

"THE FIGHT"

by

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Fade in:

EXT. TWO-LANE ROAD - NIGHT

A flash of lightening lights up the dark, night sky and fills the air with a buzz of electricity. A loud, rumbling THUNDER RATTLES the truck windows and is followed by a sudden, fierce RAIN that obscures the view of the two-lane road.

INT. TRUCK

MICHAEL turns on the windshield wipers.

MICHAEL and KATE's POV THROUGH FRONT WINDOWS

The truck approaches a curve in the road, and the headlights light up a pasture. Another flash of lightening and peel of THUNDER sends a lone, black horse into a panic. He flees across the pasture toward the road and the barbed-wire fence that encloses the pasture.

MICHAEL frantically HONKS the horn to get the horse to stop or to go in another direction, but it is too late.

KATE
(tensing up and screaming)
No, no, no, NO!

EXT. ROAD

In one sickening moment, the horse hits the barbed-wire fence, which snaps it from the pole and whip-lashes it around the horse. Down he goes, thrashing wildly and SCREAMING in pain and terror. Streaks of blood glisten all over his body as the wire cuts into his flesh.

Michael slams on the brakes, and the truck SKIDS to a stop a few feet from the horse.

INT. TRUCK

KATE
Call the vet!

KATE opens the door and jumps out of the truck.

EXT. TRUCK

Michael has phone to his ear and MOS is talking to the vet.

EXT. ROAD

Kate slowly approaches the horse.

Michael jumps out of the truck and runs to the back, opens a compartment and pulls out his toolbox. He runs over to the horse.

Kate is kneeling on one knee, with one hand stroking the horse's neck as the other one holds him still. She speaks to him in soothing tones. The horse lays there in agony, breathing hard, body trembling, snorting the rain from his nostrils, eyes wide with fear.

Michael approaches the horse slowly, puts down the toolbox, opens it and takes out wire cutters.

Quickly, but carefully, Michael begins to snip the barbed wire, wincing as he lifts the pieces from the gashes as gently as possible.

Just as Michael finishes, DR. TAYLOR (35), the veterinarian, arrives in her truck and horse trailer. She parks behind their truck. She jumps out and gets a halter and lead rope from the horse trailer. She is medium height, slim, long blond hair pulled back in a pony tail. She is wearing a yellow rain slicker coat and pants with knee-high black rubber boots. She runs over to the horse and hands the halter and lead rope to Kate.

Kate carefully slips the halter over the horse's head and buckles it. They all stand up and move back. Kate gently tugs on the lead rope and clucks to him. The horse slowly gets up and stands there with his head lowered.

Dr. Taylor does a quick check of his wounds to make sure he can be moved safely.

Michael runs over to the Dr. Taylor's trailer, opens the door and lets down the ramp.

Dr. Taylor takes the lead rope and attempts to lead the horse to the trailer, but he will not move.

Kate comes up beside his head, and he leans his head on her chest and groans. She strokes his cheek and mumbles soothing sounds to him.

Another flash of lightening startles him, so they use that

momentum to lead him to the trailer. Once the door is secure, Dr. Taylor climbs into the truck.

Michael and Kate stand in the pouring rain watching the red tail lights of the trailer disappear down the dark road.

As they walk to their truck, Kate stops.

KATE

(listening)

Did you hear that? It sounds like a horse WHINNYING.

MICHAEL

(listening)

It's coming from the barn!

They grab two flashlights from the toolbox and run to the barn, slipping and sliding in the slushy mud, and holding on to each other for balance.

INT. BARN

When they open the barn door, they are hit with a nauseating smell of horse manure.

Michael feels for the light switch on the wall by the door, but it does not work.

MICHAEL

Power must be shut off.

They turn on the flashlights and walk slowly down the barn aisle. Six horses pop their heads out of their stall doors and start whinnying for food. They weave back and forth and look frantic. Kate quickly goes from stall to stall and shines the flashlight inside.

KATE

There's no food or water in the stalls.

Michael moves to the sink and turns on the water, but it is shut off. He looks in the feed bins.

MICHAEL

Water is shut off. No food in the bins.

KATE
I'll call the vet.

MICHAEL
I'll call Jeff.

KATE
(pacing nervously)
I've got her voice mail.

MICHAEL
Jeff! Sorry to call you so late. We
need a favor.

KATE
Hey, Dr. Taylor. It's Kate Gallagher.
We found six abandoned horses in the
barn on that same property. We're
going to bring them to the clinic.

MICHAEL
Jeff, we've found abandoned horses,
and we need to get them to the vet
clinic.

Michael waves at Kate to get her attention.

MICHAEL
Kate, do you know where we are?

KATE
I think this is the Miller farm.

Michael shines his flashlight on a bulletin board above the
feed bins and sees a feed bill. It says "Miller Farm."

MICHAEL
It's the Miller Farm on Willow Glen
Road. Our truck is parked on the side
of the road. Thanks, Jeff! I owe you!

EXT. MICHAEL AND KATE'S EQUESTRIAN PROPERTY - MID-MORNING

SUPER: "One month later."

A long, paved driveway extends from the street to the house.
Typical white pasture fencing lines each side of the
driveway. Lush, green pastures flank each side of driveway. A
few horses are grazing. It is a sunny morning, but rain
clouds can be seen in the distance.

The house is a two-story, newly-built country Victorian style house. It has a large, white veranda that encircles the house.

Behind the house is a red barn and horse stables.

It is the home of MICHAEL (30) and KATE (28) Gallagher. Michael designed the house, and they built it during their engagement. There have lived there one year. They both work from home.

Michael is medium height and athletic with dark brown hair and blue eyes. He is a successful website designer, graphic artist, and photographer with an MFA graphic design and photography.

Kate is medium height and athletic with dark brown hair and blue eyes. She is a successful horse mystery novelist and has an MA in English. She has a way with horses and dogs.

They have two of their own horses and have taken in the black horse that they rescued as well as the six abandoned horses to be rehomed after they have recovered.

EXT. VERANDA - DAY

Michael and Kate are painting the front veranda of their Victorian house. They are wearing jeans, t-shirts, tennis shoes and baseball caps, all spattered with white paint. They are working in silence because they are listening to "THE PRINCESS BRIDE AUDIOBOOK."

Michael pauses his brush stroke and listens to the part where Wesley is leaving Buttercup.

BUTTERCUP (V.O.)

I fear I'll never see you again.

WESLEY (V.O.)

Of course you will.

BUTTERCUP (V.O.)

But what if something happens to you?

WESLEY (V.O.)

Here this now. I will always come for you.

BUTTERCUP (V.O.)
How can you be sure?

WESLEY (V.O.)
This is true love. Do you think this
happens every day?

Michael is shaken by what he has just heard. A deep truth surfaces within him, and it scares him. It reflects his unspoken fears about their relationship. He needs a moment to think.

MICHAEL
Alexa, pause Audible.

KATE
Are you okay? You look like you've
seen a ghost.

MICHAEL
(deflects)
I'm fine. I want some lemonade. Do you
want some?

KATE
(uneasy)
Sure.

Michael puts down his paint brush and goes inside.

INT - KITCHEN

Michael takes two glasses from the shelf and then the lemonade pitcher from the refrigerator. He pours the lemonade in the glasses, and puts the pitcher back in the refrigerator. He pauses at the kitchen window and looks out. He leans his hands on the sink edge and puts his head down to get control of his emotions.

EXT - VERANDA

Michael returns with two glasses of lemonade and hands one to Kate. They stand there in silence sipping their lemonade as they look out on the pasture and horses. The tension is mounting between them.

KATE
So do you want to tell me what just
happened?

Michael struggles to find the words. He is deeply vulnerable and cannot look at Kate.

MICHAEL
(in a quiet voice)
I'm afraid.

Kate looks surprised. She is the one who has anxiety and fears. Michael is always the rock. This makes her feel uneasy, off balance. She waits for him to continue.

MICHAEL
I understand how Buttercup feels when she says, "I fear I will never see you again."

KATE
Oh?

MICHAEL
I feel this way every time you leave.

KATE
What do you mean?

MICHAEL
Whenever we have a disagreement or argument, you run away and gallop off on your horse.

KATE
You know I can't deal with conflict. Running away is the only way I feel safe.

MICHAEL
I know, and I am usually fine with it. I know you need time alone to calm down, so I give you space.

KATE
But . . .

MICHAEL
But you need to stop running away from me. We have to be able to talk with each other and work out our differences. It's childish to keep running away.

KATE

Childish? You think it is childish to protect myself?

MICHAEL

Protect yourself from what? Me?

KATE

Protect myself from getting hurt. Anytime that I stood up for myself, or was honest, or spoke my mind, or was my true self, it offend my mother's ego. Either she hit me, or she ignored me for days to punish me. I never knew what would set her off, so I learned to hide who I was to prevent conflict or to run away from the hitting to protect myself. I had no one to protect me. I never felt safe . . . I don't feel safe when we fight.

MICHAEL

I know you had a hard childhood, but . . .

KATE

(interrupting)

How can you know? You had the perfect family, the perfect childhood. You had loving, supportive parents, a brother and sister, and many friends and activities. I was alone with my monster mother. I had no father to protect me. I had no friends because I was intensely creative and socially awkward. All I had were books, dogs and horses.

MICHAEL

I know.

KATE

But you don't know what it is like to live with the trauma, the anxiety, the panic attacks, the social anxiety disorder, the loneliness and self-doubt.

MICHAEL

I see what it has done to you--what is has done to us. It tears me apart to

see you struggling with the fear and pain. It controls your life--and mine. I don't know how to help you--to help us. I think it's time you to get some help.

KATE

You want me to see a therapist? I thought you understood and loved me for who I am--anxiety and all--but you're just like everyone else! You just want to fix me. You want me to be normal, but I can't be normal. I will never be normal. Why can't you just love me for who I am instead of expecting me to change?

MICHAEL

Because you are not happy living like this--and neither am I. Every time you run away on your horse, you are scared and reckless. I'm afraid that I will never see you again--or that something will happen to you.

KATE

But nothing happens to me.

MICHAEL

Yes, but I can't be sure.

KATE

But you can.

MICHAEL

Why? Because we have true love like Wesley and Buttercup?

KATE

Don't we?

MICHAEL

Is that what you think true love is--a passionate, eternal, swept-off-your-feet romantic notion that is portrayed in books and movies? Our life is not one of your novels. This is real life. Love is messy, and marriage takes work. Our life is not a fairy tale. We're not like Wesley and Buttercup!

KATE

Yes, I know that because, unlike Wesley, you never come for me!

MICHAEL

If running after you is the measure of true love, then clearly I don't love you enough!

Kate is stunned. Her mouth drops open, and the lemonade glass slips from her hand and shatters on the veranda floor.

She turns and runs inside. The screen door slams behind her.

GEORGE (50), the postal carrier, arrives in his mail truck. He's short and pudgy, slightly bald on top and wears black-rimmed glasses. He gets out of the truck and comes up the stairs, carrying a manilla envelope.

MICHAEL

Hi George.

George hands the mail to Michael.

GEORGE

Only one package today.

MICHAEL

Thanks, George.

GEORGE

Are you starting a business?

MICHAEL

Why?

GEORGE

The package is from the Office of Business Licenses.

Michael looks at the return address of the manilla envelope.

Kate returns with a broom and dust pan to pick up the broken lemonade glass. She puts on her social face when she sees George.

KATE

Hi George. How are you?

GEORGE

Just fine. How are those horses doing that you rescued?

KATE

They're getting stronger every day.

Michael glares at Kate and answers in a way that lets Kate know he is not happy that the horses are still there.

MICHAEL

We hope to find homes for them very soon!

George sees the tension and changes the subject.

GEORGE

Looks like we're in for a storm later today. Hope you get the porch painted in time. Have a nice day!

George gets in his truck and leaves.

Michael looks at Kate and holds the manilla envelope out to her.

MICHAEL

Are you starting a business?

KATE

Yes . . . no . . . I mean . . . I was thinking of starting a horse rehabilitation and therapy business. I can start with the abandoned horses that we rescued.

MICHAEL

No, we agreed that you would rehab the horses and rehome them. It's been over a month now.

KATE

I know, but I think I can do some good for the horses and for other people-- and for myself.

MICHAEL

(frustrated)

Have you even thought this through?
How are you going to work with people
when you have social anxiety disorder?

KATE

I don't feel anxiety when I am around
horses or teaching others to work with
them.

MICHAEL

Right. Do you even know how to run a
horse business? You're not a
therapist. What about the liability?

KATE

I don't know why you are so upset. I
was just gathering information, so I
knew what was involved.

MICHAEL

I'm upset because you didn't talk with
me about idea. This is what you do.
You get an idea and take off with it
without discussing it or considering
how it will affect me. Where would
this business be? On our property?

KATE

Well . . . yes.

MICHAEL

This is our home, Kate, not an
equestrian center. I don't want the
public roaming around our property.

KATE

(near tears)

But . . . I need to do this . . .

Kate is interrupted by the arrival of their neighbor, MR. THOMPSON (50). He has short, graying hair and a trimmed beard. He's somewhat overweight. He's wearing a cowboy hat, long sleeve shirt with bolo tie, jeans and cowboy boots. He rides a Palomino horse with a fancy western saddle, and ponies another horse, ZEPHYR, beside him.

MR. THOMPSON

(very angry)

Your stallion was on my property again bothering my brood mares. If you don't control him, I'll report you to animal control!

He holds out the lead rope for them to take and shakes it impatiently.

MICHAEL

(to Kate)

Do you see what I mean now? How are you going to run a rehabilitation business when you can't even control one horse?

This cuts Kate to the heart. She starts to cry. She runs down the stairs, grabs the lead rope from Mr. Thompson, throws herself on Zephyr and gallops off.

MICHAEL

(frustrated and angry)

That's right. Run away like you always do!

MR. THOMPSON

See that you keep that horse off of my property!

MICHAEL

Yes, I'm sorry, Mr. Thompson. I'll make sure it won't happen again.

Mr. Thompson turns and rides off.

Michael picks up his paint brush and starts to paint. He pauses to look up at the sky.

MICHAEL

Alexa, what is the weather?

INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON

SUPER: "Four hours later."

Michael is sitting at his computer in his office working on a web design. It is late afternoon. He hears Kate's cell phone ring in her office, so he gets up to answer it. When he gets to the desk, he answers the phone.

MICHAEL

Hello. Kate's phone. No, she's not here right now. I'll let her know that you called.

Michael hangs up the phone and puts it back on the desk. He notices Kate's writing journal where she writes down her ideas for her novels. He picks it up and sees the title "Thoughts on Our Life Together." It is a collection of vignettes about their life. He sits in her chair and reads the first entry: "An Ordinary Day."

ORDINARY DAY FLASHBACK

KATE (V.O. "ORDINARY DAY AUDIO STORY")

Do you remember the day we met? It was an ordinary day, like any other ordinary day. I was riding my horse Zach through the forest. A cool, gentle breeze carried the deep earthy scents of fall and a hint of approaching rain. Its tender gusts nudged the red, yellow, and orange leaves from the trees and fluttered them here and there until they settled in multicolored patterns on the ground. The sun streamed through the trees, casting a shimmering light that illuminated dust motes and made the forest seem magical. A deep, still silence was disturbed only by Zach's hoof beats on the earthy leaves. All was as it should be on this perfect autumn day.

At the forest's end, a lush, green meadow of gently-sloping hills was so captivating that I urged Zach into a slow canter. His rhythmic one-two-three, one-two-three, one-two-three gait felt like we were waltzing together. We stopped at the top of the hill and saw you, alone in the meadow, flying a kite. It flitted here and there, floating on the wind, until a flash of lightening lit up the sky, and you let the kite go. The rain came, sudden and fierce, so I cantered over to you, gave you my arm so you could swing up behind me on

Zach, and rode quickly to a grove of trees. We dismounted, dripping with rain, and burst into laughter. And then we stopped. We looked into each other's eyes . . . and we knew. In one deep, profound moment, our souls recognized in each other a mate for life. Time stood still as the sun streamed through the trees, filling us with a quiet joy and peace. The true marriage of our spirits had begun. You moved a strand of wet hair from my face. I touched your cheek. And then, you leaned over and, oh so gently, kissed me.

When the rain stopped, we mounted Zach and rode home. We have never been apart since that day. It was an ordinary day, like any other ordinary day.

INT./EXT. FRONT YARD

Michael hears the sound of an approaching horse, so he rushes outside, but only Zephyr stands there, hot and lathered, with the lead rope dangling around his front legs. A pang of fear shoots through Michael. He slowly approaches Zephyr and grabs the lead rope. He takes out his cell phone and calls Jeff.

MICHAEL

(controlled panic)

Hey, Jeff. I think Kate is missing. We got in a fight earlier, and she took off on Zephyr. He just returned all hot and lathered without her. I have to cool him down . . . No, she doesn't have her phone, so we can't track her GPS. Can you call everyone for a search party and call Search and Rescue as well? Thanks!

Michael walks Zephyr toward the stables.

SUPER: "An Hour Later."

Michael emerges from the stables to find eight friends in the front yard. Four are on horseback. Two are on foot with rescue dogs who are barking and pulling on the leashes. Two are on off-road vehicles. They all have rain coats and strong flash lights.

JEFF (32) is tall and lanky with brown hair and brown eyes. He's wearing a plaid shirt, jeans, work boots and a rain coat. He's Michael's best friend. He's holding a clip board and writing down the names of the people who have arrived, so he knows who is out searching and where they are searching.

A flash of lightening and peal of thunder are followed by sudden rain. Michael goes inside to get rain gear.

INT - CLOSET AND KATE'S OFFICE

Michael grabs his rain coat and puts on rubber boots from the living room closet. He goes into Kate's office to get her purse--a small, floral-designed backback. He puts her cell phone in her backpack and pauses. He looks at her writing journal. He picks it up and puts it in her backpack.

EXT - FRONT YARD

As Michael comes back outside, the rescue chopper lands in the large, dirt area between the house and the barn and stables. Michael runs over to the helicopter and climbs inside. It rises up into the dark night sky as the search party on the ground begins to scatter.

EXT - MOUNTAIN

It isn't long before the co-pilot spots Kate at the foot of a mountain. When the chopper lands, Michael jumps out and runs to Kate, slipping and sliding in the slushy mud, his heart hoping with every step. When he reaches Kate, he kneels down beside her, brushes her hair from her face, and takes her hand. The rain pounds all around them.

The rescue paramedics finally make it through the mud with the stretcher. Michael stands back as they quickly examine Kate. They reassure Michael that she is alive, but seriously injured. They put a neck brace on her and then carefully put her on the stretcher and carry her to the chopper. The wind rages all around Michael as runs back to the chopper and jumps in. It rises quickly and heads toward the hospital.

EXT - HOSPITAL HELIPAD

The helicopter lands on the hospital helipad on the roof. Two ER doctors are waiting with a gurney. They run to the helicopter and help the paramedics move Kate to the gurney. They rush into the hospital. Michael follows behind them.

INT ELEVATOR

The elevator doors open, and they wheel Kate out. Michael follows beside the gurney, holding Kate's hand.

INT EMERGENCY ROOM DOORS

They go to the emergency room doors and hit the open button on the wall. The doors open automatically. They motion for Michael to stay outside. As the gurney moves, Kate's hand slides through his. He stands there, water dripping on the floor, and watches as she is wheeled down the corridor as the automatic doors close. He is unable to move from the spot; the shock is setting in. A nurse rushes over and puts a blanket around his shoulders. She leads him to a seat in the waiting room and checks his pulse to make sure he is okay. She goes back to her station.

INT HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM

Michael sits for a few minutes, numb with shock. Then he pulls out his cell phone and calls Jeff.

MICHAEL

Hey, Jeff. You can call off the search. We found her . . . Yes, we're at the hospital now. She's in surgery . . . I don't know. I could use some coffee and food--oh, and also some dry clothes. Thanks!

SUPER: "An hour later."

Jeff arrives in the waiting room. He is carrying coffee and food. His wife SUSAN (30), tall and fit, with curly light brown hair, is carrying a bag with some clothes for Michael. She hands it to Michael, and they all sit down.

JEFF

So how is she?

MICHAEL

She's still in surgery.

JEFF

Okay. Why don't you get changed into some dry clothes and then we can eat.

SUSAN

Brad and Jenny are taking care of the horses and staying at your house.

MICHAEL

Thank you for arranging that and for being here.

Michael takes the bag of clothes and heads for the bathroom.

SUPER: "Several hours later."

Susan is asleep on the couch. Jeff and Michael are sitting across from each other, leaning forward, with their elbows on their knees, talking softly.

MICHAEL

I don't know what I'm going to do if she doesn't make it. We had such a bad fight. I think I really hurt her this time.

JEFF

What did you fight about?

MICHAEL

I told her that I was afraid that she won't come back or that something will happen to her when she takes off on her horse to get away from our arguments. I suggested that we get some help.

JEFF

I bet that didn't go over too well.

MICHAEL

No, it didn't. Then she tells me that she wants to keep the horses that we rescued and start a horse rehabilitation and therapy center.

JEFF

I bet that didn't go over too well either.

MICHAEL

No, but she said that she needs to do it.

JEFF

It might be what she needs.

MICHAEL

She needs therapy. We both do.

JEFF

Maybe that's the type of therapy she needs. Perhaps you can make a deal with her. She gets the business if she goes to therapy.

MICHAEL

I still don't want the business at our home. I don't want all of those people roaming around.

JEFF

Well, you've got a lot of land. Why not build a new facility on another part of the property with a separate entrance?

MICHAEL

Hmmm. I guess that could work. I'll have to think about it . . . if she survives.

JEFF

Let's find out. There's the doctor.

Michael jumps up and runs to the doctor, while Jeff wakes up Susan. They join Michael. DR. PARKER (45) is wearing blue scrubs and a blue surgeon's cap. She looks tired.

MICHAEL

How is she?

DR. PARKER

She made it through the surgery, but the next few hours are critical. She's got a broken leg and several broken ribs. She's got a head injury, but the MRI shows no bleeding or swelling in the brain so far, but she has a serious concussion.

MICHAEL

Can I see her?

DR. PARKER

She's in the ICU right now. I'll let you know when we move her to a room.

MICHAEL

Thanks, doctor!

JEFF

Do you want us to stay?

MICHAEL

No, why don't you go home.

SUSAN

Call us if you need anything.

Jeff and Susan give Michael a hug and leave.

Now that Michael is alone, he pulls out Kate's writing journal and reads.

SUPER: "Two hours later."

Michael is interrupted by the nurse, who takes him to Kate's room.

INT - KATE'S HOSPITAL ROOM - LATE NIGHT

Michael is shocked to see Kate's face, bruised and cut. Her leg is in a cast hanging from a sling. The IV bag hangs by her bedside, and the machines monitor her vitals. He goes to her bedside, moves a chair over to the bed, sits down and takes her hand.

MICHAEL

(softly)

I'm here, Kate. I came for you. We all came for you.

A NURSE enters the room to check on Kate and to take her vitals. When she is done, she gives Michael an empathetic look.

NURSE

She can hear you. Talk to her.

MICHAEL

I will. Thanks.

The nurse leaves.

Michael takes Kate's hand again. He kisses it.

MICHAEL

I'm sorry.

He lays his head down over her hand and begins to sob.

INT - KATE'S HOSPITAL ROOM - MORNING

Michael is sitting in the chair, leaning over on the bed, asleep. The nurse enters and wakes him up. Michael gets up and leaves the room.

INT - HOSPITAL HALLWAY - MORNING

He stands in the hallway, wondering where to go. He feels numb. He walks down the hallway in slow motion.

INT - HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - MORNING

Michael comes to a corridor with floor to ceiling windows on both sides. He stops and looks out of the window. It is raining. He is overwhelmed with grief, puts both hands on the window above his head to steady himself and hangs his head down.

INT - KATE'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Michael sits in the chair by Kate's bedside. The room is lit by a bedside table lamp.

MOS he reads to her from her writing journal.

The Nurse comes in to check her vitals.

After she leaves, Michael sits silent and staring.

Michael sees flashes of memories.

MONTAGE - POV OF MICHAEL LOOKING AT KATE

- Kate stands on the porch during sunrise with a tea mug in both hands, sipping slowly. She turns and smiles at Michael.

- Kate sits on the porch swing with a blanket and mug of hot chocolate at night looking at the stars

- Kate plays with the dogs in the front yard with childlike abandon and joy. She stops and smiles at Michael.

- Kate is on her knees in the vegetable garden with rich, dark earth in her hands and contentment on her face. She looks up at Michael and smiles.

- Kate walks in the meadow and turns back to smile at Michael.

- Kate enjoying the horses' nickers and whinnies as she feeds

them.

- Kate and Michael ride horses together in the quiet forest. She reaches out to take his hand and smiles at him.

- Kate watches the horses grazing in the pasture and turns to smile at Michael.

- Kate's beautiful face in the firelight as they sit before the fireplace at the end of day. Michael leans over and give her a gentle kiss.

END MONTAGE

Michael is startled from his memories by the sound of the microphone announcing a code blue.

Michael blinks when the overhead lights are turned on.

Two NURSES and a DOCTOR rush into the room.

Michael looks at Kate, who is having a seizure. He jumps up, backs away quickly and stands against the wall watching with shock and fear on his face.

The doctor barks instructions at the nurse about what meds to put in her IV. One nurse puts a mouth guard in her mouth.

They pause to see if the seizure will stop. It does, but then Kate's heart stops.

An nurse moves the crash cart to the bedside and gets it ready. First shock doesn't work, so they turn it up. Second one doesn't work either, so they turn it up.

Michael puts his hands on the wall behind him to stead himself. Tears stream down his face. He sinks down to his knees, clasps his hands together against his forehead.

MICHAEL

(desperate)

Please, God, don't take her from me. I can't live without her. I can't breathe without her. She is my life, my heart, my soul. If you have to take someone, take my life instead of hers. Please!

The doctor tries a third shock on Kate. Everyone pauses and watches the monitor. Her heartbeat appears. They all sigh in relief. She is still unconscious, so the doctor checks her

eyes with his small flashlight.

Michael slowly stands up, afraid to move.

MICHAEL

Oh my God! Thank you!

INT KATE'S HOSPITAL ROOM - MORNING

Michael sits by Kate's beside, holding her hand.

MICHAEL

Kate, please wake up. I know you can hear me. Please come back to me!

I can't bear to live without you.

You are the love of my life. You are the other half of my soul, the other half of my heart. We are only whole together.

I am so grateful for the life we have together, for sharing your life with me. You make my life rich.

I love you. I will always come for you.

Kate squeezes his hand and begins to wake up. When she opens her eyes, she sees his face wet with tears.

KATE

(softly and slowly)

I heard your prayer. I wanted to leave this world, but your prayer brought me back.

Michael kisses her hand. He then calls for the nurse.

INT - MICHAEL AND KATE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Kate lays on the couch with a pillow and a blanket. Michael sits on the floor beside her. The fireplace is lit. A few candles are lit as well. They hold mugs of hot chocolate. It is raining outside.

MICHAEL

I was talking with Jeff. He suggested that we had plenty of land where we could build a horse center that is

away from the house. If this is what you really want, if it will make you happy and fulfilled, then I want it for you.

KATE

I think it would be good for me. I could work through some of my issues with the horse therapist.

MICHAEL

I need you to hear me.

KATE

I'm listening.

MICHAEL

I need you to learn how to trust me and stop running away. I almost lost you, and it nearly killed me.

KATE

I know. I'm sorry.

MICHAEL

Do you understand how much I love you, Kate? You are my soul mate, my one true love.

KATE

(grinning)

Like Wesley and Buttercup?

MICHAEL

Better . . . because our love is real.

Michael leans over and gives Kate an oh so gentle kiss.

FADE OUT