

"Road to Nowhere"

Written by  
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Inspired by true events.

BLACKNESS

"THE END" by The Doors UNDERSCORES various sounds:

MURMURING VOICES, SHUFFLING FEET, AND CLANKING:

FATHER DANIELS (O.S.)  
But there is nothing covered up  
that will not be revealed, and  
hidden that will not be known.

CORRECTIONS OFFICER (O.S.)  
On your feet, Wells. It's time.

CHAINS RATTLE as shackles are bound on the ankles and wrists  
of ...

FADE IN:

INT. DEATH ROW - NIGHT

... HAYDEN WELLS (22) stands in the middle of the cell. He is  
a healthy thin, but not toned. There is something charming  
about him, a twinkle in his eye. Hayden smiles as a  
CORRECTIONS OFFICER binds him with shackles.

The Officer escorts Hayden out of the cell and down the hall.

DEATH ROW TIER

Single bulbs hang low in the hall. Shadows partially obscure  
the demons who glare at the passing procession.

PRISONERS, sharing this terminal address, grope Hayden as he  
passes. Is there flesh on those probing arms?

One DEMONIC SKELETON drags a tin cup back and forth across  
the bars of his cell -- CLINK CLANK -- providing RHYTHMIC  
BACKUP to the Doors.

A giant, black door GRINDS on the cement floor as it opens at  
the end of the hall.

The procession passes into the:

DEATH CHAMBER

The room is dark.

FATHER DANIELS (V.O.)  
Accordingly, whatever you have said  
in the dark...

Bright light suddenly illuminates the cross shaped table.  
Made of wood, it's rotten and old.

FATHER DANIELS (V.O.)  
... will be heard in the light, and  
what you have whispered in the  
inner rooms will be proclaimed upon  
the housetops.

The gallery is full of DEMONS who watch with anticipation.

Only one human face is recognizable, JARED CLARK (20s). He wears an ACE'S PIZZA uniform. Half of his face is obscured by a bloodless wound. The other half is stark white.

Hayden is unshackled and forced onto the table. Snakes slither around his wrists and ankles locking the condemned in place.

FATHER DANIELS (V.O.)  
I say to you, my friends, do not be  
afraid of those who kill the body.  
After that they have no more that  
they can do.

Jared nods to the EXECUTIONER -- a sort of Grim Reaper. A bony finger extends from under the robe.

FATHER DANIELS (V.O.)  
But I will warn you whom to fear:  
fear the One who, after He has  
killed, has authority to cast into  
hell. Yes, I tell you, fear Him!

The bony fingernail scratches a thin line on the inside of Hayden's elbow. A trickle of blood appears.

FATHER DANIELS (V.O.)  
Do not worry about how or what you  
are to speak in your defense. The  
Holy Spirit will teach you in that  
very hour what you ought to say.

Hayden's chest heaves as he lets out a LOUD WAIL.

CLOSE ON HAYDEN'S FACE

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. PADDED ROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE ON TEENAGE HAYDEN (15) as he bolts up in bed. He is drenched in sweat.

The padded room is small and stark white. There is a small window at the top of one wall.

Teenage Hayden lays back and looks out the window. He drifts back to sleep.

INT. DR. FREDRICK'S OFFICE - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: Athens, Georgia; Summer 1985

Teenage Hayden sits across from DR. FREDRICK (50s).

FREDRICK  
What's bothering you?

TEENAGE HAYDEN  
The old woman in a rocking chair is  
back.

FREDRICK  
That bothers you?

TEENAGE HAYDEN  
No. The fact that she looks more  
like the letter 'W'. That bothers  
me.

FREDRICK  
You don't see a woman?

TEENAGE HAYDEN  
Those ancients sure had vivid  
imagination.

FREDRICK  
Should be a new issue of Astronomy  
soon. I'll bring it in.

TEENAGE HAYDEN  
Thanks, Doc.

FREDRICK  
Last time, you were telling me  
about being alone at home.

TEENAGE HAYDEN  
I wonder why I never had a brother.  
Or a sister.

FREDRICK  
You said you liked being alone.

TEENAGE HAYDEN  
It was better when Mom and Dad were  
gone.

INT. WELLS LIVING ROOM - FLASHBACK

YOUNG HAYDEN (8) sits on the floor in front of the  
television.

ANGLE ON THE TELEVISION - WARNER BROTHERS CARTOON

Yosemite Sam leaps over a rock with his six shooters blazing.  
He's jumping a gold claim. He drives away the miner, and  
trades his guns for a pickaxe as he begins to work the hill  
for gold.

INT. DR. FREDRICK'S OFFICE - DAY

FREDRICK  
Where were your parents?

TEENAGE HAYDEN  
I don't remember. Out of town?

FREDRICK  
They left you home alone while they  
were out of town?

TEENAGE HAYDEN  
I don't know. I guess maybe they  
were home.

FREDRICK  
So they were home?

TEENAGE HAYDEN  
Out of town. Out to dinner. Who  
knows. It was the same for me  
either way.

FREDRICK  
What did you mean when you said it  
was better?

TEENAGE HAYDEN  
Dad wasn't telling me all the  
things I did wrong. Who knows,  
maybe I could've even done  
something right.

FREDRICK  
Is that what you wanted? To do  
something right.

TEENAGE HAYDEN  
I guess so.

FREDRICK  
Then why did you keep causing  
problems?

TEENAGE HAYDEN  
I didn't cause them. I just somehow  
always got caught up in them.

INT. PADDED ROOM - NIGHT

Teenage Hayden is asleep.

ANGLE OUTSIDE THE WINDOW

The stars speed by in time lapse. One constellation gives way  
to another as the seasons slip away.

INT. DR. FREDRICK'S OFFICE - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: Summer 1988

Dr. Fredrick sits across from JOHN and LINDA WELLS (both mid  
40s). Their grooming and clothes suggest wealth, but with  
restraint. There is nothing gaudy or flashy. They sit upright  
and stiff. Everything about them suggests a need to appear  
"proper" and refined.

JOHN  
I'm not sure why we're here,  
Doctor.

FREDRICK  
Hayden turns eighteen this week. We  
need his consent, or a court order  
to continue.

JOHN  
We'll get a court order then.

FREDRICK  
You should be aware that your son  
is no longer having violent  
outbursts. He still exhibits some  
of the milder symptoms of anti-  
social personality disorder. But  
with medication and your help, he  
can live as normal a life as you or  
me.

LINDA  
What can we do to help?

FREDRICK  
He's an adult now. Treat him like  
one. He needs a job. When he's  
ready, an apartment of his own.

INT. BENTLEY - EVENING

John and Linda Wells sit in the front. Hayden is reclining in  
the back.

JOHN  
Dr. Fredrick suggested you get a  
job.

HAYDEN  
I just got out.

LINDA  
Your father didn't mean right this  
minute.

JOHN  
It's never too soon to start.

HAYDEN  
So, can I work in one of your  
stores?

LINDA  
We thought you might want to go  
work with Mr. Winston.

HAYDEN  
At the dry cleaners? That sucks.

JOHN  
I think you should give it a  
chance.

HAYDEN  
Do I have any choice?

LINDA  
Of course you do.

HAYDEN  
Isn't it dangerous in a dry  
cleaners? With the chemicals and  
such?

JOHN  
Don't be ridiculous.

HAYDEN  
So you don't care if I grow a third  
nipple, or become sterile?

JOHN  
Enough wisecracks. Before you  
decide you don't want the job, talk  
to Mr. Winston. He's doing me a  
favor offering you this job.

HAYDEN  
It's all about you again.

JOHN  
If you like, you can find a job  
yourself.

HAYDEN  
I don't need your help.

JOHN  
Good. While you're at it, you can  
find an apartment.

HAYDEN  
You wanna throw me out before I  
even get home?

LINDA  
Absolutely not. We only want what's  
best for you.

HAYDEN  
We?

LINDA  
Will you please just talk to Mr.  
Winston? For me.

HAYDEN  
All right, Mom. I'll check it out.

EXT. WELLS MANSION - EVENING

A large gate opens automatically as the Bentley pulls into the driveway. The gate closes behind the car. The car pulls into the garage.

INT. SPIFFY DRY CLEAN - DAY

Hayden stands behind the counter with BO WINSTON (40s) learning the finer points of running a dry cleaners.

BO WINSTON  
Cleaning is important work.

HAYDEN  
How so?

BO WINSTON  
It's all about trust. When people leave their clothes, they expect to get them back in better condition than they left them.

HAYDEN  
Yeah.

Bo demonstrates as he continues.

BO WINSTON  
When the customer pays, you take the claim check and staple it to the register receipt. And stick the whole thing here.

Bo punches the receipt onto the spike. He nicks his finger on the sharp point.

BO WINSTON (CONT'D)  
Well, like that, only be careful -- this is sharp.

Bo wipes his finger with a hanky.

HAYDEN  
What do they call that thing anyway?

BO WINSTON  
What? The spike?

HAYDEN  
Yeah.

BO WINSTON  
A spike.

HAYDEN  
That's it? A spike? They don't have a name for it?

BO WINSTON  
Like what?

HAYDEN  
I don't know. Like a receipt receptacle?

BO WINSTON  
That's ridiculous.

HAYDEN  
Well, so is a spike.

BO WINSTON  
Next time you're up at the library,  
look it up.

HAYDEN  
I'll get right on that.

BO WINSTON  
Should I go through this again?

HAYDEN  
I *think* I got it.

EXT. ANDERSON HOME - EVENING

MRS. ANDERSON (40s) weeds the rose garden in front of the cracker box house. She's short and a bit stocky, but she moves with purpose, seemingly not slowed by her stature.

Hayden pulls up in a rust bucket pickup truck.

MRS. ANDERSON  
Hello Hayden.

HAYDEN  
Hey, Mrs. Anderson. Earl, Junior home?

MRS. ANDERSON  
C'mere. Gimme a hand with this.

Hayden stares blankly, not sure what she wants.

MRS. ANDERSON (CONT'D)  
The wheelbarrow.

She pricks herself on a very dead rose bush.

MRS. ANDERSON (CONT'D)  
Damn deer are ruining my garden.  
What are you waiting for? Dump it out back.

Hayden steers the wheelbarrow toward the back of the house.

HAYDEN  
Those bushes don't look so bad to me.

He disappears around the corner, returning moments later with the empty wheelbarrow.

MRS. ANDERSON  
Earl's inside.

EXT. WOODS, BEHIND ANDERSON HOME - NIGHT

Hayden and EARL ANDERSON, JR. (17) trod through the woods. Earl is a vibrant, if not slightly odd looking kid. He bounces with each step, walking on his toes.

Every few yards they stop, as one or the other points out a target tree. They quickly throw knives, which often hit, but rarely stick in the intended target.

EARL  
Man, is it good to have you back.

HAYDEN  
It's good to be back.

Hayden tosses his knife. It misses the tree and is buried in a pile of leaves.

HAYDEN (CONT'D)  
Shit.

They rummage around looking for the blade.

EARL  
How was it? The hospital.

HAYDEN  
It was all ice cream and lollipops.  
We even had a video arcade.

EARL  
Really?

Hayden finds his knife and starts off in search of another target.

HAYDEN  
More like straight jackets, needles  
and whole lot of "How do you feel,"  
questions.

Earl points at a tree. The knives fly.

HAYDEN (CONT'D)  
It was better than being at home  
though.

EARL  
How'd you figure?

HAYDEN  
They never blamed me for anything.  
And they never pretended I didn't  
exist. You know how many times my  
Dad came to visit?

EARL  
No.

HAYDEN  
Three times.

Hayden points out a tree. This time, he fires his knife with anger. The knife is buried deep in the bark.

HAYDEN (CONT'D)  
He had to. Once a year for a progress report.

Hayden struggles with the blade.

EARL  
Never did like your dad. And I *know* he hated me.

HAYDEN  
Welcome to the family.

Hayden gives up on the blade. From his hip pocket, he produces a pint of whiskey. They sit and drink.

HAYDEN (CONT'D)  
You know, I learned a lot inside.

EARL  
Yeah. Like what?

HAYDEN  
There.

Hayden points up at the night sky.

HAYDEN (CONT'D)  
That's Cassiopeia. The old woman in a rocking chair.

EARL  
Where?

HAYDEN  
Those stars there. But if you ask me, it looks more like the letter 'W'.

EARL  
So you learned astrology?

HAYDEN  
Astronomy.

EARL  
What'd I say?

HAYDEN  
Astrology. Voodoo. See that? Taurus the bull.

EARL  
Taurus. That's a sign of the Zodiac. Isn't that astrology?

HAYDEN  
Astrology and astronomy share the stars.