with lisp  
from accident)  
Hi Grandpa, how are you?

MEL  
Connorr!!! I'm so glad to see  
you. How was therapy?

CONNOR  
Sucks...

MEL  
And Angel?

Angel wanders over to Connor tugging on his hand wanting him to play.

MEL  
(continuing)  
Hi Angel. Is this kid bothering you?

ANGEL  
Nooooo.

MEL  
I will arrest him if you want me to? I'm a police officer you know...

ANGEL  
No. Connor is my friend, I love him.

ANGEL  
(continuing; pointing to Stan's leg)  
What happened?

Moments of uncomfortable silence.

CONNOR  
Awkwarddddddd!

STAN  
(taken aback, rubbing his leg)  
Ummm, well, I was in a car accident and I hurt my leg and lost it and I'm crippled.

ANGEL  
I like your new leg.

CONNOR  
Yeah, me too, its titanium like my head.

Connor makes a motion as if to knock on his head.

Angel's mom MARIA ROMA, 42, Latin, pretty, lines on face map motherly care for special needs daughter.

She sternly places her hand along Angel and Connor's shoulders to guide them back to physical therapy.

MARIA  
Guys, ready to come back? Oh,  
"Hello Mel."

MEL  
Hi Maria, have these kids been  
bothering you?

CONNOR  
Grandpa...

CONNOR  
(continuing; to Stan)  
And by the way, it's "physically  
challenged..."

CONNOR  
(continuing; making  
quotation marks with  
his fingers)  
We don't use the word "crippled,"  
get it right, chief.

MARIA  
(extends hand)  
Hi, I'm Maria, I'm Angel's mom.

MEL  
(Introducing)  
Oh...excuse me, Maria, Stan. Stan,  
Maria.

Stan smiles. Maria starts to walk away and then pauses...

MARIA  
(to Stan)  
You know they call it physical  
therapy for a reason...

INT. STAN'S HOUSE - DUSK

Struggling to get his leg out of the cab, Stan arrives home to see his broken, picked through furniture on the lawn and a bright red sticker labeled, EVICTION, on his padlocked door. He takes his leg off and breaks the door open hobbling inside. The small place is empty, cold, vacant, He finds what he is looking for taped to the underside of the sink cabinet, his gun and a picture of a pregnant Elena. On the floor, there is also a worn picture of a young, African American boy who appears developmentally challenged.



A crumpled picture of Stan as a high school wrestling champ with a medal around his neck.

Kneeling on the floor he carefully places the pictures on the floor in front of him and readies his weapon. Tears stain the floor as he places the gun in his mouth...

Unbeknownst to him a silent Mel stands in the doorway.

MEL

So that's your answer?

Stan caught off guard instinctively swings his weapon around and trains it on Mel. Mel approaches and kneels until the weapon is level with his head.

STAN

(shaking)

I killed them, don't you get it?  
All of them!

STAN

(continuing; holding  
his leg in his hand)

You think I care about this? You  
think this matters to me? I wish  
I was dead.

MEL

I don't know anyone's life that  
hasn't been touched by adversity.  
You know God has a plan for all  
this.

Stan still has his gun trained on Mel.

STAN

(yelling, gun shaking)

Don't tell me that! Don't give me  
the world's psycho babble BS. Tell  
me something that has meaning,  
purpose!?

MEL

This isn't the first time I've had  
a gun pointed at me.

He lowers the gun. Silence pervades the two lost in thought.  
With a slight sardistic smile...

STAN  
(quietly,  
sarcastically)  
Adversity? Really? Is that what  
you tell your crippled grandson?

That nail hit the nerve. In one fell swoop Mel lands a right on Stan that launches him across the floor. The gun flies out of his hand, picked up by Mel who presses it into his face.

MEL  
Don't you ever mention that again,  
don't you ever mention him again!  
I'll kill you, you understand, I  
will kill you myself. You won't  
have to put yourself out of your  
misery.

Mel drops the weapon and walks to the door and waits outside. Looking across the furniture laden lawn, he finds a picture of a young Stan and Elena...

Stan hobbles up behind him, bleeding from the mouth.

STAN  
She was my high school sweetheart,  
cheerleader, I played on the  
wrestling team, we got married  
after high school. I drank,  
cheated, but Elena never gave up,  
she said we were family and  
families don't give up.

Stan hobbles to the steps below Mel to see him eye to eye.

STAN  
(continuing)  
I told her I had to work a detail,  
I was spending the night with  
Sheila...

STAN  
(continuing)  
While I was having an affair...a  
robber entered my house and saw  
Elena, he figured he'd have an  
easy time with her because she was  
pregnant...he didn't know her too  
well.

STAN

(continuing)

I'm sure he didn't plan on killing her, I'm sure he didn't mean to knife her...well, you can guess what happened when I get home. She was dead, bled out, my unborn son was dead and here I am - alive. Well, at least part of me...

Mel looks into his eyes forlornly and hands him the picture.

MEL

(looking at his leg)

You deserve what happened to you...Connor and I didn't.

EXT. PUBLIC PARK - DAY

Stan is sitting in the park near the swings thinking about all the events that have taken place. A little boy who would be about the age of his son approaches.

LITTLE BOY

Can you push me?

Stan is somewhat taken aback.

STAN

Sure.

A concerned mother quickly stops by. She assesses Stan and his leg and determines him not to be a threat.

CONCERNED MOTHER

Sorry.

STAN

No, it's fine.

She is looking at his leg.

STAN

(continuing)

Kind of sticks out doesn't it?

CONCERNED MOTHER

I'm so sorry.

LITTLE BOY

Push me again.

Stan looking towards the mother.

STAN  
Is it ok?

CONCERNED MOTHER  
Sure.

The little boy is laughing and Stan is looking at him smiling.

CONCERNED MOTHER  
(continuing)  
Do you have kids?

STAN  
(long sigh)  
Yes, or ummmm, I did. He died. He  
would have been about the age of  
your son.

CONCERNED MOTHER  
I'm sorry again.

STAN  
Yeah, it was an accident, like my  
leg.

LITTLE BOY  
Can you get me out please?

Stan lifts him out. He gives Stan a big hug and they both  
walk away.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - EVENING

Stan is parked outside a beat up apartment building in  
downtown. He has both hands on the steering wheel and is  
anxiously watching one guy in particular. He is the building  
manager - DWAYNE, 50's heavy set, white, scumbag. There is a  
small boy playing outside, BOBBY, black male, age 8, he is  
developmentally challenged. Dwayne yells at the boy and  
berates him constantly calling him "retard."

A small group of thug drug dealers approach Stan's white beat  
up Mercury Grand Marquis looking for a little score or for a  
little trouble, either is fine with him. They peer inside and  
see his leg laying on the seat and his gun in his lap. The  
expression on their faces tell it all when Stan gives them  
his vacant stare.

STAN  
(to himself)  
All these years and I never  
noticed you. Who are you? Why are  
you here? Who am I? What can I do?

Stan decides to get his crutches and take a look.

BOBBY  
(mumbling song to  
himself)  
Ammmazzzg Graccceee sound so sweet.

This kid is dirty, wearing day old pampers.

STAN  
Hey buddy? How are you? Do you  
remember me?

He gets a startled surprise and the boy starts yelling and  
running in circles.

DWAYNE  
(getting in Stan's  
face)  
Why you messing with the retard?

STAN  
Where's his mom, where is Carrie?

DWAYNE  
She's a crack whore. She works for  
me and I watch the retard. I'm his  
legal guardian. Why you like  
little kids?

DWAYNE  
(continuing)  
Go get me a beer you little  
bastard! See, he does tricks!

There is some recognition as Bobby pauses. Stan turns away.

DWAYNE  
(continuing)  
Hey, wait a minute I know you.  
You've been here before visiting  
my girls. You're that cop. I sued  
you all before for harassment, get  
the hell off my property, pig!

He takes a broom and swats at Bobby shooing him inside. Stan  
reaches for the broom and grabs a hold of it.

DWAYNE  
(continuing)  
You just made a million dollar  
mistake boy and it's gonna cost  
your ass.

Just then BUBBA, 28, 6'2 220 cracks Stan upside the head and jacks him up.

DWAYNE

(continuing)

Bubba, see this doughnut eating,  
one legged, swine flu prick to his  
car.

DWAYNE

(continuing)

And next time I see you here,  
you'll end up in a dumpster!

INT. COP BAR - EVENING

The difference between this bar and other bars is that it is full of cops, mustache required. Dick is having a drink with his IA group of buddies which are somewhat separated from the regular cops. Door opens, Stan walks or hobbles in the door, a little bloodied and smelling. Everything stops. Cops and IA cops turn their backs.

STAN

(sits at table by  
himself; to Barmaid)

Whiskey and 2 beers please.

He drops the whiskey in the beer. He begins to drink and spies Dick mumbling to his friends.

DICK

(whispering)

That's him, killed his partner.

MUSTACHE COP

I know him, he was wrestling champ  
a while back, won police olympics  
one year.

DICK

Well, unless they have the one arm  
man or one leg man olympics, he  
ain't winning anything anymore and  
I'm going to make sure he no  
longer wears a badge. He killed a  
cop and destroyed a good woman.

DICK  
(continuing; putting  
his arm around his  
buddy)  
Besides...Stefan is wrestling  
champ now and I have moved to the  
world of MMA, that's mixed martial  
arts to you ladies.

Gratuitous laughing.

He motions to STEFAN, 30, big Russian IA cop. Who goofingly  
smiles a wide toothed grin.

Dick gets up and walks towards him. He speaks to Stefan and  
points to Stan. Stefan and Dick approach.

STAN  
(to himself)  
Here we go...

DICK  
(to Stan)  
Only cops are allowed in here and  
you aren't one. As a matter of  
fact, you are a cop killer.

Crowd quasi gathers.

STAN  
(smiles slightly and  
puts leg on the  
table)  
You're right Dick.

Dick begins to walk away and throws a comment meant to  
inflamm.

DICK  
You know if Elena had stayed with  
me she'd still be alive, instead  
she chose to marry a useless, has  
been, cheating, loser who killed  
her and her baby for a piece of  
ass.

Stan leaps across the table for him and it's on. Crowd  
cheering. Dick redirects Stan's attack and counters him with  
an elbow across the face. Dick is quick. An assist by Stefan  
with a strike to the kidney. Stan grabs his leg and cracks  
Stefan with it sending him reeling.

Dick hits him with elbows and knees and has Stan pinned on  
the ground and is hitting him mercilessly.

Encouraged by the crowd, beating continues. As he is getting ready to land his final blow, his elbow is hooked by another person...Mel. Mel stops the fight and picks Stan up who is spitting blood. They both shuffle out of the now silent bar.

INT. MEL'S HOUSE - MORNING

A battered and bloodied Stan wakes to pictures of a smiling family; Mel, his daughter and Connor. Picture of Connor on the baseball team. A black cloth with a white cross lays across the table. It is a shrine of sorts to his daughter and what was Connor. He sits up and walks to pick up the picture of a now older Connor with his friend from the hospital, Angel.

Mel walks in as he is holding the photo.

MEL  
(taking photo from  
his hand, smiling  
forlornly)  
You know, he was a pitcher. I  
would go to his games and he threw  
the ball so hard, so hard you  
could hear it pop in the glove.  
Bam!

He makes a motion sound of a ball popping in the glove.

MEL  
(continuing)  
I guess everyone wants their son  
or grandson to be a star athlete  
but Connor was different, he could  
really do anything. He threw the  
ball 75 m.p.h at age 10. Can you  
imagine that?

STAN  
What am I doing here?

MEL  
That's a life question I ask  
myself everyday...you know, the  
only reason I came up with is...

MEL  
(continuing; placing  
the photo back)  
Him...

STAN  
And what reason do I have...



MEL  
(cutting him off)  
I don't know! Maybe we can find  
out together.

STAN  
Why?

MEL  
(introspectively)  
I see some of what happened with  
me in you. When the accident  
happened, part of me died, died  
with my daughter, compassion for  
the man who hit us... died, as he  
did...The truth is, I wanted him  
to die, I wanted to kill him  
myself. I feel a part of me died  
that day with them that will never  
be replaced.

STAN  
Why do they call you preacher?

MEL  
That's the ironic part, I was the  
police chaplain but when my family  
was killed, I had such rage, such  
anger...  
(tearing)  
I wanted the man who hurt us dead  
and I don't know why God didn't  
protect us...SO here we are. I  
mean, you know how the cops notify  
families when someone dies? What  
am I supposed to do, notify  
myself? Hello Sir, I'm sorry to  
inform you your only child is dead  
and your only grandson is scarred  
for life and may die as well.

Mel pauses at the photo of his daughter and heads out the  
door.

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Stan is seated in a wheelchair off to the side as Mel  
approaches Connor, Angel and Maria, they are laughing and  
playing soccer together. Connor continues to play along  
gimpingly and falls to the delight of Angel.

Maria slips in behind his wheelchair.

MARIA

He doesn't always fall on purpose  
you know?

STAN

(abruptly)

What?

STAN

(continuing)

Sorry. What do you mean?

MARIA

(points to Connor)

He had a debilitating accident *and*  
he's dying.

STAN

I thought he was just  
cripppleddd...sorry, physically  
challenged?

MARIA

He survived the accident, Stan.  
Connor has cancer. He only has a  
couple of months to live.

STAN

What? No, he can't, how? You mean  
it wasn't bad enough that God  
killed his mom and crippled him  
but he's dying as well? What he  
hell is the matter with this world?

MARIA

Cancer is no respecter of person,  
just like children with Down's  
syndrome.

STAN

I don't believe it! It's not fair,  
he's just a kid. How can he have  
cancer? After all that, is God  
that cruel? Does He have a heart?  
Where is good and evil in the  
world and where is justice?

STAN

(continuing)

There is no equality, evil people  
live and good people die. I  
thought God cared?

MARIA

I guess we'll never know...until we meet Him. Unfortunately, life isn't fair, is it? You know we all dream of the house, the kids, the dogs...our perfect little lives, perfect children. How naive, right?

Uncomfortable silence. Stan is not sure how to respond.

STAN

(looking at Angel)

How did you know?

MARIA

When I first found out I was pregnant we were so excited. Then they always want to do all these tests you know. You gotta do the tests, you know...

MARIA

(continuing)

He wanted the tests, I didn't. I really didn't care as long as my baby was healthy. They did the tests and I guess we knew or I should say, I knew. You don't want to believe it but in our hearts we knew.

STAN

We?

MARIA

My husband or I guess I should say Angel's father if that's what you want to call him. He left as soon as he found out.

MARIA

(continuing; angrily)

I mean, how can you can leave your child without ever even knowing them or meeting them once? At least, if you meet them, then leave, but what do I tell her? Angel, your father was scared or your father was a coward? What kind of a bastard does that to a child?

STAN

Why didn't you just...

Maria looks at him with disapproval and begins to walk away.

Stan wheels to catch up to her.

STAN

(continuing)

Wait, Maria, please. I'm sorry I didn't mean anything by it, I'm trying to understand better.

MARIA

I knew a woman who was a drug addict and had three perfectly normal children that she abandoned. Three. I never took drugs, never smoked and didn't drink my entire pregnancy and my child has Down's Syndrome. Can you explain that?

MARIA

(continuing)

So why didn't I what? Choose to play God over her?

Walking away. Turning away.

MARIA

(continuing; pausing)

Oh the lines in my face tell a story don't they? I knew Stan, I knew that Angel was a child with Down's Syndrome. I chose to have her, I chose to not play God and honestly, each day I struggle, not knowing how to handle the day. Will she get married, will she have kids, will she ever get to the point that she doesn't need me?

She kneels down beside his wheelchair to see him eye to eye.

MARIA

(continuing)

To think of the alternative? I would have lived my life without a blessing, without a blessing of absolute and pure love that I have never known.

STAN

I'm sorry.

STAN  
(continuing)  
It's just society today...

MARIA  
(interrupting,  
sighing)  
Society? I get that a lot. Society expects perfection or at least their idea of perfection but what if she is the true example of what is pure, untainted, love? What if we are flawed and she is perfect. I know this, I know she knows perfect love, she doesn't care what I look like or what you look like or what someone else looks like, she just loves, period. People are drawn to her because of it. We have free will and to a certain extent she doesn't. So why can't we be more like that?

MARIA  
(continuing)  
Truth is, I would gladly give my life for her. She teaches me something new everyday. The true, pure, meaning of life...

MARIA  
(continuing)  
You know we once prayed for a butterfly. She loves butterflies. We found one and I guess it was at the end of its life, she insisted we say a prayer for it. Isn't that silly, is that something you or I would never ever do in a million years? But here I was crying over this butterfly thinking that, at this moment in my life, I never realized how much I could love or give love. Why? Because of her Stan, because of a child with Down's Syndrome that I had the power over to choose life or death.

#### FLASHBACK SERIES

Maria is taken back to that day when she first got the news.

INT DOCTORS OFFICE - DAY

Maria is seated on the examining table speaking with the nurse. The father of her child is seated off to the side, image blurred. Another nurse walks in and whispers in the ear of the one tending to Maria. They both scurry out and the doctor walks in.

DOCTOR  
(clearing his throat)  
Maria...

He is holding a clipboard and nervously flipping through papers.

DOCTOR  
(continuing)  
Maria, the test results have come back in and...well, I've double checked and...

MARIA  
What is it? Is there something wrong with my baby?

DOCTOR  
We've confirmed that there is a high percentage that your baby has Down's Syndrome.

MARIA  
(tearing,  
questioning,  
reasoning)  
What? Well, your tests must be wrong. I can feel her move, she's fine.

DOCTOR  
No, it's not.

MARIA  
It?

Maria stands from the examining table to face him.

MARIA  
(continuing; sternly)  
She!

DOCTOR  
Look, you need to make a decision.

MARIA

Make a decision? Concerning what?

DOCTOR

What you want to do with it.

Maria looks toward the baby's father.

MARIA'S FATHER

(OS)

Maybe we should consider our options.

MARIA

To hell with both of you. There is only one option and that is to take care of my baby!

MARIA

(continuing; to doctor)

Someone should have made a decision about you.

Maria rips open the examining room door and heads out of the office. Maria's father catches up to her.

MARIA'S FATHER

Look, I wasn't really ready for a kid anyway.

MARIA

Kid!? She is a girl and she's a baby. And you aren't ready!? Well, the decision isn't up to you and the decision has already been made.

MARIA'S FATHER

I'm not ready to take care of a retarded kid.

Maria stops what she is doing and marches right up to his face and punches him as hard as she can.

MARIA

Go home to your momma like the little bitch that you are but don't ever talk about *my* daughter that way again!

Maria manages a slight smile remembering the punch.

She remembers being in her apartment alone, lying on her bed crying and holding her belly. Longing for what was and what is her child.

She remembers being at the store shopping with her daughter and becoming keenly aware of people staring at her daughter. She begins to push the cart faster trying to get out of the store.

Angel's first day of school as she steps on the bus. All of the kids faces pressed against the glass looking at her. How the other kids will treat her.

Seeing a young bride and realizing that her daughter may never get married.

BACK TO PRESENT DAY:

The soccer ball comes sailing by. Connor and Angel run up to the pair.

ANGEL

I love you mommy.

MARIA

I love you too, baby pops.

Angel runs and hugs Stan and kisses him on the cheek. Stan is unsure how to handle it and is somewhat embarrassed. Connor enters the picture.

CONNOR

What happened to you? Did someone beat you up AND steal your razor.

They all laugh over that one. Connor goes to give him a high-five. When he raises his arm, large black and blue bruises show where he has been needle stuck so many times.

STAN

You got me on that one.

CONNOR

I got a joke for you...

STAN

Ok what is it?

CONNOR

(cautiously)

It is a your momma joke.



STAN  
(hesitantly)

Ok...

CONNOR  
Your momma's teeth are so yellow  
when she smiles everyone says, "I  
can't believe it's not butter..."

He makes a motion smiling with his teeth and brushing  
them.

INT. COURT SETTING - DAY

Shirts, ties, moustaches. Internal Affairs dream setting for  
court. JUDGE STEINFELD sitting in judgment. Stan is seated  
off to the side represented by his union police attorney. Mel  
and Dick are on the same side of the room but different  
desks. There are about 15 cops on the IA side. Stan, glancing  
over his shoulder realizes there is no one on his side.

JUDGE STEINFELD  
Let's call this meeting to order.  
I've read your case summation.  
Let's get started. State...

DICK  
Your honor. You've read my report.  
To summarize, this man ...  
(pointing at Stan)  
through his reckless dereliction  
of duty, caused the death of one  
of our officers. It is our opinion  
that he should be terminated and  
charges should be turned over to  
the State Attorneys Office for  
prosecution...thank you.

JUDGE STEINFELD  
Mel?

MEL  
Your honor. I agree, through his  
negligence he caused the death of  
another officer. I agree that he  
should be punished. To what level  
of punishment should be determined  
by this court and you, Sir. It is  
clear he cannot be an officer but  
he should not be sentenced to a  
lifetime of regret.

DICK  
(interrupting)  
Your honor. This man is a loser,  
he lost his partner, his family,  
his home. He doesn't even have a  
place to live. He doesn't deserve  
another chance.

The judge slaps the gavel down.

JUDGE STEINFELD  
Thanks Mel. I'd like to hear from  
the respondent.

STAN  
Your honor. I have lost  
everything. The only thing I have  
left is a chance. A chance to  
honor my wife and son. My partner.  
I am sorry, nothing I can ever do  
will change that but I'd like the  
chance. The chance to start over.  
All I've ever known is being a  
police officer and I'd like  
another chance.

JUDGE STEINFELD  
(dismissively)  
I'd like to review the testimony.  
We will take a brief recess, and  
then I will return with my  
decision.

The crowd breaks up and Stan heads to the restroom. Dick  
walks in followed loosely by Mel.

INT. RESTROOM - DAY

DICK  
Hey you fake Gimp Bastard. I will  
do everything in my power to  
destroy whatever you have left  
including taking your pension and  
putting you in jail.

Dick walks up right to his face.

DICK  
(continuing)  
And don't think because you are  
crippled, I will have any sympathy  
for you...

STAN  
(smiles slightly)  
It's physically challenged.

Dick grabs him by the lapels.

DICK  
You think this is funny? I beat  
you once and I'll do it again. If  
you weren't such a gimp I was  
ready to pound you at the Olympics  
but look at you now, you're  
pathetic.

Mel intervenes.

MEL  
(removing Dick's  
hands from Stan's  
lapels)  
Enough.

Dick slaps Stan's face slightly on the way out.

DICK  
This isn't over...

Stan leans over the sink.

MEL  
You ok?

STAN  
Am I ok? You and that psycho  
robocop just basically ruined  
whatever measure of life I had  
left. I have a cop who wants to  
kill me, the whole police  
department against me, no place to  
live and only one leg. No, I'm  
pretty damn sure I'm not ok.

MEL  
(matter of factly)  
I meant what I said in there. I  
spoke the truth.

STAN  
(sarcastically)  
Truth? And the truth shall set you  
free, right? Where do you come up  
with this stuff? I don't get it.

MEL

You have the opportunity to start over. You can either be a regret or a conqueror.

STAN

A conqueror? This isn't the middle ages, Preacher. This is whatever is left of my miserable, pathetic life.

Stan grabs Mel forcibly by the arm.

STAN

(continuing)

Have you been paying attention? How do you conquer over the death of your partner, wife, son...leg?

MEL

God wants us to pray giving thanks in all things. You have a choice.

STAN

Like you did?

Mel turns to walk away.

STAN

(continuing)

When are you going to pray and give thanks! You heard me. When are you going to make the choice? It's not just about me.

MEL

In this case, it is.

STAN

Is it?

MEL

(getting in his face)

Connor doesn't have a choice, you do...

Mel leaves restroom.

STAN

(to himself)

So do you, we all do.

Tribunal reconvenes.

JUDGE STEINFELD

It is the order of this court that after his proscribed treatment and rehabilitation...that Officer Reynolds be relieved of duty and his position as a police officer be terminated. Further, this matter is remanded to the State Attorney for review and prosecution accordingly.

Judge slams down the gavel and exits the chambers.

INT. HOSPITAL - EVENING

Stan is hobbling down the lone hospital hallway at night by himself. He passes by Connor's hospital room. Connor is getting stuck with a needle again. Stan peers in and no one is around save NURSE BETTY and Connor.

CONNOR

(wincing)

Oh, that one hurts why does that one hurt more than the others Nurse Betty?

NURSE BETTY

Sorry Connor, some of these we need some arterial blood, we have to stick you a little deeper.

Connor turns his head to see Stan.

CONNOR

Hey Stan, what's up? How's the leg?

STAN

Well, I was going to say, "not so great" but it doesn't seem so bad now. How are you doing?

CONNOR

(jokingly, motioning to Nurse Betty)

These people are killing me.

NURSE BETTY

Keep it up boy and I'm going to have you changing bedpans...

CONNOR

Alright, alright, Nurse Betty isn't so bad...and she makes some awesome cupcakes.

NURSE BETTY  
(motioning with her  
hands to her lips)  
Shhhhh! You want to get me fired?

She walks quickly out of the room and Stan moves to the foot of the bed. He looks at Connor's bruised arms and body from painful needle sticks.

STAN  
Are you in a lot of pain?

CONNOR  
I'll live or actually maybe not...

STAN  
(horrified, half  
smiles half cries  
and stares at him)  
How do you manage the pain? How do  
you keep yourself going knowing  
that...I mean your only 13 years  
old!?

CONNOR  
(Emphatically)  
I know. You don't have to pretend  
like I don't know.

STAN  
Know?

CONNOR  
That I'm dying. That I'm gonna see  
my mom soon.

Stan begins to leave the room.

CONNOR  
(continuing)  
Please don't leave. It's ok...no  
one really talks to me about it.  
They think I don't know but I hear  
them whispering. I'm 13, not 5...

STAN  
How can you say that? How can you  
say its gonna be ok? They have you  
hooked up to these machines and  
you're only a kid. And every time  
I see you, you have more bruises  
from these damn needles!  
(more)

STAN (cont'd)  
You should be playing baseball or  
wrestling or kickball!  
Something...anything but this.

CONNOR  
Do you have kids?

STAN  
Well, I was gonna or I guess I  
did, but he died...

CONNOR  
I'm sorry.

STAN  
How could you ever be sorry? I  
don't understand any of this, it  
doesn't make sense to me why bad  
things happen to good people and  
why people like me live and  
someone like you...

CONNOR  
Dies?

STAN  
I'm sorry, but yes. Your grandpa  
tells me we should pray and thank  
God...for what? This? For needless  
suffering, for pain?

CONNOR  
You're asking me? I wish I  
understood but I don't. I don't  
think anyone really does. All I  
can say is that God is real to me,  
I'm not sure how I know but I  
know. Sometimes it hurts really  
bad and sometimes...I cry but  
sometimes I am here in my room by  
myself and...

Connor looks away and is hesitant to say.

Stan moves closer to the bedside.

CONNOR  
(continuing;  
whispering)  
My mom comes to visit me and tells  
me that she will see me soon and  
everything is ok.

STAN

Your mom?

CONNOR

Yeah and it's not ghost like, like  
whoooooooo, Sixth Sense kid. It is  
soft, like...you know how when you  
are in a canoe and your are  
floating in the water and your  
boat moves but there is no wind  
and you are moving and you are  
just laying there...it's like that.

Stan begins to tear and starts again to walk away.

CONNOR

(continuing)

You don't believe me do you?

Stan pauses and moves back to him close by his side.

STAN

Yes, Connor, actually, yes I do.

Connor extends his hand out to him.

CONNOR

It's ok to cry. I cry sometimes;  
it helps me feel better. Usually,  
when I'm by myself though.

Stan shakes his head and pauses.

CONNOR

(continuing)

I think sometimes God just wants  
us to talk to him and thank Him  
for each day we have. No matter  
whether it is good or bad. If you  
want, I'll pray for you.

Stan walks back to his bedside.

STAN

I'd like that Connor, I'd like  
that very much...but, I really  
don't believe in prayer...

CONNOR

That's ok, God does.



CONNOR

(continuing;  
interrupting)

Dear Jesus, please help my friend Stan to feel better and help Angel to do better in her treatment. Take care of my mom and Lord, please help my Grandpa to get better.

STAN

Thanks so much. I really do feel better now.

CONNOR

You can talk to him you know.

STAN

Who, Jesus?

CONNOR

No, your son.

STAN

(smiles judgmentally)

Well, you know, he was just a baby and I didn't know him.

CONNOR

What is his name?

STAN

You mean what was his name? Well, no one ever really asked me that but...we were going to name him Josiah.

STAN

(continuing)

Funny name, huh?

CONNOR

Whose we?

STAN

My wife and I...she died too.

CONNOR

You mean like King Josiah, from the Bible?

STAN

I don't know? My wife told me about it and I really liked his name because it was unique. I know she chose it from the Bible but I don't know anything about it.

CONNOR

My grandpa told me about him. Josiah was a King at age 8, I really like Bible stories. If you can't pray, just try talking to him.

STAN

I don't know, I never really prayed before.

CONNOR

Never?

STAN

Well, when I had the accident I was in the operating room and I prayed that I would die.

Stan looks at him apologetically.

STAN

(continuing)

I mean it Connor. I guess I shouldn't be telling you this because you are just a kid but I prayed that I would die and I lived. I wish I could give my life for something now or someone to make it all worth something. I wish I could help you, I wish I could change places with you and tell you that everything is going to be ok, but it isn't, is it? And I'm sorry but I don't think God cares, if He did, you would be ok and I'd be in your place.

CONNOR

When I had my accident, I tried to go to school but people made fun of me, they called me, "Mini Me" because half of my head was shaved. But after they got to know me they became my friends...

CONNOR  
(continuing;  
introspectively)  
I can't go to school anymore. Too  
many treatments. I guess my best  
friend now is Angel. But if all  
this hadn't happened, I would  
never have met Angel and her mom.  
She is like a second mom to me  
too...

CONNOR  
(continuing)  
This is all I have left of my  
first mom.

He points to a cross on a necklace, he holds in his hand like  
a rosary.

He begins to cough violently and Stan moves closer to him.  
Beepers and alarms start ringing.

STAN  
Connor, you ok?

He grabs his hand as Connor regains himself and nurses start  
running in.

CONNOR  
(holding his hand to  
stop them)  
I'm ok guys, its ok.

Nurses shuffle out and Nurse Betty holds up a fist to Connor  
as if she's gonna get him. He smiles back. Maria and Angel  
enter the room. Angel runs up to Connor's bedside.

ANGEL  
(giving a hug)  
Are you ok. I'm scared.

CONNOR  
I'm fine. What are you scared of?  
You are the best soccer player in  
the world! I'm scared of you.

MARIA  
(to Connor)  
You had us a little scared there,  
besides Angel won't go to sleep  
unless she says "good night."

MARIA  
(continuing; to Stan)  
How is he?

STAN  
What do you mean?

She smiles at him.

MARIA  
Connor?

STAN  
(whispers)  
He's dying. How do you think he's  
doing?

MARIA  
(matter of factly)  
Really. I would think that's it  
you that's dying not him.

She walks away and goes to his bedside.

MARIA  
(continuing)  
How are you, sweetie?

MARIA  
(continuing;  
whispering)  
Did your mom come to visit you?

Connor gives her a knowing wink.

CONNOR  
(pointing to Stan)  
Hurts a little but I'm doing good.  
They keep sticking me and it  
hurts. I think he needs some help  
though.

ANGEL  
Will you play soccer with me  
tomorrow?

CONNOR  
Are you going to beat me again?

ANGEL  
I'll let you win.

CONNOR  
Ok, then I'll play you.

She runs up to Stan and hugs him.

ANGEL  
Will you play with us?

STAN  
Well, my leg kind of hurts so...I  
can't.

ANGEL  
But you have new one, why can't  
you use that?

MARIA  
Angel, he said he couldn't play.

Connor gives Stan a look of disapproval.

STAN  
(looking at Maria)  
Yes, I will play.

She claps and runs out of the room.

MARIA  
(as she exits)  
Don't disappoint them, don't make  
me break your other leg.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

There is a field next to the hospital attached to a small gym. A worker is placing a banner that reads, "First Annual Police & Special Olympic Games." Some special needs children are practicing soccer. Stan wheelchairs in and sees Maria across the field. She sees him and smiles and is happily cheering for Angel. Angel is goalie and is doing her best to block kicks. Stan scans the kids but there is no sign of Connor.

He tries to wheel his wheelchair across the field to Maria but the sod is soft so he is forced to try to stand on his one leg, he takes a spill and the soccer game is temporarily distracted. He uses his new leg as a crutch to get up and his clothes are a bit muddled. Dick and Stefan, who are training for the Police MMA (mixed martial arts) event, walk by and see Stan holding one leg as a crutch trying to get up with mud all over him.

DICK

You know, I was looking forward to fighting you this year but I guess that's not gonna happen now that you only have one leg. Ohhh, and you aren't a cop anymore. Too bad, I was looking forward to beating you. Now, look at you, look at what you have become...a skinny, little pig wallowing in the mud.

STAN

Your mom named you right! Now you and Baby Huey...

STAN

(continuing; makes a  
goofy look)

Go play with each other boys.

They kick a small mound of mud at him.

DICK

(kneels down and  
picks up a piece of  
mud to drop on him)

Look at you, you're pathetic. I know girls that could beat your ass!

They walk away laughing. Stan takes time to look at himself to see what he has become. He runs his hands through his 3 day old beard growth. Connor enters the picture in a wheelchair being pushed by Nurse Betty. She gives Stan the "look" that lets him know that Connor is not doing well at all.

CONNOR

Wow...and I thought I looked bad.  
You look like crap!

Stan brushes himself off and gets back in his wheelchair.

STAN

Hey, how you doing? I thought you were going to play soccer.

CONNOR

I'm not allowed. They say I'm too fragile. My blood count is too high or too low or something like that. Do you want to watch the game?

STAN

Yes, I do.

They begin to wheel themselves over to the sideline.

CONNOR

What did he mean about fighting you?

STAN

What?

CONNOR

The guy said he wanted to fight you and now he can't?

STAN

I used to be a fighter, I was pretty good you know. I won the Police Olympics one year. That was wrestling, now they have this MMA competition.

CONNOR

(making grappling motion with his hands and glean in his eyes)

Mixed Martial Arts! I love that. Elbow to the head, kick to the groin.

STAN

(smiling)

Yup, that's it, but those days are over now.

CONNOR

(stops wheeling his wheelchair)

Why?

STAN

Well, look at me. How am I going to kick with only one leg? I still have some arm strength but you need positioning to fight like that and with only one leg it's impossible.

CONNOR

Impossible? You ever hear of Rocky Balboa?

STAN

Of course.

CONNOR

Then today you start training, one day at a time. C'mon! First of all, you don't need a wheelchair, you need a razor. You can walk you know? Hello? Look around...

CONNOR

(continuing; pointing to the field where one legged athletes are practicing)

STAN

I don't know how to tell you this Connor but I'm not a cop anymore. They kicked me off the force.

Stan points to the banner.

STAN

(continuing)

*Police Olympics...*

CONNOR

(ignoring him)

Second, you need a trainer.

Mel walks up as they are talking.

CONNOR

(continuing)

Grandpa, tell him...

MEL

Tell him what?

CONNOR

He is physically challenged so he can enter the *Special Olympics*, he doesn't have to be a popo. And I'm going to train him.

Connor points to the banner.

MEL

(humoring him)

Well, he is technically physically challenged but the *Special Olympics* doesn't have fighting like the "popo."



STAN  
So technically, I could fight Dick?

MEL  
Technically, yes. But you need a miracle and a lot of work and training...so in reality, "no."

STAN  
Why? Because I only have one leg?

MEL  
No because you are too slow. Remember what happened last time? You only have a wrestling background. You know nothing of Kenpo, Open Fist, grappling or Gracie style fighting.

Connor is smiling in the background.

STAN  
And you do?

CONNOR  
My G-pa is a black belt.

CONNOR  
(continuing)  
Now what, Son!? Sit down!

STAN  
What? Still, there is a big difference between wrestling and martial arts.

MEL  
That is true. This is a combination of the two.

Stan looks across the field and spies Dick talking to Maria. She is smiling and looking his way.

CONNOR  
You can take him.

MEL  
Connor, I don't think this a good idea besides, Stan is...

STAN  
What? What am I?

---

CONNOR  
Physically challenged?

Connor places his hands together to beg.

CONNOR  
(continuing)  
Please Grandpa. All I do is sit  
around all day and get tests one  
after another, I want to have some  
fun...besides, Dick doesn't care  
about Angel and you know it.

MEL  
No, I don't know that and it's not  
up to me.

CONNOR  
Ok, if he agrees will you train  
him?

MEL  
I don't think it is a good idea.

Mel shakes his head and wipes his hands over his face. Just  
then the soccer ball sails past them and Angel runs to get it.

ANGEL  
Hi everybody. How am I doing?

Silence broken by Stan as Maria walks up.

STAN  
You are doing great!

Stan looks hesitantly at Connor and rises to his feet to quasi  
greet her. He is wearing a hospital gown, so his butt is  
showing, caked by mud and three days beard growth.

MARIA  
(smiling)  
Wow, you look great.

Dick is watching off in the distance.

STAN  
Yeah, I thought I'd clean up a  
little.

MARIA  
Glad to see you up and around.

CONNOR

(blurts out)

Stan is going to enter the Special Olympics and Grandpa and me are going to train him.

ANGEL

(claps gleefully)

Hooray, then we can be together. I am going to be in the Olympics too.

MARIA

Is this true?

STAN

Well, I don't know?

MEL

No, it isn't...

MARIA

Connor and Angel why don't you two play together.

CONNOR

(with Angel in unison)

Uh oh!!!

MARIA

(looking toward Dick  
then back to Mel and  
Stan)

I don't know what is going on here but the two of you better not be starting anything you can't finish. This not a joke or some kind of macho man crap between the two of you. Connor is dying, this may be something that will keep him going but IF you two don't stop whatever this is, you'll both have me to deal with and I won't let either of you hurt either of them!

Stomping off she whisks away Connor and Angel. Uncomfortable moment of silence begins...

MEL

I don't want to hurt my grandson or anyone else for that matter and I'm not willing to take a chance that might happen.

STAN

So that's it huh? All your rhetoric about being a conqueror, it was just a lot of...what was it she said, "macho man crap?!"

Mel begins to walk away.

STAN

(continuing)

What if he needs this?

Mel stops, back to him.

STAN

(continuing)

Connor, I mean. What if he needs something to hold onto? I've got nothing better to do, hell, I don't even have a place to live. I'd like a chance. At least I'm willing to try?

MEL

(back still facing him)

This isn't a game. This isn't time for you to hurt anyone more than you already have. I've lost all I had once and I'm still losing and I'm not willing to risk it all on...a loser.

STAN

Ok, thank you, at least I know where you stand. So that's it then? You lied to me and everyone else. You have judged me. The truth is you think I'm a loser and you have judged me. You have become God, jury and executioner. You decide who has a future and who doesn't.

Mel walks away.

STAN

(continuing; to himself)

Well, it's time I stopped losing, preacher. Someone believes in me, even if it isn't you or God.

EXT. MARIA'S HOUSE - EVENING

A disheveled Stan shows up at Maria's house walking hesitantly towards the front door, pauses, then walks away. Repeat. He is on his way back towards the sidewalk when the door opens. Maria, dressed in housewife garb is taking out the trash and spots him.

MARIA

How long are you going to do  
this...while you're here  
(hands garbage to him)  
take this.

STAN

I'm sorry, I didn't know where  
else to go.

MARIA

We don't take in boarders. This  
isn't a halfway house. Stan, look  
at yourself, you're caught in the  
misery of yourself. No one is  
going to help you out of this,  
you've got to pick yourself up and  
do something with your life. I  
already have a special needs  
child, I don't need another one.

STAN

I understand, I just thought maybe  
I could...

MARIA

What? Help? We don't need charity.  
We are doing just fine on our own.

She begins to head back towards the house in a huff.

STAN

I have no where else to  
go...please Maria.

She stops and cast him an over the shoulder up and down look.

MARIA

(she points to the  
garage)

One chance, one! You've got one  
week to find something else.  
There's a shower in there, I  
suggest you use it. And keep out  
of my business.

INT. FIELD (GYM) - DAY

Stan enters the gymnasium where he sees many physically challenged athletes. Some are missing an arm, others a foot, some are people with Down's Syndrome. They share a common camaraderie and a smile. Cops also train in the gym. They are muscled and have a somewhat tight ass-ed look to them. Stan walks towards the cops by default then catches himself and heads towards the physically challenged. He is in his wheelchair but suddenly feels out of place and starts to walk, or hobble to head towards the trainers. Where he meets, TRAINER, 30, mustache, good build, not physically challenged and skeptical.

STAN

Is this where the  
cripp...physically challenged  
train?

TRAINER

Yup, sure is. What's your sport?

STAN

Well, MMA, I guess.

TRAINER

(laughs a little)

I'm not sure you understand, we  
don't fight in the MMA, that's for  
those guys.

STAN

(smiles a wicked  
little smile)

I know...

TRAINER

Well I don't know...

Connor enters the picture from the side.

CONNOR

I do. My G-pa and me will train  
him. He's physically challenged  
right?

TRAINER

Yeah...

CONNOR

(sarcastically)

I mean, he's only got one leg  
right? Look at him?

(more)

CONNOR (cont'd)  
If he can be in the Olympics he  
can choose what sport he wants  
right?

Connor goes up to Stan and pats him the shoulder. The  
physically challenged athletes start to gather around.

CONNOR  
(continuing)  
Hey guys, this here is the Special  
Olympics MMA fighter.

Crowd claps. Stan is humbled when he is grabbed from behind.

DICK  
What the hell is this?

CONNOR  
This is our new MMA fighter.

DICK  
I wasn't talking to you Connor.  
Stay out of this.

CONNOR  
Leave him alone, he is allowed to  
fight and me and my Grandpa are  
going to train him.

DICK  
(to Stan)  
You got the preacher involved in  
this?

He pulls Stan off to the side.

DICK  
(continuing)  
I understand you are crippled now  
and I don't know what kind of scam  
you played on the preacher but  
these people don't know any better  
and it's pitiful you using them.

STAN  
These people? You mean compared to  
what, those people...

He points over to the cops.

STAN  
(continuing)  
Or you mean me versus you? *These*  
people, this kid, have more heart  
and faith than anyone I've ever  
met...especially you.

He moves towards Connor and the group.

STAN  
(continuing)  
And if they are crippled or maimed  
or physically challenged and if  
they will let me, I'll take your  
challenge and consider it an honor  
to train with them!!!

Athletes begin to cheer. Dick walks away, pausing at Stan.

DICK  
(smiling, quietly to  
Stan)  
You got them fooled but not me and  
I don't care if you've got one leg  
or not. I'm going to wipe the  
floor with your ass.

He nudges Stan just enough to cause him to lose his balance  
and Stan falls to the ground. Anger swells in him and he  
reaches for Dick's leg who quickly diffuses him. There is an  
awkward moment of Stan laying there and Dick in a fighting  
stance.

A physically challenged athlete with only one arm approaches  
Stan and extends his single arm and hand. Stan grabs hold and  
Connor has a beaming smile.

The trainer, who is not physically challenged, walks up to  
Stan.

TRAINER  
Well, I guess we can try it.

STAN  
You can try? No, you can try it  
with someone else. I have my  
trainer.

He points to Connor.

TRAINER  
You don't have a chance.



STAN  
I get that a lot.

CONNOR  
I'm his trainer now, so excuse me.

Two physically challenged athletes step forward.

BODYBUILDER JOE  
I'll help.

WRESTLER CHRIS  
Me too.

STAN  
Together then!

They enter the rink and begin training. Stan is getting thrown around like a rag doll. He is getting slammed repeatedly. Connor hangs his head. Stan gets thrown his way.

WRESTLER CHRIS  
You ok?

STAN  
Yeah. Can we take a break?

STAN  
(continuing; to  
Connor)  
How am I doing?

CONNOR  
Ummm, you kind of suck. I thought  
you were a wrestling champ or  
something?

STAN  
I was.

Maria enters the gym from the opposite side. Stan watches as she walks over to the "cops," specifically, Dick. Angel is with her.

Connor sees what is happening and decides to use it for his advantage.

CONNOR  
C'mon, don't let Maria see you get  
your butt kicked, do something.

STAN  
She likes him?

CONNOR  
Yeah and he's a...

CONNOR  
(continuing)  
Not a nice person.

STAN  
He's a good fighter Connor. Even  
if I had two legs I don't know if  
I could beat him.

CONNOR  
Why?

STAN  
What do you mean, why?

CONNOR  
So you just give up?

Connor begins to wheel away.

CONNOR  
(continuing; pauses,  
over his shoulder)  
You know, I could have given up a  
long time ago. I heard my doctor  
tell my Grandpa that I only had 6-  
8 weeks to live...it's been 4  
months and counting.

Maria sees Stan from across the room. Angel runs over to  
Connor. Stan hurries and tries to throw a move on Wrestler  
Chris and is quickly and summarily redirected and thrown into  
the ropes.

MARIA  
How's the training coming along?

STAN  
Good. How's Dick?

MARIA  
What did I tell you about minding  
your business?

ANGEL  
Are you a wrestler? I'm a goalie.  
Did you know Dick was a wrestler?

STAN  
Yes, I did.

ANGEL

Are you coming to our house again?

STAN

If your mom will let me.  
Otherwise, I could heat up a can  
of Spaghettios in a microwave and  
sleep under a bridge.

ANGEL

Mommy please and I want Connor to  
come over too. Can we have dinner  
together?

DICK

What's this about?

MARIA

Stan is staying in the garage this  
week.

DICK

What!? I didn't know about this!?

MARIA

It's not what you think.

STAN

Connor and I will be glad to join  
you this evening.

DICK

(to Maria)

Can I speak to you alone, please?

A somewhat heated quasi serious but not really discussion  
takes place off to the side.

CONNOR

Looks like "domestics."

STAN

(to Connor)

What are you doing this evening?

CONNOR

Well, I'm supposed to have these  
tests.

STAN

Not tonight, we are escaping this  
place.

CONNOR  
That's not allowed.

STAN  
(smiles slightly)  
Why?

Maria walks up.

STAN  
(continuing)  
Sorry. I didn't mean to cause problems. Actually though, what are you doing with him...

MARIA  
Ummm. Excuse me? Business, mine, you mind your own. Everything is ok. It's just dinner and I always consider my daughter in my decisions.

Speaking with resolve she and Angel walk away. Mel enters gym.

CONNOR  
Gpa! What's up?

MEL  
How is everything?

CONNOR  
Gpa, can I go with Stan to dinner at Angel's house.

MEL  
No.

CONNOR  
Maria and Angel invited us and Stan said he'd take me.

STAN  
(to Mel)  
If that's ok with you.

MEL  
I'll take you.

CONNOR  
It's o.k. I'm old enough now to go places by myself...

MEL  
(with consternation)  
I'll drop you off then.

Mel gives Stan a sullen stern look then they walk out of the gym. Connor looks back towards Stan and gives him a thumbs up.

INT. MARIA'S HOUSE - EVENING

Connor and Maria are seated across from each other at the side of the table. Stan and Angel are seated at the heads of the table facing each other. Stan has cleaned up and shaved and looks halfway decent. Connor is wearing an MMA t-shirt and is gaunt. There is an uncomfortable silence that pervades the room. Only the sound of Stan tapping his fork against the table. Maria gives Connor a look and they all bow their heads.

CONNOR  
(there are about 18  
meds sitting next to  
his plate that he is  
staring at)  
Dear Lord, thanks for the food and  
for Maria and Angel and our guest  
tonight. Thanks for taking care of  
us. In Jesus name, Amen.

ANGEL  
Amen!

STAN  
Amen.

Sounds of forks and plates, no talking. Uncomfortable silence broken by Angel.

ANGEL  
Do you know why I love butterflies?

CONNOR  
(no one else is  
answering)  
No, Angel. Why do you love  
butterflies, it is because they  
are beautiful and have a lot of  
colors?

ANGEL  
No. They fly right up to me and  
let me touch them...they aren't  
even afraid.  
(more)

ANGEL (cont'd)  
I call them flutterbyes. Sometimes  
people don't come up to me, I  
think it is because they are  
afraid of me. Mommy, why are  
people afraid of me?

MARIA  
(not prepared for  
this answer)  
Well, honey...

STAN  
(with much thought,  
interrupting)  
I think that butterflies are happy  
to be free. They've been cooped up  
in a small, dark, scary cocoon for  
so long that when they finally  
break free, they are so happy they  
just want to fly around and tell  
everybody. They aren't afraid  
anymore.

ANGEL  
(matter of factly)  
So they are happy to be free.

MARIA  
(looking at Stan)  
That's right honey.

Connor is struggling to get down the last of the pills.

ANGEL  
(to Connor)  
Are you afraid?

CONNOR  
No, I was once but now I'm not.  
Each day, I'm less afraid and more  
happy.

ANGEL  
You are like the butterflies.

She runs to give Connor a big hug.

ANGEL  
(continuing)  
I love you, Connor.

CONNOR  
I love you, too.

She runs to Maria.

ANGEL  
I love you, mommy!

MARIA  
I love you too, honey.

She runs and stops at Stan for a moment. He reaches out to her.

ANGEL  
I love you too, even if you only  
have one leg, it's ok.

He is somewhat embarrassed but less than he thought he would be and maybe even not at all.

O.S.

Knock at the door breaks the silence. Maria realizes in a moment what is happening and scurries to the door.

Connor sitting at the table figures out what is about to happen.

CONNOR  
This is gonna be good.

Stan gives him a curious look.

Dick enters the room.

DICK  
What the hell is *he* doing here, I  
thought we talked about this?

Maria is caught off guard by the outburst.

MARIA  
Dick, please. We don't allow that  
language in here.

DICK  
(lowering his voice  
but sternly)  
I don't know why he is here but I  
want him gone.

MARIA  
That is not up to you, now, please  
leave.

Dick starts to approach Stan and is stopped by Maria.

MARIA  
(continuing)  
No, no, no, this is not happening  
here, not in front of the kids,  
not in my house.

She redirects him to the door.

DICK  
(loud enough for Stan  
to hear)  
I know you aren't interested in  
that gimp bastard anyway. That  
one legged prick!

MARIA  
How dare you? How dare you insult  
someone inside my home and use  
that language in front of the kids?

Stan is still seated at the table with Connor.

STAN  
(winks at Connor and  
whispers)  
Run along now, Dick...

Dick tries to come back in the house but Maria closes the  
door.

MARIA  
We'll discuss this later.

DICK  
This isn't over, believe me!

She closes the door and leans against it putting her hands to  
her face. Stan breaks the tension at the table.

STAN  
(to Connor)  
Must have been out of doughnuts...

He picks up to leave and approaches her.

MARIA  
I'm sorry, I didn't plan for that  
to happen.

STAN  
One never does. Wow. Well, thanks  
for dinner and the sideshow...



STAN  
(continuing; pointing  
to the garage door)  
The gimp will be on his way...to  
the garage.

She grabs his hand.

MARIA  
I'm sorry.

STAN  
You extended kindness towards me  
and dinner, you should never be  
sorry for that.

INT. GARAGE - MORNING

Maria knocks and enters the room to see Stan doing some push  
ups.

MARIA  
Well, I'm glad to see someone is  
doing better.

He is wearing some drab workout clothes.

MARIA  
(continuing; noticing  
his clothes)  
Well, clean shaven is a good  
start. Now, you need some new  
clothes, we are going to the mall,  
would you like to go?

STAN  
(upon inspection then  
re-evaluation)  
What's the matter with my clothes?  
I do need a new pair of shoes.

MARIA  
Uh, well, how long have you had  
those sweatpants?

STAN  
These? These are my favorite pair  
of sweatpants, I won my first  
wrestling match with them back  
in...

She looks at him curiously.

STAN  
(continuing)  
Ok, point taken.

INT. MALL - DAY

All American crowded mall. Stan, Maria, Connor and Angel stroll through the mall. Stan become aware of the stares at him, which do not trouble him as much as the stares at Connor and Angel. They are headed in the general direction of the food court.

They pass by a music store, disco music is playing loudly to draw customers in.

Without hesitation Angel begins dancing. She approaches the loud speaker and is joyously dancing as if she is alone.

Stan is horribly embarrassed and taken aback. He is looking around at the gratuitous smiles and whisperings.

Maria approaches him.

MARIA  
It's a little embarrassing isn't it?

STAN  
What? No, it's just I'm not used to...

MARIA  
I took her to a dance. It was sponsored by Best Buddies at her school. You know what the best part was?

STAN  
No, what?

MARIA  
The dancing. Not the dancing inside, it was the dancing outside. These kids were so excited they started dancing before they ever got in the door.

He pauses for a moment to think about it, then grabs Maria's hand.

They grab Connor and fall into the circle she is dancing in and laugh themselves silly dancing disco.

Stan even shows some very old school popping and locking (which isn't very good but ignites the crowd and starts a mini dance off).

They leave and the impromptu crowd claps.

ANGEL  
(pulling on Connor's  
hand)  
Ice cream, ice cream, ice cream

CONNOR  
(following her lead  
chanting)  
Ice cream, ice cream, ice cream

STAN  
Sounds good to me

MARIA  
They haven't eaten yet.

STAN  
We'll do it backwards then,  
dessert first.

ANGEL  
(with Connor is  
unison)  
Yeahhhhh....

They approach the ice cream store and Connor and Angel go ahead hand in hand, Stan follows loosely behind.

Angel approaches the counter and is trying to order. An impatient, 15 year old, fat, bully, redheaded boy, RED, begins to bother.

RED  
C'mon and order already.

CONNOR  
(protectively)  
Whoa, easy there son that's my  
friend you are talking too.

RED  
Why don't you mind your own  
business and take the retard back  
to her home.

Connor has just received his drink at that very moment in time. He pretends to trip and splashes the drink all over the kid, Stan approaches from the side.

CONNOR  
(in a slow drawn out  
voice)  
I'm sorrrr sorr sorrrry, we is  
retardddd.

Red is surprised but pushes Connor and a scuffle ensues. Stan approaches and pulls them apart.

STAN  
Connor c'mon now, we need to learn  
to be tolerant even if others  
don't understand.

RED  
You better keep these retards  
under control.

STAN  
Now son, that's not the way...

From the corner of his eye, Stan sees a big, red, blob approaching fast. RED'S DAD, 45, wearing a hat, overalls, work boots and a white tank top underneath. Red's Dad sees what is and has taken place.

RED'S DAD  
What the hell? What are you group  
of little retards doing to my son?

Stan swiftly and decidedly jacks him with a left to the jaw just about the time he gets the word "retard" out of his mouth.

A stunned crowd looks on as RED'S DAD is out cold.

Connor looks amazed and proud.

CONNOR  
What about tolerance?

STAN  
The hell with that, time to go  
before more cousins show up.

Maria was off to the side and comes up to see what happened.

MARIA  
What is going on?

STAN  
Time to go...

As they are leaving Connor approaches RED and makes a pretend motion like he is going to hit him.

CONNOR

Boo.

Red flinches in scared reaction.

INT. GARAGE - AFTERNOON

Connor knocks on the door to the garage.

STAN

Come in.

CONNOR

Hey, what's up? Fun night last night and fun day today, huh?

Connor moves over to a side of the garage where something is covered up by a blanket.

CONNOR

(continuing)

You like Maria?

STAN

I've never met anyone like her. I admire her...

Connor gives him the look of a question mark.

STAN

(continuing)

Oh yeah, and she is kind of cute but don't tell her I said so.

Connor begins to rustle the blanket.

STAN

(continuing)

What have you got over there?

CONNOR

Stand by son and let the kid work and by the way...

STAN

What's this?

He pulls out his phone where he has a video that was posted on You Tube up.

The video is a somewhat grainy cellphone view of Stan knocking out Red's Dad at the mall playing on a continuous loop.

CONNOR

It is big, redheaded and annoying and it's on You Tube baby! I'm gonna post a link on my Facebook.

STAN

Look, Connor, I shouldn't have done that.

CONNOR

I know, I know, the moral of the story. Still, it was so sweet. Look at him drop, BAM, I'm telling you this could be the most viewed of the week, maybe even month!

CONNOR

(continuing)

Next challenge...

He pulls back the blanket to reveal a motorcycle.

STAN

Whose is that?

CONNOR

It was the only thing Angel's dad left. Do you know how to ride?

STAN

Know how to ride!? I've had motorcycles ever since I was a kid. Before the accident, I was getting ready to start training to be part of the motors unit for my division...guess that's over now.

CONNOR

Why?

STAN

Connor -you know- it takes two legs to ride a motorcycle. You need balance.

CONNOR

I'll help. c'mon it would be fun. I'm tired of hospitals and nurses. I want to have some fun.

STAN  
Does it run?

CONNOR  
(dangling the keys in  
his hand)  
Let's find out.

Stan walks over to the bike and the two of them move it into the front yard. Maria and Angel join the crew out front. Connor, Maria and Angel all watch as Stan (without his leg) tries to mount the bike. The bike sways and then falls to the ground. There is a moment of uncomfortable silence and then everyone starts laughing. Angel runs to Stan's side.

ANGEL  
You can do it, I will help you.

The four of them help right the bike and places it on its kickstand. Connor hops on the back and provides two legs off to the side to counter balance Stan's one leg and they are off driving erratically through the neighborhood, clipping a garbage can and a mailbox. Stan gives Angel a ride then Maria.

Song plays "*Motorcycle Drive By*" by Third Eye Blind plays as Stan and Maria share a brief moment of carelessness. He pulls up into the driveway and Mel is standing there.

MEL  
(to Stan)  
I need to talk to you.

He pulls him over in another direction.

MEL  
(continuing)  
What the hell do you think you are doing. You can't risk my grandson that way.

STAN  
He's tried of hospitals, Mel. He needs a break. Look at the smile on his face.

MEL  
You don't know what he needs and don't think I don't know about your little mall stunt.

STAN  
What??? How do you know about that?

At that moment, Connor calls them over to the garage door.

CONNOR  
Guys, check this out.

He has his laptop up and running now and has logged into YouTube. Neighbor kids gather around.

They are all enthralled for the moment.

CONNOR  
(continuing)  
Wait for it...

Connor points to the screen where Stan jacks Red's Dad.

CONNOR  
(continuing; with  
swinging arm motion)  
Bam!

CONNOR  
(continuing)  
And again. Bam!

ANGEL  
(repeats)  
Bam!

Maria approaches Mel gently and grabs his hand softly.

MARIA  
It's o.k. It's o.k. I was watching  
him.

MEL  
You too Maria? You allowed this?

MARIA  
He needed the time. He needs to be  
allowed to be a boy.

MEL  
That's the one thing he doesn't  
have...time.

Angel walks up and hold Mel's hand.

ANGEL  
Why are you mad?



MEL

I...I'm sorry Angel. I'm not mad.  
I was just talking to your mom. I  
was worried about you guys.

ANGEL

We are ok. We have Stan here.

Mel looks at Stan and Maria and is somewhat embarrassed.

MEL

Look. I know you two are trying to  
help and I appreciate it. It's  
just we are all each other has and  
with everything that happened...

CONNOR

Gpa, we have friends that love us  
and that is what is important.

ANGEL

Friends and love?

Connor reaches out to give her hug and extends his hand to  
Mel.

CONNOR

Both.

INT. HOSPITAL - MIDNIGHT - CONNOR'S ROOM

CLOSE UP:

Connor is lying ghostly still, his face is pale. He is lying  
in bed with his eyes closed in an eerie, soft repose. He is  
very, very still, as if he is at peace. He does not move.

CONNOR

(as if he is jolted  
back)

What, what, what, where...

He is drifting in and out of consciousness. Stan is at his  
bedside holding his hand. Connor is able to finally focus on  
him.

STAN

Hey, it's o.k. How you doing, kid?

CONNOR

Good, how is the training going?

STAN

Awesome, we are getting better everyday. You are a great trainer. I can't do it without you, you know...

CONNOR

Where's my grandpa?

STAN

He just stepped out.

CONNOR

I want him to be a preacher again.

STAN

You do? Why do you say that?

CONNOR

It's what he is supposed to do. Just like you are supposed to fight, he is supposed to be a preacher.

STAN

I don't know if God would want me to fight, you know, I mean hurt somebody else. I want to be at peace now, I don't want to fight anymore. Fight people, fight the system, fight myself.

CONNOR

I mean fight to live, to not give up.

He sits up a little in his bed.

CONNOR

(continuing)

Dying is sometimes easy when you know, it's living and trying, that's hard.

CONNOR

(continuing)

I met a guy here, he was my friend. He was 22, just got married then one day his lip was hurting real bad. His wife took him to the doctor and guess what? Cancer. Leukemia. Dr. gave him 6 weeks.

(more)

CONNOR (cont'd)  
Now, he could have stayed in bed  
for 6 weeks but you know what...?

STAN  
What?

CONNOR  
He lived for those 6 weeks, He  
went to Vegas, Disneyworld, he  
went on a cruise, he went  
somewhere every week...

He coughs and adjusts the IV in his arm.

CONNOR  
(continuing)  
Why, if we know we are going to  
die, and we are, do we act like we  
are already dead?

STAN  
I don't know but I think I know  
what you mean...for so long before  
my wife and son died, I worked  
late, I went to the bar, I hung  
out with other women, I was cool...

Long pause.

STAN  
(continuing)  
If I knew all this was going to  
happen, I would have spent every  
day with them and you know what's  
funny? If this happened to me...if  
I only had one leg, she would have  
stuck by me...

CONNOR  
You have people standing by you  
now.

Connor extends his hand to him.

STAN  
Yes, I do and at least this time,  
I can be by their side.

PAN TO:

Mel was standing off to the side listening in.

MEL  
Hey kid, got you some snacks.

CONNOR  
Thanks Gpa. How are you?

MEL  
What do you mean? I'm fine.

CONNOR  
Gpa. How are you?

MEL  
(begins to cry)  
Not too good son. Not too good.

CONNOR  
Don't give up now. We got a fight  
to train for.

MEL  
You're right son, we do.

CONNOR  
I need to rest now if it's ok with  
you guys. I'm kind of tired.

Mel and Stan step out of the room.

MEL  
Listen, I'm not sure how to say  
this but...thanks, this fight  
means a lot to him and has kept  
him hanging on and I thank you  
for that.

STAN  
He wants you to be a preacher  
again you know.

MEL  
I know, I can't do it.

STAN  
Why? He wants you to do it, he  
said you are supposed to.

Mel begins to walk away and Stan grabs him by his arm.

MEL  
Because I'm angry!

Raising his voice so everyone sees.

MEL  
(continuing)  
I'm angry.

Lowers his voice after he notices everyone staring.

MEL  
(continuing)  
Don't you get it? I prayed it  
would be me. I always prayed that  
and it wasn't me. First it was my  
wife; cancer, then my daughter;  
drunk driver, now, my grandson;  
Leukemia. There is no miracle  
healing here. He's dying, he only  
has days to live and you want me  
to be a preacher? To preach what?  
Salvation? Healing? Justice?  
Miracles? Everything and everyone  
I know is dying or dead, is this  
some kind of joke?

STAN  
(softly)  
I don't have an answer for you. I  
wish I did. I know sometimes  
things...or God, doesn't tell us,  
why? I know this, when Connor  
prays, I'm closer to God than I've  
ever been and at that moment, my  
miserable life has meaning.

Pause.

STAN  
(continuing)  
Sometimes, after he prays, I hear  
him talking to his mom.

MEL  
Probably from the drugs they  
arrrr...

STAN  
(cutting him off)  
No! You're wrong. It's real. In  
fact, it's the most real thing  
I've ever experienced in my life.

Stan begins to walk away and pauses not looking at him.

STAN

(continuing; walks  
back to him)

You need to apologize to him. He never did anything to you but love you. It's not his fault he's where he is and it's not God's fault. He shouldn't have to see you punish yourself or God like this. Let him see his dream, don't deny him that.

INT. HOSPITAL - MIDNIGHT - CONNOR'S ROOM

Mel enters slowly, Connor is in deep sleep. He kneels beside his bedside and grabs his hand.

MEL

(sitting by bed)

Oh, son. I love you so much. I know you know that. I don't understand any of this and I should, but I don't. I don't know why God allowed this or even if there is a purpose. I know the Word. I know that we are supposed to thank God for all things but how can I thank Him for this? You know, your mom, when she was little, she fell off her bike and broke her ankle. I was working and rushed over to the hospital. I thought, if I was there, this would never have happened and I was angry at God, then when we had the accident. I was there, I was sitting right there and she died, in my arms. I realized how fragile life was, then you got sick, and look at me, I'm fine. I've grown to be an old man...a bitter old man. Forgive me son, forgive me Father. If it be your will, take me instead, please, please take me instead.

INT. GYM - DAY

The day has come for the fight to begin. The gym is filled to the brim with moustached cops and physically challenged athletes. There are numerous events taking place throughout the gym.

The gym is split into two areas. One is for the adults and the other is for the kids.

On the kids side there are jugglers and entertainers and the kids like one person in particular, a fire spinner.

The cameras focus on some of the events and the physically challenged athletes competing. Everyone is clearly waiting for the main event.

Stefan is just finishing beating a fellow cop from another force in MMA and smiles his goofy smile with Dick as his trainer.

ANNOUNCER

And now, for our main event, as you know, today, we had the first ever Mixed Martial Arts, aka, MMA event in the police olympics, we are pleased to present to you, the first ever police versus special olympic MMA event. It is set for three rounds with a three minute limit.

The crowd rises to it's feet. We get our first look at Dick in MMA gear. He is clearly a trained fighter with a body to match.

Connor is in Stan's corner sitting in a wheelchair.

ANNOUNCER

(continuing)

In this corner, fighting for the Diamondback Doughnuts, with a record of 5-0, Dick Mendelllll, Mendelll.

There is a brief pause as Dick prances around the rink. The rink girls are a mix of cops and special needs amputees.

There is a brief moment where Mel enters the arena. He is dressed in old school coach gear with a whistle around his neck and he begins to walk towards the cop side. He motions with a thumbs up to his cop buddies and walks over to Connor. Dick gives a knowing and disapproving head shake.

MEL

Hello, Son.

CONNOR

G-pa. I knew you'd be here.

MEL

Without a doubt, and..., I have a surprise to tell you later.

MEL

(continuing; to Stan)  
Watch him, he is a South Paw and  
a grappling expert. Jab with the  
right, left, uppercut.

STAN

Thanks for the warning.

ANNOUNCER

And in this corner, new to the  
Special Olympics but not new to  
the fight scene, fighting for the  
Flying Butterflies, Stan  
Reynolddds, Reynolddds.

Stan gives a look to the crowd and Maria and Angel are  
pleased at the name choice. Maria mouths the words "go  
butterflies."

Dick sees this going on.

DICK

(to Stefan)

I'm going to pummel him, then I'm  
going to beat him. Cripple or not.

The bell rings the the fight starts. Dick hits Stan with a  
solid, flurry of punches. Stan is covering but getting hit  
hard. These fights are different from boxing. Legs are used  
for striking and grappling, Stan is clearly at a disadvantage.

Stan begins with his prosthetic leg. As the battle rages,  
cops crowd toward Dick's side and special olympic athletes  
crowd towards Stan's side. For two rounds Stan is getting  
pummeled.

It is the 3rd and last round. Stan is bloodied and ready to  
give up. He goes to have a chat with Connor.

STAN

How we doing?

CONNOR

You are getting beat badly. There  
is only one way you are going to  
beat him...

CONNOR

(continuing)

Submission.

STAN

Thanks for the encouragement.



STAN  
(continuing; tapping  
on leg)  
I can't get my balance with this  
thing.

CONNOR  
Then take it off, you don't need  
it.

STAN  
What!?

CONNOR  
Lose the leg.

STAN  
This is crazy, I can't hobble  
around on one foot.

MEL  
Well, whatever you are doing isn't  
working.

MEL  
(continuing)  
I think Connor is right, lose the  
leg....lose the leg. It will  
change his focus.

STAN  
I can't grapple him then.

MEL  
He can't grapple you either. Loose  
the leg, when he moves in,  
spinning back fist. Then get him  
down and submit with rear naked  
choke.

STAN  
You want me to spinning back fist,  
then choke submit with one leg?

CONNOR  
Sounds good, do it. Don't forget  
to get your hooks in first...

STAN  
Hooks!? I'm missing hooks...

MEL  
Good call, get hooks first then,  
tiger claw to rear naked choke.

Maria and Angel have moved along side Connor.

ANGEL  
Tigerclaw, tiger claw!

MARIA  
Shhhh, honey, you can't tell the  
other side our moves...

STAN  
Other side? Are you a fan of  
tigerclaw?

MARIA  
I'm a fan of the butterflies.

Stan enters the rink with a new found strength. He hobbles into the rink sans his leg. The referee immediately comes over to talk to him.

REF  
What are you doing?

STAN  
What do you mean.

REF  
You've only got one leg.

STAN  
Is this a surprise to you? I'm  
aware of it, it's o.k.

REF  
You can't fight with only one leg.

STAN  
Why not?

Dick comes over to find out what's going on.

DICK  
What the hell is the hold up. You  
giving up?

REF  
He's only got one leg. I don't  
know if he can fight like that.

The ref goes over to check with the judges. There is a lot of gesturing and talking back and forth.

DICK

Look gimp, I don't care how you  
fight unless you want to give up  
now. I just want to beat your ass.

STAN

(whispers)

Look prick, I mean Dick...no  
matter what happens, I feel better  
than I ever have...so bring it.

Ref walks back over to the two.

REF

Look, there are no rules on this  
so it is a first, if both fighters  
agree, let's finish it.

STAN

Agreed.

DICK

Say good bye butterfly.

The bell rings and Dick attacks Stan relentlessly. Dick is landing some furious leg kicks to Stan's only leg causing him to drop to his knee. Dick begins to relish the beating and running around the rink, the crowd doesn't and begins to chant and clap "butttterfly, butttterfly, butttterfly." This change in crowd catches Dick off guard.

Stan gets a renewed second strength as he glances over at Connor and Angel who are chanting and clapping. He is on the ground and Dick is standing over him, Stan gets to his foot via the ropes and as Dick is leaning in with a hit, Stan lands a serious back fist to him causing him to go reeling.

Dick is staggered but not giving up. Stan sweeps his legs with his one leg and drops him to the ground with cheers from the crowd. Stan manages to get him in the rear mount and applies the rear naked choke. Dick is caught off guard as Stan sinks his "hook" into him. As Stan applies the pressure the clock is beginning to run out, just as the clock runs out Dick is "tapping" out.

The REF declares Stan the victor and this causes an uproar from Dick. Stan heads to his corner with Dick trailing behind.

STAN

(to Connor)

We did it, we did it.

DICK

You get over here, I never tapped  
out. This thing is a lie. You  
retards could never...

He jabs Stan in the kidney who is dropped like a sack of  
potatoes. Connor crawls into the rink to try to stop. As Dick  
is giving Connor the "what for" Stan pulls himself to his  
feet/foot.

The crowd cheers and Dick moves in for the kill. Stan  
decidedly and summarily provides a "hard left" to drop him.  
They both collapse to the ground.

Connor and Angel come over to help him up and they are all  
cheering and hugging each other. Stan moves to where Maria is  
and they are about to share a moment when...

Maria's eyes move to the center of the rink where Connor  
collapses.

INT. HOSPITAL - EVENING

Connor is laid in his hospital bed, familiar surroundings  
with Stan at his side. He slowly and weakly opens his eyes.

A visibly bruised Stan is sitting next to him.

CONNOR

We got em didn't we.

STAN

Yes, we did.

CONNOR

Where's Grandpa.

STAN

He'll be right in...

STAN

(continuing)

Thank you.

CONNOR

For what?

STAN

For showing me what life is.

STAN

(continuing)

And the spinning back fist.

Connor manages a weak smile.

STAN  
(continuing)  
We need to start training for the next one.

CONNOR  
You are on your own for that one...

STAN  
No, don't say that, we make a good team.

CONNOR  
I'm tired now, I need to rest.

STAN  
I don't know how to say this Connor but, well...in these past 3 months you showed me more about living than I knew, I don't know how I could ever repay you, I don't know what I could do to make a difference. I promise you I won't let you down and misplace the hope you have in me...

Mel walks in wearing the chaplain's neckwear. Stan moves back out of the way.

MEL  
Hello Son.

CONNOR  
(through a weak smile, he holds up his hand)  
Gpa, how are you. I like the new look, I'm proud of you.

MEL  
Oh son, you made this tired old man realize the error of his ways. You're proud of me? You made such in difference is so many lives, please don't leave me here by myself. I need you here with me.

CONNOR  
What was it you taught me, since God loved us we should love each other.

(more)

177.  
CONNOR (cont'd)  
You have people in your life that  
love you, love them like you loved  
me.

Tubes, wires and alarms start ringing as Connor's body begins to fail. He takes a last gasp and mouths the words, "Mom, Mom."

Mel moves out of the way as nurses and doctors run in but it is too late or past time.

Song plays, *"Things Left Unsaid"* by Disciple.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Family and friends are gathered around, the camera pans the crowd, Maria, Stan, Angel, Dick are all standing along the cemetery. Angel is holding a small prayer book.

Mel is at the podium clearing his throat ready to speak, dressed in chaplain garb.

MEL  
A wise man once said, greater love  
hath no man than this than one who  
gives his life for his friends and  
let us love one another because  
God loves us. There are some  
things in life we will never  
understand, like loss - and then  
some things we should try to  
understand - like love.

Mel clears his throat.

MEL  
(continuing)  
Connor taught me about friendship,  
Connor taught me about loss and  
Connor taught me about love. Of  
the three, I think he would want  
us to remember that our time on  
this earth is limited but love is  
everlasting.

Angel begins to cry and reaches her hand out to Stan. He lovingly wipes her tears and brushes her hair out of her face.

Stan whispers in her ears and she looks over to see a beautiful yellow butterfly happily fluttering by.

ANGEL

(hugging Stan's leg;  
holding a caged  
butterfly ready to  
release)

Do you know what my butterfly's  
name is...? Mr. Flutterbye and he  
flying to Connor.

STAN

He forever lives here  
(pointing to her  
heart)

And here  
(pointing to his  
heart)

The service is over and they begin to walk away. Mel  
approaches Stan and extends his hand.

MEL

I think I owe you an apology.

STAN

What, no, forget about it. You  
helped me and I rejected...

MEL

No, he wouldn't want it that way.  
Listen, I don't know how to say  
this but...you gave me time with  
him that I don't think I would  
have had and I thank you for it.

Stan shakes his hand.

MEL

(continuing)

Where are you headed now?

STAN

I guess I have some unfinished  
business.

MEL

Anything I can help with?

STAN

Yes, but not right now.

MEL

No trouble I hope?

STAN  
That's behind me, this is in front  
of me.

Stan sees Dick and approaches him with his arm out. They are  
both wearing scars from their fight.

STAN  
(continuing)  
You were right about me. I  
deserved everything I got.

DICK  
I guess we all learned a little  
from this. What will you do now?

STAN  
Start over. Do what's right. I  
made a promise.

Stan looks over to Maria and Angel and smiles and waves to  
them.

Stan approaches Maria and they walk together.

MARIA  
What's on your mind?

STAN  
Before my wife and I...ummm, my  
first wife, I mean, Elena and I...

MARIA  
I understand and I know what you  
mean, continue.

STAN  
Before we found out she was  
pregnant, we didn't think we could  
have kids and so we started the  
adoption process.

MARIA  
And...

STAN  
There was this little boy, his  
name was Bobby. His mom was or is  
a crackhead that I knew from the  
streets, she abandoned him. We  
were about midway through the  
process when everything happened.  
We found out he was mentally  
challenged and...



Long pause. Maria grabs his hand in support and love.

MARIA

Where is he now?

STAN

Maria, he's living like an animal.  
He is a special needs child he  
needs someone like me in his life.  
I know I've made some bad choices  
but he needs a family...

MARIA

Go get him.

STAN

I can't just go walk into this  
place and get him. There is a  
process, a hearing, a...

MARIA

Why?

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Stan approaches the apartment building with confidence. He spots Bubba and walks right up to him and jacks him upside the head.

Dwayne begins yelling and approaching him heatedly.

DWAYNE

This time you gonna die cop!

STAN

Didn't I tell you. I'm not a cop  
anymore and Bobby is coming with  
me.

DWAYNE

Over my dead body, that boy makes  
me money.

STAN

So be it.

Stan gives him a direct jab that sends him into a wall. He spots Bobby and the boy instinctively reaches out to him.

Just as he is getting ready to take him, 3 of Dwayne's boys show up and start the beating on Stan. Dwayne breaks open a beer bottle and gets ready to open him up when his hand is caught by someone.

DICK

Well, well. What do we have here?

Dick, Stefan and his cop buddies show up and put a quick, fast, hard put down on the boys.

DWAYNE

Why you hurting me man?

DICK

I can't get you on being a pimp  
but I can get you on child abuse...

DWAYNE

What? That retard ain't mine, you  
can have him if you want.

Stan walks up to him and jacks him hard right in the mouth  
causing him to spit teeth.

DWAYNE

(continuing)

You can't do that man. I got  
rights!

STAN

Like I said, I'm not a cop anymore  
and to me, your rights just got  
revoked.

DICK

(holding handcuffs  
ready)

The term is mentally challenged  
and if I ever so you mess with my  
buddy here, I'll bring the whole  
police force back with me...now is  
this kid yours or not?

DWAYNE

I've never seen that damn kid in  
my life.

DICK

(to Stan)

Get the kid and let's go.

EXT. MEL'S HOUSE - DAY

Stan approaches Mel's house hobbling along and Bobby walks  
along side him and tries to mimic his limp.

As Stan approaches the garage door and Mel is placing some of  
Connor's baseball gear on the shelf.

MEL

Who is this little guy?

STAN

He's the reason I needed help.

Bobby reaches for the ball. Mel looks at it very carefully, it has Connor's name written on it.

Mel slowly bends down and gingerly hands the ball to Bobby.

STAN

(continuing)

We aren't much to look at and we don't seem to match but we need help to get on our feet.

BOBBY

(pointing to the  
scrawl that has  
Connor's name  
spelled out)

What this?

MEL

That's a very special boy, his name was...his name is Connor.

Bobby seems pleased with the answer and plays quietly by himself.

MEL

(continuing)

Shouldn't you be asking someone else about this.

Stan moves closer to see him face to face.

STAN

It's not for me Mel, it's for Bobby. He needs someone to care for him. I can't do it right now, he needs someone to guide him and care for him. I need to take care of me but I could never leave him where he was.

MEL

I'm too old now, I've raised my kids...

STAN

Why?

MEL

Why is right. What would I be to him?

STAN

Just what you were to Connor. A grandfather, a caretaker, a spiritual guide, a guardian.

MEL

Then who would be his father?

STAN

Me, Mel, me, that's where I need your help. I have to prove I'm worthy as a foster dad first and he needs a stable home. I want you to be his grandfather and teach me how to be a father.

MEL

That's very honorable but this is serious thing you are asking, this is for a lifetime.

STAN

I've lived a lifetime of wrong and regret now I want to live a lifetime of right and this is what is right.

Mel looks over to see Bobby laughing and having fun in the sprinkler with the ball.

MEL

(introspectively)

It's what he would want isn't it?

STAN

Yes, it is.

Moments of thought drift by.

MEL

Ok then, it is up to us. But you know we need some female help here, just men is not good.

STAN

One step at a time ok? I have an idea for that one as well. I know a great mom with who knows about all this stuff.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Stan, Maria and Angel are at a park for the ceremony of butterflies. It is a ceremony for people who have lost children where butterflies are released. They are standing in the midst of lush landscaping meant especially for butterflies. There are butterflies fluttering about. Angel is holding a butterfly and there are butterflies on her head.

Stan and Maria are planting a red penta in the center of a sea of white pentas. Stan pauses for a moment to look at Maria with some dirt on her cheek he moves close to wipe it away. They both sit on the ground together. He presses his hand against her lips softly and gingerly. It feels good to feel her warm breath against his finger tips.

STAN

I want to read you something.

MARIA

Ok.

He pulls out a piece of paper from his pocket neatly folded and clears his throat. At this moment in time, it is just the two of them.

STAN

When I.

STAN

(continuing)

When I open my eyes, I imagine  
waking to you, when I see the  
glitter of the stars, I think of  
the sparkle in your eyes, when I  
see the sun reflecting off the  
water, I think of the glistening  
of your hair, when I see the birds  
wings outstretched floating across  
the sky, I think of your grace,  
when I see children playing and  
laughing, I think of your taste  
for life, when I see a rose that  
causes me to pause, I think of  
your unmatched beauty, when I  
close my eyes, I see the warmth of  
your smile in my soul...

MARIA

Stan, that is beautiful, where did  
you get it?

STAN  
(somewhat embarrassed)  
I wrote it.

MARIA  
You did, when?

STAN  
I wrote it for you, Maria. I  
wasn't sure I could ever love  
someone again or be loved but I  
wrote it for you because...I love  
you.

She patiently takes her hands and places them on either side  
of his face and moves his lips so close to his to feel the  
warmth of his breath and kisses him gently.

She smiles slightly lost in thought.

STAN  
(continuing;  
nervously)  
What?

MARIA  
You've changed so much from what  
you were.

STAN  
And?

MARIA  
I like it..a lot, but I'm scared.

STAN  
Me too, but I feel like if I am  
with you, together we can  
accomplish anything.

MARIA  
Together then...

They share an intimate moment, silence broken by BUTTERFLY  
LADY, 60, wearing bright red shirt that states, "Butterflies  
are watching over me."

BUTTERFLY LADY  
Today is our most special day of  
the year. It is a day of  
remembrance. Pastor?

MEL  
Thank you.

Mel looks down and pauses before he speaks. He scans the crowd to see many parents that have lost children and his eyes focus on Angel and Bobby, she in a lavender dress and he in a little grey suit.

MEL

(continuing)

Today is not a day for words or  
for sadness. Today is a day to  
celebrate life and to remember  
those whose life made ours better.

MEL

(continuing; looking  
towards heaven)

We will never forget you or the  
impact you had on our lives.

At that moment hundreds of butterflies are released and the children in attendance happily chase them through the trees.

Song plays "*Sometimes Miracles Hide*" by Bruce Carroll

END CREDITS

Sponsors - Special Olympics, Dunking Donuts, UFC, I Cant  
Believe Its Not Butter, You Tube, Coke, Haagen-Dazs.