

**HIDDEN**

BLACK SCREEN

SUPER:

"We all have our time machines.  
Some take us forward, they're  
called dreams. Some take us back,  
they're called memories."  
Jeremy Irons (actor)

FADE IN:

INT. ST. JOSEPH'S HOSPITAL - NEONATAL ICU - DAY

A baby's scream pierces the silence.

SUPER: "18 YEARS AGO. HUNTINGTON BEACH, CA"

The medical team - Lead doctor, Obgyn and Neonatologist,  
stares helplessly.

With every passing second, the crying grows louder.

OBGYN

The one minute and five minute  
scores are good.

NEONATOLOGIST

B-P, oxygen levels are normal.  
Everything looks good.

LEAD DOCTOR

The mother?

OBGYN

C-section for the twin.

NEONATOLOGIST

The scans show no injury. No  
infection. Nothing abnormal.

LEAD DOCTOR

Then what's happening here?

Newborn CHARLIE HAGAN lies in an incubator. A bandage on his  
collar bone. As he cries, a red splotch spreads on the white  
bandage.

LEAD DOCTOR

Why's the birthmark bleeding?

Another baby cries outside. And Charlie shuts up immediately.

A nurse brings in Charlie's sister - MOLLY HAGAN (MOL).

She places her in the incubator next to Charlie's. As the nurse croons comfortingly, Molly calms down. A quiet fills the ICU. Not for long.

Charlie screams again. Frightens Molly who joins his chorus. As soon as she does, Charlie simmers down.

The nurse placates Molly again. Molly gurgles. His sister's babble satisfies Charlie.

OBGYN

The macular isn't bleeding anymore.

The nurse removes Charlie's bandage. Cleans the dried blood. Nods to the Obgyn in agreement.

On Charlie's collar bone is a birthmark. Looks like a scar from a knife stab.

The medical team's attention shuffles between the twins.

Molly moves around in her incubator.

Charlie lies still in his, taking in Molly's sounds. A smile spreads across his face.

INT. PEDIATRICIAN'S OFFICE - DAY - THREE YEARS LATER

Cheerful murals don the walls. Three-year-old Charlie sits on his mother's lap, baseball in hand. CATHY HAGAN (30) is a charmingly harried homemaker who desperately needs a nap.

BILL HAGAN (34), looks every bit a spirited police officer even without his uniform.

Bill holds the pride of his life - his three-year-old daughter, Molly. She looks nothing like her fraternal twin, Charlie.

Molly's eyes tear up as the pediatrician, greying hair and kind eyes, gives her a shot.

Charlie glares at the doctor. Follows his crying sister as Bill comforts her.

PEDIATRICIAN

(smiles)

Who's next?

Cathy sets Charlie on the table. The doctor leans in to check him.

THWACK!

Charlie smacks the doctor with his little hand.

The doctor is taken aback. So are Bill and Cathy. Charlie's eyes go to his crying sister.

SMACK! Charlie gets the doctor again.

Cathy holds Charlie's hands, embarrassed.

CATHY

Sorry. He thinks you hurt Mol.

The doctor smiles awkwardly. Moves in to examine Charlie, cautiously.

Charlie's birthmark looks clean.

PEDIATRICIAN

Has there been any bleeding?

CATHY

Not recently.

The pediatrician checks the test results.

PEDIATRICIAN

Everything looks OK. He's lactose intolerant. That's why he throws up milk. It's nothing to worry about.

The pediatrician examines the birthmark again. More curious than concerned.

PEDIATRICIAN

Why don't we run a few more tests.

CATHY

You said everything looked good.

PEDIATRICIAN

I know. This is just in case we missed something.

CATHY

No. No more tests.

Cathy swings Charlie off the table.

CATHY

That's all we've done these three years. It's not helping.

(MORE)

CATHY (CONT'D)

We've learned nothing and it makes  
him miserable. No more tests.  
Please.

Charlie runs to Molly. Thrusts the baseball into her hand.  
Molly stops crying as she looks at the ball and then the  
pediatrician.

CATHY

There's nothing wrong with him. I  
mean, he's fine when he's with Mol.  
I just want to let him be.

The pediatrician nods, understandingly. Smiles at Molly.

PEDIATRICIAN

So, you're the reason, you're  
brother's doing so good.

He searches his desk. Finds some candy.

PEDIATRICIAN

Here's something for you.

The pediatrician extends the candy just as...

Molly hurls the ball at him.

The baseball whizzes by the doctor's head and shatters an  
award frame on the wall.

Molly beams. An unadulterated smile lights her face.

The parents stare at Molly, stunned.

Charlie races to get the ball. Cathy scoops him off the  
ground before he gives the ball back to Molly.

Cathy shoots a look at Bill, "Say something". He doesn't.

CATHY

So, when should we come back... for  
her next shot... I mean... you  
know... for the... um, vaccine.

The pediatrician stares back, dumbfounded.

EXT. PEDIATRICIAN'S OFFICE - DAY

The parents walk out with the twins, quickly.

BILL  
See that. See the way she threw the  
ball. How the hell'd she do that?

Bill checks Molly's little arms.

BILL  
How'd you do that?

Molly smiles at Bill, mischievously.

EXT. HAGANS' HOUSE - DAY

Middle class neighborhood. Cars crowd the narrow street. Bill rolls a ball to Molly in the yard. Charlie sits beside Cathy with a baseball bat.

Their neighbor, ABBY (75), silky white hair and perky eyes, stops watering her plants. Watches Molly instead.

Molly fires a thunderbolt with her three-year-old arm. Stuns Cathy and Bill.

Abby applauds enthusiastically.

ABBY  
Gosh, that was wonderful.

Bill passes the ball to Molly who fires it back to him. Same speed and accuracy.

ABBY  
You have a Jim Abbott there.

Charlie hurries to get in on the fun.

BILL  
You think we have a Babe Ruth too?

Before Charlie swings, the fastball pancakes him to the grass.

Cathy is horrified. Bill rushes him into the house. In the frenzy, they forget Molly in the yard.

Molly stares at Abby, unsure what to do. Abby smiles comfortingly. Walks Molly back to the house.

INT. HAGANS' HOUSE - DAY

Cathy ices Charlie's swollen cheek on the dining table.

Charlie isn't crying because his attention is on the chocolate milk in Bill's hands.

CATHY

No, no, Bill. Don't give him that.

Too late. Charlie sips an ounce. Barfs, instantly.

Molly sits on the other end of the table, holding her baseball tightly. She glares at her brother as her parents fuss over him.

EXT. HUNTINGTON BEACH BASEBALL FIELD - DAY - 14 YEARS LATER

A packed parking lot and high school campus surround the baseball field. High school ball game.

SUPER: "HUNTINGTON BEACH, CA. PRESENT DAY"

Seventeen-year-old Molly at the mound. Athletic and pretty, Molly's eyes burn with passion as grips the baseball meticulously. She lives for this.

In one swift, fluid motion, she fires a thunderbolt. The boy at the plate swings. Strike 1.

A radar gun lights up, "105 mph".

ABBY

(muffled)

Mol's something. I mean, she's...

Abby sits in a wheelchair next to Cathy. An oxygen tank is attached to the chair. She removes the respirator from her mouth. She is weak but her eyes shine with excitement.

ABBY

(rasps)

Reminds me of the women's league.  
Best days of my life.

(sighs)

What I wouldn't give to play with  
Mol.

Molly fires another rocket, "108 mph". Strike 2.

BILL

Yeah! Go, Mol.

Bill showers Cathy with chocolate milk as he pumps his fist.

CATHY

Take it easy, mojambo.

BILL  
My girl's on fire.

Cathy quickly takes the milk from his hand. Keeps it on the bleacher next to Charlie. Big mistake. She just doesn't know it yet.

Tall and handsome, Charlie is the shy back bencher who would love to be ignored. There is something magnetic about his eyes which seem lost in a different world.

The only thing that interests him on this planet is Molly and the TV-9 van covering Mol's amazing game.

TV-9 VAN

The sports reporter (55), checks his bleached hair and botoxed cheeks in the mirror.

The cameraman (45), sets up his gear.

REPORTER  
I'll betcha, we'll be back here in a month doing a story on her and P-E-D's.

CAMERAMAN  
Ready when you are.

The reporter looks at Molly skeptically as she puffs an asthma inhaler.

REPORTER  
What the hell's she puffing anyway. That's what I wanna know. 'Cause there's no way in hell, a girl can throw like that.

Molly winds up and fires - 115 mph. Strike 3. Game over.

CAMERAMAN  
We're rolling.

The reporter fakes an enthusiasm.

REPORTER  
(on camera)  
Oh my God. Oh my God! You see that. Did you see that! Was that real. One fifteen. We're witnessing history here. A high school girl just threw the fastest pitch in the history of baseball.

Molly runs back to her family, excited.

REPORTER

Let's talk to "the woman" of the hour, shall we?

The reporter takes the mike to Molly and the Hagan family.

REPORTER

That was an amazing game. That last play. Fastest pitch recorded. How'd you feel about that?

MOLLY

(blushes)  
Um... good.

BILL

We're so proud of her. She's worked so hard for this. She's...

Bill's eyes are moist. He kisses Molly's forehead.

Abby takes off her oxygen mask.

ABBY

An Angel.

CATHY

This is Abby. Mol's--

MOLLY

Coach. The best one I ever had.

Abby is touched. Tears stream down her face.

CATHY

Abby's helped us so much. Without her, Mol wouldn't be here.

REPORTER

(disinterested)  
Is that right. That's nice.  
(to Abby)  
Did you just say Angel. You aren't referring to the Los Angeles Angels of Anaheim, are ya?

Abby smiles weakly.

CHARLIE (O.S.)

Yeah, she is. Angels, baby. That's our team. That's where we're going.

Charlie stands behind the reporter. He holds Bill's chocolate milk.

CHARLIE  
Right, Mol?

Molly notices the chocolate milk in Charlie's hands. Her smile vanishes. She nudges Bill.

The excitement on the parents' faces is eclipsed in seconds.

CATHY  
Honey...

Charlie doesn't hear her. Sips the chocolate milk.

CHARLIE  
And it's happening. Trust me. She's the most versatile pitcher ever. You think her heater's hot. Wait till you see her curve. She has a twelve-six to die for.

The reporter looks at Charlie's milk mustache, sarcastically.

REPORTER  
Really? A girl in the majors. Now, wouldn't that be something.

Charlie's expression changes. Hard to say if it is due to the reporter's sarcasm or the lactose intolerance kicking in.

BILL  
Charlie, no. No!

Charlie barfs the chocolate milk on the stunned reporter. And everything else he had for breakfast.

INT. HAGANS' HOUSE - NIGHT

Molly fumes as she watches YOUTUBE on her laptop.

A VIDEO CLIP

With more than a million views.

Charlie throws up on the stunned reporter. Everyone is shocked for a second. Then, the entire baseball field erupts in laughter including the cameraman.

And the video repeats over and over again.

BILL (O.S.)  
Happy eighteenth, Mol.

Bill stands behind her, donning his dark blue Huntington Beach police outfit. He hands her a wrapped gift.

Cathy hugs her. Molly pulls away. Cathy now sees the clip on the laptop.

CATHY  
It's been a week. You still can't be mad about this.

BILL  
That reporter was an ass. He got what he deserved.

MOLLY  
It wasn't about him. It was about the game. 'Twas my chance to get on the Angel's radar. Now, all anyone remembers about that day is this.

CATHY  
This doesn't change anything.

BILL  
You played an amazing game. Everyone knows that.

CATHY  
Besides, the season's not over. Focus on the game tomorrow.

Molly's eyes go to the video again.

MOLLY  
The whole damn world is laughing. We're a goddamn joke.

CATHY  
It was an accident, Mol.

MOLLY  
It wasn't an accident. He's eighteen, mom. He knows he's lactose intolerant. He knows what happens when he drinks milk. But, he still does, makes a fool of himself and you let him.

Charlie walks into the room with a cake, singing.

CHARLIE  
Happy birthday to you--

Molly chokes with anger.

MOLLY  
For once, stop coddling him, will  
ya.

Molly grabs her baseball bag and rushes out.

Charlie looks at his parents, questioningly. His answer is on Molly's laptop - the clip of him throwing up.

CATHY  
Charlie, listen to me. She's angry.  
She's saying things she doesn't  
mean. Give her some space. Don't--

CHARLIE  
She's right, mom. It's my fault. I  
screwed up.

Charlie drops the cake and dashes after Molly.

EXT. HUNTINGTON BEACH BASEBALL FIELD - NIGHT

Lights pierce the veil of fog crawling over the field. Molly takes out her frustration on an empty plate with a bucket of balls.

No one else on campus except a custodian cleaning the bleachers.

Molly sees Charlie run to the fence.

CHARLIE  
(smiles)  
Sorry!

MOLLY  
Freak.

Molly fires a fastball with all her rage.

CHARLIE  
A curve, Mol. We wanna see a curve.  
Do your twelve-six.

Molly hurls the ball at him instead.

Charlie steps backs as the ball slams into the fence separating them.

He bumps into the custodian hauling trash. The cart topples spilling garbage all over the ground.

Charlie yells to Molly with a smile.

CHARLIE

One sixteen.

(to custodian)

I'm sorry. Really sorry. Here, let me help you.

As Charlie helps the custodian up, he sees the man's face for the first time.

AUGUST SLATTERY (50), 5'6", is covered in scars, thick glasses, sweaters and a baseball cap.

Charlie freezes. The surroundings becomes a blur. All Charlie sees is August's emotionless eyes.

August picks up the litter ignoring Charlie at first. But, Charlie's incessant staring freaks him out.

August drags his trash can towards the school buildings.

Charlie follows him slowly. An inexplicable rage surges through him with every step.

MOLLY

Gathers the baseballs into the bucket. Heads back to the mound when she notices Charlie no longer at the fence. He walks behind August in a trance.

MOLLY

What the hell's he doing now.

Molly puffs her asthma inhaler.

MOLLY

Screw him. What do I care. Focus.  
Focus.

Molly closes her eyes. Let's out a tense breath.

She winds up but never releases the ball. Her eyes dart back to Charlie.

MOLLY

Hey!

Charlie doesn't hear her. Keeps after August.

MOLLY

Charlie!

AUGUST

Hears Molly. Looks back when he sees...

Charlie close behind him.

Panic grips August. He increases his pace. So does Charlie.

August leaves the trash can behind. Walks as fast as he can. Charlie closes in on him.

August suddenly sprints through the campus. Charlie dashes after him. They disappear through a dark passageway between buildings.

MOLLY

What the hell.

Molly puffs her inhaler, stunned. Dials Bill.

MOLLY

Come on, dad. Pick up.

Bill doesn't.

Molly taps a "Friend Finder" app on her phone. A photo of Charlie pops up, 1000 feet from her.

Molly's eyes go back to the buildings where Charlie and August disappeared.

CHARLIE

Has almost caught up with

AUGUST

Who slips and falls.

Charlie grabs August and hammers him.

MOLLY

Races through the campus searching for Charlie.

CHARLIE

Rains punches. Drives his ankle into August's ribs.

For a brief moment, August's bloody face stuns Charlie.

CHARLIE

What the...

Charlie steps back, disgusted with himself.

August lies on the ground, languishing in pain.

Charlie helps him up.

CHARLIE

I'm sorry. I'm...

August looks at him, vacantly. Their eyes lock and...

Charlie decks him again. Breaks August's nose.

August crawls away on his hands and knees.

Charlie grabs August's leg. Drags August to a lamppost. Lifts his head to slam it on the concrete.

Molly GASPS in fear.

Charlie sees Molly. Panics.

CHARLIE

Hope, run. Run!

The word, "Hope" gets August's attention. His eyes dart to Molly in her baseball jersey, puffing her inhaler.

Same Time. Molly rams into Charlie. Pushes him off August.

Charlie shoves her aside. Her inhaler flies off her hands.

Molly grabs Charlie's leg. He trips and falls.

His eyes follow August racing away. He bellows in rage.

MOLLY

(rasps)

Charlie. Stop!

Molly's voice affects Charlie. He sees her trembling hands. The asthma inhaler on the ground. His anger evaporates.

Molly looks behind Charlie.

August is gone.

Silence except for Molly's strained breathing.

Charlie picks up her inhaler. Takes a step towards her. Molly shrinks back in fear.

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