

PRODIGAL SON

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INT. SEDAN - DRIVING - NIGHT

Wipers rhythmically clear pouring rain from the windshield. DR. CORT ANATTA, late 40's, upper class, fit, guides the car along the road, careful to not disturb the pair of pizza boxes resting on the passenger seat.

Through the heavy weather, he can barely make out blurry, flashing red lights down the road. Closer, he sees they're a Kia Soul's emergency blinkers.

Cort slows in passing - no one's inside the Kia. He speeds off. Further up, a form appears walking on the shoulder. The lights full on catch GABRIEL DURAND, 22, backpack, as he turns - wait - did Gabriel's eye color flash from brown to blue then back again?

Cort pulls over.

INT. SEDAN - NIGHT

The pizza boxes now rest in the back. Soaked, Gabriel closes the passenger door. Cort resumes driving.

CORT

That your car back there?

GABRIEL

Yes, sir. Storms like this, they scare me.

CORT

They scare your car as well?

GABRIEL

It stalled. I couldn't get it to start back up and there's no cell service.

CORT

Yeah, this area's a dead zone. However, it does offer a great deal of seclusion and privacy. Life's a balance.

Gabriel smiles.

CORT (CONT'D)

Your accent? I'm guessing you're
visiting from.....?

GABRIEL

France. Graduated University last
month. Longed to visit America
since I was a boy.

CORT

Impressive. My house is up ahead.
I have a wife and daughter
expecting this pizza. We'll get
you dried off, sort out your car.

GABRIEL

Thank you, sir. I very much
appreciate it.

Gabriel stares out the window, notices a street sign "Sawel
Road", watches trees rush by until Cort clicks the turn
signal. Ahead, arches with sculptures of Auger Birds rise
above a driveway. Passing beneath, Gabriel takes notice.

EXT. ESTATE - NIGHT

Car wheels crunch the circular driveway's gravel as Cort
pulls around a fountain into an open two car garage
structure, parks next to a covered sports car.

Across from the garage is the main house.

INT. MAIN HOUSE - FOYER/KITCEN - NIGHT

Gabriel sits within the vestibule, enclosed by the interior
and exterior front doors. Cort approaches the kitchen, hands
off the pizza boxes to his daughter, BECCA ANATTA, 22, a
slight scar indentation on her left cheek bone.

She cranes her neck past him towards Gabriel. Gabriel
doesn't look up. Behind Becca stands her mother, SELA
ANATTA, late 40's, also Cort's wife.

CORT

Let's not stare at him like he's a
zoo animal.

He motions for them to move into the kitchen.

SELA
 (softly)
 Who is he?

Becca sets the pizza boxes on the counter island. Birthday decorations and balloons fill the walls, flow into the dining room. A cake displays a "22" candle.

CORT
 His car broke down near our driveway. No one's gonna come out in this storm.

BECCA
 Is he from around here?

CORT
 He's from Europe.

SELA
 Why is he here?

CORT
 He's visiting from Europe.
 (growing impatient)
 Let's get him dried off, invite him to dinner. He can stay in the garage apartment over night. We'll help him on his way in the morning.

Cort exits towards Gabriel. Sela glances at her daughter, offers a reassuring smile.

SELA
 Grab another place setting, sweetie.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Dried off and changed, Gabriel stands in the doorway, stares at the table. Carrying plates, Becca passes him.

BECCA
 Hey. I'm Becca.

GABRIEL
 Gabriel.

BECCA

Take a seat.

Gabriel moves into the room, walks around the table. Sela and Cort step up to the doorway, watch him pull out a chair.

CORT

(softly, to Sela)

It's just for tonight.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Later.

Dinner's in progress. A fork and knife cut a slice of pizza. The utensils are set down and we follow fingers as Gabriel raises a piece to his mouth.

Sela watches intently.

BECCA

What brings you to America?

Chewing, Gabriel grins self-consciously, raises a finger.

BECCA (CONT'D)

Sorry. Caught ya' mid bite.

GABRIEL

I graduated University, felt a need to see America, almost like a calling.

BECCA

Yeah, so did Christopher Columbus. We all know how that turned out.

She winks at him, grins.

SELA

What did you study in school?

GABRIEL

Major in philosophy, minor in religion. I've been intrigued with the relationship between worship and reincarnation.

CORT

Neither of which are high paying vocations. How do you plan on turning them into a career?

BECCA

Dad...

Cort shoots her a look, she cowers.

GABRIEL

I've been blessed with an inheritance. I don't plan to rely on this. However - it is there.

SELA

Inheritance?

GABRIEL

I lost my family in a car accident when I was a boy. Up until last year it was only myself and my Grandfather.

There's a scratching at the door. Becca turns to her father, a motion of his head gives permission. She rises, exits the room. A moment later, MISTY, a mature yellow Labrador, pads in. She pauses, gazing at Gabriel.

Confused, she barks aggressively then immediately whines, furiously wags her tail, approaches Gabriel like she's not seen him for years.

The family watches - this is odd. Gabriel turns in his chair as Misty jumps up, licks his face with extreme affection.

CORT

Becca, put her back outside.

Becca reaches for Misty's collar, pulls her from Gabriel, leads her from the room. We hear the door open and close.

BECCA

(returning to her seat)
That was friggin' weird.

Becca resumes eating.

BECCA (CONT'D)

Like he knew you.

SELA

We don't get many visitors.

GABRIEL

(to Becca)

It's your birthday?

Becca flashes two fingers on each hand.

BECCA

Twenty-two. Whoo-Hoo! How 'bout you?

GABRIEL

Twenty two also.

BECCA

You almost said 'twenty-two, too' didn't you?

GABRIEL

(laughing)

I did almost say that!

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Later.

Singing Happy Birthday, Cort and Sela enter from the kitchen with the cake, set it in front of Becca. They finish the song.

SELA

Make a wish, sweetie.

Becca closes her eyes, concentrates, opens them and blows out the candles. Gabriel notices the cake's inscribed "*Becca & Matthew*".

GABRIEL

Who's Matthew?

Eyes dart around the table.

CORT

Matthew's Becca's fraternal twin. He left us when he was a young boy. We've continued to celebrate their birthdays together.

GABRIEL

Very cool.

BECCA

Right!?!?

Sela's overcome with melancholy. Cort reaches for her hand, offers a reassuring smile.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Sela places the remainder of the birthday cake into a Tupperware container. Becca cleans dishes by the sink.

SELA

Did you notice how he ate his pizza? I've never seen anyone cut their pizza and eat it with their fingers since Matthew.

BECCA

And he went right for Matthew's chair.

SELA

You didn't suggest he sit there?

BECCA

No, I said 'have a seat, yo'.

SELA

And of all the days for something like this to happen? On Becca and Matthew's birthday?

CORT

I'll show our guest to his room.
(exiting)
Enough on the conspiracy theories.

BECCA

(whisper, laughing)
Guess I shouldn't mention the way Misty reacted to him, huh?

She playfully waves her hands eerily, makes a face.

EXT/INT. ESTATE - GARAGE - NIGHT

Cort and Gabriel duck beneath the rising garage door, step inside between the covered sports car and the rain drenched sedan. In the middle rear of the garage, a staircase leads up then splits off to each side.

CORT

There's an apartment on the second floor. Complete with it's own bathroom and shower. You'll be staying there. Haven't used it in a while, might be a bit dusty.

GABRIEL

It'll be perfect. Thank you, sir.

He shakes Cort's hand, walks toward the steps.

CORT

Tomorrow, we'll take your car in.
Get you back on the road.

As Gabriel approaches the fork in the stairs, Cort raises a hand, points to the right.

CORT (CONT'D)

It's to your -

Gabriel's instinctually made the turn. Taken aback, Cort lowers his hand.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Cort and Sela pull down the comforter, prepare for bed.

SELA

I don't like how this feels, Cort.

CORT

Relax. He's an educated young man visiting America with a malfunctioning Kia Soul. That's it.

SELA

I'm very suspicious.

CORT

He's respectful. Self sufficient.

Sela opens her mouth to speak.

CORT (CONT'D)
The kind of son any parent would
love to call their own.

INT. BECCA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Standing at her window, Becca hears her parents' muffled voices through the opposite wall. Parting the curtain, she sees Gabriel moving about the garage apartment.

He gets into bed, turns off the light. Glancing down, Becca notices Misty scratching at the side door of the garage before moaning and laying on the ground.

INT. GARAGE - DAY

Cort and Gabriel enter, approach the sedan. Cort glances at the sports car, then sideways at Gabriel, decides he wants to impress him.

CORT
(charming)
Gimme a hand, son.

He steps over, begins removing the car cover.

CORT (CONT'D)
It's a shame you're not gonna be
with us longer. I just might've
let you take her for a spin.

EXT. SAWEL ROAD - MORNING

In the sports car, Cort and Gabriel pull up and park behind the Kia Soul. Cort smiles.

CORT
You gonna be okay?

Gabriel turns to him, feels something akin to an electric shock, jolts a bit as he experiences a vision.

INT. SPORTS CAR - **FLASHBACK** - NIGHT

We're in a POV.

It's raining. Cort drives the sports car, glancing down at us with extreme intensity, anger.

CORT (O.S.)
Gabriel?

INT. SPORTS CAR - SAWEL ROAD - MORNING

CORT
You gonna be okay?

Gabriel shakes off the vision, forces a smile, silently extends a hand and exits the car. Cort watches him get inside the Kia. A few moments pass.

EXT. KIA SOUL - SAWEL ROAD - MORNING

Cort knocks on the Kia window. Gabriel opens the door.

GABRIEL
It won't start.

INT. KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM - DAY

Becca descends the stairs

BECCA
Mom?!?

She moves through the kitchen into the living room. A door's open to a small corner room. As Becca approaches, we see Sela inside. Becca reaches the entrance.

BECCA (CONT'D)
Mom? What are you doing?

Sela turns. Matthew's things fill the room. Some on shelves, others in boxes.

SELA
Saying Happy Birthday to my son.
You know, it's a thing each year
with your father - putting
Matthew's name on the cake.

BECCA
I love that you do that. I mean,
it's how it always was.

SELA

Sometimes I wanna throw this all out. Forget.

BECCA

Why would you want to do that?

Sela shakes her head, tries not to cry, forces a smile, leads Becca from the room.

SELA

C'mon, sweetie. Before you father comes home.

They exit. Sela locks the door behind them.

EXT. CADY'S GARAGE - MORNING

A tow truck lowers the Kia. Cort, Gabriel and ED CADY, 50's, Cort's mechanic, push the Kia into Ed's commercial garage. They get it into position and step back.

ED

I don't know what to tell ya'. All the lights work, the radio, the turn signals. It's not the battery. I'll check the starter, see if I can fix it. The kid's welcome to hang out but it could be a while and that's IF I can fix it.

CORT

I'll take him back to the house. You can reach us there.

ED

Sounds good.

Cort and Gabriel head for the sports car. Ed stares at the Kia.

CORT

Ed's a good man. Worked on every motor we've had. This baby, our sedan, lawn mowers, snow blowers - you name it.

Cort opens the car door.

CORT (CONT'D)

Sometimes, having less educated people in your life, it's a good thing. They're honest. But then again, they kinda have to be.

Cort gives a wink and grin, gets in the car.

INT. MAIN HOUSE - FOYER/KITCEN - MORNING

Sela's face drops as Cort and Gabriel enter. Cort raises a hand to placate her as Becca steps from the kitchen.

CORT

Becca, take Gabriel outside, show him the garage.

BECCA

(sarcastic)

Show him the garage?

Cort give her a stern "do what I say" look. She obeys, approaches Gabriel.

BECCA (CONT'D)

Hey, why don't I show you the garage?

They both nearly laugh as he follows her outside. Once the door shuts, Sela resumes her protest.

SELA

We agreed -

CORT

His car wouldn't start!

His outburst ends her protest. She bows her head.

INT. ESTATE - GARAGE - MORNING

Becca and Gabriel stare at a wall with a bunch of dog leashes and boy's things hung on it - a big wheel, baseball pitch-back.

BECCA

These were Matthew's. My brother. He died about a decade ago.

GABRIEL

I'm sorry.

BECCA

Yeah. We were twins. I've felt somewhat - incomplete? Ever since.

Gabriel touches the big wheel.

GABRIEL

I always wanted one of these.

BECCA

Give it a whirl.

Gabriel smiles.

BECCA (CONT'D)

You got a driver's license, right?

GABRIEL

International.

BECCA

Ooooo...que fancy!

INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Moving slowly towards a window, we hear laughter, wheels on gravel. Sela enters frame, looks outside. Gabriel's on the Big Wheel, struggling to pedal around the fountain as Becca gets a kick out of watching. It is pretty humorous.

Sela walks away. We follow her, settle on the bookshelf and an almost identical picture of the action only with an 11 year old Becca laughing at MATTHEW, her 11 year old brother.

EXT. ESTATE - GARAGE - MORNING

Gabriel skids to a stop by Becca. They share a smile.

GABRIEL

How'd your brother pass away?

BECCA

Traffic accident in my father's sports car. My father was driving. I don't remember much.

(MORE)

BECCA (CONT'D)

It was a long time ago and I was really sick, really out of it. All I recall is it was late at night and raining really, really hard.

INT. ESTATE - GARAGE - MORNING

Becca and Gabriel stand by the sports car. The dust cover hangs nearby.

BECCA

No one's allowed to drive it except him. We're probably pushing it just staring at it this long.

GABRIEL

What happens if he catches you driving it?

Gabriel casually kicks a tire. Becca's face turns ashen. Gabriel turns - Cort's standing behind them.

EXT. ESTATE - GARAGE - **FLASHBACK** - DAY

MATTHEW, 10, stands in the garage kicking the sports car tire. Cort trudges purposely into frame.

CORT

What'd I tell you? What'd I tell you I'd do to you if you did that again?

Though terrified, Matthew stares straight at Cort, continues kicking the tire as Cort descends upon him.

INT. ESTATE - GARAGE - MORNING

CORT

Excuse me.

Cort steps past him, proceeds to put the dust cover back on the car. Becca takes Gabriel by the arm, leads him out.

GABRIEL

(softly)
Are we in trouble?

Becca suppresses a laugh.

BECCA

We're both in our 20's and about to
be grounded.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

From inside the house, we see Becca and Gabriel walk from the garage as Cort covers the car.

INT. ESTATE - GARAGE - MORNING

Cort finishes securing the tarp at the tire Gabriel kicked. He kneels, sees the light scuff marks, uses his shirt to wipe them off.

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - MORNING

Becca leads Gabriel from the woods across a baseball field.

BECCA

We used to play tee-ball and little league here. My father was the coach so you can imagine how much of a party that was. He had the stupidest rules for where we could hit the ball.

Gabriel slows, his breathing labored. His eye color swirls, blue becoming dominant then blue... He hunches over, hands on knees.

Becca turns sees him in pain.

BECCA (CONT'D)

Gabriel?

She rushes back to him, places a hand on his back.

BECCA (CONT'D)

Gabriel what's wrong.

He waves her off.

GABRIEL

Nothing. I'm....

He pushes the pain away, the brown returning to his eyes. He stands straight, exhales.

GABRIELH

Not used to everything I'm taking
in here in America.

BECCA

Are the pains recent?

GABRIEL

I got them in France. Only not so
bad. I'd focus on something like
drawing and they'd dissipate.

BECCA

You can draw?

GABRIEL

Yeah. I should be in museums.

BECCA

Serious?

GABRIEL

(laughs)

No.

Gabriel motions with his head for them to continue.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)

What are you studying in school?

BECCA

Pre-med.

GABRIEL

Pre-med? That takes dedication.
You must love it.

BECCA

Fucking hate it.

GABRIEL

Then why are you doing it?

BECCA

It's either that or continue my
studies at the university of
adversity. Home school edition.

Becca smiles uncomfortably.

INT. SAWEL MARKET - DAY

They enter. Becca peels off to the side.

BECCA
I'm gonna grab a soda you want one?

GABRIEL
Sure.

Gabriel scans the aisles.

INT. SAWEL MARKET - JUNK FOOD AISLE - DAY

Two sodas in hand, Becca strolls down the aisle. Gabriel's studying a package of Twinkies. Becca takes it from him.

BECCA
My brother used to love those. We weren't allowed to have them - or candy for that matter - when we were kids. Don't tell my parents - we used to come in here -
(she slips it in the top of her shirt)
- And steal them.

Gabriel cranes his neck to see if someone's watching.

BECCA (CONT'D)
Dude. C'mon...

She shakes the bottom of her shirt, catches the package.

EXT. SAWEL MARKET - DAY

They exit the market, sit on the step. Becca opens the Twinkies, hands Gabriel one. She watches as Gabriel breaks his in two and proceeds to tongue the cream filling out.

BECCA
You've never had one of these?

He shakes his head no. Becca glances around, clears her throat.

BECCA (CONT'D)

You know, don't stop now, but you may not wanna be doing that if someone comes by. Best case scenario - you make a friend. Worst case - you make two.

Gabriel turns to her, shoves the whole thing in his mouth, smiles.

BECCA (CONT'D)

Matthew used to do that. My mom and I would *lauugggggh*. My father would lose his shit and I'm convinced Matthew kept doing it to piss him off.

GABRIEL

Would you mind if I sketched your portrait?

BECCA

Not like one of your French girls, right?

GABRIEL

No, just a portrait.

EXT. ESTATE GROUNDS - DAY

Gabriel and Becca sit on the grass. His backpack next to him and a sketchbook and pencil out. He's drawing her profile and filling in the indent scar on her cheek. He glances to the other side of her face.

GABRIEL

That's an odd....birthmark.

BECCA

It's not a birthmark.

GABRIEL

What is it then?

BECCA

It's a scar. And no, it's not from sports.

GABRIEL

What's it from?

BECCA

My father.

GABRIEL

Your father?

BECCA

Yep. We're not allowed to sit on the kitchen counter 'cause
(imitates Cort)
That's where we prepare our food.

GABRIEL

I don't understand how -

BECCA

I hopped up there when I was little, this was a few weeks after he yelled at me not to, but I was like 9 and forgot. He didn't forget and walked in while I'm watching my mom make dinner and slammed my head into the built in microwave.

GABRIEL

For real?

BECCA

Oh, yeah. I had to do the cliché lie at the hospital "oh, I fell down the stairs...."

GABRIEL

And the hospital believed it?

BECCA

It's my dad's hospital. Or rather, the hospital where he's Chief Surgeon. Like they're gonna question anything he says or does even if they think he's full of shit.

Gabriel turns the pencil over to erase it.

BECCA (CONT'D)

Leave it. Please. It's who I am.
Just like Oliver Cromwell.

GABRIEL

Warts and all.

She winks at him.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)

What'd your mom say about it?

BECCA

"Well, you won't sit on the counter
again now will you...?"

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

The garage door's down. We find the family and Gabriel at the dining room table about to have lunch. They place napkins in their laps as Cort says grace.

CORT

Bless us O Lord, and these thy
gifts, Which we are about to
receive, from thy bounty, Through
Christ, Our Lord. Amen.

Sela's eyes are on Gabriel. Cort raises his sandwich, prepares to take a bite, sees Sela focused on Gabriel. Cort lowers his sandwich.

CORT (CONT'D)

(intense, softly)

Please. Stop.

Sela sits straighter, almost defiant. Gabriel glances at Becca. She shakes her head as if to say nothing's wrong. He spins his plate. The potato chips are closer. He picks one up, places it in his mouth.

He crunches down, notices everyone watching him. Stops. Looks around the table. Crunches a second time, takes a moment, crunches a third. About to lose his patience, Cort sighs.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Sela and Cort enter the kitchen, set their plates on the counter.

SELA
That is *exactly* how Matthew used to eat potato chips. Just like with the pizza.

Cort ignores her.

SELA (CONT'D)
You aren't listening to me, Cort.

CORT
No. I'm not. Your projecting onto him. And it's going to stop.

SELA
I feel something when he's around. I feel Matthew.

CORT
Lower your voice. Now. This kid's gonna return to Europe with tales of a crazy American lady. Becca!!

Cort stares at Sela intensely as footsteps hurrying down stairs precede Becca's entrance.

BECCA
Yes, dad?

CORT
Set up the croquet set with Gabriel.

BECCA
Excuse me?

CORT
It's been awhile since we had a guest and we should enjoy his company.
(to Sela, pointedly)
We should ALL, enjoy his company.

Cort exits. Becca turns to her mother.

BECCA

Yeah, it's been a long time since we've had a guest. 'Cause we don't want anyone to know what an asshole he is.

SELA

Go find Gabriel and do as your father asked.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Gabriel runs his hand along the bookshelf crosses **CURIOUS GEORGE**. A shock registers.

INT. LIVING ROOM - **FLASHBACK** - DAY

Matthew lays on the couch, his head in Sela's lap as she reads to him from the same book.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Gabriel pulls out **CURIOUS GEORGE**. He sits on the floor, opens it up.

Becca enters, sees Gabriel with the book. Alarmed, she rushes towards him, takes the book and slips it back into place. Gabriel remains in place, empty hands outstretched.

Becca kneels down, speaks softly.

BECCA

My mother will *shit* if she sees you reading that book.

GABRIEL

She have a thing for the man in the yellow hat?

Confused, Gabriel shakes his head.

BECCA

Close. Curious George was Matthew's favorite. C'mon.

She helps him up.

BECCA (CONT'D)

We have to go outside and play
croquet with my parents.

GABRIEL

Croquet?

BECCA

I just work here, buddy.

EXT. ESTATE - BACKYARD - DAY

Croquet brackets fill the lawn. Gabriel, Becca, Sela and Cort all hold mallets. Misty sits watching as Cort prepares to send Gabriel's ball flying.

BECCA

He's competitively ruthless.

Gabriel glances at her. She nods.

BECCA (CONT'D)

Pretty much why we've not played
since Matthew passed away. He
hated losing to Matthew.
Ironically, Matthew used to do
precisely this to him all the time.
Drove my Dad batshit.

Cort swings the mallet, Gabriel's ball sails across the lawn.

BECCA (CONT'D)

See ya'.

Gabriel takes off after it, immediately followed by Misty. They run across the lawn and as they near the edge of the grass, Misty stops suddenly, weary of where the ball's landed.

EXT. ESTATE - BACKYARD - EDGE OF GRASS - DAY

Gabriel reaches it, slowly approaches. He addresses the ball and shudders, drops to one knee, attempts to stabilize himself by reaching to the grass.

Misty barks as the family watches from afar.

Gabriel's eyes flicker from brown to blue, as if the blue seeks dominance. And like earlier driving in the car with Cort - Gabriel has another vision.

EXT. ESTATE - GARAGE - **FLASHBACK** - DAY

Cort's bitten by a black Labrador, identical to Misty with the exception of the different colored hide. The dog's between Cort and Matthew.

EXT. ESTATE - BACKYARD - **ANOTHER FLASHBACK** - DAY

Cort digs into the grass of this very spot. Nearby's a burlap sack with a large form inside it.

EXT. ESTATE - BACKYARD - EDGE OF GRASS - DAY

Gabriel collapses. The family reach him. Cort delicately turns him over. Legitimately scared, Gabriel embraces Cort.

CORT

It's okay, son. It's okay.

He helps Gabriel up, walks him towards the garage. Becca kneels down, runs her hand over the grass, turns to Sela.

BECCA

This is where we buried Parker.

INT. ESTATE - GARAGE - NIGHT

Carrying a small amount of pharmaceuticals and a syringe, Cort exits Gabriel's apartment, descends the stairs.

INT. MAIN HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Cort enters, finds Sela and Becca waiting. He opens a small cabinet above the refrigerator, revealing a home safe.

BECCA

How is he, dad?

Cort dials a combination, opens the safe, places the unused pharmaceuticals and syringe inside.

CORT

There's nothing physically wrong with him. My guess is an anxiety attack of some kind. Possibly brought on from his trip, his car, maybe being around strangers such as ourselves. I gave him a sedative. He'll be out for a while.

SELA

Probably best we send him on his way.

BECCA

Mom, he collapsed in the yard.

SELA

Are you sweet on him?

BECCA

No! I just worry about him and yeah, it's kinda cool having someone my age around here for a change. And though I'm sure you guys are gonna jump all over me for saying this, I feel a....kinship with Gabriel. Like when Matthew was alive.

SELA

We don't know anything about him. He could have narcotics or weapons with him.

CORT

Well, I can attest that's not true.

BECCA

You went through his things?

CORT

He's in my house. Of course I went through his things. I took a photo of his passport. Tomorrow, I'll check on his car and have the Sheriff run a check on him.

INT. BECCA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Becca's at her desktop computer. She's Facestalking Gabriel. His profile's pretty standard - funny posts, some sports, politics, school achievements.

She clicks on his photos - pictures with his Grandfather, his Grandfather's funeral, kid photos of him with his parents, photos with friends goofing around at the beach.

Her interest is piqued. Not so much by him in his bathing suit, rather the deep scars on his body. Surgical scars. She zooms in - they're serious.

Taken aback, she shuts her computer down. Slips into bed, turns off the light. In the distance, we see the light in Gabriel's room turn on.

INT. GARAGE APARTMENT - NIGHT

Gabriel sits on the bed, worried, distressed, contemplating. He digs around in his backpack, removes his sketch pad, flips through it looking for something.

We catch glimpses of his drawings, flash to their real life counterparts: the Auger Birds on the driveway arch, the circular fountain, Misty with PARKER, the black Labrador.

He turns to a page which we don't see - it affects him deeply. Disturbs him.

EXT. ESTATE - BACKYARD - EDGE OF GRASS - NIGHT

A shovel pierces the ground at the edge of the tree line where his croquet ball landed. Gabriel's digging with precision. Nearby, Misty begins whimpering.

TIME CUT TO:

EXT. ESTATE - BACKYARD - EDGE OF GRASS - NIGHT

Gabriel's carefully peeled back a layer of grass, digs soil from the ground. Fabric remnants appear in the dirt. Gabriel pulls - it rips, revealing canine remains, a leather collar, metal dog tag.

Again, his eyes flash color, he becomes unsteady, regains balance, sits on the ground. Seeking comfort, Misty joins him, rests her head on his lap. She knows something.

Gabriel reaches down, pulls out the dog tag, wipes off the dirt. PARKER. Misty rubs her head into him as if trying to soothe a bad memory.

INT. GARAGE APARTMENT - NIGHT

Gabriel opens the sketch pad to the page we didn't see earlier. A drawing of a dog tag - PARKER. It perfectly matches the dog tag he dug up. He shudders, eyes watering. Confused, he lays back on the carpet.

EXT. ESTATE - BACKYARD - EDGE OF GRASS - MORNING

The grave's been refilled, the grass replaced near perfect.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Sela makes breakfast. Becca sets out placemats on the kitchen island.

BECCA

Can I ask you a question? Why do you have it out for Gabriel? Even Dad likes him and Dad hates everyone.

SELA

He's your father.

BECCA

That's on you, lady.

There's a pause as Becca places silverware on the napkins, delicately broaches the next subject.

BECCA (CONT'D)

He reminds you of Matthew, doesn't he?

Sela's quiet.

BECCA (CONT'D)

Whatever it is that brought him here, maybe it's fate's way of mending us all. He's without a family, we're without -

Sela turns to her. Silent agreement.

BECCA (CONT'D)

Plus, its freaking awesome having someone else alleviate the pressure of walking on eggshells whenever Dad's home.

Through the window, we see Gabriel exit the garage. Misty jumps up, happy to see him.

BECCA (CONT'D)

It's okay to like him, mom. And it's okay to miss Matthew. No matter what dad tries to make you believe.

There's a knock on the door. Becca exits the kitchen.

EXT/INT. VESTIBULE - DAY

Becca opens the door for Gabriel, moves to re-enter the house.

GABRIEL

Becca?

Becca turns.

BECCA

What's up?

GABRIEL

Did your family have a second dog?

Becca closes the door to the house.

BECCA

Why would you ask that?

GABRIEL

Just wondering.

BECCA

But why that particular question?
'Did your family have a second
dog?'

GABRIEL

You have two sets of leashes in the
garage. Seemed like a lot for one
dog.

BECCA

We had a second dog, yes. Parker.
He contracted rabies and my father
had to put him down. Misty was
more or less my dog. Parker was
Matthew's. He and Matthew were
inseparable.

EXT/INT. CADY'S GARAGE - MORNING

Cort's Sports Car is parked outside the open garage. Inside,
Ed motions to Gabriel's Kia.

ED

Something doesn't want this vehicle
to leave here. I fix a problem -
another thing's wrong. I replace a
part - another goes bad. I'm no
longer thinking about what it costs
- I'll slash the bill - I just
wanna solve this riddle.

Cort sizes him up. Skeptical.

ED (CONT'D)

Don't do me like that. How long we
know each other, huh? Like I'm
gonna choose this car, this day to
work you? I'm not gonna charge you
anything more than when you brought
it in. I honestly don't know
what's going on with it.
C'mere.....

Ed reaches through the window, pops the hood. He walks Cort
to the front of the vehicle, points out the various
mechanical areas.

ED (CONT'D)

Doesn't make sense. I've worked my way through the entire thing. Front to back. Each and every time - something else goes wrong. I've been working on cars since I was little, Cort. I've jury rigged tractors, lawn mowers, BMWs, Galaxies. I'm telling you - something doesn't want this car to leave here.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Becca and Gabriel sit at the counter alone. Gabriel's left his bacon untouched. Becca notices. As does Misty who's posted up below him.

BECCA

Eat your bacon before she comes back in.

GABRIEL

Why?

BECCA

She takes it personally when we don't eat what she makes. Like she somehow failed. It's all she has, really.

GABRIEL

I don't like bacon.

Misty's head bounces back and forth between them, hoping for a feeding ruling.

BECCA

I don't care. Eat it.

GABRIEL

Seriously. I don't like it.

BECCA

Since when? Everyone loves bacon.

GABRIEL

Since my accident.

Becca hears footsteps. Grabs the bacon, shoves one in her mouth, tosses the other to Misty. Sela enters.

SELA
Better not feed her from the table
when your father's around.

Sela collects the dishes.

BECCA
We can do them, mom.

SELA
I'll get them. You kids go play.

Becca and Gabriel look at each other *"you kids go play"*?

SELA (CONT'D)
You know what I mean. Take him to
the falls.

BECCA
(to Gabriel)
You wanna go swimming?

GABRIEL
Sure.

BECCA
I'll grab us some towels.

Becca slides off the stool, exits the room. Gabriel collects the dishes, takes them to the sink.

GABRIEL
Thank you for the breakfast. It
was wonderful.

SELA
How was the bacon?

GABRIEL
Delicious.

Gabriel turns, Becca's at the doorway, mouths *"liar"*. She and Gabriel head for the door followed by Misty. Sela turns on the faucet, watches them through the window as they walk past the fountain.

Sela's vision of them gives way to:

EXT. ESTATE - GARAGE - **FLASHBACK** - MORNING

YOUNG BECCA and YOUNG MATTHEW walk the same path with Misty and Parker.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Still staring out the window, Sela smiles.

EXT. RURAL HIGHWAY - HOSPITAL - DAY

The sports car speeds past a hospital.

INT. SPORTS CAR - DRIVING - DAY

Alone, Cort's driving, staring aimlessly out the window. We hear soft whimpering from a child. Cort becomes distracted.

INT. SPORTS CAR - **FLASHBACK** - NIGHT

We're looking up at Cort. He's angry. The whimpering's much louder. He suddenly reaches over, hits us.

INT. SPORTS CAR - DRIVING - DAY

Cort adjusts his position.

INT. SPORTS CAR - **FLASHBACK** - NIGHT

We're looking down at Matthew in the passenger seat. He's been hit. As Cort's hand pulls back, Matthew turns toward us. He's crying, pissed off, bloody nose, bruised face.

INT. SPORTS CAR - DRIVING - DAY

A loud HONK pulls Cort from his memory. He swerves to avoid an accident.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

A photo of Matthew and Parker rests on a shelf. Below it, Sela opens a bottom drawer, removes a shoe box.

She flips the lid, takes out an old Nomad mp3 player with "Matty" scribbled on one side, "Don't Touch" on the other.

Sela rips open a package of AAA batteries, hooks the Nomad up to the living room stereo. Pop music from over a decade ago floods the room, making her smile. These were her boy's songs.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Becca and Gabriel walk through the woods.

GABRIEL

You ever worry you'll get lost?

BECCA

Nah, I grew up here. We used to play in the woods all the time. Rarely walked on the roads.

She points to the east.

BECCA (CONT'D)

That way? Baseball field and market we were at yesterday.

She points to the west.

BECCA (CONT'D)

That way? Cemetery.

She points in the direction they're headed.

BECCA (CONT'D)

Roxbury Falls. For the record, that's about all there is to do around here.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

A printer kicks out Gabriel's Interpol report. SHERIFF MICHAELS, 50's, slides the document over to Cort.

SHERIFF MICHAELS

He's clean.

CORT

You look into his story?

SHERIFF MICHAELS

Everything checks out. Inherited a lot of zeroes and commas. A lot. Grandfather raised him after his parents's death. Incredible student. Kid's got a bright future.

CORT

How long's he been stateside?

SHERIFF MICHAELS

Went through customs 72 hours before you picked him up. Purchased that Kia about 5 miles from airport baggage claim. Though he could easily have afforded a Tesla. Easily.

CORT

What's your take?

SHERIFF MICHAELS

Smart. Frugal. Kid just wants to see America.

EXT. ROXBURY FALLS - DAY

Becca jumps from a cliff into the water. She surfaces, looks up at Gabriel, swims to the shore.

BECCA

You don't have to jump, Gabriel. It's cool, buddy. Lots of 8 year olds walk back down.

Gabriel flips her off.

BECCA (CONT'D)

Does that mean the same thing in France?

GABRIEL

Worse.

Becca applauds, shouts encouragement. Gabriel takes a deep breath, leaps off the cliff into the water. He surfaces, swims to the shore, climbs out. Becca hands him a towel.

BECCA
Pretty terrifying, huh?

GABRIEL
Never doing that again.

BECCA
Ha!

As he dries off, Becca observes his scars.

BECCA (CONT'D)
Do they hurt?

Gabriel turns to her, glances at his back, shakes his head.

GABRIEL
You want to touch them, don't you?

BECCA
Is that okay?

Gabriel lowers his towel. Cautiously, Becca runs a finger along a scar. Gabriel flinches.

GABRIEL
OUCH!!!

Becca jerks her hand away as he laughs. She nods knowingly. He got her.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)
You ready to get going?

BECCA
You don't wanna jump again?

GABRIEL
I'm good.

BECCA
You sure? 'Cause it's no problem
for me to wait.

GABRIEL
I'm good.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Becca walks behind Gabriel. Shirtless, his towel hangs over a shoulder, scars visible. Becca shakes her head.

BECCA

Man. Don't mean to keep bringing this up, but those look awful. I bet they were painful.

GABRIEL

I honestly don't remember much outside of getting tossed around the back of the car like a roller coaster. Woke up in the hospital. My Grandfather was a mess. Imagine having to tell a twelve year old he's an orphan. And the people who died were your son and daughter in law?

BECCA

Yeah, that sounds like no kinda fun. I don't think my mother's ever made any progress getting over Matthew.

GABRIEL

What about your father?

BECCA

I'm surprised he's still with my mom to tell you the truth. He and Matthew never got along. Since I can remember, we all seemed liked a burden to my Dad, like we were keeping him from the life he wanted, you know?

GABRIEL

Was he mean to you all?

BECCA

He's still mean to us. I learned early on how to avoid him, agree with him and stay out of his way. Pretty much lived in my room. But Matthew...

She shakes her head.

BECCA (CONT'D)
 Matthew didn't take his shit. Even
 if it meant getting his ass kicked.
 He wasn't in his teens yet and he
 and our dad were at odds.

GABRIEL
 I'm sorry.

BECCA
 Eh, what are you gonna do, huh?
 I'm almost out of there.

She turns to him.

BECCA (CONT'D)
 Wanna see our old hideout?

GABRIEL
 Sure.

EXT. WOODS - FORT - DAY

The remains of a ground level fort/treehouse. Becca turns
 around.

BECCA
 Ta-da! Pretty impressive, huh?
 Shocking I didn't get into
 engineering, right?

Becca steps over some boards. Gabriel follows and as he
 steps into the fort, has a slight convulsion, reaction. He
 steps back out.

BECCA (CONT'D)
 You okay?

EXT. WOODS - FORT - **FLASHBACK** - DAY

Gabriel's having a vision. He's further away from the fort,
 here it's now stable with walls, a couple window openings
 covered with old sheets.

We're pushing towards it, the angle unstable and though we
 can't see forms inside, we hear cries, movements.

BECCA (O.S.)
 Gabriel? You okay? Gabriel

EXT. WOODS - BROKEN DOWN FORT - DAY

Gabriel's tearing up, shaking his head, uttering nearly inaudible...

GABRIEL
Memories. Bad memories.

He turns to Becca.

BECCA
I don't understand.

GABRIEL
Bad...memories. Childhood.

BECCA
Hey, it's okay.

She consoles him.

BECCA (CONT'D)
If anyone understands, I do. Let's
get out of here okay? C'mon,
follow me.

Becca leads him away from the fort, walks right toward us.

MATCH DISSOLVE
TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - **SELA'S NIGHTMARE** - DAY

Young Becca's dancing, looking right at us, smiling.

YOUNG BECCA
C'mon, Mom, dance with us.
C'mon....

Becca swirls away, dances to the middle of the room, reveals Matthew, also dancing, only shirtless with fresh, deep, professional cuts on his torso leaking blood.

MATTHEW
C'mon, Mom. Before Dad comes
home...

He and Becca dance together as the volume rises.

INT. KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM - DAY

Cort enters the house to blasting music. He tosses his keys on the counter. They land next to an unopened Federal Express package.

Cort enters the living room. Sela's asleep on the couch, Matthew's **CURIOUS GEORGE** book open on her midsection.

Cort turns off the music, replaces the book in its place on the shelf as Sela wakes, rises, moves past him into the kitchen. Cort follows.

CORT

Ed needs more time with the car. I can't tell if he's fleecing me or hasn't caught up with the new wave of automotive repair. Either way, that Kia's gonna spend another night in his garage.

Cort sees the package.

CORT (CONT'D)

What's this?

SELA

Has your name on it.

Cort sits at the counter, pulls the box over, studies it.

CORT

Sheriff says Gabriel's clean.

Cort opens the package.

GABRIEL

Apparently, he's the genuine article. Smart, well mannered. And very, very rich.

SELA

Good. Guess there's no reason for you to get rid of him, too.

CORT

When you say things like that, it makes me think you really miss Arizona and want to move back. Alone.

She exits the kitchen as Cort removes the contents of the box - a small, leather bound case.

EXT. ESTATE - GARAGE - DUSK

The garage door's closed. Becca and Gabriel stand in front of it. She's pensive.

GABRIEL

What's up?

BECCA

Means my father's home. He only leaves it open when he's gone so he doesn't have to get out of the car. When we were kids, our after school day was dictated by whether or not the garage door was up or down.

She turns, leads them towards the house.

BECCA (CONT'D)

All this, the money, the school tuition? I'd trade it all if my mom would've packed me and Matthew and taken us away.

INT. KITCHEN - DUSK

The leather bound case is on the counter. It's a Backgammon set. The pieces are set out along with the dice, cups and betting cube. We hear the front door opens and close.

A moment later, Becca and Gabriel enter the kitchen. Cort sits on a bar stool. Sela stands opposite him cutting vegetables.

Gabriel stops suddenly. Becca's eyes shoot from him to her father to the game then back up to Cort.

CORT

(stern; to Gabriel)

This your doing?

GABRIEL

Yes. I ordered it the night I arrived. Didn't expect to be here this long.

He turns to Sela, Becca.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)
A thank you gift. For your
hospitality.

BECCA
It looks.....expensive. Is it?

GABRIEL
It's not a Hollander. It's a
Geoffrey Parker.

Cort checks it out.

CORT
Hmmm. It *is* a Geoffrey Parker.

BECCA
How much is a Hollander?

GABRIEL
Their most expensive set?

Gabriel holds up five fingers.

BECCA
Five thousand dollars?

GABRIEL
Close. Five million. US.

Sela and Becca look at one another. They have no idea.

CORT
Geoffrey Parker make the worlds
most exquisitely crafted boards.
This is gorgeous.
(brightens)
Well, we need to play.

Becca and Sela eye concern.

SELA
Oh, I don't think -

CORT
You play, yes?

BECCA
Dad, maybe -

GABRIEL
Of course I play.

Cort stands, carefully lifts the game, heads for the living room. Gabriel reaches for the dice and cups.

BECCA
(softly)
This isn't a good idea.

GABRIEL
It's just backgammon, Becca.
C'mon...

He follows Cort. Becca turns to Sela.

BECCA
Mom?

SELA
You should get changed, honey.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Cort and Gabriel are setting up their pieces.

CORT
My father taught me how to play. I must've been three or four years old. He hated losing. Would become furious. Violent. Really made me strive to improve, get better and better. Snatching someone's victory - especially when it'll mean so much to them - no other feeling like it in the world.
WINNING.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Becca's peeking around the corner. She steps back into the kitchen as Sela prepares a roast. They speak softly.

BECCA
They're still setting up.

SELA
Text him. Text him to lose.

BECCA
You text Dad to lose.

Sela looks at her like *"yeah, right"*.

BECCA (CONT'D)
What? Are you worried if Gabriel
wins Dad might lose his shit?
Nahhhh..... That'd never happen.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The pieces are in place. Cort picks up the betting cube.

CORT
I assume you're aware what this is
and how it works?

GABRIEL
Yes. Flipping it increases the bet.

CORT
Play for a dollar?

Both roll a die. Both roll a 6.

CORT (CONT'D)
You know what this means?

Gabriel puts the betting cube in place with the 2 facing up.

GABRIEL
Bet automatically doubles.

CORT
Here we go.

They both roll a die. Cort gets a 4. Gabriel a 6. Cort
leans back as Gabriel moves two pieces, covering up. He
picks his die up, Cort does the same.

Cort has a pair of dice in a rolling cup, shakes it and pours
them onto the game board.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Later.

Becca and Sela have taken seats to watch. Cort and Gabriel are nearing the end of the game. Cort's dice lay on the felt. He moves two of his pieces off. Only four of his remain. All in Gabriel's kitchen.

Gabriel also has four pieces remaining. Two in Cort's kitchen, and two on the other side of the board. He needs a double 6 to get the two in a position to qualify removal.

Gabriel turns the betting cube from 8 to 16.

CORT

Pretty confident for a player close to getting gammoned, if not backgammoned.

GABRIEL

I can afford it.
(shakes dice)
Can you?

He rolls. Double 6. Gabriel moves his pieces, picks up his dice. Cort flips the betting cube to 32.

CORT

I'm gonna need that money in US dollars.

Cort roles. Only gets two of his pieces off. He picks up his dice.

CORT (CONT'D)

My son and I used to play regularly. And regularly, he refused my advice, relied on luck.

Gabriel shakes his dice.

CORT (CONT'D)

You're in a similar situation my young friend. You know you'll lose unless you roll double sixes?

Gabriel turns the gambling cube to 64.

CORT (CONT'D)

Hmpf. You either inherited a lot of money or your grandfather failed to educate you on foolish endeavors.

(MORE)

CORT (CONT'D)

Moves like that make me think maybe I've given you too many compliments.

GABRIEL

It wasn't a move, sir. It was a gesture. I was giving you a competitive chance - and myself a handicap - by not priming and completely avoided stacking on the four and five points. I mean, forgive me, but I've done my best to not only let you beat me but also let you take my money since winning seems so very important to you. However, it's not my burden should fate disagree. Shall we find out?

Gabriel rolls the dice - double 6.

Sela closes her eyes. Becca's about to do a cheer however she retains her composure.

Cort's at first taken aback then slowly angers watching Gabriel softly count each piece off the board.

As Gabriel sits back confidently, his eyes flicker color, his vision of Cort alters -

INT. LIVING ROOM - **GABRIEL'S VISION** - NIGHT

- the room's changed - Gabriel's in the same position however things have been shifted around. He turns, sees a different backgammon board on the same table 10 feet away from him. Marble pieces.

Cort sits across from Matthew. Matthew's dice read double six and he moves his final piece off to win. Raises his hands in victory.

Cort ruthlessly rises, throws the game across the room. Pieces shatter against the wall. The betting cube making a significant dent.

Cort swings at Matthew. As Matthew falls to the ground, Gabriel's POV similarly falls to the side.

FADE OUT.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

We're back in the present, blurred vision comes into focus - the family's staring down at us. Gabriel looks around, sees the old backgammon set, all the pieces present, some chipped, appear glued back together.

Cort helps Gabriel to his feet.

CORT
Easy.....easy.

Becca picks up the chair. Gabriel sits as Sela and Cort collect the backgammon pieces.

CORT (CONT'D)
Gabriel, you should go lie down.

GABRIEL
I'm fine. Really. Just...
(glances back at where
Matthew was)
...I'm fine.

He stands, walks over to the old backgammon table. Picks up a chipped piece. Rubs his fingers over it. The family watch him step to the wall where very old indentations, barely perceptible, reside. He sets the piece next to a groove in the wall.

Cort's hand appears, retrieves the piece, sets it back on the backgammon board.

CORT
You should head to the garage
apartment. Lie down.

GABRIEL
I'm fine. Thank you.

There's a stand off. Sela and Becca watch. Cort folds.

CORT
Then let's have dinner. Ladies?

Sela and Becca take their cue, head to the kitchen.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The table's set. Sela, Becca and Gabriel sit in their places. Cort stands at the head of the table in front of a roast, expertly slicing with a cutting knife and fork.

It's impressive, close to an art, at how he's able to cleanly move the knife and place the meat on a plate. Every slice even, perfectly proportioned.

He hands a plate to Sela, to Becca and is cutting meat for Gabriel.

CORT

You wouldn't think being Chief of Surgery would prepare one for anything in the culinary arts.

He hands Gabriel a plate.

CORT (CONT'D)

Yet here we are.

GABRIEL

Thank you.

Cort continues cutting his portion.

CORT

Hopefully, when I am much older, my daughter will be using her well earned skills to serve me.

He glances at Becca. She offers a polite smile. He turns back to the roast and Becca looks at Gabriel, rolls her eyes.

Cort sets the cutting utensils down and sits.

CORT (CONT'D)

Gabriel. Would you be so kind as to say Grace?

GABRIEL

Of course.

He clears his throat, bows his head and begins. But not in English. We read what he's saying in subtitles.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)

(in French)

I cannot believe I traveled around the globe to find myself next to this sociopath. I genuinely respect his wife and daughter but oh my fucking God I need to get out of here ASAFP!

Gabriel looks up.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)

Amen.

The others echo "Amen" and begin dinner.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Later.

We're midway through the meal.

CORT

Once we resolve the issue with your Kia, what are your plans?

GABRIEL

Keep riding my winged white horse.

CORT

Winged white horse?

GABRIEL

Plato.

CORT

I'm familiar with the theory.

SELA

Winged white horse? I don't understand.

CORT

Becca. Please tell me my investment in your education's not been squandered.

BECCA

(to Gabriel)

Thanks.

(MORE)

BECCA (CONT'D)

(to Cort)

Plato believed the soul was composed of three parts, each represented by a different horse. A dark horse for the appetite part, desire. A white horse for the rational part, reason and a winged white horse for the spirited part, nobility, courage, justice. How these parts interacted determined which part of the soul would be dominant. Which, in turn, decides on the type of person you are.

Sela nods.

CORT

You'll be kind to excuse my wife's lack of higher education. Her heritage is more Arizona blue collar.

(to Sela)

No college graduates in your family tree. I'm correct?

SELA

No. You're not.

CORT

Who graduated from college?

SELA

My daughter.

Humored, Cort grants her a nod.

CORT

We met during my spring break. She was working at a bar with her brother. The rest, well, is the rest.

GABRIEL

Do you miss Arizona?

SELA

I miss my family there. But, then, I miss my family here. Especially lately.

CORT

Back to your chariot. We fix your winged white horse, you roll out of here. Where's next?

GABRIEL

I honestly don't know.

CORT

Were any of your family interested in America?

GABRIEL

They dislike Americans. And America.

Becca closes her eyes.

CORT

Do tell.

GABRIEL

My Grandfather didn't enjoy his interactions with Americans. Particularly tourists. He found them challenging to endure - glib, arrogant, ignorant to things outside their borders.

CORT

And yourself?

GABRIEL

So far I believe him to be mistaken.

CORT

Good answer.

GABRIEL

But then again, aren't we all our father's sons?

CORT

If that's true, it'd be very odd you've found yourself in a place lacking endearment.

GABRIEL

I felt there was something here for me, something I was meant to experience or learn.

CORT

And you follow your instincts?

GABRIEL

I had no firm drive or interest until after my accident. Theology, religion, became engrossing. Where my friends and fellow students would download music and videos I'd be holed up with my iPad watching debates on reincarnation, life after death or whether the soul, like Aristotle theorized, was one with the body or like Plato, was eternal and may be gifted from one living form to another.

BECCA

He also draws, dad. He's really good.

SELA

You have to show us.

GABRIEL

I will. I sketched a portrait of Becca earlier today. Though I did have difficulty shading the birthmark on her cheekbone.

Becca's taken aback.

BECCA

I told you it was from an accident.

GABRIEL

Yes, I'm sorry, you did. You fell.

CORT

Ultimately, though, your travel in America will culminate when?

GABRIEL

When I find my parents.

The table becomes silent.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)

The preposterousness isn't lost on me. Since recovering from the surgery I've felt compelled to connect with them. I have no other explanation for this obsession.

SELA

You believe your parents have been reincarnated?

CORT

I hope.

BECCA

But - that means, at best, they'd be ten years old. If they're even human.

GABRIEL

I didn't say it made sense. I just relayed what's motivating me. It's undeniably crazy, I know. It's how I feel and in lieu of all I've learned, all my rationalizations and denials - here I am. Searching for something that's lead me to a foreign land where I'm very unsure of myself.

Gabriel addresses the table.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)

Do you not feel that way about Matthew? Do you not feel like you want to somehow reconnect with him whether it be through a ouija board or sensing you've somehow gently passed by a child or other living being inhabiting his soul?

Sela's starting to tear up.

BECCA

I would love to see my brother again. I feel so - abandoned? Since he passed away.

(MORE)

BECCA (CONT'D)

And I was so sick at the time I
never had a chance to hold his
hand, say goodbye.

Gabriel turns to Sela. She's quiet, like she knows something, keeping it to herself. She stares right back at Gabriel. Their eyes are locked. Becca and Cort notice. It's eerie.

Misty begins whimpering as if she's excited, scared. She stares at Gabriel, sporadically wagging her tail.

Gabriel's eyes begin the color swirl, the blue barely appears. Sela notices, her eyes opening wider, her expression changing from one of sorrow, fear to joy.

SELA

(barely audible)

Matthew?

Gabriel pierces a piece of meat and as he raises it to his mouth, gently shakes the fork sending the meat down to Misty, subtly grins to Sela.

Cort watches Misty gobble it up, becomes agitated, speaks through gritted teeth.

CORT

We don't feed the animals from the
table.

The blue dissipates from Gabriel's eyes. Sela's expression returns to sorrow. Gabriel exhales.

GABRIEL

It fell off my fork. I apologize.

The moment's affected everyone.

CORT

No more talk about Matthew. He
passed. It's tragic. End of
conversation.

BECCA

But dad -
(points at Gabriel)
Gabriel's been having -

Cort slams his hand on the table.

CORT
I said no more talk!

Cort turns to Gabriel.

CORT (CONT'D)
Gabriel, you're my guest. From now on, I'd appreciate it if your discourse wouldn't disturb my family. We understand one another?

GABRIEL
Of course.

CORT
Thank you. We'll finish dinner in silence.

EXT. ESTATE - NIGHT

Quiet. Dark. Very late. The family's gone to sleep.

INT. BECCA'S ROOM - NIGHT

We hear a downstairs door creak, shut. Becca stirs awake.

INT. FOYER - NIGHT

Gabriel's bare feet pad across the floor, sweat pants dangle at his ankles, carefully ascend the stairs.

INT. BECCA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Becca slips out of bed, enters the hallway, stops suddenly. Gabriels standing in her parents' doorway, blue eyes staring stoically as they sleep.

Becca's hand touches his shoulder, his blue eyes dilate, return to brown. He hyperventilates, stumbles. She places a hand around his waist, another over his mouth, guides him away.

INT. GARAGE APARTMENT - NIGHT

Becca shuts the door to the garage apartment, turns to Gabriel sitting on the bed.

BECCA

What. The. Fuck. Was that?

Gabriel's upset, scared, shaking. Has no response.

BECCA (CONT'D)

What were you doing in my parents' doorway.

GABRIEL

I don't know.

BECCA

What do you mean, you don't know? Why were you there?

GABRIEL

I don't know. I went to sleep. When I woke up - I was standing there.

Becca sits next to him.

BECCA

I don't know why - but...I believe you.

(chuckles)

It makes NO sense at all. But...I believe you.

He's still shaken, upset.

BECCA (CONT'D)

Why did you come here? To America?

GABRIEL

I've been drawn to America since I was little. Just after the accident with my parents. I can't explain it -

BECCA

You're gonna need to do better than that. It's getting really weird.

Something occurs to him. He rises from the bed, digs into his backpack, retrieves his sketchpads.

GABRIEL

Look at these.

He hands them to Becca. She flips through the pages.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)

I drew those - all of those - in Europe. I sketched places I'd never been, things I couldn't possibly know.

Becca stops at the drawing of Parker's collar & tag.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)

Parker? Your other dog, right?

BECCA

Yes. My father had to put him down. He had rabies.

GABRIEL

He bit your father. That's why your father put him down. Cause he bit him.

BECCA

No, he didn't. He had rabies and my father took him to the vet -

Gabriel slides open a drawer, grabs Parker's tag, drops it on the pad.

BECCA (CONT'D)

Where did you get this?

GABRIEL

I dug it up.

BECCA

Why would he do this?

GABRIEL

That's not the question you should be asking.

BECCA

What question should I be asking?

GABRIEL

How did I get these memories?

He flips through his sketchbooks. Becca's getting a little overwhelmed. She pulls a book from him, looks at page after page. She sees the Auger Birds by the street entrance.

BECCA
That's our driveway.

She looks at the date on the drawing.

BECCA (CONT'D)
You drew this eight years ago?

GABRIEL
Yes.

BECCA
C'mon....

Another drawing. The fountain. She looks at the date.

BECCA (CONT'D)
Six years ago?

Gabriel nods. She continues turning pages. The drawings become singular objects, like close ups of a young boy's toys and possessions.

BECCA (CONT'D)
Have you been in that room? My
parents find out -

GABRIEL
Room? What room?

She stares at him as if to see whether or not he's lying.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)
Becca - what room?

INT. LIVING ROOM/CORNER ROOM - NIGHT

From the living room, we see the light on in the corner room where Becca found Sela going through Matthew's belongings. The door's cracked open and we hear Gabriel and Becca whispering.

BECCA
Remember at the market when you
said you'd get those pains and
you'd concentrate and -

GABRIEL

Draw.

BECCA

Right.

GABRIEL

These are what I'd draw.

INT. CORNER ROOM - NIGHT

Dozens of Matthew's items are spread out on the floor, each with a corresponding sketch of Gabriel's.

BECCA

This is impossible. How could you possibly have known about his things? And there's no way you could've drawn them while you've been here.

GABRIEL

Becca, I've been drawing them my whole life. You think this is all of them? I have dozens of notebooks. Dozens.

BECCA

This is scary.

Gabriel knows.

GABRIEL

I'd get these excruciating pains, they'd double me over and all I could think of is finding paper, finding something to write with and once I started the pain would go away. Then I'd finish the drawing and could finally breathe normally.

BECCA

Did you tell anyone?

GABRIEL

My grandfather. He took me to the hospital. Doctors would treat me like I was making it all up.

(MORE)

GABRIEL (CONT'D)

I realized there was no help for me since there was nothing to prove what was happening. Except my drawings.

He pauses, looks to her for help.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)

I'm afraid, Becca. I don't know why I'm having these....visions. They're not my memories. And since I've been here they've gotten worse. I don't feel safe.

BECCA

It's okay, Gabriel.

GABRIEL

It's not okay.

BECCA

Hey. C'mere....

She holds him as he starts to cry.

BECCA (CONT'D)

I'm gonna help you, alright? We'll figure this out.

GABRIEL

I don't want to get you into trouble.

BECCA

You kidding me?

(motions towards the

upstairs with her head)

With this asshole? I'm *always* in trouble.

INT. BECCA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Becca watches Gabriel from her window. Gabriel approaches his, stands for a moment before holding his hand up. She waves in return and he shuts off his light.

A few moments later, Becca's on her computer, open to a Wikipedia page. She types in "soul".

FADE OUT:

INT. KITCHEN - LATE MORNING

Becca sits at the kitchen island while Sela starts to make two lunches. Sela's dressed more upscale than usual. Cort enters in a suit.

CORT

What are you doing? We're having lunch at the club.

SELA

They're for Becca and Gabriel. It'll only take me a few minutes.

Cort grabs the car keys from the rack on the wall.

CORT

They're adults. They can make their own lunch.

SELA

Cort, it'll only -

CORT

They're. Adults. We're leaving.

Sela wipes her hands as Cort exits the kitchen and the house.

BECCA

Mom? You don't have to take his shit. You can divorce him. Move back to your family in Phoenix.

Clearly upset, Sela kisses Becca on the forehead.

SELA

Have a nice day, sweetie.

From the kitchen window, Becca watches Cort pull the Sedan out of the garage. Sela gets in the passenger side and they disappear down the driveway.

Her parents gone, Becca rushes past the counter, stuffing the lunch prep in the refrigerator and grabbing the sports car keys off the rack.

INT. GARAGE APARTMENT - LATE MORNING

Gabriel's carefully arranging his drawings in the book, making sure the edges match up, none are creased. He hears the sports car start, back out, park and begin honking.

INT. GARAGE - LATE MORNING

Gabriel opens the apartment door, descends the stairs halfway. Becca's in the sports car, revving the engine.

BECCA

You order an Uber?

Gabriel smiles, rushes down the stairs.

GABRIEL

I'm guessing your parents aren't home.

BECCA

You guessed right. Let's roll this bitch before they get back.

Becca drives off.

GABRIEL (O.S.)

You mind if we make a quick stop?

BECCA (O.S.)

What for?

EXT. SAWEL MARKET - DAY

Becca leans against the front. Gabriel exits the store with a small paper bag. He pulls out a set of Twinkies.

BECCA

Keep 'em off the seat.

GABRIEL

Want me to drive?

BECCA

Funny.

He hands her a Twinkie, walks to the other side.

INT. SPORTS CAR - DRIVING - DAY

Becca and Gabriel speed down the road. Gabriel drags the creme filling out with his tongue.

BECCA

I wanna figure out the connection between you and Matthew. Besides Twinkies.

GABRIEL

Where we going?

BECCA

To where he died.

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB - PATIO - DAY

Upscale Luncheon. SERVERS with platters of champagne. More flowers than a botanical garden. Food Service. Money, money, money. Mostly adults here, however there are a few YOUNGER CHILDREN with their parents.

Cort and Sela step onto the deck. Cort watches a LITTLE BOY, 9, run past Sela and burrow into his MOTHER. Sela observes endeared, then becomes reminiscent, sad. She turns to leave. Cort stops her, speaks through gritted teeth, feigning joy.

CORT

Don't embarrass me. Get your shit together, face back around and walk out with me.

Sela nods, wipes a tear before it falls. Takes a breath, puts on a happy facade, walks with Cort towards a small group. Cort's taking her right to the woman and child.

The Woman struggles a bit with her boy, glances up.

WOMAN

Hey, there, girl! How are you?

Sela nods.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

I thought the terrible 2's would end when he turned 8!

Her boy settles a bit.

CORT
He's strong, that's for certain.

WOMAN
Right?!? Gonna have to get him
into self-defense class, burn off
some of that energy.

CORT
Careful. We tried that route with
Matthew and he challenged every
piece of expensive furniture in the
house.

SELA
And we all know how Cort gets when
he makes an investment in
something.

Cort smiles, shoots a glare at her. Sela's losing it.

SELA (CONT'D)
Excuse me.

She steps aside, moves toward the entrance. All eyes turn to
Cort.

CORT
It's that time of year. Matthew's
birthday.

WOMAN
Becca's as well, correct.

CORT
That's correct. 22.

The Woman turns to another GUEST.

WOMAN
Will you watch him for me? I'm
gonna check on Sela.

CORT
I'll check on her. She is my wife
after all.

Cort walks towards the entrance. There's a collective
dislike of him.

INT. COUNTRY CLUB - LOBBY - DAY

Sela's found a relatively private corner in the crowded lobby. Cort steps up to her, intense, angry.

CORT
5 minutes. Take 5 minutes and collect yourself. Or, if you'd rather, I'll send you back to where we met. You can leave behind all you've become accustomed, get your job back at the diner, start working as a waitress again.

Sela starts crying.

CORT (CONT'D)
Stop that! Now!

He glances around.

CORT (CONT'D)
Look, it's not your fault. It's that kid. That Gabriel kid. He's creating this. I'll get rid of him and we'll go back to how we were.

Cort softens.

CORT (CONT'D)
You're gonna be alright. We're gonna be alright.

He turns her face to him.

CORT (CONT'D)
Okay?

She forces a smile, nods.

CORT (CONT'D)
Find the ladies room. I'll get us a couple drinks.

He kisses her cheek, disappears into the crowd. Her facade falls. She's not gonna be okay.

EXT. ACCIDENT INTERSECTION - DAY

A "Y" intersection with a giant tree in the split. The sports car's parked on the side of the road. Gabriel and Becca stand at the base of the tree.

BECCA

This is it. This is where it happened. It was pouring rain. My dad and Matthew were driving this way, toward's the tree. A car crossed oncoming traffic as another vehicle pulled up to the stop sign. My dad tried to swerve between the car and tree and hit the tree. Matthew died on impact.

Gabriel crouches, closes his eyes, opens them. Nothing.

GABRIEL

You sure it was here?

BECCA

Well, I wasn't *there*. I told you, I was really sick.

GABRIEL

I don't think it happened here.

BECCA

Gabriel, it happened here.
(she points in distance)
They were driving this way, it was -

GABRIEL

That's what they told you. That's what your *father* told you. Your father lied to you.

BECCA

You've been here less than a week and you know that...

Gabriel walks into the road. Closes his eyes. Exhales. Becca looks down the road, worried about traffic.

GABRIEL

I'm not feeling anything.

He opens his eyes, turns toward her.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)

Since I've been here, every time
I've felt those pains have been in
a specific place.

Becca understands.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)

Every one's been a traumatic event
in Matthew's life and resonated
with me and here I feel nothing.

He steps back into the road.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)

Think about it. Parker's grave,
the fort, the backgammon -

BECCA

Okay, okay. Can you please get out
of the road?

GABRIEL

Let's get back in the car. Drive a
bit.

INT. SPORTS CAR - DRIVING - DAY

BECCA

Where you wanna go?

GABRIEL

Surprise me.

BECCA

I need some help here, buddy.

GABRIEL

This is all new to me as well.
Buddy.

Becca pulls up the emergency brake, spins the car in the
other direction, it fish tails before straightening out.

BECCA

Sorry. I've always wanted to do
that.

GABRIEL

Don't do that again.

BECCA
We'll see.

GABRIEL
Seriously. Don't do that again.

BECCA
Seriously. We'll see.

INT. COUNTRY CLUB - LOBBY - DAY

Cort stands with two drinks. One is nearly empty. There are two MALE CLUBMEMBERS with him. Male Club Member #1 we'll learn is the County Coroner.

There's no conversation. Their eyes dart back and forth from Cort to the voices and emotion drifting through the Ladies Room door.

Cort finishes his drink.

MALE CLUB MEMBER #1
Get you a refill, Cort?

He hands the man his drink. When the man walks away, Cort hands the 2nd drink to Club Member #2.

CORT
Be right back.

Cort beelines right through the door.

MALE CLUB MEMBER #2
Cort you shouldn't -

Too late.

INT. COUNTRY CLUB - LADIES ROOM - DAY

Sela sits on a cushioned couch, a FEMALE CLUB MEMBER stands in front of her, a second FEMALE CLUB MEMBER sits with Sela.

FEMALE CLUB MEMBER #1
Cort, you're not allowed to be in here.

She walks over to the door, opens it leans out speaks with Male Club Member #2.

FEMALE CLUB MEMBER #2
She'll be right out, Cort.

The Man enters. Female Club Member #1 stands with the door open wide.

MALE CLUB MEMBER #2
Cort? C'mon, buddy. Before this becomes a thing.

Cort looks around the room, sees more Club Members congregating outside.

CORT
You wanna close that door?

MALE CLUB MEMBER #2
Step outside, Cort. Before someone calls security.

Female Club Member #1 addresses the outside congregation.

FEMALE CLUB MEMBER #1
Can I get Security over here please?

Cornered, Cort turns to Sela.

CORT
I said 5 minutes.

Male Club Member #2 steps between Cort and Sela.

MALE CLUB MEMBER #2
Let's go Cort.

Cort reluctantly exits. Male Club Member #2 follows, hands off the 2nd drink.

MALE CLUB MEMBER #2 (CONT'D)
I believe this is for Sela.

INT. SPORTS CAR - DRIVING - DAY

GABRIEL
Where'd your parents meet?

BECCA
Spring break.

GABRIEL

For real?

BECCA

Yeah. Only my mom wasn't in school. She was working as a waitress. My Dad and his pre-med buddies were on spring break.

GABRIEL

From what little I know of your father she doesn't seem like his type.

BECCA

She was his type appearance-wise. I mean - c'mon, she's a milf am I right? Imagine what she looked like 22 years and 2 kids ago.

Becca jabs him in the ribs.

BECCA (CONT'D)

Huh? Huh?

Gabriel starts to say something but convulses. Grabs his midsection, hyperventilates, squeezes his eyes shut, opens them. Blue swims in the brown.

Becca pulls over, stops suddenly. She jumps out of the car, rushes to his side as he falls out on the ground. He holds his midsection tightly, rubs it attempting to relieve the pain.

EXT. ROAD BY HOSPITAL - **FLASHBACK** - NIGHT

The sports car's parked in the same position. We see Cort holding Matthew down and injecting him with a needle. Matthew slumps.

EXT. ROAD BY HOSPITAL - DAY

Becca jumps out of the car, rushes to his side as he falls out on the ground. He holds his midsection tightly, rubs it attempting to relieve the pain.

BECCA

What can I do? What can I do?

GABRIEL
Cutting. I feel like someone's
cutting me.

Gabriel's breath slowly regulates, the pain subsides, the
throbbing stops. He calms, sits up.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)
He died near here. But I don't
think it was from a car accident.

He extends his hand to her, she helps him rise. Becca looks
off into the distance. She sees something.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)
What is it?

He turns. The hospital Cort passed earlier's across the
road.

BECCA
That's where my father works.

GABRIEL
What day did Matthew die?

BECCA
I'm afraid.

GABRIEL
Of what?

BECCA
I'm afraid of what it could mean.

INT. COUNTRY CLUB - DINING ROOM - DAY

The entire MEMBERSHIP's assembled. Cort helps Sela settle in
her chair before taking his seat.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Becca and Gabriel exit the sports car and stroll through the
cemetery.

BECCA
When did you have your surgery?

GABRIEL

When I was 12.

BECCA

What *date*?

GABRIEL

July 20th. They said if I hadn't received those donations I wouldn't have survived.

BECCA

Did they say where the donations came from?

GABRIEL

They never do. But from what I understand, my Grandfather's money put me at the front of the line. That and the contributions he made to various medical facilities after the fact.

They pause at a headstone. It's sobering.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)

I think it's time I get my car and drive as far from this place as possible.

BECCA

You're just gonna leave me?

GABRIEL

You are more than welcome to come with me. But I'm not sticking around here any longer than I have to. I've seen enough of America. Trust me.

As they walk away, we spin around, see the date on the front: July 20th. They approach the sports car.

INT. SPORTS CAR - DRIVING - DAY

BECCA

I did some research last night.

INT. BECCA'S ROOM - **FLASHBACK** - NIGHT

Becca's on her computer, clicks on various notations:

"The soul is located somewhere in the abdominal cavity, often in the liver or the heart..."

EXT. ROXBURY FALLS - **FLASHBACK** - DAY

Becca run her hand over Gabriel's scars.

INT. SPORTS CAR - DRIVING - DAY

BECCA

I think you and Matthew are
connected by virtue of his
accident.

INT. BECCA'S ROOM - NIGHT

She clicks on another link.

"Until the time the soul is liberated from the samsara (cycle of repeated birth and death), it gets attached to one of these bodies based on the karma (actions) of the individual soul..."

EXT. ESTATE - BACKYARD - **FLASHBACK** - DAY

Becca watches Gabriel on the ground after he collapsed during the croquet game.

EXT. ESTATE - BACKYARD - **FLASHBACK** - NIGHT

Becca sees the carefully shoveled grass and Parker's dog tag.

INT. LIVING ROOM - **FLASHBACK** - DAY

Gabriel places the backgammon piece next to the dented wall.

INT. SPORTS CAR - DRIVING - DAY

GABRIEL

That's a reach considering the continents.

BECCA

I did the math.

INT. BECCA'S ROOM - **FLASHBACK** - NIGHT

Becca opens a new page, types in "*time difference between Paris, France and the East Coast*", writes it down.

Becca types in "*flight duration to Paris*", writes it down.

She pulls out a sheet of paper, writes down:

Matthew's official time of death:	1245am
Misc Travel:	7 hours
Flight to Paris:	10 hours
Misc Time:	2 hours
Total Time:	19 hours

She types in "*how long do most organs last before transplant*". She clicks and the result comes back: "*Up to 24 hours*".

Becca sits back, scared, chills.

BECCA

(softly utters)

Oh.....shit....

INT. SPORTS CAR - DRIVING - DAY

Gabriel's staring at her. The information's shaken them.

BECCA

My father's on a lot of boards and been invited to many countries to speak and collaborate. His passport's filled with international stamps. It's not out of the question once Matthew passed he saved you before it was too late. The timeline works, Gabriel. After Matthew's accident, with the hospital close by and all.

Gabriel turns toward the window.

GABRIEL

I can't believe the point of these memories, visions and pain is for me to know my savior's an asshole deep in the soul of America.

BECCA

Tell me about it, Jack. That asshole's my father.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

The sports car zooms by.

EXT. CADY'S GARAGE - DAY

The sports car's parked by the open garage. In the distance, a storm's forming.

INT. CADY'S GARAGE - DAY

Gabriel sits in the driver's side of his Kia. Ed and Becca stand nearby. Gabriel sticks the key into the ignition, squints his eyes, turns the key - the engine starts!

GABRIEL

That's what I'm talking about!

It stalls.

ED

Like I said, this is the car's M.O.
- start and immediately stall.

Gabriel tries again and again to turn it over. Nothing. Not a sound.

ED (CONT'D)

It doesn't wanna leave.

Gabriel starts pounding on the steering wheel.

ED (CONT'D)

Whoa-whoa-whoa.

He grabs Gabriel's arms, over powers him.

GABRIEL

Okay!

Ed releases Gabriel. Gabriel's frustrated.

ED

(to Becca)

You better return that car before the storm hits and your dad finds out you took it without permission.

BECCA

(challenging Ed)

How do you know I don't have permission? I'm 22.

ED

Darling, that car is vintage. Every part. And your father won't let me pull it in or out of the garage when it needs a tune up.

BECCA

Well, you're wrong. A lot of it's been replaced after the accident he had with my brother.

ED

Becca, every part, every bolt of that car is original. It's probably never been in a rain storm, let alone a fender bender. I should know. I've been working on your father's cars since before you were born.

BECCA

No, you're forgetting about Matthew. He and my father were in a car wreck. Matthew was killed in that wreck.

ED

I remember hearing of your brother's passing. But trust me,
(points at sports car)
...it wasn't in that car. I promise you.

Suddenly, Becca's phone rings. She checks the caller id - "Mom". She looks up, scared.

BECCA
My parents are home.

INT. SPORTS CAR - DRIVING - DAY

It's raining.

GABRIEL
If it didn't happen in this car...

BECCA
He's gotta be mistaken.

GABRIEL
I didn't feel anything at the intersection.

BECCA
But you did by the hospital. Maybe he was injured by the tree and passed at the hospital. Which makes sense in order to save your life.

Gabriel's skeptical.

GABRIEL
You should ask your mom.

BECCA
Gabriel, I'm stressing pretty hard right now about getting this car back in one piece. I promise we'll figure it out but lemme get through the next wave of paternal bullshit first.

EXT. ESTATE - GARAGE - NIGHT

Becca and Gabriel pull up in the sports car, its headlights illuminating the closed garage door.

BECCA
He's such a dick.

Gabriel unbuckles his seat belt, rushes out in the rain to open it.

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

Becca pulls in, turns off the car, gets out.

BECCA
You should hang back in the
apartment.

Gabriel starts to protest.

BECCA (CONT'D)
Trust me. I'm used to dealing with
his wrath. It's better this way.

She rushes out in the rain, enters the main house.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Becca finds her parents waiting in the living room. Cort's clearly pissed off. As she's probably done many times, Sela sits next to him in support. Becca takes her place opposite them, exhales awaiting judgment.

Cort stares at her.

BECCA
Can we just do this, please? Yes-I-
knowingly-took-the-car-without-
permission-jeopardizing-all-your-
hardwork-to-build-a-life-for-us.

SELA
Becca -

Cort silences with a raised hand. More time passes.

BECCA
Jesus, Dad -

CORT
You've learned quite a lot at
college. You enjoy receiving a
free education?

BECCA
Not particularly.

CORT
Not particularly? Explain.

BECCA
Well, I have to kiss your ass every
break and quite honestly, as I've
told mom many, many times - I don't
want to be a medical student.

CORT
It's too late now, Becca.

BECCA
Actually, it's not. Mom and I can
walk out that door right now. Mom
can take half of everything and
based on my 4.0 GPA I can easily
get a student loan.

CORT
I make too much money for you to
get a student loan.

BECCA
Nice try, Dad. It doesn't work
that way.
(sarcastic whisper)
I checked.

Cort rises, starts yelling.

CORT
This is MY house! You live under
MY roof!

It startles her.

EXT. ESTATE - NIGHT

Standing in the rain, Gabriel's peering in the window.
Observes Colt's tirade. Colt pokes a finger in Becca's
chest, continues his tirade. Gabriel rushes from the window.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Cort berates Becca. She glances at her mother for support.
Sela averts her eyes. Becca realizes she's alone. She
pushes his finger away.

BECCA
Stop touching me!

A door opening and shutting precedes Gabriel's entrance.
He's soaking wet.

GABRIEL
Becca?

BECCA
It's alright. These situations are
best endured when you let him talk
his shit and get it over with.

Cort slaps Becca, knocks her to the ground. Gabriel rushes
to her.

GABRIEL
You trying for the other cheek
bone?

Sela rises, points at Gabriel.

SELA
Get out.

Both Gabriel and Becca are taken aback.

BECCA
Mom?

Sela stands straight, defiant.

SELA
This is his fault. He brought all
this - filth - into our home.

CORT
Gabriel. You've overstayed your
welcome. Pack your things. I'll
take you to the train station. You
can arrange to have your car towed
to its eventual destination.

BECCA
You can't kick him out, dad.

Cort unleashes a primordial scream as he flips over the table
similar to the manner in the backgammon flashback.

CORT
OUT!!!!

All back down in terror of Cort.

EXT. DRIVEWAY/ROAD - NIGHT

The sports car passes beneath the Auger Birds as it turns onto the road.

INT. SPORTS CAR - DRIVING - NIGHT

Cort drives Gabriel as rain pelts the windshield. Cort glances at Gabriel, sitting hunch over, hands on his waist. Cort faces back to the road, hears Matthew's voice.

MATTHEW (O.C.)
Where are you taking me?

CORT
None of your business.

Only hearing Cort, Gabriel glances at him.

GABRIEL
Is this the car you and Matthew
were in when you had the accident?

Cort smirks, remains silent.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

The sports car passes the "Sawell Road" sign.

EXT. SPORTS CAR - DRIVING - NIGHT

With each pass of the windshield wipers, Gabriel's presence alternates with Matthew's.

INT. SPORTS CAR - DRIVING - NIGHT

Gabriel's eyes display a very, very small blue pigment. He concentrates, closes his eyes, reopens them - the blue's gone. He relaxes.

GABRIEL

How far -

The blue returns. Stronger. His scars become painful.

CORT

Stop faking.

Gabriel's not faking. He's in serious pain. Frustrated, Cort swings the back of his fist into Gabriel's mouth.

Cort glances over - Matthew stares at him defiantly. Cort swings again.

EXT. SPORTS CAR - DRIVING - NIGHT

The wipers move faster as Gabriel's presence continues alternating with Matthew's. Both Gabriel and Matthew cower from Cort's punching.

INT. GARAGE APARTMENT - NIGHT

Becca and Sela strip the bedding, restore the room.

SELA

It's not easy being in a marriage,
Becca.

BECCA

Seems pretty easy for you. Just
look out for yourself and don't
protect your kids. That's it,
right?

SELA

I'm your mother.

BECCA

Sure you are. And I get you're
doing what you can. We're all in
it but you stop, Mom. You stop
when he bullies and berates you. I
see it, Mom. I see it clearer the
older I get.

Sela's hurt and honest about Becca's revelations.

BECCA (CONT'D)

Something's going on with Gabriel. Something very, very odd. He has scars all over his body. He has drawings of things he could never know about.

Sela's skeptical.

BECCA (CONT'D)

Mom - stop treating me like I'm 12. He has drawings of Parker's tag. He has these - epiphanies, sensations of things which happened much differently than you and dad portrayed.

Becca pauses, gathers her thoughts.

BECCA (CONT'D)

Dad killed Parker, didn't he.

SELA

He had to put him down.

BECCA

Sure. That's close to the truth. But not the whole truth. Parker wasn't ill. Parker *always* protected Matthew. Always. Dad was on one of his Matthew tirades and Parker bit Dad. That's what happened, right? Then Dad killed Parker and buried him at the edge of the property thinking we'd never find out.

SELA

That's a lie.

BECCA

Is it, Mom?

Sela's caught and she knows it.

BECCA (CONT'D)

I think Matthew's soul is within Gabriel. I think he's drawn Gabriel back here to protect us, to make things right.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

A wooden sign with the town name DE ANIMA swings in the storm wind as Cort pulls up and parks. A station door opens. The STATION MANAGER, 60's, rushes out holding his rain hood in place, motions for Cort to roll down his window.

STATION MANAGER
Train's are cancelled for the evening.

Gabriel grabs his things, opens the car door.

GABRIEL
I'll wait it out.

STATION MANAGER
Son, there's a terrible storm all over. Knocking down trees and branches. Not safe. Not safe at all.

Gabriel ignores him, heads toward the station benches.

STATION MANAGER (CONT'D)
You can't just leave him here.

Cort shrugs to the Station Manager, rolls up the window. The Station Manager watches him drive off.

INT. SPORTSMANS PUB - NIGHT

Pleasantly rundown. Lots of wood. A few LOCALS sit at the bar, in booths. The BARTENDER welcomes Cort's entrance.

BARTENDER
There he is. Usual, Doc?

CORT
Please.

The Bartender grabs a glass, fills it with ice.

BARTENDER
Stormin' pretty bad, huh?

Cort offers a smile, takes his place at the bar.

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

Sela and Becca descend the stairs, walk through the garage. Becca slows, stops. Before exiting into the rain, Sela turns.

Becca motions to where the sports car parks.

BECCA

Dad's car. How come all the parts are original if he was in a wreck with Matthew?

SELA

Money can buy anything and your father has an incredible amount of money.

BECCA

So you're saying he bought all original parts and paid Mr. Cady to say it was never in a wreck?

Sela cautiously stares back.

BECCA (CONT'D)

He must've paid Mr. Cady an awful lot 'cause man, he was convincing. What happened to Matthew, Mom? Tell me what really happened.

SELA

You know what happened.

BECCA

I know what you say happened. But like every other family secret we have it's more than likely bullshit.

Becca sets down the laundry, turns her mother to face her.

BECCA (CONT'D)

What. Happened?

Sela won't look at her.

BECCA (CONT'D)

Mother. Tell me what happened to Matthew.

SELA

Matthew was hurting you. We needed to protect you from him.

They begin arguing.

BECCA

Matthew never hurt me.

SELA

He did. He got into your father's prescription safe and gave you dilaudid. That's the night your father took him from the house.

BECCA

Dad gave me the dilaudid. And Parker never had rabies - he bit dad.

SELA

We had to protect you from him, Becca. You know this.

BECCA

Matthew never hurt me. He tried to protect me and you from Dad. Stood up to him. He was a little boy, Mom.

SELA

Those are lies. Matthew gave you dilaudid. Parker had rabies. I'm not talking about this anymore.

BECCA

Tell me the truth, mom. You have to tell me the truth. What happened?

SELA

You're father's a good man.

BECCA

That's bullshit, Mom. You didn't want to go back to that little desert town and look all those people in the face after living in upper class heaven for so long.

SELA

That's not true.

BECCA

It is true, Mom. You didn't want to work for a living and you consistently sold me and Matthew out so you wouldn't have to.

Sela's full on having an emotional breakdown.

BECCA (CONT'D)

You stood by and let him abuse us. You never once stood up to him, never once protected us.

Sela's breaking. Becca physically shakes her.

BECCA (CONT'D)

Mom, what did he do to Matthew!?!

SELA

Cort was micro-dosing you so you'd appear ill and only remember being sick. He said if I didn't corroborate the story he'd take you both. There was no accident. He was tired of Matthew getting between us and challenging his authority.

INT. SPORTS CAR - **FLASHBACK** - NIGHT

Cort drives with Matthew.

SELA (V.O.)

He put Matthew in that car and drove him to the hospital where he proceeded to butcher my little boy.

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

BECCA

Mom - he's a monster. He's always been a monster. And we've just been enduring his abuse, trying to survive. We have to get away, Mom. We can get away together.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

Empty. Gabriel's gone. The DE ANIMA sign still swings in the storm. The lights turn off as the Station Manager leaves for the night.

INT. SPORTSMANS PUB - NIGHT

Gabriel enters. He approaches the bar a good six feet away from Cort. The Bartender slides a coaster in front of him.

GABRIEL
May I have a draft, please?

BARTENDER
ID?

Gabriel pulls out his passport, hands it over.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)
Passport. Que fancy.

He opens it up, squints.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)
A long way from home, huh?

Gabriel nods. The Bartender hands him back the passport, draws a draft for him. Gabriel takes it, walks away. Both the Bartender and Cort watch him set his things in a booth and sit down.

Cort winks at the Bartender, rises from his seat.

INT. SPORTSMANS PUB - BOOTH - NIGHT

Cort slides in opposite Gabriel. Gabriel's less than welcoming.

CORT
Rain too much for you?

Gabriel remains silent.

CORT (CONT'D)
Look - life lesson here. You don't enter another man's house and create discord. It never ends well. I was kind to you.
(MORE)

CORT (CONT'D)

I picked you up, brought you into
my home, helped you with your car.
And you...

Cort grows agitated, shifts about, lowers his voice to an
angry, gravelly tone.

CORT (CONT'D)

You ungratefully disturbed my
bliss. My domain. You do that to
someone else - things won't end
well for you, my friend.

Gabriel nods. Digs into his backpack as Cort sips from his
drink. Journals and sketch pads land on the table. Cort
looks at Gabriel as if asking "and?".

GABRIEL

Yeah, I don't know what to think of
them either.

He flips through the journals. Page after page of
handwriting.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)

Been writing about memories for a
decade. Only they're not my
memories.

He switches to sketch pads. Flips through drawings we've
seen and more disturbing drawings we haven't. Cort's taken
aback - landmarks from the estate, motifs of abuse Cort's
doled out over the years. One is of the fully built fort.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)

The next few are very disturbing.
How could I know those things,
Cort?

CORT

What are these?

GABRIEL

You should be telling me. From
what I can tell, they're of you and
Matthew mostly. At your home.
Guess he ungratefully disturbed
your bliss and things didn't end
well for him. My friend.

CORT
What's your motive?

GABRIEL
(chuckling)
My motive? You kidding me?

CORT
What do you want?

GABRIEL
I want to know why I have these memories and epiphanies of events and people I've never met. Why I get these cutting pains. I'd welcome any explanation as to why I've had this - calling - to travel here since I woke from my surgery.

Gabriel lifts his shirt, again showcases his scars. He lets his shirt drop, downs a healthy chug of his beer.

Cort takes in the room. The locals, the bartender. Gabriel stuffs his journals, sketchpads into his backpack. Cort watches him synch it up tight, look him in the eyes.

Cort seriously backpedals, becomes agreeable.

CORT
You've been through a lot. I've been selfish, didn't realize what an opportunity you've presented. You can really help my family heal, come back together. Get your things. I'm taking you back to the house. We'll sort out your car in the morning.

Gabriel stares at him, knows Cort's lying.

GABRIEL
Bet you'd love to get me on the operating table like you did Matthew. How could you do that to your own son?

CORT
You're not well, Gabriel. Let me help you.

Suddenly, Gabriel tears out of the booth with his backpack. Cort lunges forward, gets ahold of a strap.

Gabriel pulls it from him, runs through the establishment, knocking chairs behind him, tripping Cort. From the floor, Cort sees Gabriel exit, the door closing behind him.

The Bartender helps Cort up.

BARTENDER
What was that all about?

CORT
Nothing. It's fine.

BARTENDER
Want me to call the Sheriff?

CORT
NO!

Cort relaxes.

CORT (CONT'D)
No. No, thank you. Appreciate it.

EXT. SPORTSMANS PUB - NIGHT

Cort approaches his car, scans both directions of the street. No sign of Gabriel.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

It still pours down as Gabriel rushes through the woods. In excruciating pain he presses on his surgery scars. His eyes dilate, alternating between blue and brown.

Gabriel slows, collapses, experiences old and new visions of Matthew's past abuse as he endures a power struggle for dominance, as if Matthew's presenting his horrendous sensations as a reason for Gabriel to surrender.

EXT. LITTLE LEAGUE BASEBALL FIELD - **FLASHBACK** - DAY

Matthew's at bat, hits a pitch to right field. He runs toward first base, glances at Cort, staring at him angrily from the stands.

INT. SPORTS CAR - **FLASHBACK** - DAY

Matthew's hit in the face.

CORT

You *don't* hit the ball to right field!!! Do you understand!!!

Matthew cups his nose as it begins to drip.

CORT (CONT'D)

Do NOT bleed on my car!

INT. DINING ROOM - **FLASHBACK** - NIGHT

The family's having dinner. Matthew sets his fork down, takes a drink of from his glass. As he replaces the glass and reaches for his napkin, he accidentally knocks his fork off the table.

Cort angrily SLAMS his fist on the table.

EXT. ESTATE - **FLASHBACK** - DAY

Croquet.

YOUNG BECCA

Don't, Matthew. Don't.

Matthew places his foot on his ball, sends Cort's ball flying towards the edge of the grass. Sela looks down, knows it's not good.

Parker at his side, Matthew stares defiantly at Cort.

INT. KITCHEN - **FLASHBACK** - NIGHT

Pizza boxes are on the table. Sela cowers by the sink. Becca flees into the kitchen. Cort's throwing a kitchen stool towards Matthew, running toward the vestibule.

CORT

You're all just a bunch of rats!!!!

The stool catches Matthew in the lower back, sends him to the ground.

EXT. FORT IN WOODS - **FLASHBACK** - DAY

We push in as we hear a young boy's cries.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Overcome with pain and stressful images, Gabriel succumbs.

GABRIEL

Okay.

The brown in Gabriel's eyes dissipates, settling at blue. He calms, his demeanor resolved to stern conviction for retribution.

Gabriel rises, stands upright, walks out of the woods.

INT. ESTATE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Cort returns to a dark house, enters the kitchen. He takes a glass and bottle of whiskey from a cabinet, pours a healthy shot. Sela steps in from the doorway, watches him down it.

SELA

I've never asked you for anything.
Cort, please don't force Becca
away.

CORT

She's an adult.

Cort pours another shot.

CORT (CONT'D)

She can make her own decisions.
Maybe it's time she moves out and
does just that.

He downs the whiskey.

SELA

She knows about Matthew. She knows
we lied to her about the car
accident because you had her lie
about falling down the stairs to
cover hitting her into the cabinet.

CORT

I've never struck my children.

Cort pours another shot.

CORT (CONT'D)
Matthew's passing saved many lives.
Including Becca's.

SELA
You killed my son because he hated
you. Everyone hates you, Cort.
Even I hate you.

CORT
You'll feel differently in the
morning. After you've had a chance
to visualize your life without my
money.

Cort downs the whiskey.

CORT (CONT'D)
Go upstairs and get some rest.
I'll be up shortly.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - BECCA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Sela ascends the stairs, pushes the door open. Becca's bags
are packed. She stands by her desk.

BECCA
Wait until he's asleep. We'll
leave together.

Sela's wavering.

BECCA (CONT'D)
I'm not leaving without you, Mom.
We're getting out of here.
Together.

Sela nods. She's trying.

INT. CADY'S GARAGE - NIGHT

The Kia starts, stays running. The lights turn on. Gabriel
exits the car, pushes the garage doors open.

INT. CADY'S GARAGE - MAIN HOUSE - UPSTAIRS BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ed peers through the blinds, sees Gabriel standing by the running car looking up at him.

INT. CADY'S GARAGE - NIGHT

Gabriel settles up with Ed.

ED
 (handing him receipt)
 Should you require future engine
 service please stick to regular
 business hours.

He hands Gabriel a pen.

ED (CONT'D)
 I need you to sign here.

Gabriel signs the paper, returns the pen. Ed hands Gabriel the receipt, looks him in the blue eyes.

ED (CONT'D)
 I could've sworn your eyes were....

Confused, Ed doesn't finish the sentence.

ED (CONT'D)
 You take your car and you drive as
 far from that man as possible, you
 hear?

GABRIEL
 I'm going home.

Gabriel exits, gets into the running car. Ed glances down at the signature on the receipt. It's signed "*Matthew Anatta*".

Ed looks outside as the Kia drives away.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Cort's asleep alone in the bed.

INT. KITCHEN/VESTIBULE - NIGHT

Sela places an envelope with Cort's name on it on the kitchen counter. She walks to the vestibule where Becca and Misty wait.

EXT. GARAGE - NIGHT

Sela and Becca push the Sedan to the driveway and the rain. Sela turns to the house. This is hard for her.

BECCA

Mom?

Sela doesn't turn. Becca approaches.

BECCA (CONT'D)

Mom? Lemme have the keys.

Sela looks at her, hands over the keys.

BECCA (CONT'D)

This is the right thing, Mom.

She embraces her mother, helps her into the Sedan with Misty before quickly moving to the driver's side. She starts the car and pulls away.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

The storm's still raging with rain and lightning.

Matthew's gravestone's illuminated by the KIA's headlights. Gabriel stares at the dates.

He walks past the gravestone, away from the car and into the woods.

INT. FORT IN WOODS - NIGHT

Gabriel passes the rundown fort. It's on fire.

EXT. ESTATE - BACKYARD - EDGE OF GRASS - NIGHT

Gabriel exits the tree line, past Parker's grave, heads for the garage.

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

Gabriel enters through the open garage door, picks up a mini crow bar, scrapes the paint along the driver's side of Cort's sports car before exiting towards the house.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

The letter lays open on the counter as Gabriel enters. Cort sets his whiskey glass down next to it.

CORT

My wife and daughter left. But
hey, I lucked out. I got you.

Gabriel's eyes burn blue as he rushes towards us with the crow bar. He and Cort engage however it's short lived. Gabriel strikes Cort with the crow bar, sending Cort to the ground.

We're on the other side of the kitchen island and see only part of Gabriel's upper body and his raised arm as it continually strikes Cort.

EXT. ROAD BY HOSPITAL - **FLASHBACK** - NIGHT

The sports car's parked on the side of the road. Cort has Matthew pinned as he injects him with a syringe. Matthew's body goes limp.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Like before, Gabriel's fingers run along the bookshelf, stop at **CURIOUS GEORGE**, pull out the book. A lighter flickers and a flame burns the pages.

INT. HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY ROOM - **FLASHBACK** - NIGHT

Carrying Matthew, Cort bursts through the swinging doors. He passes a NURSE.

CORT

Call the Sheriff and Coroner.

INT. HOSPITAL - OPERATING ROOM - **FLASHBACK** - NIGHT

Matthew lays on the operating table. There are no vitals. In full medical scrubs, Cort proceeds to make incisions and extricate organs.

They're handed off and flushed free of blood with a specially prepared ice-cold preservation solution.

The organs are then placed in organ preservation fluid within sequential plastic bags. The bags are set on ice within a transportable medical cooler.

INT. HOSPITAL - HELIPAD - **FLASHBACK** - NIGHT

We follow the medical coolers as they're carried towards an Air Ambulance Service. Once inside, the Air Ambulance takes off, disappears into the night.

EXT. ESTATE - NIGHT

Gabriel carries the whiskey bottle in one hand, drags Cort's body with the other, a deep gash bleeds from Cort's forehead. Suddenly, flames rise in the windows behind.

INT. HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY ROOM - **FLASHBACK** - NIGHT

Cort exits the swinging doors where he stands with both Sheriff Michaels and the Coroner whom we met earlier in the club. We see them speaking but only make out the dialogue when HOSPITAL WORKERS enter and exit the doors.

CORT

...had a fatal fall at our house.
In order to save other lives, I
chose to drive his body here and
take him directly to surgery...

The doors close, we see the men exchange more dialogue. There's no sense of questioning Cort's order of events nor contradicting his story. It's clear they're empathetic.

CORONER

What would the time of death be?

CORT
1245am. Now, if you'll excuse me,
I need to return home and grieve
with my son's mother.

They shake hands. Cort turns, moves through the swinging doors towards us.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Gabriel's draped Cort over the steering wheel. No seat belt, whiskey bottle leaking on the passenger side.

What happens next happens quickly - Gabriel puts Cort's foot on the gas pedal, the engine revs LOUDLY, Gabriel slaps the car into gear and it pulls away, the driver's side door SLAMMING shut as Gabriel watches the vehicle speed down the road, deep into darkness.

EXT. TREE INTERSECTION - NIGHT

We're staring at the intersection Becca brought Gabriel to.

The loud engine noise barely precedes the sports car as it RUSHES into frame SLAMMING into the tree, the rear of the car rising from the momentum, metal twisting to the side as fluid and engine smoke pour from it.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The Kia Soul starts up, the brake lights flash on then dim as Gabriel pulls away from us.

EXT. HIGHWAY - MORNING

The Kia merges with morning traffic.

INT. PARIS HOSPITAL - **FLASHBACK** - NIGHT

YOUNG GABRIEL's on an operating table, his face covered with an anesthesia mask. Biohazard coolers are brought in with donated organs for transplant. From a glassed partition window, his GRANDFATHER watches.

INT. PARIS AIRPORT - CUSTOMS - DAY

TRAVELERS move up and down an airport terminal. A CUSTOMS OFFICIAL stamps Gabriel's passport, slides the passport back.

CUSTOMS OFFICIAL
Welcome home.

Gabriel retrieves the passport, looks up at us with brown eyes, the stern angry demeanor gone, replaced with the gentle young man we initially met.

He disappears into the crowd.