

SCRIPT TITLE

Written by

Name of First Writer

Based on, If Any

Address
Phone Number

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

RUST and MARTY sit outside while Rust smokes.

MARTY

Feeling better? In your head, I mean?

RUST

I shouldn't even fucking be here, Marty.

MARTY

I believe "no shit" is the proper response to that observation.

RUST

No, I don't mean like that. It's something else.

MARTY

So talk to me, Rust.

Beat.

RUST

There was a moment I know when I was under, in the dark. Whatever I had been reduced to, not even consciousness as much as a vague awareness in the dark. I could feel my definition just fading. And beneath that darkness, there was another kind. It was deeper. Warm. Like a substance. I could feel, man. And I knew... I *knew* my daughter waited for me there. So clear. I could feel her. I could feel a piece of my dad, too. It was like I was a part of everything that I ever loved and we were all... The three of us just fading out. And all I had to do was let go. And I did. I said "darkness, yeah," and I disappeared.

(Beat)

But I could still feel her love there. Even more than before. Nothing but that love.

Rust begins to break down.

RUST (CONT'D)

And then I woke up.

Uncomfortable, Marty isn't sure what to say.

MARTY

Hey, didn't you tell me one time at dinner... Once, maybe... About how you used to make up stories about the stars?

Rust takes a moment to compose himself.

RUST

Yeah, I was in Alaska. Under the night skies.

MARTY

You used to lay there and look up at the stars?

RUST

Yeah, I never watched TV until I was seventeen, so there wasn't much to fucking do out there besides walk around, explore.

MARTY

And...

(Gestures to the night sky)

Look up at the stars and make up stories. Like what?

RUST

I'll tell you Marty, I've been up in that room looking out that window every night here and just thinking. It's just one story. The oldest.

MARTY

What's that?

RUST

Light versus dark.

Marty looks to the sky again, observing the stars.

MARTY

Well, I know we aren't in Alaska, but it appears to me that the dark has a lot more territory.

RUST

Yeah, you're right about that.

Marty stands up and releases the brake on Rust's wheelchair and begins to push him back toward the hospital.

RUST (CONT'D)
Hey, listen.

MARTY
What?

RUST
Why don't you point me in the direction of the car? I've spent enough of my fucking life in hospitals.

Rust grabs Marty's shoulder to hoist himself up, catching Marty off-balance.

MARTY
Jesus.

Marty holds Rust up and they slowly walk away from the hospital.

MARTY (CONT'D)
You know what, I'd protest, but it occurs to me that you're un-kill-able. You want to go back and get clothes or anything?

RUST
No, anything I left back there, I don't need.

They walk in silence a moment while Rust looks back to the sky.

RUST (CONT'D)
You know, you're looking at it wrong. The sky thing.

MARTY
How's that?

RUST
Well, once there was only dark. If you ask me, the light's winning.

Marty quietly laughs as they continue walking to the parking lot.