

<Title>

an original screenplay by

<your name here>

<your Name here>  
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Black Mass

JAMES

I'm taking him home, Lindsey. I don't fucking care what they say. I want to take my boy home.

LINDSEY

He's not coming home, Jimmy.

JAMES

Don't say that, please. Don't say that.

LINDSEY

He's on life support, Jimmy. He's not going anywhere. You gotta accept it.

JAMES

No. I don't gotta do fucking nothing.

LINDSEY

Look at me, Jimmy, please, look at me. He's never gonna be our little boy again, ever.

JAMES

Don't!

LINDSEY

He's brain dead.

JAMES

Don't say that.

LINDSEY

He's on life support, he can't move, and I don't want him like that! I can't have my little boy be like that! I'll pull the plug myself. I will.

JAMES

What did you say? What the fuck did you just say? My boy? You pull the plug on my boy?

LINDSEY

I can't have him like this, Jimmy.

JAMES

How could you be so cold?

LINDSEY  
Don't say that to me.

JAMES  
How could you be so cold?

LINDSEY  
Don't say that.

JAMES  
I could never. Ever.

LINDSEY  
Don't you dare fucking say that.

JAMES  
You're pathetic.

LINDSEY  
You of all people in the whole fucking  
world cannot say that to me!

JAMES  
Who the fuck are you?

LINDSEY  
You motherfucker. Go fuck yourself.