

XANADU SHORES: Introducing SEAN LANDERS.

OPENING SCENE [INT][AM] INSIDE A HOME

We're looking into a modest, bright, airy living room where **MARY LANDERS [MARY]** a 50-something mother, wearing an apron is joyfully putting around her modest, bright and airy living room, dusting the mantle with pictures of her two sons and husband, appearing ready for company. Music is playing low.

[OFF CAMERA] Her head turns hearing the sound of a car pulling up onto the driveway and muffled voices. The trunk slams, then a knock at her door. She checks herself in the full-length mirror NEXT to the front entrance opening the door, tearfully embracing her smiling son **SEAN LANDERS [SEAN]** a blonde haired, blue eyed, mercurial pilot coming home, anxious to marry.

SEAN

Hello Mother.

MARY

Hello sonny boy. You look very handsome in your uniform. I'm so happy that you're home, Sean.

Relieved that he is home safe, shedding more tears of joy, reaching for her purse as an envelope slides out, with '*Sean*' written on it, handing it to him.

MARY

Cindy asked me to give you this. I need to pick up a few things at the store, including your favorite Ice-Cream whale cake.

SEAN

Sounds perfect.

Hugging her again as she leaves.

SEAN OPENS THE ENVELOPE:

Sean,

I couldn't wait any longer and moved to Vegas using our wedding money for a car. I wish you well. Goodbye.

Cin

The music is slightly louder. His countenance is altered, looking much older than his years, dazed, confused, tired and hurt, mumbling angrily, walking towards the front door.

SEAN

I'll track her down if it takes me...

Stopping before the mirror, the cheerful brightness of the room fades. His appearance [**lighting**] grows darker.

SEAN[cont.]

Hmmmm, didn't see that coming.

The volume increases and the room shrinks with hard pounding psychedelic music playing '*In A Da Gadda da Vida*'.

His expression changes from anger to despair and depression opening a cabinet seeing a bottle of whiskey next to his fathers revolver. He reaches for the bottle but instead grabs the gun, which hasn't been fired in years, appearing ready to kill himself.

SEAN

I wonder when was the last time it was cleaned. I don't want it to misfire and blow up in my face.

Cynically smirking looking around the room, gun in hand as he sits at the kitchen table, seeing a BIG BANNER in the mirror:

WELCOME HOME SEAN!

Looking behind him and realizing the gun will leave a bloody mess for his mother to clean.

[FLASHBACK #1] His mother Mary, is weeping at his father's funeral, stirring his emotions, his eyes water up, setting the gun down before seizing a clothesline from the counter, gazing out the window at the sturdy oak that he and his cousins used to climb.

[FLASHBACK#2] Standing, staring blankly at the tree, recalling his boyhood memories playing with his cousins, lowering his head, laying down the rope, opening a beer, looking at the label.

SEAN

What am I doing? Is my last drink, a beer? It's not even my brand.

Looking back at the open cupboard door, he returns the revolver, picking up the bottle of whiskey the good stuff, reserved for company, pouring it into a small glass, before deciding on a **larger** one filling it up, sitting in a recliner, taking a sip, grimacing from the drink.

SEAN

Wow, this stuff'll kill ya.

Smirking, realizing the irony, he closes his eyes as his nose twitches, smelling his mothers cooking, eyeing her gas stove.

SEAN

It's easy, clean and won't leave a mess.

Setting down the glass of whiskey, he turns towards his mothers favorite painting of Jesus, above the family portrait of he and his brother with their parents, closing his eyes.

SEAN

Lord, where are you, when I need you most?

Suddenly opening his eyes, he drinks the whole glass of whiskey down as though it was water, preparing to die, quietly sighing, opening the oven door, carefully taking out the racks, kneeling down, readying to place his head in the oven, sighing again, resigned to eternal sleep.

[OFF CAMERA]

The home's stillness is interrupted by squealing tires pulling up the driveway, a car door slams.

SEAN

Probably the kid next door.

ACE

Hello, anybody home, helloo.

The doorbell rings twice.

ACE[cont]

I see your lights on.

Sean on his knees, annoyingly shouts towards the door.

SEAN

Go away, I'm busy. Come back later.

ACE

When, later?

SEAN

Ten minutes, no better make it twenty.

ACE

Sean, it's me, Ace from the 33rd.

Rising from the stove, shaking off a leg cramp speaking through the door.

SEAN

Ace, what are you doing here?

ACE

Open up pal, we need to talk, it's important.

SEAN

Ok, give me a moment, I'll be right there.

SEAN[cont]

Hi Ace, come on in.

Ace enters, handsome, dashing, robust, taking off his aviator glasses, grabbing Sean's hand.

ACE

Welcome home, pal. Were you cooking something? I smell gas.

SEAN

Yea, something. Why the visit, Ace?

ACE

I knew you were coming home and had a job for you.

SEAN

As a pilot?

ACE

Of course, what else? After settling my family's estate, I was feeling lethargic, slowly getting depressed, thinking I needed something to get going again.

ACE[cont]

So I took a job as a pilot for a precious metals company, reporting directly to the owners, on call 24/7, flying them to the islands to gamble and party. Initially everything was fine, but their personalities changed after the market selloff. They told me to hire another pilot and I was hoping you'd join me. The money is great, a lot more than we made with Uncle Sam.

SEAN

Thanks for thinking about me Ace, but I'm not planning to be around long.

ACE

No problem bud, I understand, but until you decide, let's have lunch after we stop by the office and you can see the place for yourself, then decide, fair enough?

They turn towards the mirror standing side by side as the lighting increases with sunshine filtering through the curtains, reflecting off the mirror. Ace puts on his sunglasses, smiling.

ACE

Look Sean, your future's so bright I have to wear shades.

Sean's trembling hands accept his card, grasping with a firm handshake, realizing Ace just saved his life as his mother returns, carrying groceries and a cake.

ACE

Let me help, ma'am.

MARY

Thank you. Hello.

SEAN

This is Mary, my mother. Ace was my commanding officer overseas and just stopped by for lunch and offered me a job.

ACE

Nice to meet you ma'am.

MARY

How wonderful, son! A job offer on your first day home. Thank you Ace for looking out for him.

ACE

My pleasure ma'am, Sean is a great pilot and a fine man, Mary.

MARY

Will he be a pilot at his new job?

ACE

Yes, ma'am.

SEAN

Ace wants to have lunch, then visit the office.

MARY

Perhaps you should consider it, son. It's good to stay busy, meeting new people and working with your friend. No telling where it could lead.

SEAN

Sure, I'll change out of uniform.

MARY

Were you cooking something, Sean?

SEAN

Uh yea, I was about to heat up some beans.

Sean laughs nervously, leaving to change into business attire. **CUT....**