

A Case of Affluenza

Based on a True Story

Episode 1 of 4

by

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In 2013, when an affluent white teen drives drunk and kills four people in Texas, his light sentence sparks outrage throughout the country while his parole violation launches an international manhunt.

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af·flu·en·za

A psychological malaise supposedly affecting wealthy young people, symptoms of which include a lack of motivation, feelings of guilt, and a sense of isolation.

OVER BLACK:

A 9-1-1 phone call begins...

FEMALE 9-1-1 OPERATOR (O.S.)
Tarrant County nine-one-one. What
is your emergency?

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
(frantic)
There's been a car accident...
There's four or five kids laying in
ditches and the street.

FEMALE 9-1-1 OPERATOR (O.S.)
Are you at the accident right now?

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
(screaming)
Oh Lord! Yes! There's another child
in the ditch--

FEMALE 9-1-1 OPERATOR (O.S.)
Ma'am? Please stop screaming--

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Oh my God!

FEMALE 9-1-1 OPERATOR (O.S.)
Ma'am? How many cars are involved?

Someone MOANING in pain in the background.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
It's dark. There's kids laying in
the ditch! There's kids laying in
the street!

The woman's voice fades away. Beat.

Another 9-1-1 call. Different operator. Male voice...

MALE 9-1-1 OPERATOR (O.S.)
Tarrant County nine-one-one.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
There's been a car accident--

A young boy CRIES in the background.

BOY (O.S.)
Oh my God.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

(to boy)

I need you to sit here...And, I need you guys to pray...ok?

BOY (O.S.)

(still crying)

Who is that?!

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

(to boy)

I-I don't know, son. Don't look. Don't look. Just-just sit down and pray.

MALE 9-1-1 OPERATOR (O.S.)

Sir? How many people are injured? Do you know?

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Uh, one...two...three...multiple--

MALE 9-1-1 OPERATOR (O.S.)

Multiple?

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

I-I don't even know how many.

Phone call fades to echoes.

EXT. BURLESON-REATTA ROAD - ACCIDENT SCENE - NIGHT

After midnight, multiple mangled cars scar a two-lane road in an otherwise quaint residential neighborhood.

Bodies and body parts lay in the same roadway and ditch.

Ambulances and police cars are on the scene. As their lights flash, SIRENS roar in the distance. HELICOPTER SOUNDS emanate from the skies above.

EMT and POLICEMEN frantically run around, trying to discern the injured from the dead.

EXT. BURLESON-REATTA ROAD - ACCIDENT SCENE - MOMENTS LATER

A police cruiser, with "Tarrant County Sheriff" on its door, drives up and parks next to other police sedans.

SHERIFF DAN HENDERSON (60) gets out. The gray-headed, grizzled Tarrant County Sheriff stares at the scene as he closes the driver door.

TITLE CARD:

1:00 AM, SUNDAY, JUNE 16, 2013

BURLESON, TEXAS

As he approaches, his eyes convey awe as he scans. *The experienced lawman has never observed a scene like this.*

ON ACCIDENT

Debris from the cars and pieces of broken plastic chairs litter the road ahead of the crashed trucks and vehicles.

Behind yellow crime scene tape, BYSTANDERS watch as EMT and POLICE tend to the victims and their families.

Sheriff Henderson approaches the crime scene tape. Scans the area again as DEPUTY CLANCY THOMAS (50) jogs up.

DEPUTY THOMAS
(country boy)
Sheriff?

Sheriff Henderson raises the tape and steps under it.

DEPUTY THOMAS
We-we run out of yella' tape.
(points)
Scene goes all the way down the
road.

As they walk, Sheriff Henderson shakes his head as he continues looking over the carnage.

SHERIFF HENDERSON
Jesus Christ...Was this a car wreck
or a plane crash?

DEPUTY THOMAS
Four dead. Nine injured. One
injury's serious. Air transport's
coming in now for him. The boy was
pitched from back of the pickup on
impact...Might be paralyzed.

Sheriff Henderson SIGHS.

IN THE DISTANCE

The victim's FAMILY MEMBERS are consoled by POLICE.

ON SCENE

Sheriff Henderson is a bit surprised. *Maybe even annoyed.*

SHERIFF HENDERSON
Someone already called the
families?

DEPUTY THOMAS
 They--they were here before us--

SHERIFF HENDERSON
 What?

DEPUTY THOMAS
 Well, one man lives here...

Deputy Thomas points to a house.

ON THE BOYLE'S HOUSE

With only the porch light on, the house is positioned front-row to the accident scene.

ON SCENE

DEPUTY THOMAS
 Seems he and his family was helping
 a young girl who's car broke down
 here in front of their house. The
 other families were leaving a party
 nearby...They drove up minutes
 after the accident.

Sheriff Henderson spots a weeping WOMAN sitting on the road.

ON STREET

She cries as she holds the hand of covered body.

ON SCENE

SHERIFF HENDERSON
 (to Deputy)
 Alcohol involved?

DEPUTY THOMAS
 (nods)
 Appears so.

Sheriff Henderson points to the red truck.

SHERIFF HENDERSON
Who's the driver of the red truck?

They continue walking into the heart of the accident scene.

EXT. BURLESON-REATTA ROAD - DOWN THE ROAD - NIGHT

With the wreck and flashing lights a distance behind him, ETHAN COUCH (16), bloody head and face, staggers down the road, away from the accident.

All alone, the blonde-headed teen walks and walks.

He walks slower. Kneels down and passes out.

ON WOMAN AND BOY

A neighbor WOMAN and her TEEN SON walk toward the accident. They spot Ethan on the ground.

ON SCENE

Concerned looks on their faces, they jostle him.

WOMAN
Son, son, are you all right?

Ethan, droopy eyes, looks at them. He finally nods.

TEEN SON
Who, who are you?

Ethan looks annoyed as he stands. *Obviously drunk.*

ETHAN
Who the fuck are you?

The woman puts her arm around him. He pushes her off.

WOMAN
We, we just want to help you.

TEEN SON
Hey, man, are you sure you're ok?

Ethan snarls. Stares at the teen boy. Confused. Beat.

ETHAN

It'll--it'll be all right. You--you
just remember my name. I'm Ethan.
Ethan Couch...I'll--I'll get you
outta all of this.

The boy curls his mouth as he looks at his mother.

ON ETHAN

Ethan slurs as he continues...

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Yeah, man. Just--just you don't
worry. My--my mom and dad will get
us out of this. No--no problem.

ON SCENE

With the flashing lights behind him, he smirks through the
blood trails from his forehead.

The woman and teen boy watch as Ethan continues strolling
away from the accident.

INT. LAW OFFICE - DEPOSITION ROOM - DAY

At a conference table, Ethan, in a nice blue dress shirt, sits in front of a video camera. Slick haircut. Mustache and soul patch. Right hand raised.

He lowers his right hand as he answers the attorney.

ETHAN

Ethan...Couch.

Ethan waits for a question.

LAWYER (O.S.)

Ethan, what do you remember about the night of the accident?

Ethan shakes his head. *Cocky SoB.*

ETHAN

Uh, not--not much.

Another pause. Ethan just stares forward.

LAWYER (O.S.)

Ok...let's, uh, let's actually start by discussing your childhood.

Ethan nods.

LAWYER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Let's go back to when you were thirteen.

Ethan sits back in his chair. Gets comfortable.

INT. COUCH'S BURLESON HOUSE - ETHAN'S ROOM - DAY

Dirty clothes mounds, random empty soda cans, and a disheveled bed highlight this bedroom mess.

TITLE CARD: THREE YEARS EARLIER

Ethan, about 13, sits on the floor, playing Xbox on a large screen TV. He's younger, longer hair, no facial hair, and dressed in a t-shirt and jeans.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Ethan? Time for school.

Ethan keeps playing. Beat.

TONYA COUCH (40), Ethan's mother, pokes her head into Ethan's room from the bedroom door.

TONYA
Ethan? Sweetie. It's time for school.

She exits. He keeps playing.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Tonya stands in the kitchen wearing comfortable lounge clothes, fixing herself some coffee.

Ethan sits at the breakfast table, eating cereal, and staring at his iPhone. The cereal box sits on the table with the carton of milk beside it.

Tonya takes a pill. Sips her coffee.

TONYA
Hurry up. Your dad's gonna be here soon.

Ethan doesn't look up. Might have heard her, might not.

Tonya puts away the cereal box and milk.

She returns to the table and picks up his empty cereal bowl and spoon. Ethan continues tinkering with his phone.

TONYA (CONT'D)
I'll be in my room, sweetie. Have a good day at school.

Tonya kisses Ethan on the head and exits the kitchen.

INT. LIVING ROOM

FRED COUCH (45), Ethan's father, stomps around the living room. He SIGHS as he waits.

FRED
Ethan! Hurry up...Let's go.

Fred wanders the living room. He stops at a table with framed photos on top.

Photos are of Tonya and Ethan. None of him. He picks up one of the frames. *No wedding ring.*

ON PHOTO

It's a picture of Tonya and Ethan. Both smiling.

ON SCENE

As he looks it over, he yells again...

FRED (CONT'D)
(louder)
Ethan! Come on, I got shit to do.

He sets the frame down. Beat.

Tonya wanders into the living room, holding a mug.

TONYA
What the hell, Fred? He's eating
breakfast. Give him a minute.

Fred glares at her. His mouth flattens. He shakes his head.

FRED
Jesus Christ...I'll be in the car.
Send him out. Now!

Fred exits. Tonya SCOFFS as she enters the kitchen.

INT. COUCH'S BURLESON HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - FRED'S TRUCK - DAY

Ethan opens the truck door. Tosses his backpack in and then climbs in. He closes the door, and Fred begins to drive.

ETHAN
Why don't you just let me drive to
school? Then you wouldn't have to
come all the way--

Fred looks shocked.

FRED
Don't be a fucking dumb ass.

Silence.

FRED (CONT'D)
Your mom doesn't let you drive,
does she?

ETHAN
To the Kwik Stop and back. When she
needs me to get something--

FRED

Let me guess after she's sucked
down a box of wine?

Ethan looks forward and sits still.

EXT. FORT WORTH, TEXAS - ANDERSON PREP SCHOOL - DAY

Ethan jumps out. Carrying his backpack, he walks toward the
entrance. His red-headed pal, GARRETT (13), approaches.

GARRETT

With your dad this weekend?

ETHAN

No, mom...He just brought me to
school.

GARRETT

Call of Duty tonight?

ETHAN

Sure...gotta ask mom, but I'm sure
we can.

INT. ANDERSON PREP SCHOOL - ENTRANCE

Right inside the entrance is an upscale, expensive-looking
private school. Small, but that makes it even more expensive.

PRINCIPAL ANDERSON (40) approaches the boys.

PRINCIPAL ANDERSON

Good morning, gentlemen.

Ethan smiles and nods to her.

ETHAN

Good morning.

GARRETT

Morning.

PRINCIPAL ANDERSON

Ethan...congratulations on your
math test. I'm very proud of you.

ETHAN

Thanks, Mrs. Anderson.

PRINCIPAL ANDERSON

Ok...You two, run on to class.

Principal Anderson walks away. Garrett hip checks Ethan.

GARRETT

Nerd.

ETHAN

Fuck you.

Garrett LAUGHS as they walk down the hall.

INT. COUCH'S BURLESON HOUSE - FOYER - DAY

Ethan and Garrett burst through the front door. Tonya walks in behind them.

INT. LIVING ROOM

The boys toss their backpacks on the sofa and race down the hall to Ethan's room.

TONYA

Ethan! Pick up your room before any games.

Tonya takes a pill. Sips water. Closes her eyes. Winces. SIGHS. Maybe a migraine. *Maybe not.*

INT. ETHAN'S ROOM

In the midst of the mess, Ethan flips on the TV and plops in the floor as both boys grab Xbox controllers.

Tonya pokes her head in the room.

TONYA

What do you want for dinner, Ethan?

ETHAN

Pizza.

GARRETT

Yeah, definitely...pizza.

Before leaving, she points and loudly announces...

TONYA

No Xbox until you pick up in here.

When she leaves, Ethan turns on the Xbox and starts playing.

INT. FORT WORTH SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

POLICE and DEPUTIES mill around the station. Sheriff Henderson walks through the entrance. Everyone stops. Looks at him and starts CLAPPING.

Sheriff Henderson smiles. Nods.

As he walks, he gets pats on the back and hand shakes.

A young DEPUTY shakes the sheriff's hand.

DEPUTY #1
 Congratulations, Sheriff.

SHERIFF HENDERSON
 Thank you, Tim.

Another deputy pats him on the back.

DEPUTY #2
 Congrats on another term.

Sheriff Henderson shakes his hand. He nods to him.

SHERIFF HENDERSON
 All right, all right. Enough of
 this bullshit. Get back to work.

LAUGHTER from the group as he smiles and heads to his office.

INT. SHERIFF HENDERSON'S OFFICE

Sheriff Henderson hangs up his jacket. Grabs a coffee mug off his desk and starts to exit. Deputy Clancy Thomas enters before the sheriff can exit.

SHERIFF HENDERSON (CONT'D)
 Mornin', Clance.

Clancy reveals a bottle of scotch from behind his back.

Sheriff Henderson grins. Sets his mug down. Takes the gift.

SHERIFF HENDERSON (CONT'D)
 And here I thought I just needed
 coffee this morning--

DEPUTY THOMAS
 Bunch of us chipped in. It's a good
 bottle...Eighteen year ole'--

Sheriff Henderson stares at the bottle.

SHERIFF HENDERSON

Oh, I know.

Sheriff Henderson nods. Looks at Clancy.

SHERIFF HENDERSON (CONT'D)

Thank you. It's perfect. Seriously.
I need it after that race...Was a
tough one.

DEPUTY THOMAS

But, ya did it. 'Nother four years.

Sheriff Henderson sets the bottle on the desk. Picks up his mug and pats Clancy on the shoulder as they exit the office.

INT. TATTOO SHOP - DAY

BREANNA MITCHELL (21) lays on a table as a TATTOO ARTIST works on a MARILYN MONROE TATTOO on the back of her neck.

Her arms lay to her side adorned with his previous work.

BREANNA

I think she's the epitome of a sex symbol. I always wanted it and since I just got my dream job, figured I would treat myself.

TATTOO ARTIST

Dream job, huh? Wow.

BREANNA

Well, it's what I've always wanted to do. I love to cook...so being a chef at this great catering company is a dream job to me.

TATTOO ARTIST

It's all about doing what you love.

BREANNA

Exactly.

Silence as the artist continues. Beat.

TATTOO ARTIST

Some Like It Hot...Billy Wilder...
Bad ass fucking movie. Her best
performance--

The brunette girl-next-door shakes her head. The tattoo artist quickly raises the needle to let her disagree.

BREANNA
The Misfits.

The needle BUZZES as he starts inking her again.

TATTOO ARTIST
 Hmm, I didn't see that one. I'll
 have to check it out.

BREANNA
 She was brilliant in it. It was her
 last film before she died.

TATTOO ARTIST
 No shit?

BREANNA
 Clark Gable. Montgomery Clift. It's
 a must watch. Some Like It Hot is
 good too, but not her best.

The tattoo artist finishes his final lines. Beat.

He wipes the tat with a rag. Hands her a small mirror. She
 looks at the tat using the wall mirror and handheld mirror.

BREANNA (CONT'D)
 Beautiful. Your best work yet.

She smiles at him. He smiles back. *Proud.*

TATTOO ARTIST
 Yeah, my best performance if I say
 so myself.

They CHUCKLE.

TATTOO ARTIST (CONT'D)
 Now that I know you're a chef, you
 can bring me lunch next time.

Breanna grins as she nods.

BREANNA
 Definitely...Now, I just need to
 figure out what I want next.

INT. ALSBURY BAPTIST CHURCH - SUNDAY SCHOOL - DAY

In the church fellowship hall, BRIAN "BJ" JENNINGS (40) sits
 on a folding chair in a circle of about ten YOUTH GROUP KIDS.
 An open Bible lays in his lap. Ethan's red-headed friend,
 Garrett, sits among the teens.

BRIAN

(reading scripture)

"...whoever wants to become great among you must be your servant, and whoever wants to be first must be a servant to all. For even the Son of Man did not come to be served, but to serve, and to give his life as a ransom for many."

Brian looks around at the teens.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Being a follower of Christ means serving, not ruling. We are called to serve by our Father and to set a Christ-like example for others.

Brian closes the Bible in his lap and continues.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Whether it's helping at a homeless shelter...nursing home...or going on a mission trip...to just simply doing chores around your house or helping your little brother or sister with their homework. We all can find ways to serve another...Any questions?

One TEEN raises her hand. Brian points to her.

TEEN

So, when Christ died, that was an act of service?

BRIAN

Absolutely...The greatest act of service. Sacrifice. He gave his life for all of us. I can't think of a greater sacrifice...Can you?

The kids shake their heads in reply. Brian half-smiles.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Let's pray.

(bows his head)

Heavenly father, we come to you this morning with open hearts ready to serve and follow your example...

INT. FORT WORTH, TEXAS - ANDERSON PREP SCHOOL - DAY

Ethan waltzes into the school. Garrett beside him. They walk down the hall. As they walk, the prayer continues...

BRIAN (V.O.)
 ...Please help us from the
 strongest to the weakest...

Ethan and Garrett approach their lockers. Open them.

BRIAN (V.O.)
 ...to serve others and place them
 above ourselves as Christ did that
 day on the cross. We ask all of
 this in your holy name. Amen.

Principal Anderson approaches the boys at their lockers.

PRINCIPAL ANDERSON
 Ethan?

Ethan stops. Turns to her.

PRINCIPAL ANDERSON (CONT'D)
 Is that your mother's car in the
 parking lot?

Ethan nods.

PRINCIPAL ANDERSON (CONT'D)
 Is, is she still here?

Principal Anderson looks out the window on the entrance door.

PRINCIPAL ANDERSON (CONT'D)
Ethan? Is she here?

Ethan hesitates then shakes his head. Garrett SNICKERS.

Principal Anderson's mouth gapes.

PRINCIPAL ANDERSON (CONT'D)
 Ethan, you shouldn't be driving
 yourself to school...Does your
 mother or father know?

ETHAN
 Dad had to be at work early. Mom
 wasn't feeling well. I don't live
 far--

PRINCIPAL ANDERSON

That doesn't matter. I'm going to discuss this with your parents.

Ethan smirks as he shrugs then heads to class with Garrett.

INT. LAW OFFICE - DEPOSITION ROOM - DAY

Ethan continues the deposition at the conference table.

LAWYER (O.S.)

So, your parents let you drive when you were, what, thirteen?

Ethan looks a bit apathetic as he answers. *Nonchalantly...*

ETHAN

Yeah.

LAWYER (O.S.)

Why did--How did that come to be?

ETHAN

Well, I-I just kept asking because I-I wanted to, and...eventually, they started letting me drive, just...to, like, the corner store by myself.

LAWYER (O.S.)

But--but they eventually let you drive to school?

Ethan nods.

INT. LAW OFFICE - DEPOSITION ROOM - DAY

Same background, but Ethan's mother, Tonya, is being deposed. Same seat that Ethan was in.

She sits alone in front of the camera. Waits for a question.

LAWYER (O.S.)

You understood, that if he was--at any time he was under the age of sixteen he was never to be driving by himself.

Tonya hesitates then nods.

TONYA

Yes.

LAWYER (O.S.)
 Never-the-less, you...allowed that
 behavior to happen? Correct?

She looks a bit nervous. After hesitating again, she nods.

TONYA
 Yes.

INT. ANDERSON PREP SCHOOL - PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

Fred paces in Principal Anderson's office as she sits behind her desk. He already looks annoyed.

PRINCIPAL ANDERSON
 Fred, he shouldn't be driving. He's
 thirteen, for God's sake--

FRED
 Hell, he's a better driver than his
 mother--

PRINCIPAL ANDERSON
 That doesn't matter--

FRED
 Probably better'n you.

Principal Anderson takes a deep BREATH.

PRINCIPAL ANDERSON
 Fred--

FRED
 Maybe I'll just pull him outta
 here.

PRINCIPAL ANDERSON
 Fred, don't. Ethan's a good
 student, and we can get him into a
 great college with some work.

FRED
 He doesn't need college...He's
 gonna take over my sheet metal
 business one day.

Fred paces as he gets more frustrated. *Yes, he's a dick.*

FRED (CONT'D)
 (angry)
 When he's not in this building,
 he's my responsibility. Not yours.

PRINCIPAL ANDERSON
Mr. Couch, Ethan cannot drive
himself to school--

FRED
(points at her)
Don't forget...we pay you.

Principal Anderson stands. Frozen. Doesn't know what to say.
Fred approaches her. Smirks. Leans toward her. *Intimidating*.

FRED (CONT'D)
I could buy this fucking school.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Principal Anderson walks down the hall. She stops at a
classroom. Looks through the glass of the classroom door.

ON ETHAN

Like the rest of the kids, Ethan is taking a test. Filling in
answers. He looks proficient. Doesn't look hard for him.

ON SCENE

Principal Anderson watches. Beat.

She shakes her head as she turns and walks away.

INT. COUCH'S BURLESON HOUSE - FOYER - DAY

Fred enters the house.

FRED
Tonya?

He marches down the hall.

INT. TONYA'S BEDROOM

Tonya exits the bathroom in a robe. Just out of the shower.

TONYA
What?

FRED
I don't want him at that school
anymore.

TONYA
Oh, Fred, don't be crazy.

FRED
I'm not fucking crazy. We can
homeschool him--

TONYA
No, no, no. That's just--

FRED
What? More work for you?

TONYA
That's not what I was gonna say--

FRED
Like you do a lot around here--

TONYA
Fuck you, Fred.

INT. ETHAN'S ROOM

Ethan plays Xbox as his parent's ARGUE in the other room.

FRED (O.S.)
(from other room)
Fuck me? Fuck me?...I pay for that
school...I put a roof over both of
your fucking heads. I keep you
stocked up on wine and pills--

TONYA (O.S.)
Whatever, Fred. You know that's not
completely true--

Ethan pauses for a moment as his parent's FIGHT. His
expression sinks. He puts on headphones to silence the fight
and continues his game.

INT. JUVENILE COURT - COURTROOM

JUDGE JEAN BOYD (60) presides over a case involving an
AFRICAN AMERICAN TEEN (14). In a nice suit, he stands with
his DEFENSE ATTORNEY as the judge begins sentencing.

ON SHERIFF HENDERSON

Along with a few OTHERS in the gallery, Sheriff Henderson
sits at the back of the courtroom.

ON SCENE

Judge Boyd stares down at the teen through her spectacles.

JUDGE BOYD

While I understand the injuries
were sustained after his fall, you
are responsible for those injuries.

She continues to look at the defendant.

JUDGE BOYD (CONT'D)

When you choose to fight, you must
accept the responsibilities of your
actions, young man.

ON SHERIFF HENDERSON

Sheriff Henderson watches.

JUDGE BOYD (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Unfortunately, the victim died as a
result of the fight.

ON SCENE

Judge Boyd turns to the teen's attorney.

JUDGE BOYD (CONT'D)

Counselor, I am sentencing your
client to ten years in a juvenile
detention facility.

The boy's MOTHER in the audience MOANS and CRIES as she hears
the verdict. Judge Boyd RAISES HER VOICE over the CRYING.

JUDGE BOYD (CONT'D)

Uh, this sentence is to be served
immediately.

(to the boy)

Son, I hope the best for you and I
hope you have learned from this
incident...I wish you the best of
luck in your future.

His mother CRIES as Judge Boyd lightly BANGS HER GAVEL.
Court is dismissed.

With a slight frown, Sheriff Henderson stands. He watches the
boy's family embrace each other as they fall apart.

ON FRONT OF COURT

Judge Boyd retires to the back as the teen hugs his CRYING family and says his goodbyes.

ON SCENE

Sheriff Henderson continues to watch as the teen's family walks past him. They have to assist the teen's mother as they exit the rear of the courtroom. Beat.

Sheriff Henderson follows.

INT. LAW OFFICE - DEPOSITION ROOM - DAY

Tonya continues being deposed on camera.

LAWYER (O.S.)

Do you recall ever disciplining Ethan for--for...anything?.

TONYA

Uh--uh, sometimes I would take little things away from him--or--or we would just discuss the problems.

She looks uncomfortable. Waits for the next question. Beat.

LAWYER (O.S.)

When is the last time you recall disciplining Ethan for...anything?

She glances at the floor then looks around. *Thinking.*

She shakes her head as she says...

TONYA

I--I don't remember.

EXT. FORT WORTH, TEXAS - DOLLAR GENERAL - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Late night, near-empty parking lot, Ethan, now sixteen, sits in his truck, staring out the windshield. Wearing a ball cap, turned backward. Beat.

TITLE CARD: FEBRUARY 2013

A HALF-NAKED GIRL (14) raises her head up from his lap. He gently pushes her aside and opens the truck door.

Unzipped pants, he staggers a few steps then relieves himself against the sidewall of the store.

Behind him, red and blue lights begin to flash.

ON POLICE CAR

A POLICE OFFICER (30) steps out of his car.

ON SCENE

Ethan zips up his pants. Turns to the officer. The officer shines his flashlight on Ethan's face.

OFFICER

What'd ya think you're doing, son?

Ethan squints his eyes due to the light.

ETHAN

The fuck does it look like I'm doing?

With a frown, the officer bolts over to Ethan and grabs his arm. Pulls him to Ethan's truck.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

What the fuck, man?

The officer shines his flashlight

INSIDE THE TRUCK

A bottle of vodka and beer cans sit in the seat. Beside it, the drunk, half-naked girl slumps over. *Near passed out.*

ON SCENE

OFFICER

(to Ethan)

Up against the truck.

He pushes Ethan against the truck. Frisks him.

ETHAN

Fuck you...you fuckin' pig.

The officer finishes frisking him and cuffs him.

INT. DOLLAR GENERAL - PARKING LOT - POLICE CAR - NIGHT

Ethan sits in the back of the police car with the door open.

Tonya approaches from her parked car. The officer walks up.

OFFICER

Ma'am?--

TONYA

(pointing)

Why is he in the back of your car?
What--what has he done?

OFFICER

Ma'am? Your son--

Tonya approaches Ethan. *Sad face.*

TONYA

What did he do?

She rubs his hair. Reaches in and hugs him.

TONYA (CONT'D)

(whispers to Ethan)

Everything's gonna be all right.

OFFICER

He was found here urinating in the
parking lot. There's alcohol in his
truck.

Tonya stays focused on Ethan.

TONYA

(to Ethan)

I didn't know you snuck out.

ETHAN

What do you mean I snuck out?...I-I
told you I was--

TONYA

Well, you're not going to tell your
dad that after you go out drinking
and doing this--

ETHAN

I drank one beer--

TONYA

It doesn't matter.

She turns to the officer.

TONYA (CONT'D)

Sir, I take full responsibility for my son. I-I'll punish him.

OFFICER

Ma'am, he's broken several laws. Public lewdness, drunkenness, minor in possession of alcohol--

TONYA

Please, I'll take care of this. Uh, uh, his father and I will take care of this.

The officer SIGHS. He gets out his pad.

OFFICER

I'm going to cite him for only consumption and possession. Y'all will need to deal with this at the municipal court--

TONYA

So you're not arresting him?

The officer looks her in the eye. Shakes his head.

OFFICER

Not tonight. If I catch him again--

TONYA

You won't, officer. I'll make sure of that.

The officer continues filling out the citation.

LAWYER (V.O.)

(deposition)

Did you ask him where he got the alcohol--vodka in the truck?

Tonya caresses Ethan's hair as he sits in the police car.

INT. LAW OFFICE - DEPOSITION ROOM - DAY

Tonya continues being deposed. Answers the question.

TONYA

No, I-I guess I should have--but, I-I did not.

LAWYER (O.S.)
So, what happened to the fourteen-year-old girl in the truck?

TONYA
That morning?--

LAWYER (O.S.)
Yes. At the Dollar General. The girl who was in the truck with Ethan--

TONYA
(dismissive)
I-I don't know. Her mom picked her up, I assume. I-I guess...I-I don't know.

Silence. Beat.

LAWYER (O.S.)
So, he was in violation of five different laws that night. And--and because of this incident, he was ordered to complete an Alcohol Awareness course and--and, also, do eight hours of community service? Is that correct?

Tonya nods.

LAWYER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Did he complete these--

Tonya hesitates then shakes her head.

TONYA
No--no. We--we didn't complete the community service.

Silence. She looks around. Waiting for next question. Beat.

LAWYER (O.S.)
You understood--did you not--that...he was likely to continue the drinking and driving if there weren't consequences?

Tonya nodding. Tearful.

TONYA
I-I should have known that. Yes.

Tonya nods aggressively through her tears.

TONYA (CONT'D)
But, I-I really didn't think that
would happen again.

EXT. BURLESON, TEXAS - COUCH'S BURLESON HOUSE - DAY

Fred approaches the front door of the residence. He spots a
beer can in the grass. He picks it up. Enters the house.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Fred walks in and searches the living room for Ethan.

FRED
Ethan?

As he wanders the living room, it looks like his mom has
moved out. Pictures are gone. Furniture has changed, and the
place is a mess. *Frat house messy.*

Fred walks down the hall and into Ethan's room.

INT. ETHAN'S ROOM

Fred enters the messy room. Ethan's asleep, face down on the
bed.

FRED
Hey?...Get up.

Fred lightly kicks Ethan's legs. Ethan, groggy, slowly gets
up. Annoyed...

ETHAN
What?

FRED
Found this in the yard.

Fred tosses the crushed can at him. Ethan flinches.

ETHAN
Shit.

FRED
I don't want you and your friends
turning this place into a fucking
frat house. You hear me?

Silence.

FRED (CONT'D)

Now that you and your mom are moved
back in with me, we gotta sell this
place...and it looks like shit.

(points)

Clean this place up!

Ethan looks away. Shakes his head in disbelief.

FRED (CONT'D)

Well?

Fred points at the beer can that landed the floor.

ETHAN

It wasn't me. Someone just brought
it over. I-I don't know--

Fred glares. Shakes his head and exits.

INT. LAW OFFICE - DEPOSITION ROOM - DAY

Ethan sits silent in front of the camera. Waiting.

LAWYER (O.S.)

Was there always alcohol at the
Burleson house? After your mom and
dad got back together?

Ethan hesitates.

ETHAN

I mean. Not always.

LAWYER (O.S.)

But, frequently?

ETHAN

(nodding)

Yeah, mostly.

LAWYER

And, your father didn't mind?

ETHAN

I mean, he did, but...he never
really stopped it.

LAWYER (O.S.)

Along with alcohol, have you ever--
uh--have you ever taken any drugs?
Narcotics?

Ethan stares forward. Thinking.

ETHAN

Uh...I-I've taken...Valium,
Hydrocodone, Marijuana, Cocaine,
Xanax, Vyvanse--

He pauses.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

I-I think I tried Ecstasy
once...Pretty sure that's it.

Silence. Beat.

LAWYER (O.S.)

Let's go back to the day of the
accident, June fifteenth of this
year.

Ethan shifts in his seat a bit as he nods.

EXT. FORT WORTH, TEXAS - CLEBURNE SHEET METAL - DAY

Ethan and Garrett walk out of a large warehouse. On the side is a large sign: *Cleburne Sheet Metal*. They walk toward Ethan's red F350 truck.

TITLE CARD: SATURDAY, JUNE 15, 2013

Garrett gets a text. Looks at it on his phone. Beat.

He texts back - types on his phone.

GARRETT

Starr wants us to pick her up.

Ethan nods. They continue toward the pickup.

ETHAN

Let's get some friends to come over
to my place.

GARRETT

Your dad won't care?

ETHAN

Dude, it's your fucking birthday.
Don't worry about it.

Garrett smiles. They continue to the truck.

EXT. BURLESON, TX - FRONT YARD - BOYLE'S HOME - DAY

The same house on the road of the accident scene, but now looks pristine in the light of day with a green, manicured yard and a black mailbox by the driveway close to the road.

A car pulls into the driveway and parks. SHELBY BOYLES (21), a pretty, bubbly nursing student, gets out of the car.

INT. BOYLES' HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Shelby opens the front door and quietly enters. She sets her bag down and sneaks down the hall.

INT. HALLWAY

She tiptoes down the hallway. Glances into her room.

IN HER BEDROOM

HOLLIE BOYLES (42), Shelby's mom, puts sheets on her bed.

ON SCENE

Shelby looks in their parent's bedroom. No one there.

INT. KITCHEN

ERIC BOYLES (50), a big teddy bear type with glasses, stands at the sink. Rinsing dishes. Placing them in the dishwasher.

Shelby sneaks up behind him. Grabs him for a hug.

Eric smiles as he realizes it's his daughter.

ERIC

Sweetie! You're home earlier than we thought.

SHELBY

Happy Father's day, daddy.

Puts his arm around her as she hugs him.

ERIC

That's not til tomorrow--

SHELBY

Just getting an early start.

Hollie walks into the kitchen. Watches and smiles.

INT. FRED COUCH'S FORT WORTH HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Tonya wanders around the very luxurious chef-style kitchen. Glass of wine in hand. A small flatscreen TV on the counter plays cable news.

On the TV, a news program discussing the George Zimmerman trial. George Zimmerman in an orange jumpsuit is on the TV as a reporter discusses the case...

REPORTER (O.S.)

The George Zimmerman trial began this week. Zimmerman is charged with killing African-American teen Trayvon Martin in February of last year...Jury selection--

Tonya changes the channel with a remote. Changes to E! News.

ON TV

Lindsay Lohan is walking the red carpet. *Nice dress.*

E! NEWS HOST (O.S.)

Lindsay Lohan entered rehab in Newport Beach last month...

ON SCENE

Tonya looks interested. Watches. Beat.

E! NEWS HOST (O.S.) (CONT'D)

It was the start of her ninety-day sentence--

Ethan and Garrett walk in. She mutes the TV.

TONYA

Hey, boys.

ETHAN

Mom, I'm gonna get the grill out at your place. Some friends are gonna come by--

TONYA

You better ask your dad first--

Ethan snarls as he opens the large, well-stocked Sub-Zero.

ETHAN

He won't care.

(thinking)

I gotta get it ready for Father's Day tomorrow anyway.

TONYA

You still need to ask him--

ETHAN

Fine...Shit.

Ethan grabs a couple of sodas. Closes the fridge. They exit.

INT. JENNING'S HOME - STUDY - DAY

Brian Jennings, youth pastor, works on his service notes for Sunday school. He sits at a desk, Bible opened, and typing on his iPad. Beat.

His wife, SHAUNNA JENNINGS (40), enters. Leans over and puts her arms around him. He pats her arm.

SHAUNNA

How's it going?

BRIAN

Good.

SHAUNNA

We should do something nice for the McConnell's for throwing this party for Evan.

BRIAN

Absolutely. We should.

EVAN JENNINGS (18), his son, walks in. Shaunna smiles at him as she exits.

EVAN

Dad? What time are we leaving for the party?

Brian finishes typing and turns to Evan.

BRIAN

Around seven I think. I'm gonna go pickup some tables and chairs from the church in a bit.

Brian stands up. Puts his arm around his son.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
Proud of you, Ev...Don't forget to
thank Kevin tonight.

Evan nods as they exit the study.

INT. COUCH'S BURLESON HOUSE - ETHAN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Ethan sits on the floor, typing on his phone. STARR (15) lays
on his bed. She is looking at her phone.

Garrett, in a towel, walks in from the bathroom, drying his
hair with another towel.

ETHAN
Avery's coming by.

GARRETT
Anybody else?

ETHAN
Don't know yet...Let's get some
beer on the way.

Garrett nods. Starr doesn't look up from her phone.

EXT. SHERIFF HENDERSON'S HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

Sheriff Henderson, in casual, summer clothes, opens the
fridge and grabs a Shiner longneck. Pops the top off as his
wife, JANET (50), enters.

Sheriff Henderson SIGHS.

SHERIFF HENDERSON
Do we have to go to this thing?

Janet looks cross at him.

JANET
Of course, Dan. You've known John
for a long time. His retirement's a
big deal.

Sheriff Henderson takes a sip of his beer.

SHERIFF HENDERSON
I guess. Been a long week. An
evening at home with you sounds
better.

JANET

We won't stay long. We'll make an appearance, eat some bbq, then head home to spend the rest of the evening together.

She kisses him on the cheek then exits.

He frowns a bit as he takes another sip.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Ethan opens the front door. AVERY (19) walks in. He and Ethan grasp hands. *Bro handshake.*

AVERY

What's up, man?

ETHAN

Not much. Good to see ya.

They walk toward the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN

Garrett sits at the table with Starr on his lap. She's still glued to her phone.

Avery and Ethan enter the kitchen.

AVERY

(nods to Starr)

Hey, Starr.

(to Garrett)

Happy birthday, bro.

Avery bro handshakes Garrett.

GARRETT

Thanks, man.

Ethan grabs four shot glasses from the cabinet. Sets them on the counter.

He grabs a bottle of liquor from a bottom cabinet. *Everclear.*

Garrett and Avery approach the counter. Starr sits at the table. Looks over at the shots.

STARR

No fucking way.

GARRETT
Come on, it's my birthday.

STARR
No. Last weekend was enough for me
for a while.

Ethan CHUCKLES as he pours. Garrett shakes his head.
The boys grab their shot glasses. Downs them.
Ethan holds out a shot to her. She ignores him. Beat.
Ethan downs it. Slams the shot glass down. The boys LAUGH.

INT. RED F350 PICKUP TRUCK - CAB - MOVING - DAY

Ethan drives. Avery is in the passenger seat. Garrett is in the rear with Starr next to him.

The radio is LOUD. Ethan is driving fast.

Starr looks up from her phone. Talks over the radio.

STARR
Can you please slow down?

Ethan smirks at her. Avery CHUCKLES.

EXT. KELLER, TX - SOCCER FIELD - CONTINUOUS

The red F350 pickup passes a freshly mowed soccer field.

INT. RED F350 PICKUP TRUCK - CAB - MOVING

Ethan looks out his window. Smiles. Turns the steering wheel.

EXT. SOCCER FIELD

The truck drives onto the soccer field and does doughnuts.

INT. RED F350 PICKUP TRUCK - CAB - MOVING

Ethan LAUGHS. The guys smile. Starr doesn't look impressed.

STARR
What the fuck, Ethan?

He doesn't pay attention to her. Keeps turning the wheel.

EXT. SOCCER FIELD

The truck continues doing doughnuts. Leaves rips and tracks in the grass.

INT. ALSBURY BAPTIST CHURCH - GYMNASIUM - DAY

Youth Pastor Brian enters the gymnasium and approaches folding chairs up against the wall.

A young teen, MARCUS (16), plays basketball alone. Brian approaches him.

Brian rebounds a missed basket by Marcus. Bounce passes it back to him.

BRIAN
Your shot's looking good.

Marcus smiles as he shoots another. Makes it.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
Nothing but net.

Brian smiles as he bounce passes it back to him.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
Everything going all right, Marcus?

Marcus nods. Silent. Keeps shooting baskets. Beat.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
Marcus? What's going on?

Marcus stops. Dribbles the basketball then holds it.

MARCUS
Just...parents were fighting so I
thought I'd come practice a
bit...Hope that's ok?

BRIAN
Of course.

Near the basket, Brian holds out his hands for the ball. Marcus bounce passes it to him. Brian does a layup. Retrieves the ball.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
Marriages aren't perfect. They take
a lot of work. Believe me, I know.
(MORE)

BRIAN (CONT'D)

I think sometimes kids don't understand. There's a lot of stress in parent's lives.

Brian passes the ball to Marcus.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

I know your parents. They're good people. I know they have God at the center of their marriage. And, they love you tremendously--

Marcus shoots the ball. Brian rebounds it.

MARCUS

I know they do.

BRIAN

(quoting scripture)

"Let your words always be gracious, seasoned with salt."

Marcus stops. Looks at Brian slightly confused.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Be respectful...Love them. Don't take a side. If needed, forgive them. Most of all...pray for them.

Marcus nods. Brian approaches him. They side-hug. Beat.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Now, can I get your help? Need to load up some chairs in my truck.

MARCUS

Sure thing.

Brian nods and puts his arm around Marcus as they walk toward the chairs.

BRIAN

Coming to Sunday school in the morning?

Marcus nods as they approach the chairs.

INT. LAW OFFICE - DEPOSITION ROOM - DAY

Ethan continues the deposition. Still in front of the camera.

LAWYER (O.S.)
Do you remember how much you had to
drink that night?

Ethan looks up. Thinking. Beat.

ETHAN
I-I don't remember.

Ethan shakes his head. Beat.

INT. RED F350 PICKUP TRUCK - CAB - PARKED

Ethan, Avery, and Starr wait in the truck as Garrett and FOUR
MALE FRIENDS walk from the truck into Wal-Mart. One of the
male friends is a hispanic teen named SERGIO MOLINA (15).

EXT. WAL-MART - ENTRANCE

The five guys enter into Wal-Mart.

INT. WAL-MART - GROCERY SECTION - SAME TIME

KEVIN MCCONNELL (40) pushes a basket as his son, LUCAS (13),
walks beside him.

Kevin points.

KEVIN
Ok, let's grab some cokes. Two
twelve packs should do it.

Lucas grabs the soda and puts it in the basket.

Kevin looks at his wrist-watch.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
Gotta hurry. Everyone's gonna be
there in about an hour.

LUCAS
What time is Evan getting there?

KEVIN
Same time as everyone, I guess.

They continue walking and shopping.

INT. WAL-MART - GROCERY SECTION

Garrett and the four boys approach the beer aisle.

Garrett nods his head toward the aisle. They all walk down the aisle.

Three of them grab a twelve-pack of beer. They all walk away.

INT. WAL-MART - CHECKOUT

Kevin and Lucas approach the checkout line with the basket.

They stop and get in line behind another CUSTOMER.

Lucas grabs a candy bar. Big eyes, he shows it to his dad.

His dad smiles and nods. Lucas grins. Drops it in the basket.

INT. FORT WORTH, TX - KIMBELL ART MUSEUM - NIGHT

An elegant evening at the art museum as they debut a new exhibit. A large sign says: *Wari: Lords of the Ancient Andes*.

Classical music plays as nicely-dressed ART LOVERS wander the museum floor holding champagne flutes.

INT. MUSEUM BANQUET

Breanna, in an upscale chef's outfit that barely hides her MARILYN MONROE TATTOO, carries a serving tray into the museum banquet room. Other SERVERS assist as MUSEUM-GOERS pick from the buffet and put food on their small plates.

As she turns a corner, a hurried SERVER almost runs into her causing her to drop the tray of chicken. It falls and SPLATTERS the ground beneath her. She SIGHS.

The server grits his teeth. Looks at her, but keeps moving.

Breanna stares at the mess. *Been that kind of night.*

INT. MUSUEM KITCHEN

She walks into the busy kitchen carrying the tray of floor chicken. She dumps it into the trash and sets the tray with the other dirty dishes.

She returns to her post as other CHEFS prepare food. She chats with a FEMALE CHEF next to her.

BREANNA

A whole tray of chicken ruined.

Her friend smiles. Grabs Breanna's shoulder. Squeezes it.

FEMALE CHEF

That marinade on the chicken was wonderful though. I snuck a taste when you were taking the tray out--

BREANNA

Thanks. Turned out better than I thought it would.

FEMALE CHEF

Tough night...What are you up to after work? Wanna go grab a drink?

Breanna continues cooking.

BREANNA

That sounds wonderful, but no...I'm exhausted. Going home to crash on my bed. Next weekend?

FEMALE CHEF

(nods)
How's your mom doing?

BREANNA

She's fine. Think I'll go to church with her in the morning. If I can wake up in time.

Her chef friend smiles as she returns to her cooking.

INT. BOYLE'S HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Hollie FRIES CHICKEN at the stove, and her daughter, Shelby, puts some rolls on a baking sheet.

SHELBY

Mom, what temperature?

Shelby picks up the baking sheet and approaches the oven.

Hollie steps to the oven. Presses in the temp and starts it.

HOLLIE

There you go, sweetie. Three-hundred should work. Probably, fifteen minutes or so.

Shelby puts the rolls into the oven. Hollie steps back over to the chicken.

Eric walks into the kitchen. He kisses Shelby on the cheek and approaches the stove.

ERIC

Oooooo, what do we have here?

Eric sticks his finger into a pot of mashed potatoes.

HOLLIE

Eric? No! Stop that.

She smiles and shakes her head. Grinning, Eric licks his finger as Shelby CHUCKLES.

Shelby approaches the pot. Sticks her finger in and then licks it. She smiles at her dad.

Hollie shakes her head.

HOLLIE (CONT'D)

You two. I swear. Like father, like daughter.

Eric, smiling, grabs Shelby and pulls her in for a side hug.

INT. WAL-MART - BACK OF STORE - CONTINUOUS

Garrett, carrying a twelve-pack, looks around as the other boys follow him.

Garrett spots a fire exit.

GARRETT

This way.

They all walk toward the fire exit.

INT. RED F350 PICKUP TRUCK - CAB - PARKED

Ethan gets a text. Looks at it and then STARTS THE TRUCK.

EXT. BURLESON, TX - WAL-MART - PARKING LOT

Ethan drives the truck past the front entrance.

As he passes, Kevin and his son Lucas exit the store and push the basket toward the parking lot.

INT. WAL-MART - BACK OF STORE

Garrett and the boys quickly exit through the fire exit.

EXT. WAL-MART - SIDE OF BUILDING

Just as Garrett and the others exit the fire exit. Ethan pulls his truck up to them.

LAUGHING, they all pile into the truck with their beer stash.

Ethan speeds away.

INT. MCCONNELL HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT

Kevin McConnell answers the door. Brian Jennings enters.

BRIAN
Hey, brother.

KEVIN
Hey, BJ.

Kevin smiles as they hug. *Manly, back-slapping hug.*

BRIAN
Thanks for doing this, Kev. Evan is so excited about it.

KEVIN
No worries. He's a part of our family too.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Brian walks into the living room under a party banner that says: *Congratulations! Class of 2013.*

Lucas, Kevin's son, drinks a soda while standing around with a few OTHER TEENS. They all turn to Brian and smile.

BRIAN
Ugliest party I've ever been to.

Brian CHUCKLES as Lucas and another teen shove Brian playfully.

Kevin walks into the living room with two black plastic chairs. He sets them down.

KEVIN

Hey, Lucas, BJ brought some more chairs and a table from the church. Can you go help us get them out of his truck?

LUCAS

Sure.

Brian rubs Lucas's hair, and they both walk out along with another teen, ISAIAH (14), to get the chairs.

INT. COUCH'S BURLESON HOUSE - NIGHT

Ethan and his seven friends sit around the living room drinking beer. Starr sits next to Garrett, leaning on him.

Pizza boxes sit on the coffee table.

Ethan pulls out a bong from under the table.

AVERY

(big smile)

Shit yeah.

Avery gets up and approaches Ethan. Ethan grins as he puts pot into the bong and lights it.

He puffs. Coughs and passes it along.

Avery puffs and passes it.

Garrett puts it in front of Starr.

STARR

No way.

She pushes it back to Garrett. He puffs and passes to the next friend.

AVERY

(to Ethan)

Dude, lets set up beer pong.

ETHAN

Fuck yeah.

They both get up. Grab their beers, and walk away.

INT. BOYLE'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Hollie and Shelby sit on the couch, watching a movie.

HOLLIE

You know? I don't remember the last time your father lasted an entire movie.

Shelby lovingly looks over at her snoozing pops.

ON ERIC

Eric, in a lazy boy, is reclined and sleeping soundly.

ON SCENE

SHELBY

I'm getting tired myself. Think I'll head to bed soon.

HOLLIE

(smiles)

Like father, like daughter.

Shelby gives her mom an evil eye and a smile. Hollie CHUCKLES.

INT. COUCH'S BURLESON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Ethan and Avery play beer pong as Garrett and others watch while holding beers. Beat.

Starr approaches Garrett. Whispers.

STARR

I need to go to the corner store.

GARRETT

Why? What do you need?

Big eyes, she stares. Tilts her head. *Doesn't want to say.*

GARRETT (CONT'D)

What?

STARR

Would you just take me?

Light bulb above Garrett's head.

GARRETT

Ooohhh! So, that's why you've been so bitchy tonight.

Starr punches Garrett's arm as he SNICKERS.

INT. MCCONNELL HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT

Brian, his son, Evan, Brian's wife, Shaunna, and Lucas clean up as the party has almost ended.

Brian grabs two chairs. Starts to walk out.

BRIAN

Lucas, you and Isaiah want to help me take the rest of these chairs back to the church? Your dad already left to take some.

Lucas nods.

LUCAS

Sure. Let me check with mom first.

Lucas walks the other way as Brian exits with the chairs.

INT. BREANNA'S SUV - CAB - MOVING - NIGHT

Late night, Breanna drives her SUV down a two-lane road. She's SINGING to MUSIC on the radio. Beat.

BOOM!

A tire blows. She swerves to try and control the white Mercury Mountaineer.

EXT. BREANNA'S SUV - MOVING

CRASH! She hits a mailbox, and the SUV comes to a stop.

INT. BOYLE'S HOME - LIVING ROOM

Hollie and Shelby hear the CRASH.

With concerned expressions, they jump up, walk to the front window, and scan through it.

HOLLIE

Eric?

Eric enters the living room and looks over at her.

HOLLIE (CONT'D)

Looks like someone broke down in front of our house.

SHELBY

Looks like they hit our mailbox.

Eric approaches the window. Looks out.

INT. BREANNA'S SUV - CAB

Breanna looks scared. Frantic. Beat.

She calms down. Frustrated. She EXHALES as she leans her head on the steering wheel.

EXT. BURLESON, TX - MCCONNELL HOUSE - DRIVEWAY

Brian, Lucas, and Isaiah finish loading up the chairs.

Shaunna watches. Brian approaches her.

BRIAN

Tell Kevin I have Lucas...Love you.

Shaunna nods. Brian kisses her on the cheek.

EXT. BURLESON-REATTA ROAD - BOYLE'S HOME - FRONT YARD - NIGHT

Breanna's white Mercury Mountaineer, with a blown tire and airbags deployed, sits on the grass on the edge of the road and the home's front lawn.

She gets out the driver-side door. She's still dressed in her upscale catering uniform. Disoriented a bit.

She grabs her head as a bit of blood runs down.

She closes the door. SIGHS. Near tearful as she surveys the damage and the knocked over mailbox. *Yes, tough night.*

The porch light of the Boyle's home turns on. She notices.

INT. COUCH'S BURLESON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Ethan continues his beer pong game with his friends.

Garrett approaches him.

GARRETT
Hey man, need your keys.

Ethan's eyelids are a bit sluggish. *Wasted.*

ETHAN
Why?

GARRETT
Starr needs to go to the store.

ETHAN
(slurs a bit)
No, you can't drive my dad's truck.
He'll kill me...I'll take you.

GARRETT
Dude, you're too wasted.

ETHAN
Fuck you. You are too.

GARRETT
Not as bad, man.

Starr walks up.

STARR
Ethan, no fucking way am I getting
in the truck with you so fucked up.

Ethan gets a bit angry.

ETHAN
Then nobody goes--

STARR
Ethan, don't be a dick.

Ethan walks over and grabs the keys. Starr SIGHS.

Garrett and Starr walk toward Ethan.

Garrett and Starr pass Ethan out the door. Ethan turns to the rest of the party.

ETHAN
Hey, everyone needs to come. I
can't leave anyone here alone.

Ethan walks out the door.

Avery and the others begrudgingly follow. Sergio stops Avery.

SERGIO

Avery, I-I don't know about this.
He's really--

AVERY

I know, but we aren't going far.

INT. LAW OFFICE - DEPOSITION ROOM - DAY

Ethan continues being deposed.

LAWYER (O.S.)

Do you...do you remember pulling
out of your driveway?

ETHAN

No...Not really--I-I have, like,
this picture in my head of just...
turning out of the driveway, but--
but that's--that's it.

EXT. BURLESON-REATTA ROAD - BOYLE'S HOME - FRONT YARD - NIGHT

Hollie and Shelby inspect the SUV damage and downed mailbox
with Breanna.

BREANNA

Oh my, God. I am so, so sorry.

HOLLIE

Oh, honey, it's all right.

BREANNA

No, really. I am so sorry.

Shelby pats Breanna's shoulder.

SHELBY

It's ok--

HOLLIE

Yes, as long as you're ok.

Breanna nods.

BREANNA

I guess I should call my mom.

Breanna pulls out her cell phone.

EXT. RED F350 PICKUP TRUCK - PARKED

Ethan staggers to the truck. Sergio and another teen get in the pickup bed.

After the kids get in the truck, Ethan grabs a box fan from the porch.

He throws it down to the ground.

SMASH!

It breaks into multiple pieces as Ethan LAUGHS. Looks up at his friends to see if they are impressed. *They aren't.*

INT. RED F350 PICKUP TRUCK - CAB

Garrett and Starr sit in the backseat with one of the boys.

Avery and the other boy squeezes into the cab.

Ethan opens the driver door but drops the keys before getting in. Starr SIGHS.

STARR

Garrett, he really shouldn't--

GARRETT

Stop. He'll be fine. We aren't going that far. I've seen him drive in a lot worse shape.

Starr eyes Garrett as Ethan gets in and closes the door.

STARR

And that's supposed to make me feel better?

GARRETT

It'll be fine. Trust me.

Starr gives up. Sits back as Ethan starts the truck.

INT. BRIAN JENNING'S TRUCK - CAB - MOVING - NIGHT

Brian drives as Lucas and Isaiah sit in the back seat.

He spots Breanna's SUV on the side of the road. Slows down. Scans out the window as he passes her SUV.

ON WHITE SUV

Hollie, Shelby, Eric, and Breanna stand in front of the SUV.

ON SCENE

Brian pulls over. Parks the truck just down past the SUV.

He turns to the boys in the backseat.

BRIAN
Boys, sit tight. Keep your
seatbelts on...I'm gonna see if
they need some help. Be right back.

Brian gets out of the truck. Closes the door.

EXT. BURLERSON-REATTA ROAD - BOYLE'S HOME - FRONT YARD - NIGHT

Breanna is on her cell.

BREANNA
(into phone)
Yeah, mom. I-I don't know. The
people who live here came out to
help--

Hollie steps close to Breanna. Rubs her back and speaks loud
to reassure Breanna's mother.

HOLLIE
She's in good hands. We're gonna
take care of her til you get here.

ON ERIC AND HOLLIE

ERIC
(to Hollie)
I'm gonna take the mailbox up to
the house.

Hollie nods as Eric grabs the mailbox and drags it up.

ON SCENE

Brian approaches Hollie and Shelby.

BRIAN
Hey, everything all right?

INT. RED F350 PICKUP TRUCK - CAB - MOVING - NIGHT

Ethan drives fast. Getting faster.

STARR

Slow the fuck down, Ethan.

GARRETT

Yeah, dude. Seriously.

Ethan, annoyed, starts swerving. LAUGHING.

AVERY

Shit, dude. You're gonna fuckin'
kill us.

ON CAR HEADLIGHTS

In the other lane, a car in the distance approaches.

ON SCENE

Ethan swerves into their lane. Playing chicken.

STARR

Ethan! Stop it. Get over!

Ethan LAUGHS.

EXT. BURLESON-REATTA ROAD - BOYLE'S HOME - FRONT YARD - NIGHT

Brian, Hollie, and Shelby all stand in front of Breanna's SUV. CHATTING.

Breanna is still on her phone.

BRIAN

(to Breanna)

You're gonna be all right...Let me
say something to her?

Breanna nods and hands the phone to Brian.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

(into the phone)

Hi...Mrs. Mitchell?...she's in good
hands here--

INT. MARLA MITCHELL'S SEDAN - MOVING

MARLA MITCHELL (50), Breanna's mother, holds her cell phone to her ear as she drives her car.

MARLA
So, she's really ok?

INTERCUT -- PHONE CONVERSATION

BRIAN
Yeah, I think so.
(glances in the SUV)
Looks like the airbags deployed--

MARLA
Is she bleeding at all or hurt in any way?

BRIAN
(looks at Breanna)
She hit her head. A little blood from that. Might have a concussion, but she's standing. Walking around. We'll keep an eye on her until you get here.

MARLA
Thank you so much. I'm on my way there now. Have her text me the exact location?

BRIAN
Ok...ok...see you soon.

Brian hands the phone to Breanna. She puts it up to her ear.

END INTERCUT.

EXT. RED F350 PICKUP TRUCK - MOVING - NIGHT

Ethan's truck blazes down the road. Headlights shine bright. The ENGINE ROARS as he drives faster and faster.

EXT. BURLESON-REATTA ROAD - BOYLE'S HOME - FRONT YARD - NIGHT

Breanna continues talking to her mother.

BREANNA
Ok, just sent it. Did you get it?

INT. MARLA MITCHELL'S SEDAN - MOVING

Marla continues driving.

INTERCUT -- PHONE CONVERSATION

MARLA

Got it.

BREANNA

(sighs)

It's wrecked pretty bad...Airbags--

MARLA

We can get it fixed--

BREANNA

No, but mom, it's messed up pretty bad--

MARLA

It's replaceable. As long as you're ok...I'm crossing the bridge now and will be there soon.

BREANNA

Ok, mom. I love you. Please hurry.

END INTERCUT.

EXT. BURLESON-REATTA ROAD - BOYLE'S HOME - FRONT YARD - NIGHT

As Breanna talks on her phone, Brian, Hollie, and Shelby glance up. Spot Ethan's truck. It quickly swerves back to the right. Into the ditch now. Headed for them. Fast.

ON BRIGHT HEADLIGHTS

Headlights get brighter and brighter.

INT. BOYLE'S HOME - LIVING ROOM

Eric walks into the living room.

BOOM!

The sound of the crash startles him.

INT. MARLA MITCHELL'S SEDAN - MOVING

Marla hears a NOISE on the phone, but loses connection with Breanna.

MARLA
Breanna?

Marla looks at her cell phone. She looks a bit surprised, but sets the phone down. Continues to drive.

INT. BOYLE'S HOME - LIVING ROOM

Eric bolts to the window. Looks out.

He grabs his phone. Dials nine-one-one.

SMASH CUT TO:

ON WRECK

Multiple bodies and body parts lay in the road and some in the ditch between the wrecked automobiles.

Ethan's red F350 truck is flipped over by a tree. Crushed.

Brian's white truck is smashed in the rear sitting in the ditch. One of the church's table hangs out it's truck bed.

Breanna's SUV is further up the road and collided with another oncoming car.

INT. BOYLE'S HOME - LIVING ROOM

Eric walks to the front door. On the phone.

ERIC
(into phone)
Uh, there's a multi-car accident
out in front of my house.

Eric exits his home.

INT. MCONNEL'S TRUCK - CAB - MOVING - NIGHT

Lucas's dad, Kevin McConnell, listens to the RADIO as he drives. Beat.

He spots something ahead in the road. He squints. Slows down.

ON ROAD

The crashed cars. Twisted metal. Broken black plastic chairs and other debris line the road.

EXT. BURLESON-REATTA ROAD - BOYLE'S HOME - FRONT YARD - NIGHT

Eric approaches the scene. He doesn't see anyone.

ERIC
Hollie?...Shelby?

He keeps walking toward the wreck.

EXT. MCCONNELL'S CAR - PARKED

Kevin gets out. Leaves door open. Looks down at the chairs when he passes them. He recognizes them.

ON CHAIRS

Broken black plastic chairs from their party are all over the road. He picks a piece up.

ON SCENE

He looks at the chair. Sets it back down. Scans the road.

EXT. BURLESON-REATTA ROAD - BOYLE'S HOME - FRONT YARD - NIGHT

Eric walks on the street.

ERIC
Hollie? Shelby?

As he approaches the ditch, he freezes. Beat.

SMASH CUT TO:

IN DITCH NEXT TO THE ROAD

Hollie lays close to the road in the ditch. Bloody. Not moving. Obviously gone. *Reported that she was cut in half.*

ON SCENE

Eric paces faster. Starts breathing heavier. His eyes fixate on Hollie. His mouth gapes. Complete shock. Beat.

He quickly looks up. Remembering his daughter's out here somewhere. He scans all around.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Shelby?...Sweetie?

Eric moves fast. Looking all around for her. *Frantic.*

ON KEVIN

Kevin looks around and finds Brian's body. It's not far from Brian's truck. Kevin jogs to him.

ON SCENE

Neighbors start gathering around. Some are on their phones.

ON KEVIN

Kevin kneels next to Brian, checks for a pulse. Nothing. He SIGHS. Beat.

He hears a familiar voice coming from near Brian's truck.

LUCAS (O.S.)
(crying)
Dad?...Dad?

Kevin turns. Looks toward Brian's truck.

ON LUCAS

He spots his son Lucas approaching.

KEVIN
Lucas.

ON SCENE

He runs to meet his son. Looks him over. Lucas is a bit bloody. Has pieces of Brian's rear windshield on his shoulders.

Kevin, teary eyes, wipes the glass off and hugs him.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
Are you all right?

Lucas doesn't answer. He looks around at the wreckage. Shock.
Kevin dials nine-one-one on his phone.

ON ERIC

Eric stands frozen. Staring at something as the life in his face drains further. *Absolute nightmare for a father.*

SMASH CUT TO:

ON FENCE

Other side of the ditch, Shelby's body is splayed on a fence. Bloody. Mangled.

ON ERIC

He stares at the fence. In shock. He doesn't know if he wants to approach her.

He can hardly stand. Legs are wobbly. He sits on the road. Grabs his head in despair.

ON KEVIN

Kevin talks to nine-one-one. Isaiah joins Lucas by his dad.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
(into phone)
There's been a car accident.

Lucas spots Brian's body.

LUCAS
(crying)
Oh, my God.

KEVIN
(to Lucas and Isaiah)
I need you to sit here! And, I need you guys to pray...ok?

Lucas walks close to the bloody body on the road.

LUCAS
 (crying)
 Who...who is that?!

Phone still to his ear, Kevin grabs Lucas's shoulder.

KEVIN
 (to Lucas)
 I-I don't know, son. Don't look.
 Don't look. Just-just sit down. Sit
 down and pray.

Kevin listens while scanning the area. Beat.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
 (into phone)
 Uh, one...two...three...multiple--

Kevin continues scanning.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
 (into phone)
 I-I don't even know how many.

ON SCENE

Other cars start showing up. Parking.

EXT. BURLESON-REATTA ROAD - DOWN THE ROAD - NIGHT

Ethan walks down the street. Fleeing the scene with the flashing lights behind. As he walks, Breanna's mother's sedan approaches. Slows down.

EXT. MARLA MITCHELL'S SEDAN - STOPPED

Marla rolls down the window. Looks at Ethan.

MARLA
 Are you all right, son?

Ethan just shakes his head. Points...

ETHAN
 You, you don't wanna go that way.
 Nothing good happening down there.

Marla looks a bit confused. Ethan keeps walking as Marla begins to drive again. Headed toward the flashing lights.

EXT. BURLESON-REATTA ROAD - BOYLE'S HOME - FRONT YARD - NIGHT

Brian's wife, Shaunna, gets out of her car. She has a look of concern. From behind her driver's door, she scans the scene - Spots Brian's truck.

ON BRIAN'S TRUCK

Brian's truck is in the ditch. Rear-end is crushed.

ON SCENE

She slowly walks. Beat.

She spots Kevin kneeling next to a bloody body.

She stops. Freezes briefly then runs toward Brian.

ON KEVIN

Kevin is performing CPR on Brian's body.

ON SHAUNNA

She rushes toward them. Covering her mouth as she runs.

ON KEVIN

He pops up and grabs her before she can get to Brian.

KEVIN

Shaunna, no. Stop. I-I've already called nine-one-one. Help's on the way.

ON SHAUNNA

Shaunna bursts into tears. Pulls away from Kevin and goes to her husband. Ambulance lights flash in the background.

ON SCENE

Brian's kids, Evan, his other SON, and his DAUGHTER run toward their mother.

Multiple PARAMEDICS run frantically around trying to find who they can save.

ON ERIC

Eric wanders around. Trance-like state. Still in shock.

ON KEVIN

Kevin holds his son, Lucas. Lucas CRIES.

ON SHAUNNA

Shaunna hugs her three kids. They all CRY near their father.

EXT. MARLA MITCHELL'S SEDAN - PARKED

Marla gets out of her car and frantically runs to the scene. She starts calling out for her daughter.

MARLA

Breanna?

She wanders around. Scanning.

MARLA (CONT'D)

Breanna?

She spots her daughter's SUV and runs to it. An EMT quickly approaches her.

EMT

Ma'am? Who are you? Do you need help?

MARLA

No...no. I-I'm fine...I-I'm looking for my daughter...Breanna?

The EMT rushes away to help someone else. Marla continues to scan for her daughter. She spots a body in the ditch.

She slowly approaches.

ON DITCH

Breanna, her daughter's body, lies in the ditch. Face down. No legs.

ON SCENE

Marla covers her mouth as she slowly approaches the body. She looks down at her daughter.

ON BREANNA'S BODY

Her MARILYN MONROE TATTOO is visible on the back of her neck.

ON SCENE

Marla kneels next to her daughter. CRYING, she caresses her daughter's hair. Beat.

INT. SHERIFF HENDERSON'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Sheriff Henderson sits on a Lazy-Boy in his living room with a longneck in hand.

Most of the lights are out as he watches an old black and white gangster film. *Something about Prohibition.*

His wife, Janet, hair up, in a long nightgown, rubs lotion on her hands and arms as she enters the living room.

Janet quickly sits on Dan's lap. He smiles as he GRIMACES.

She smiles as she takes his beer. Takes a sip.

JANET

What are we watching?

SHERIFF HENDERSON

Cagney.

JANET

I don't think I've seen this one.

They watch briefly. Beat.

She sets his beer down. She picks up the remote on a small table by his chair. Turns off the TV.

SHERIFF HENDERSON

Hey, I was--

JANET

It's late...

She caresses his cheek.

JANET (CONT'D)
Past your bedtime, old man.

She looks into his eyes with obvious intentions. He smiles.

SHERIFF HENDERSON
I guess it is.

As they get up, his cell phone starts VIBRATING on the table next to the TV remote.

Janet SIGHS. He begrudgingly smiles at her. *She's been through this before.*

He picks up the cell phone and answers it.

SHERIFF HENDERSON (CONT'D)
(into the phone)
This is Sheriff Henderson.

He listens as Janet waits. Beat.

SHERIFF HENDERSON (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Uh-huh...Yeah.

Any remnants of his smile fades. He EXHALES. Janet approaches him. Touches his arm as he looks a bit distraught.

SHERIFF HENDERSON (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Send me the address. I'm on my way.

He ends the call.

JANET
What is it?

SHERIFF HENDERSON
There's been an accident. Bad one.

Janet looks concerned. Rubs his shoulder.

EXT. BURLESON-REATTA ROAD - ACCIDENT SCENE - NIGHT

Police console Marla, Eric, and other family members.

Sheriff Henderson and Deputy Thomas walk toward an ambulance.

DEPUTY THOMAS
We caught him fleeing the scene. A neighbor and her son found him.

They approach the rear of the ambulance. Ethan sits in the back as an EMT assists him with his head wound.

SHERIFF HENDERSON
Son, were you the driver of the red
pickup truck?

Ethan doesn't speak. EMT stops working on him briefly so he can answer.

ETHAN
I don't need any help!

DEPUTY THOMAS
Son, the sheriff's talking to you.

Sheriff Henderson holds his hand up to Deputy Thomas.

SHERIFF HENDERSON
(to the EMT)
We'll talk to him at the hospital.

The EMT resumes patching up Ethan. Sheriff Henderson turns to Deputy Thomas.

SHERIFF HENDERSON (CONT'D)
Have we checked his blood-alcohol
level?

DEPUTY THOMAS
Not yet. As soon as we get to the
hospital.

Sheriff Henderson nods.

INT. HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT

Fred and Tonya Couch rush through the ER entrance and approach a NURSE at the front desk.

TONYA
My son's here. Ethan Couch.

FRED
(demanding tone)
Where is he?

Sheriff Henderson approaches them.

SHERIFF HENDERSON
Ethan's parents?

Fred and Tonya nod.

SHERIFF HENDERSON (CONT'D)
Come with me.

They follow the sheriff.

INT. HOSPITAL - ROOM

Ethan sleeps as a POLICEMAN stands outside his door.

Fred and Tonya approach the door. Looking at him through the window on the door. Sheriff Henderson walks away.

With a concerned expression, Tonya puts her hand around Fred.

Fred pulls out his cell. Taps the screen a couple times. Puts the phone to his ear.

FRED
(into phone)
Hey, it's Fred...Ethan's gotten
into some trouble.

ON ETHAN

Ethan lays in the hospital bed. Sound asleep.

ON CUFFS

He's handcuffed to the bed.

ON SCENE

Fred continues on the phone.

FRED (CONT'D)
(into phone)
I don't know yet...But, who's the
best lawyers in Texas?

END OF EPISODE