

He rubs his head.

Grace frantically picks at her bandaged thumb again. She nervously bounces her foot on the ground. She puts her head down for a moment, then quickly stands to her feet.

GRACE

I can't do this.

She walks out of the room.

MASON

Grace.

Mason follows her out.

----> EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT -- NIGHT

Grace walks out to the parking lot and begins to unlock her bike from around the street lamp.

MASON

Hey, Grace, where are you going?

GRACE

I can't do this.

Mason finally reaches her.

MASON

Okay, let's go. I'll drive us home.

He tries to hug her but she shrugs him off and pushes him away. The gesture humiliates him.

GRACE

I don't want to go home. That's not what I'm talking about.

MASON

I know it's been a really fucked up day, okay?

GRACE

Mason, you have no idea what I'm going through right now.

MASON

Then tell me. That's how this works. Talk to me about it so that I can take your hand and fucking walk through this shit with you. That is what I signed up for, okay? But I cannot do that if you won't let me in.

Grace shakes her head.

GRACE
I can't. I'm sorry.

MASON
(beat)
You're sorry?
(beat)
Grace, are you serious?
(beat)
I've been waiting for you for a really long time, and I wouldn't take a second of it back, because I love you so god damn much, okay? But I have been waiting for three years for you to tell me why you still don't trust me. I've been waiting for you for three years for you to just once take the advice that you give your kids every fucking five minutes and learn to talk about what's going on inside your head. You can't do that for me?

Grace shakes her head.

MASON (CONT'D)
Whatever it is, okay? Just talk to me.

GRACE
I can't do this.

He watches her shift her weight, avoiding eye contact.

GRACE (CONT'D)
I can't...I can't marry you.

Mason stares at her for a moment, looking for something recognizable, but she just looks away.

GRACE (CONT'D)
I can't have your baby. I can't do any of it. I can't do it.

MASON
So what do you want to do? You want to get an abortion?

GRACE
I already made the appointment.

The statement sobers him. He realizes this time it's for real.

MASON
Do whatever you want, okay?
Because I'm done.

He turns and walks back to the hospital.

Grace watches him go, the panic bubbling up inside her.

EXT. CITY STREETS -- NIGHT

Grace flies down the road, peddling as fast as she can. A deep rage bubbles inside her.

EXT. JAYDEN'S DAD'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Grace throws her bike in the front lawn and walks quickly toward the house. A beautiful silver Audi sits in the driveway.

All the lights are off inside the house. She walks straight to the garage door, reaches up and grabs the key from above the door. Her hands are shaking. She ignores it, opens the door and walks in.

INT. JAYDEN'S DAD'S HOUSE, GARAGE -- NIGHT

She walks through the garage, tripping over a bucket of sporting equipment with a BANG. Tennis rackets, balls, and an old baseball bat scatter across the floor.

She stalls for a moment, staring at the metal bat, then instinctively grabs it and walks into the house.

INT. JAYDEN'S DAD'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Grace walks carefully down the hall to the back room, her fingers quivering. On the wall is a happy picture of mom, dad and Jayden. She reaches the door, listens for a moment, then carefully opens it and steps inside.

INT. JAYDEN'S DAD'S HOUSE BEDROOM -- NIGHT

As she slips into the room, Grace gets her first view of him, Jayden's dad

He sleeps on his back, chin to the ceiling, mouth wide open, breathing loudly on the other side of the bed.

Grace nervously grips her bat and walks around the bed to his side, slow and quiet.

She stands over him, looking down at his open mouth. Her grip tightens around the bat.

Her breathing quickens as she positions the silver bat over his open mouth.

His hot breath fogs the shiny surface.

She slowly raises it over her head, keeping her eyes focused on her target. Her hands shake with adrenaline.