

ANOTHER CHANCE

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. DELI SHOP - NIGHT

A red '99 Chevy pulls up in a low income area of town. Two tough looking young MEN get out.

With a three inch scar across his forehead, JAKE walks with a limp. He has a heavy link chain attached to his belt. It slides down his leg into a low knee pocket. MAX, shorter with a shaved head bearing tattoos, points down the street.

MAX

We should get the deal first.

Jake gives Max a hard shove.

JAKE

Max, my jerk Max. Sandwich. I'm hungry, then deal.

They go in the Deli.

EXT. UP THE SAME STREET - NIGHT

Two more shady looking fellows, BRAD, pleasant looking, mid-thirties, could easily be a movie star, and eighteen year old HARPER, matted hair, walk briskly along.

BRAD

Money, if only I had enough, then I'd be really happy.

HARPER

Like hell, Brad.

BRAD

Shit on you.

HARPER

Your dad.

BRAD

Leave him out of --

HARPER

You want your dad to...

Brad turns to Harper, with a look, "knock it off." Harper backs off, pauses, but isn't intimidated, cocks one eye.

HARPER
...approve of you.

Brad says nothing, breathes deep, continues walking.

They approach the Chevy. He stops, nudges Harper.

BRAD
Jake's.

HARPER
Tigers are rolling.

Harper ducks close to the door, looks inside.

HARPER
Dog eating dog.

They run down the street, turn into an alley. A large, shaven headed, robust fella, ROG, waits, sitting on a broken stool, next to a beat up brown suitcase. He smiles, showing three missing teeth.

BRAD
Got it?

Rog laughs.

ROG
Yer lucky, yer first.

BRAD
Jake wanted it, eh?

Rog laughs again.

Brad hands Rog an envelope. He checks the inside, flips through the cash quickly. Hands Brad the suitcase. Brad opens it. Looks in, shuts it.

Rog laughs, walks a couple of yards, enters the side of a building. A metal door, not unlike a prison gate, shuts. Brad and Harper run further down the alley, take a left, disappear.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Later. Jake and Max walk out of the alley. Jake's face is hard.

MAX

I said --

Jake rears towards Max with his chain held high. Max backs off. Jake turns to the main street, his eyes are burning.

JAKE

Braddy baby lives high tonight.

EXT. SALVATION ARMY SECOND HAND STORE - DAY

A beat up brown suitcase gets thrown into a shopping cart. Clothes go into another. Electrical items, sporting goods. Men unload a truck full of used items.

INT. SALVATION ARMY SECOND HAND STORE - DAY

Two strong, wrinkly hands sort some used kitchen items. On the back of the right hand is a tattoo, a heart with EVE written in it. A scratchy man's voice, DAVID MYERS, obviously elderly:

DAVID (O.S.)

Now, Paul, some of these will be good...

One hand turns on a can opener, it spins effortlessly. It gets put to one side.

DAVID (O.S.)

Some will be fixable...

An iron with the plastic cover off goes to another location.

DAVID (O.S.)

Some will go to the metal recycle bin...

A metal spatula with a corner of the scraping part broken off is tossed in a large box labeled, "METAL."

DAVID (O.S.)

Others to the plastic.

The hands fondle a plastic cracked water jug. A younger MAN's voice:

YOUNG MAN (O.S.)

Mr. Myers, have you been a volunteer here long?

DAVID (O.S.)
 Twenty-seven years. Three days a
 week, five hours a day. I started
 two weeks after I retired.

The cracked water jug is tossed in a large box labeled,
 "PLASTIC."

INT. A YOUNG WOMAN'S BEDROOM - MORNING

A water jug rests next to a bedside table clock, reading
 9:12 AM. A cell phone, laying close by, RINGS. A man's arm
 comes out from underneath sheets, grabs the phone, puts it
 to his ear. It's Brad.

BRAD

Yes.

(pause)

Mary Jane, hi sweetheart.

(pause)

Uh, yeah, little slow this morning.

(pause)

Yes, tonight.

(pause)

See you then. Good.

(pause)

Yes, I love you, bye.

He puts the phone back on the side table.

WOMAN (O.S.)

Sure you do...

A BOTTLE-BLONDE lies next to Brad. She rolls over onto him.

WOMAN

You love her, yeah...

She kisses him.

WOMAN

You deserve her like I deserve a
 priest.

INT. ELDERLY COUPLE'S BEDROOM - DAY

On a side table is a photo of an older couple. The man's
 right arm is around the woman, showing the back of his hand
 - the EVE tattoo.

Another photo shows them with a young Brad, in a High School Graduation gown. Brad smiles broadly, holding two framed certificates. One shows he was Valedictorian. The other states he was an All American football player.

Next to the side table, EVE, an elderly woman, lies in bed asleep. An empty, but used spot is next to her.

Above Eve is a hospital trapeze bar, used by those who have difficulty getting in and out of bed. A wheelchair and cane are next to her side of the bed. The sun shines in on Eve's face. She stirs.

EVE

David?

DAVID (O.S.)

Breakfast in thirty seconds, honey.

Eve smiles lovingly, pushes a button connected to a cord, her upper part of the bed rises so she is in a seated position.

EXT. TOWN HOUSE - DAY

Brad drives up in a Firebird convertible. Hops out. Strides to the door.

INT. TOWN HOUSE - DAY

He enters, picks up two letters and the newspaper, which had been slid in through the drop.

Girlie and sports magazines lie on the table in this fashionable bachelor's home. A three foot tall statue of Bacchus stands in the center of the room. Another statue of Venus rests in a corner.

He walks by a large fish bowl with two odd looking bluish fish in it. As they open and shut their mouths, their bottom teeth look abnormally large. He taps on the glass. The fish swim to where his fingers are. He laughs.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

He tosses the mail and paper on the table. Opens the fridge, takes a small bit of meat out, puts it in the microwave, hits the button. Spoons some instant coffee in a cup. Holds the cup under an ever turned on electric hot water jug.

Opens a box of jelly filled donuts. Pulls out two. Sinks his teeth into one. Puts them on a plate which he carries with the coffee to the table. Takes another bite as he sits down.

Grabs one letter addressed to BRAD MYERS, opens it. The heading reads, "ANOTHER CHANCE... TO HELP."

BRAD
Another damn charity.

He drops it into a trash can. The second letter, unopened, follows the first.

The microwave BINGS. He takes the meat out, strides back into the

LIVING ROOM

He drops the meat in the fish bowl. The Piranha rapidly devour it. Brad watches mesmerized.

INT. ELDERLY COUPLE'S BEDROOM - DAY

DAVID comes in with a tray of bacon and eggs, toast and juice. Solid built, he easily could have been a boxer when young. He's in top shape for seventy-seven, moves like a thirty year old. A stark contrast to Eve.

DAVID
My love, my love, sleep okay last night?

EVE
I'm sorry I can't do the breakfast.

Not the least put out, David shakes his head.

DAVID
Do you, Eve Myers, take me, David Myers, through thick and thin, healthy and sick, rich and poor, till death do we part?

She laughs.

EVE
I do.

DAVID

And do I, David Myers, take you,
Eve Myers, through thick and thin,
healthy and sick, rich and poor,
till death do we part?

He puts the tray down. Sits next to her, smiling as if he was a love-struck fifteen year old.

DAVID

I do.

They kiss.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Brad grabs the paper, separating the sections. Keeping the sports, comics, and movie guide. Everything else lands in a large box full of other papers.

The sports' headline reads, "TITLE GOES TO SPENCER IN THE 4TH ROUND."

BRAD

Nice, nice, what an easy ten grand.

He gets up, opens the fridge. His cell phone RINGS.

BRAD

Yes.

(pause)

More Costa Rica Red?

(pause)

How much?

(pause)

Hey, sounds too good.

(pause)

You're a gem, Harper.

(pause)

Okay, fifty pounds.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Brad strolls down a path, occasionally looking over into the thick bushes. A WOMAN changes her baby's very soiled diaper on a park table.

As he approaches them, she turns to drop the diaper into a trash can. But she slips, the diaper opens up, the shit drops onto the walk in front of Brad.

WOMAN

Oh, sorry.

She bends down to clean it up. Repulsed, Brad hurries past. He turns around a bend.

MAN (O.S.)

Psst...

Brad turns, nods. He looks around, puts his hand inside his jacket, reaching for something, darts into the bushes.

EXT. APARTMENTS - DAY

David pushes Eve in her wheelchair along the sidewalk of their retirement complex, SUNRISE VILLAGE.

Looking like a small university, fifteen acres, home to over two thousand retirees, ten five-story apartment blocks, three dining halls, swimming pool, putt-putt course, etc.

They meet another elderly couple, STU & ROSE ROGERS, strolling with an eight year old granddaughter, MARY.

DAVID

Hey, who's your little one?

Mary is far from shy.

MARY

My name's Mary, I'm Nana and Popa's granddaughter.

Stu laughs.

STU

She doesn't know there's two thousand Nanans and Popas here.

Mary looks up at Stu, perplexed.

EVE

Anyone want a hug?

ROSE

Of course, Eve.

Rose and Stu bend down to hug Eve. Mary's not to be left out.

MARY

Me, too?

EVE
I was waiting, sweetie.

They hug. Mary fumbles in her little side bag.

MARY
I have a school project, will you help me?

DAVID
Tell us first.

MARY
We're trying to raise money for poor kids, not like me, poor, real poor. They don't have toys. It's...

She hands them a leaflet, "ANOTHER CHANCE... TO HELP." Out falls an envelope. David picks it up.

MARY
Here.

DAVID
Sounds wonderful, Mary. You're a lucky little girl.

David pulls out his wallet, puts a twenty in the envelope, seals it, hands it back to Mary.

DAVID
You should always give something to help those less fortunate. If you always give, you will be a happy person.

Mary beams.

EXT. SHOPPING CENTER CORNER - DAY

Brad drives up to a stop light with a shopping center to the left. A bearded mid-aged MAN stands there next to a beat up suitcase and duffle bag. A sign leaning on the suitcase reads, "OUT OF WORK, NOT BECAUSE I WANT TO BE."

The man holds a large can with a label "PLEASE HELP". Brad eyes the man over, sneers. The light turns green, Brad floors his Firebird.

EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

Brad and Harper hang out about seventy yards down the street, wearing sunglasses and hats.

Two policemen stand near a police van in front of the courthouse. Three more policemen come out, leading robust Rog, handcuffed.

Brad and Harper watch as the police push Rog into the van. Brad shakes his head, slaps Harper on the back. They walk off the other way.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Brad drives through a suburban area. Some kids toss a football further up the street. He BLARES his horn. The kids move to a front yard.

One kid kicks the ball, it veers into the street. Brad slams on the brakes. Too late. The ball is flattened under his wheels. Brad opens his door, screaming at the kids as they race off.

BRAD

You bastards, get the...

The kids are gone. Brad checks for any damage. Kicks the sack of a ball into the gutter.

Hops back in, follows the road to the end. A large gate is recessed about twenty yards in with a slight winding entrance bordered by flowers and bushes. A huge sign reads "SUNRISE VILLAGE, HEAVEN ON EARTH."

He pulls up to a heavy set SECURITY GUARD at the gate.

BRAD

Hi, Betty.

BETTY

Brad, hey, shore nice to see ya!
Say g'day to ya folks, they're so lovely.

The gate opens. Brad waves as he drives through.

EXT. SUNRISE VILLAGE - DAY

He drives around a forested bend, enters the "Campus". All fifteen acres, ten apartment blocks and everything else. Brad parks in a visitors' lot. Strolls to the entrance.

Carved into a corner stone on the outside wall reads, "DO ONTO OTHERS AS YE WOULD WISH HAVE DONE ONTO YOURSELF."

The doors open automatically. An old woman comes out, bent over using a cane. A shuttle bus pulls in. The old woman struggles to get up the steps.

INT. SUNRISE VILLAGE LOBBY - DAY

A very large entrance area with couches on the left, card tables and chairs on the right. Postal boxes further on the left. A large reception counter further on the right. At the far side are a small bank office and a "Country Store."

Hallways go off on both sides to the residential apartments. Sitting behind the reception counter, ever smiling, a mid-aged woman, KATE, greets Brad.

KATE
Hi there, Brad.

BRAD
Yeah, Kate, how are you?

On the counter is a bowl with a couple of chocolate Kisses in it. A "WELCOME" sign stands behind the bowl. Brad takes both of the Kisses.

A young Hispanic woman passes by, pushing her "client," MRS. JONES, in her wheelchair. Mrs. Jones wears a large neck brace. Twisting her head the only half inch possible, she spots Brad.

MRS. JONES
Braddy.

Brad kneels next to her.

BRAD
Uh, hi, Mrs. Jones, how are you doing these days?

She stretches her frail arm out to touch him.

MRS. JONES
Braddy, Braddy, listen...

Annoyed but trying to be kind, Brad breathes deep. She motions for him to come closer, he obliges.

MRS. JONES

They say I'm experiencing the Golden Years.

BRAD

Yes?

MRS. JONES

Braddy, the Golden Years suck.

Brad laughs, gives Mrs. Jones a kiss on her cheek, walks off. Amazed at the humor of the aged, he strides down a hall, giggling. He passes by THREE OLD WOMEN. One of them, MABEL, looks dazed.

BRAD

Hi.

MABEL

Young man!

He turns. With dazed eyes, wobbling head, Mabel points crazily at him.

MABEL

Young man! Young Man! Young Man!

Another woman, MRS. TURNER, grabs her arm.

MRS. TURNER

Mabel, it's okay, it's okay.
(to Brad)
Sorry, Bradley.

Brad shakes his head, almost compassionately, yet more disgustedly.

BRAD

It's okay, Mrs. Turner.

MRS. TURNER

Tell your mother we haven't had our daily hug yet.

BRAD

Sure thing. You eating brunch with us?

MRS. TURNER

Sunday, right?

BRAD

Okay, see you in a half hour.

Brad continues up the hall. He passes by forty feet of windows, showing the Gym Room. A dozen elderly are walking treadmills, kicking weights, rowing, etc. One of the older men, with a hunched over back, waves at Brad. He waves back.

He enters the residential area where everyone has their own "Front Yard." The Front Yard consists of a ledge next to their doors, three feet long, a foot wide. The decorations are varied. Halloween is the main theme this month.

He comes to one with butterflies on the wall above miniature boats. The name plaque reads DAVID & EVE MYERS. He breathes deep.

INT. BRAD'S PARENTS' APARTMENT - DAY

Family photos line the top of bookshelves. Most of them show Brad and his various achievements when young.

Standing on a podium in his graduation gown giving his Valedictorian speech. In his football gear, holding his MVP trophy. Being given an award from the National Kiwanis, etc.

Brad's father, David, reads the Bible, sitting by a window with courtyard gardens outside. A side door is open close by, showing Brad's mother, Eve, sitting on a patio, enjoying the Autumn day.

DAVID

Listen, Dear: "And King David wrote in the letter, saying, Set ye Uriah in the forefront of the hottest battle, and retire ye from him, that he may be smitten, and die."

EVE

It's so sad. And everyone thinks David was like a saint.

DAVID

Yes, fancy killing Uriah and then taking his wife. Just shows you what fame, power and wealth can do to a good man.

Brad enters.

BRAD

Hi!

David bounces up.

DAVID

Good to see you, Son. Brunch time
already?

They hug. Brad goes to the side door.

BRAD

Hi, Mom!

EVE

Oh, Bradley...

She turns her wheelchair towards him. He goes out, gives her
a hug.

BRAD

Did you do any walking today?

Eve giggles and blushes.

BRAD

Mom, you're not ancient yet. You
have to walk more.

She smiles.

EVE

I'll walk at brunch.

INT. SUNRISE VILLAGE DINING HALL - DAY

Thirty dining tables, some small, seating four, others
large, seating seven or eight. About 200 elderly people and
a few handfuls of young - children and grandchildren joining
for the Weekend Buffet.

Brad supports his mother as she uses a cane in her other
hand. They approach a large table. Mrs. Turner sits with
MRS. SPENCER and Stu & Rose Rogers. The Rogers'
granddaughter, Mary is there, too.

Mrs. Turner and Mrs. Rogers get up to greet them. Eve smiles
broadly.

EVE

Want a hug?

MRS. TURNER

Of course, Eve.

The women hug and sit down. Mary bounces up, too, gives Eve a big hug.

Brad notices Mrs. Spencer sitting very quietly, staring at her food. He and David go to the Buffet. He takes two plates, one for his mother, turns to David.

BRAD
Hey, Mrs. Spencer's sitting like stone. Did Mr. Spencer die?

DAVID
No, Son.

BRAD
In the hospital?

DAVID
No.

It's clear David's not interested in talking about Mr. Spencer. Brad perseveres.

BRAD
Jail?

DAVID
No.

BRAD
Dad...

DAVID
He's gone off with a younger woman.

BRAD
Good for him!

DAVID
Brad!

BRAD
Uh, look, uh sorry for Mrs. Spencer but, Dad, a guy has to live.

David shakes his head.

DAVID
They were married fifty-two years.

BRAD
But he --

David is very abrupt.

DAVID
Brad... enough.

LATER AT THE TABLE

Brad sits next to Mr. Stu Rogers.

STU
Y'know Brad, my young friend,
herbs, that's it herbs. Big money
in it these days.

Brad's eyes roll.

BRAD
Uh-huh.

STU
Yes, you should get yourself a
business selling herbs. Organic,
real plants. Import special ones
from Asia or South America.

BRAD
You're very keen on it, eh?

Mr. Rogers leans closer to Brad, almost whispers.

STU
Brad, when I was in Vietnam...

He looks around. Brad's interest is 100%.

BRAD
Yeah?

STU
They had a special herb...

He looks around again. He makes a face like "wow oh wow!"
Brad's eyes are wide.

STU
It, it was delicious on the rice.

Brad's flattened.

BRAD
That's nice, Mr. Rogers.

EXT. SUNRISE VILLAGE - DAY

Brad drives out the gate, waving to Betty. Once down a block, he stops, reaches into his glove box, pulls out a pack of cards. Opens it, slides the cards out. Takes the first five off revealing a hollow inside with three joints.

Takes one out, lights it up, breathes deep - relief.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Driving along, Brad passes a sign, "FLOWERS." He pulls over to a colorful array. Gets out, approaches a young girl, buys a single long stem rose.

INT. COUNTY LIBRARY - DAY

In the Philosophy section, MARY JANE, 30, sorts some books. Not particularly pretty, yet she is pleasant, homey, wearing glasses.

She grabs Plato's "REPUBLIC" from her trolley, opens it, flips through it, puts it on the shelf. Next, "THE LIFE OF THE BUDDHA." She briefs it, also. Sighs, puts her other hand on the Philosophy shelves. Strokes the books. Smiles.

EXT. COUNTY LIBRARY - DAY

Brad drives into the parking lot. Checks his hair in the mirror. Grabs the rose, slides it in a plastic bag. Gets out. WHISTLES as he walks to the door.

INT. COUNTY LIBRARY - DAY

Holding the bag, he looks around the spacious room. Many people mill around, read, photocopy, surf. He spots Mary Jane behind the counter serving a man. He looks at her with soft eyes.

INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY - FLASHBACK

Brad pushes his shopping cart, grabbing items off the shelves. He turns the corner of the aisle, bumps into the back of a woman, who falls down. He goes to her.

BRAD

Oh, I'm so sorry. Please...

She looks up at him - it's Mary Jane. She smiles shyly.

MARY JANE

It's, it's ok.

He helps her up.

BRAD

I, uh...

He stops, looks long at her. She blushes, turns her face down. He picks up a can she had dropped. Goes to hand it to her, but it slips out of his hand, falling back to the floor. She giggles. He picks it up again, hands it to her.

MARY JANE

Thank you.

BRAD

Yeah, uh...

He pushes his trolley in another direction. Twenty feet away, he turns, looks long at her again. She's grabbing another can, puts it in her trolley. She pauses, looks toward Brad, smiles. He smiles back.

INT. COUNTY LIBRARY - DAY - PRESENT DAY

Mary Jane looks up, notices Brad, smiles. He smiles back, walks over, waits for her to finish. The man leaves, they look at each other lovingly.

Brad holds out the bag. She takes it with a giggle, opens it. Her eyes brighten, she smells the rose.

BRAD

Mary Jane --

Mary Jane puts her fingers to Brad's mouth.

MARY JANE

It's beautiful.

She looks up at the wall clock, 4:45 pm.

MARY JANE

Fifteen more minutes.

Brad nods, walks over to the books. He bends down to pick up one off the floor. The back side is up, with a quote, "IF YOU KNEW WHAT I KNOW ABOUT GENEROSITY, YOU WOULD NOT LET A SINGLE DAY GO BY, WITHOUT GIVING SOMETHING TO SOMEONE."

Brad frowns, picks the book up, goes to put it on the shelf. The books facing him are the Religious Section. He lays it horizontally on top, shakes his hands as if trying to get rid of cooties, quickly moves away.

EXT. COUNTY LIBRARY - DAY

Brad and Mary Jane exit, hand in hand. Mary Jane holds Plato's "REPUBLIC" and "THE LIFE OF THE BUDDHA." She's bubbling.

MARY JANE

And you should have seen all the little four year olds today. Brad, they're just so cute.

She nudges up to him.

BRAD

Uh-huh.

MARY JANE

And Sharon came with her baby. He's smiling now.

BRAD

Yeah?

MARY JANE

Yes, and Toni brought little Jamie. And...

Brad bites his lips.

MARY JANE

Honey, let's go to the Mall for dinner.

BRAD

Okay.

EXT. THE MALL - DAY

They park outside the West Entrance. Stroll to the doors. A YOUNG COUPLE comes out, pushing a baby carriage. An excited Mary Jane stops them.

MARY JANE

Oh, can I see your baby?

MAN

Sure.

WOMAN

Her name is Eve.

The woman picks EVE up. She's six months old, smiling and inquisitive. She reaches for Mary Jane's glasses.

MARY JANE

Oh, she's so cute. And the same name as Brad's mother.

Turning to Brad, Mary Jane smiles slyly.

MARY JANE

Brad, wouldn't your mother love a granddaughter like Eve?

INT. THE MALL - DAY

Bustling with people, Brad checks his bearing.

BRAD

I think the Pizza Hut is up the right...

Mary Jane ignores him, pulling him to the left.

MARY JANE

Yes, but there was something over here...

Her eyes search the shops as they move farther away from the eatery section. She spots it - the Jeweler's. The sign in the window reads, "GIVE YOUR LOVE A BIT OF HEAVEN." She turns to Brad whimsically, rubs up against him.

MARY JANE

Just a look, okay?

Brad grimaces, but nods.

INT. THE JEWELRY SHOP - DAY

Brad looks the other way as the DEALER shows Mary Jane some typical engagement rings. She sighs deeply as he slides one on her finger, a medium diamond flanked by two sapphires. Brad glances over, cringes.

INT. PIZZA HUT - NIGHT

Mary Jane uses her fork and knife, eats daintily, as Brad grabs a big slice, hoes into it.

MARY JANE
Brad, honey...

Brad knows that sound.

BRAD
Uh-huh.

Mary Jane smiles lovingly. Brad stops eating. They are so different, but he can't resist. He leans over. They kiss.

MARY JANE
I've got two weeks off next month.

BRAD
Going to visit your folks?

MARY JANE
No.

BRAD
No?

Mary Jane smiles as sexy as her hominess can do.

MARY JANE
No.

EXT. THE MALL - NIGHT

They come out. Mary Jane stops, head down, coy.

BRAD
Sweetheart, look, I just can't get
the time off. I, uh, I've got a
convention to go...

A tear forms. Brad's melting. With no real convention to attend, being with her for two weeks sounds great, but...

BRAD
Uh...

He's scared. Thirty five years and he's never fallen so hard. In fact, never fallen at all. Mary Jane's so nice yet she hasn't a clue what Brad's life really is.

BRAD
I'll check with the head office,
maybe I can get a week.

Mary Jane wraps her arms around him, giggling. They kiss.

EXT. MARY JANE'S HOME - NIGHT

They get out of the Firebird, she darts to the door.

MARY JANE
Catch me if you can.

Brad races after her. Grabs her at the door, they hug, kiss.
He pulls back to look at her bright, smiling face.

BRAD
I really don't deserve you.

MARY JANE
If you didn't deserve me, you
wouldn't have me tonight.

They kiss, she opens the door, leads him inside.

EXT. MARY JANE'S HOME - DAY

Brad steps out, turns to Mary Jane. A lovable miniature
collie stands next to Mary Jane, wagging its tail.

BRAD
So I'll pick you up on Wednesday.

MARY JANE
It's too far away.

BRAD
Yeah.

They kiss. He walks slowly to his car. The collie trots
after him. Mary Jane stays by the door, watching. He reaches
the Firebird, turns, pets the dog, it gives him a huge
sloppy lick. He smiles, wipes his face.

He waves to Mary Jane. She blows a kiss. He returns it, gets
in, drives off.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Brad and Harper wait in the lobby. Harper shakes as sweat pours out of his skin. An ill, middle aged MAN sits across from them, eyes closed, rocking. His very anxious, tired wife helps him. She holds a small bucket.

BRAD

Look, Harper, you've got to get checked.

HARPER

Hey, I'm okay, I'm okay --

BRAD

No.

The ill man CRIES OUT in pain.

ILL MAN

Aggghhh!

He vomits. Blood is mixed with yellow fluid.

BRAD

Shit!

HARPER

NO WAY!

Harper races out. Brad stares in equal horror to the sight. Holding his stomach, he turns his face away, leaves.

EXT. KING TAMPA NEW AND USED CAR LOT - DAY

A huge soft banner sign swaying in the breeze reads, "KING TAMPA'S CARS - ONE HELL OF A GOOD DEAL." Brad ogles over a new Mercedes. David taps him on the shoulder.

DAVID

You know I can't afford this.

BRAD

What if you won the lottery, would you buy it?

David shakes his head, disapprovingly. A SALESMAN approaches.

SALESMAN

Anything interest you gentlemen today?

DAVID
Charlie here?

SALESMAN
King Tampa, himself?

DAVID
Young man, I've been buying cars from Charlie for thirty-five years. He's the most honest guy I've ever known. Tell him David Myers is here.

SALESMAN
Sure thing, Mr. Myers.

The salesman goes off. Brad checks out a Ferrari.

DAVID
Come on, Brad, we have to look in the used section.

CHARLIE, 60, the owner of the lot, also known as King Tampa, strolls up. Balding, a white mustache and a small half inch scar under his left eye.

CHARLIE
Mr. Myers, how you doing?

A warm handshake.

DAVID
Good, Charlie, good. And you?

CHARLIE
Yeah, not bad. Business is slow. I can't complain but I sure could use a new super salesman. Hey Brad, want the job?

BRAD
I, uh...

Charlie pulls out a name card, sticks it in Brad's pocket.

CHARLIE
Look, I never asked you what you sell, but I can tell you're good. I'd give you a go, if you want it.

BRAD
Charlie, thanks, uh...

Brad takes the card out, returns it to Charlie, who shoves it back in Brad's pocket.

CHARLIE
I'll start you off with good pay.
Think about it some.

Charlie turns to David.

CHARLIE
I have a two year old Toyota, Mr.
Myers. It's over here.

INT. CAR - DAY

Brad and David drive along in Brad's Firebird.

DAVID
The Toyota looked okay, what do you
think?

Brad's mind is elsewhere.

BRAD
Yeah, uh, fine...

David frowns.

DAVID
Let's pull into the park, toss
some, okay?

BRAD
Uh...

DAVID
You have time, I'm sure, come on.

BRAD
Okay, okay.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Brad drives in, parks. He reaches into the back seat. Pulls out a special looking football. Normal colored except for each panel's edges are gold. The football's well used, yet words on it still read, "BRAD MYERS FORT KOLBY H.S. MVP."

Brad still has the finesse of his High School quarterback days. And it appears David was equally gifted when young.

David holds the ball, looks at Brad. His eyes water.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL FIELD - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

The crowd is going wild. The scoreboard reads: "FORT KOLBY 6 - SPRINGTON 10." The time shows: Fourth Quarter, thirty seconds remaining. A huge sign reads "STATE CHAMPIONSHIP."

Fort Kolby has the ball, second down and eight, on their own forty yard line. A young Brad is on the ground, the Coach and a Medic check him over. He has some blood around his mouth. He wipes it with his arm, pushes the Medic away.

He gets up slowly, puts on his helmet, raises his arms up in the air, holding his fingers in number one positions. The crowd chants.

CROWD

Myers... Myers... Myers...

Brad limps slowly to the huddle. They break, line up.

He calls out "14... 8... 3." He's got the ball, goes back to pass. Springton's big front liners are on him, he dodges, pumps once. No open receivers. He dodges again, looks, no one free. Runs.

A classic exciting sixty yard run and he scores. His teammates hoist Brad onto their shoulders.

EXT. PARK - DAY - PRESENT DAY

DAVID

Son...

BRAD

Dad, please...

DAVID

I'm worried, Brad.

BRAD

Everything's fine, I've got no worries. I have a great life.

DAVID

You had such potential.

David shakes his head.

BRAD

Do you always have to be so moralistic?

DAVID

Good way to live, Son, no regret and self-hatred.

BRAD

Yeah, well I don't have any regrets -- Dad, look, you and Mom are old fashioned. Why not let your hair down? Live it up. We only have one life to live.

David sits down on a bench. Drops the ball, stares at it. Brad walks over.

DAVID

Son, is there no --

BRAD

Dad, tell me, what would you do if you had another chance at life? Would you live it up?

David breathes deep, thinks a moment, laughs.

DAVID

I would have arranged for more brownies at the wedding. I was still hungry when the plates were empty.

BRAD

Nah, c'mon, be serious, what if you won the Lotto, a cool tax free \$100 million. What would you do with it?

DAVID

You know I don't buy lottery tickets.

BRAD

But just what if, or what if you inherited \$100 million, what then?

DAVID

Son, listen, once I read about an older couple like me and your mother winning the lottery in Australia. They used the money to build a soup kitchen for beggars to get a free meal. It was still going fifteen years later.

BRAD

But that's not for you, what about doing something for yourself?

David sighs, looks up at some crows flying over, SQUAWKING loudly.

DAVID

Then some time later, I read about a young couple, maybe your age, they were unemployed, won the lottery.

BRAD

Yeah, that's good, eh? I bet they really lived.

DAVID

Two years later they were back on unemployment benefits.

INT. BRAD'S PARENTS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

David reads the paper.

DAVID

Honey, listen to this one, "Father kills son through jealousy. He admits lust for his son's fiancé drove him crazy."

EVE

Oh, dear, that sounds so much like King David and Uriah. History just keeps repeating itself, doesn't it?

DAVID

Yes, I wonder will humans ever really wake up.

Brad enters with a bouquet of red roses. Strolls to his mother in her wheel chair, singing.

BRAD
Happy Birthday to you. Happy
Birthday to you.

Her face is aglow with love for her only child.

BRAD
Happy Birthday, dear Mother. Happy
Birthday to you.

He drops to his knees, handing her the roses.

EVE
Bradley, they're just beautiful.

He gets up, gives her a big hug and kiss.

BRAD
Seeing you smile is more beautiful.

She blushes.

EVE
Bradley Uriah Myers, with a swoon
like that, why don't I have any
grandkids yet?

Brad laughs, avoiding the answer.

BRAD
Right, which restaurant do I take
you to for this super special
night?

DAVID
We've made reservations at Mike's
Family Restaurant for 8:00.

BRAD
Eight? Bit late, isn't it?

EVE
They're having a special night at
Vespers, so we'll go there first.

BRAD
Uh, maybe I'll just meet you at the
restaurant.

DAVID
Son, it's your mother's birthday.

BRAD
Yeah, yeah, okay Dad.

EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT

The Church is on a unique street corner where a Synagogue, Buddhist Temple and Mosque are also located. A medium sized, grassy traffic island lies within them all. It is home to a small open pavilion, with a sign, "SANCTUARY HALL."

Brad drives up, parks in front of the Buddhist Temple, across the street from the Church. He hops out to help his mother. They walk slowly toward the Church.

INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

David, Eve and Brad sit with about eighty other people in the pews. Tonight there is no pulpit, no extra Christian orientation. The stage area is set up like a TV talk show, with a slide projector and screen.

The MINISTER questions a University Eastern Religions Professor, MR. HENRY, who has a small half-inch scar below his left eye. Pleasant looking. Glasses. Regular cut style brown hair, bit long over the ears and curling in the back.

MINISTER

Now tell us, Professor Henry, with your Eastern Religion classes, I believe Buddhism has a different concept of Hell.

PROFESSOR HENRY

Right.

MINISTER

And is it true, they even have more than one Hell?

PROFESSOR HENRY

According to some writings, there's eight major Hells and many minor ones. I will say, though, that these are not permanent Hells. Once a person has lived out the results of their bad actions, they are reborn in a higher realm.

MINISTER

That's very interesting. And is there someone like St. Peter who greets those arriving?

PROFESSOR HENRY

King Yama is his name. I've brought some slides to give you an idea... If a person has been a very bad person in this life, they will be treated similar to this...

Professor Henry turns on the projector, the overhead lights dim, he runs some slides.

-- a MAN in a royal red and black outfit stands tall. He looks like Professor Henry, but with a shaven head, no glasses. Although there is darkness behind him, he stands in a spot light. Dark shadows surround his eyes.

PROFESSOR HENRY (V.O.)

King Yama's job is not pleasant.

-- around him stand six bare-chested muscular men, holding various kinds of deadly weapons: a red-hot iron stake, a double bladed axe, a sword, a whip, an iron chain and a foot long barber's razor.

PROFESSOR HENRY (V.O.)

And there are many warders of Hell, his assistants, who carry out the torture.

-- a man kneels in front of King Yama.

PROFESSOR HENRY (V.O.)

When someone arrives, King Yama greets them, then questions them on whether they saw the five heavenly messengers.

-- a baby gets its very soiled diaper changed.

PROFESSOR HENRY (V.O.)

He asks the newcomer concerning these five, "Good person, have you never seen in the world, or heard of, a young tender infant lying prone, fouled in their own excrement and urine?"

-- a very old, bend over lady.

PROFESSOR HENRY (V.O.)
 "Or a person aged, frail, gray-
 haired, wrinkled, with limbs all
 blotchy?"

-- a sick person, in a hospital bed, vomiting. Nurses are
 close by attending.

PROFESSOR HENRY (V.O.)
 "Or someone afflicted, suffering,
 and gravely ill?"

-- a man, handcuffed, in front of a judge, being pulled away
 by police.

PROFESSOR HENRY (V.O.)
 "Or a robber caught, being
 sentenced to prison?"

-- a dead body in an open casket.

PROFESSOR HENRY (V.O.)
 "Or a man, or a woman, dead, ready
 for burial?"

-- the man kneeling in front of King Yama, has his head hung
 low, his hands to his face.

PROFESSOR HENRY (V.O.)
 Ashamed, the newcomer will usually
 admit they knew of these conditions
 but did not take notice of them.

Professor Henry turns off the projector, the overhead lights
 brighten.

MINISTER
 Oh, and what happens to this man
 next?

PROFESSOR HENRY
 Then King Yama tells the man, his
 deeds were his own actions and he
 must take responsibility for them.

MINISTER
 And...

PROFESSOR HENRY
 And then the torture starts...

Both the Minister and Professor Henry look at each other
 with compassionate faces.

EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT

Dad, Eve and Brad walk slowly to Brad's car.

DAVID
Fascinating, just fascinating. Why,
I never knew --

BRAD
You don't believe that rot, do you?

EVE
Bradley --

BRAD
C'mon, it's just a bunch of rot.

DAVID
Son, when are you going to --

BRAD
Okay, okay, look, sorry, sorry,
it's Mom's birthday, sorry, okay?

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Driving back home, they pass by King Tampa's car lot.

DAVID
Hey, King Tampa sounds like King
Yama, Charlie's cars will never be
the same again.

Brad, very sarcastically.

BRAD
Yeah, that's why he'll give you one
hell of a deal.

INT. BRAD'S TOWN HOUSE - NIGHT

Brad enters, reaches down to pick up the mail and the newspaper. Freezes, looking at the front page, "DRUG RING SHOOTOUT - FOUR DEAD." A photo of four bodies on the ground. ONE has matted hair - it's Harper.

Brad drops to his knees, uncontrollable tears flow, his whole body shakes.

He stops, his face hardens. He quickly wipes the tears away, gets up.

BRAD
Stupid ass.

He kicks the paper, pulls out his cell phone, dials.

BRAD
Timmy.
(pause)
Yeah, me. You're my man now, right?
(pause)
Play it cool, don't be like Harper.
(pause)
Good, good, now lay low two weeks,
okay? Go to Florida or something.
(pause)
Yeah, call me then.

Brad hangs up. Stares at the paper. Smirks, turns to the bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Brad undresses. Empties his coins and wallet out of his pants. Pulls King Tampa's card out of his shirt, tosses it on his dresser below the mirror.

BRAD
Stupid jerk, why should I sell cars?

He grabs his pajamas.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Brad stirs, gets out of bed. The bed phone RINGS. He shakes his head, goes into the bathroom. It continues ringing. Stops. His cell phone RINGS, rings. Stops. The bed phone again.

Brad comes out, frowns, with shaving cream on half his face, shirt off, a towel over one shoulder. He picks up the phone.

BRAD
Yeah.

EVE (V.O.)
Hi, Brad.

BRAD
Uh, oh, hi, Mom.

EVE (V.O.)
Are you sitting down?

BRAD
MOM, ANYTHING WRONG? IS DAD DEAD?

EVE (V.O.)
No, no, Dad's fine and I'm fine and
we are better than fine. But sit
down.

Brad shakes his head, annoyance written all over his face.
He stays standing.

BRAD
Yeah, yeah, okay, I'm sitting.

EVE (V.O.)
Dad's won the \$50,000,000 lottery!

Brad's eyes go wide, he sits down.

BRAD
Holy Moses...

INT. BRAD'S PARENTS' APARTMENT - DAY

Brad bursts in with a bottle of champagne.

BRAD
Whoopee, time to celebrate!

David's got a big grin on his face, but shakes his head
disapprovingly.

DAVID
Son, you know we don't drink.

BRAD
To hell with that, time to let your
hair down!

EVE
Bradley!

BRAD
Okay, if you won't, I will.

He pats open the bottle.

BRAD
Whoopee, Dad's a millionaire!

He grabs three glasses, pours each one. Drinks one down, fills it again.

BRAD
Time for fun. What are we going to spend it on?

DAVID
Son, I think --

Animated, Brad moves around the room.

BRAD
First a brand new car.

DAVID
Brad.

BRAD
That big Mercedes, Dad, stuff your junk Toyotas --

EVE
BRADLEY!

Taking no notice, he grabs Eve.

BRAD
Mom! Time to live.

EVE
Bradley, I am not going to live the way you do.

Brad stops. Stares at his mother.

BRAD
Mom, fine, you don't want to, but... Dad... surely a new car?

David's wavering.

BRAD
With all that money, surely you deserve a new car. It's not much.

DAVID
Well, we have been looking for --

BRAD
Right, let's go!

EXT. KING TAMPA NEW AND USED CAR LOT - DAY

Charlie shows David and Brad a new Mercedes.

CHARLIE
Right, Mr. Myers, here's the latest
Mercedes, straight from Germany
last week.

DAVID
Nice...

BRAD
Charlie, isn't this last year's
model?

CHARLIE
Nope, special, top of the line.

DAVID
Okay, looks super --

BRAD
Dad, wait, this ain't the newest.

DAVID
Sure it is, Son, Charlie's no liar.

Brad's face goes hard, turns to Charlie. Charlie smiles innocently, hands the keys to David, who passes them to Brad.

DAVID
You can drive.

INT. MERCEDES - DAY

Brad and David speed along the highway.

BRAD
I still think it's last year's --

DAVID
Brad, it's great, super.

He pats Brad's shoulder.

DAVID
Thanks, Son, I wouldn't have done
it on my own.

Brad smiles, soaks in the praise. He pulls off into a park.

BRAD
Dad...

DAVID
Yeah.

BRAD
Want another super great?

DAVID
Huh?

EXT. PARK - DAY

Brad and David sit in an isolated wooded area. Brad rolls a joint.

DAVID
Son, I, uh, I'm still not --

BRAD
No harm, Dad, just try it once.

DAVID
Your mother, Brad...

BRAD
Mom's old, a cripple. You're still
young. Look at you, fit as a
fiddle, time to live.

DAVID
Uh...

BRAD
When you were in Korea, lots of
guys got drunk, right?

DAVID
Yeah.

BRAD
And you told me once, you tried it,
got sick and never again, right?

DAVID

So?

BRAD

Well, grass is different, no harm.
Helps you relax.

Brad lights the joint. Breathes in deep. Hands it to David. David stares at it. Brad motions to go ahead. David slowly moves it to his mouth, hesitates. Brad nods his head approvingly. David puts it in his mouth.

EXT. PICNIC SWINGS - DAY

A two inch diameter horizontal metal bar, level with tree branches. Four heavy link chains hang from it. They move in pairs: forward, back, forward, back. The bar vibrates with each shift of direction.

DAVID (O.S.)

And little piggy said to big
piggy...

David's on one swing, Brad's on another. David stops abruptly, giggles. Grabs Brad, tickles him.

DAVID

Piggy, piggy, piggy... ha, ha...

They both fall down together, laughing hysterically.

INT. BASKIN ROBBINS ICE CREAM SHOP - DAY

Thirty-one flavors and thirty-one colors. The server's big spoon moves into Strawberry Royale. One scoop goes into a sugar cone. Chocolate Mint. Caramel Crunch. The three tiered cone moves over the counter into Brad's hand.

Already holding another triple cone, he puts the second one into David's smiling face.

EXT. SPECIAL GO-CART COURSE - DAY

Tires line the perimeter of a spacious two hundred yard long hourglass shaped paved joy field. In the center stands a twenty foot statue of Bacchus. Zooming past it goes David in a circular go-cart, shouting with glee.

He stops abruptly. Spins the go-cart two times full circle. Brad zips up. His

large inner tube which surrounds his cart bounces into David's tube. Both of them laugh uncontrollably.

EXT. SUNRISE VILLAGE PARKING LOT - NIGHT

They drive into the residents' area. Brad hops out, helps a very dizzy, giggling David to the side entrance.

EXT. BRAD'S PARENTS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

Hugging each other, stumbling down the hallway, David and Brad laugh. Brad signals for David to stop, while he puts his ear to the apartment door.

Eve's on the phone.

EVE (O.S.)
 Yes, officer, they went out this morning and haven't come back.
 (pause)
 I'm just so worried...

He indicates to David that Eve is upset.

INT. BRAD'S PARENTS' APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Brad and David enter.

EVE
 Oh, thank God, they just came home.

She drops the phone, stares in horror as David wobbles in towards her.

DAVID
 Honey, what a day!

He kisses her. Brad beams.

DAVID
 What a wo... won... wonderful d-d-day!

EVE
 My God, David, are you drunk?!

DAVID
 Drunk with new life, dear. We've got one hell of a good son.

INT. BRAD'S PARENTS' APARTMENT - DAY

Brad bounces in.

BRAD
Hi, everyone!

Silence. David sits near the windows. Head hung low. He looks up, sighs.

BRAD
Hey, why so gloom? Time for more fun.

GLEENDA (O.S.)
Mr. Myers...

GLEENDA, a short woman, comes from the hallway.

GLEENDA
Mrs. Myers is... Oh sorry, I didn't know...

DAVID
It's okay, Glenda. Meet Brad, our son.

Glenda frowns.

BRAD
Hey, what gives?

DAVID
Glenda's your mother's new aide. I, I've arranged twenty-four hour care.

BRAD
Great, you can have more fun!

David looks to the window.

DAVID
I don't think it's --

BRAD
Dad, look, Mom's upset. Okay, no big deal, let's go buy her a diamond necklace.

David perks up.

BRAD
She'll be fine...

David smiles, nods.

INT. JEWELER'S - DAY

They enter. The dealer smiles.

DEALER
My partner owes me five dollars.

BRAD
Huh?

DEALER
You've come for the engagement
ring, right?

BRAD
Give me a break. It'll be snowing
in Hawaii first.

DEALER
Sorry.

BRAD
But we want a super necklace for my
Mom.

DEALER
Price?

BRAD
Sky's the limit.

DAVID
Wait, Brad --

BRAD
Dad, you're loaded. It's for Mom,
get her the best.

David breathes deep.

DAVID
But...

The dealer displays a stunning multi-diamond necklace.

DEALER
Forty-nine thousand.

BRAD
Great, sold.

David's whole body shakes. Brad grabs David by the shoulders.

BRAD
Dad, have you ever, ever, ever
shown your love to Mom with such a
super gift?

DAVID
We couldn't afford --

BRAD
Right, but now you got the dough.
Do it.

DAVID
It is a beautiful necklace.

BRAD
And only pennies of 50 million.

David purses his lips, smiles intently. Sold.

DAVID
Yes! Yes!

EXT. JEWELER'S - DAY

They walk out of the store. David beams, holding a pink bag.

DAVID
It's just beautiful, Son.

He pats Brad on the shoulder. Brad smiles broadly, the
praise is priceless.

DAVID
I never would have thought to do
it. Your Mom and me have been so
frugal for so long.

BRAD
No more need, Dad. Time to live
again.

INT. BRAD'S PARENTS' APARTMENT - DAY

David and Brad stand smiling. Eve opens the pink bag. She bursts into tears, but not from joy.

EVE
Oh David, how could you?

DAVID
I, uh, don't you like it?

Eve closes the box, slides it in the bag.

EVE
Starving kids in Africa, homeless
beggars on our streets.

DAVID
Dear, uh --

EVE
We vowed we would never waste
money.

Eve turns to Brad, shakes her head.

EVE
Bradley, what are you doing to your
father?

EXT. SUNRISE VILLAGE PARKING LOT - DAY

A very depressed David walks slowly with Brad to the Mercedes.

BRAD
Don't worry, Mom'll come good.

David stares at Brad. Some SQUAWKING crows pass over. They both look up at the birds.

DAVID
Son, I, uh --

BRAD
Let's see if we can get tickets for
the game.

DAVID
It's my day at the Salvation --

BRAD
Dad! You don't have to go there any more.

DAVID
But --

BRAD
Just write them a check. It's worth much more than doing shit work there.

DAVID
Brad, it's not --

BRAD
Okay, look, today, don't go. It's too soon. You have a new go, Dad, another chance at life.

DAVID
Son, your mother isn't happy.

David breathes deep, shakes his head.

BRAD
Thirty-eight, twenty-two, thirty-six, D-cup.

Brad smiles temptingly, moves his hands in the air, indicating a woman. He WHISTLES. David's eyes open wide.

BRAD
Her name's Stacy.

The NOISE of the shuttle bus. They turn to look at it. A dozen elderly get out. Slow. Limping. Canes. Hunched over. Others wait to board. Grey hairs, every one of them. Old. David turns back to Brad.

DAVID
It's been seven years since your mother and I had sex.

Brad takes the cue.

BRAD
Dad, you're not ancient like everyone else here. You've got life left in you. And now money.

DAVID
It's, it's happening very fast,
Son.

Brad pats him on the back.

BRAD
Let's go relax some and then you
can think better.

EXT. PARK - DAY

They stroll. Brad's arm hangs around David's shoulders. Brad hands David a joint. They smile at each other. David breathes in deep.

INT. MEN'S FASHION CLOTHING SHOP - DAY

Brad leads David in.

DAVID
Son, my clothes, they --

Brad turns, scrunches up his face, gives David's baggy, khaki pants a tug.

BRAD
Old, Dad, old.

David looks around wearily at the hip styles.

A MONTAGE OF SCENES -

Shows Brad picking some clothes, giving them to David, who tries them on. Three times David comes out of the dressing room sporting new treads. Three times Brad and the attendant shake their head. On the fourth go, it's all smiles.

EXT. BEAUTY SALON - DAY

David peers through the glass windows, shakes his head. Brad smiles.

DAVID
This is for women.

A young man with teased, yellow tipped hair walks out. Brad grabs David's hands.

BRAD
 Rough, Dad, too rough.

Brad drags David inside.

LATER - David lays back in a chair with a face cloth on. A young attendant works on his hands. Brad sits close by, reading Sports Illustrated. A Playboy magazine lies on the table.

EXT. MALL - DAY

They exit. David looks forty-five instead of seventy-seven.

BRAD
 They open at seven. Dinner first?
 Filet mignon or Lobster?

DAVID
 Brad, uh, maybe I should call your
 mother. I'm uh --

BRAD
 Sure, sure, here.

Brad hands David his cell phone. David sighs, looks long at his manicured fingernails. He dials.

DAVID
 Honey?

EVE (O.S.)
 David, I've been worried sick.
 Where are you?

DAVID
 With Brad.

EVE (O.S.)
 Stop, Dear, stop. Something's
 wrong, terribly wrong.

DAVID
 But --

EVE (O.S.)
 Please, please come home.

David holds the phone a little away from his ear, looks at Brad questionably.

BRAD
Old people, old, old.

EVE (O.S.)
David, are you there? David? David,
please.

David's face hardens. He hands the phone to Brad.

BRAD
Mom, now don't you worry. Dad's
just going to meet some of my
friends.

EVE (O.S.)
Bradley, why? Why are you doing
this to us?

Brad hangs up, frowns.

BRAD
Steak?

David nods.

EXT. LARRY'S STEAK & LOBSTER - DUSK

They drive in, park next to a Jaguar on one side, Cadillac
on the other. Every car in the lot is pricey. Definitely not
the family restaurant.

INT. LARRY'S STEAK & LOBSTER - DUSK

A large fish pond graces the entrance. A dozen Piranha swim
around. A young receptionist, TRICIA, stands next to a small
Venus statue. She greets Brad as if he was more than just a
customer.

TRICIA
Brad...

She touches his arm lightly. He smiles, gives her a wink.

BRAD
Dad, meet Tricia.

TRICIA
No way.

BRAD
Huh?

TRICIA
This ain't your dad. He's your
brother.

David laughs.

DAVID
Tricia, honey, if you're aiming for
a good tip tonight, keep it going.

She gives him a cute smile, takes his arm, leads them to a
table.

BRAD
Top steak filets, Tricia, medium-
rare. Dad?

DAVID
Rare...

David licks his lips, hones his eyes in on a juicy steak at
the next table.

DAVID
Rare, with lots, lots of blood.

He smiles oddly, as if possessed. Tricia backs off, alarmed.
Brad, bewildered, sits slowly down.

LATER

Tricia brings two large plates of succulent, melted butter
coated Lobsters.

TRICIA
Here you go, our best, bon
appetite.

Brad shakes his head.

BRAD
Tricia, uh, I think this goes to
another table.

DAVID
Why?

TRICIA
Brad, sweetie, you stoned or what?
You ordered Lobster, your favorite,
here it is.

DAVID
What's your problem, Son. Losing
your memory?

Brad's eyes are wide. He's lost.

BRAD
But, but we ordered steak. What do
you mean --

DAVID
Too many joints, Brad. You better
lay off a while.

Brad looks up at Tricia. She gives him a big, sexy smile.
Walks off.

EXT. LARRY'S STEAK & LOBSTER - NIGHT

They exit. Brad's face is drained of color. He shakes his
head, looking at the ground. David holds the small Venus
statue from the restaurant.

BRAD
I still think we ordered --

DAVID
Hey look, what's the big deal. So
you lost your memory for a while.

David gives him a playful punch.

DAVID
Now where's this woman you promised
me?

Brad turns to David. He can't believe what he sees - the
statue.

BRAD
Dad... the statue... you...
stole...

DAVID
Yeah, nice, huh?

David strolls over to the car. Looks back to a stunned Brad.

DAVID
You coming?

EXT. DOWNTOWN, LOW INCOME STREET - NIGHT

Heavy rain falls, making vision difficult. Brad turns down a wrong street, looking for the whore house. He pulls up to the left side curb, trying to see the house numbers.

BRAD

I, uh, I think this is it... Let me check.

The rain eases. He hops out, takes a few steps to the door.

JAKE (O.S.)

Well, well, looky here.

Brad turns abruptly, freezes. A gang of FOUR YOUNG GUYS are eyeing the car over. The LEADER puts his hand on the Mercedes as the other three block Brad's path back to the car.

JAKE

Nice car, nice, real nice.

BRAD

Look, guys, be cool...

JAKE

Cool? Nah, hot.

The other three laugh. The leader pulls a heavy chain off his hip.

BRAD

Hey, I'm Brad Myers, I got the drug run on --

JAKE

Myers, criers.

BRAD

Look, you've heard of me, I'm sure you've --

The leader turns around, it's Jake. Max is standing with the other two.

JAKE

Yeah, Brad baby, you cut us out of fifty grand last week.

Brad's eyes widen, he has no way out.

DAVID (O.S.)
Leave him alone, punk.

The four turn to see David, standing on the other side of the car. Jake laughs.

JAKE
Well, well, baby Brad has his baby
sitter.

DAVID
You heard me, get out of here.

Jake looks David over, jangles his chain.

JAKE
I got only one worry, gramps, your
heart's gonna get you before I
pound you into the ground.

BRAD
Wait, wait, I'll pay you. Fifty
grand, you want it, I'll get it.

Jake turns back to Brad, smiles.

JAKE
Now you're talk --

A hand grabs Jake's shoulder, jerks him around. David sends a lightening karate chop to his gut, another across the head, he's down. David turns to the other three, poised, ready.

MAX
Cool, pops, cool.

They stay tight together, back off, run down the street.

In awe, Brad is practically speechless.

BRAD
Dad, uh...

David laughs.

DAVID
Haven't had a good fight since the
Marines! C'mon, where's the women!

EXT. WHORE HOUSE - NIGHT

They drive up to what is obvious the right place, red lights and all. David hops out, wringing his hands in expected delight.

INT. WHORE HOUSE - NIGHT

An over mid-aged, very buxom, heavy make-up "MOMMA" greets them. Cleavage bulging out a low cut blouse.

MOMMA

Why, Brad, honey, ain't seen ya for ages.

BRAD

Yeah, uh, look, Momma, we want your sexiest, most beautiful woman. Stacy, right?

MOMMA

Ya know she costs.

BRAD

No problem, no problem, this is for my dad.

Brad pulls out his wallet, hands over some green.

MOMMA

Ya dad?

Momma eyes David over. Shakes her head, turns doubtfully to Brad.

BRAD

Yeah.

MOMMA

A bit old. He'll have to sign the release.

DAVID

Hey, I'm in great shape.

David flexes. Momma giggles.

MOMMA

I wouldn't mind.

BRAD

No, no, Stacy.

MOMMA

Might get a heart attack, he'll
have to sign.

Momma pushes a pen and paper towards David, who obliges.

MOMMA

Ya lucky night, she's free now.

Momma pushes on a yellow button, marked "69", three times.
It turns green. She points towards a staircase.

STACY comes to the top of the stairs, absolutely stunning in
a semi sheer night gown with bra and panties on underneath.

STACY

I'm ready if you are, big man.

David's eyes can't get any wider. He licks his lips, turns
to Brad, with a smile a mile wide.

BRAD

One hour, Dad, go for it!

David slaps Brad on the shoulder.

DAVID

What a son I have, just super.

He bounds up the stairs. Brad glances at a walk clock, eight
o'clock sharp. He sits down.

MOMMA

Brad?

BRAD

Uh, not tonight, Momma, it's a
special treat for Dad. I, I have to
be ready for him...

Momma mosies over, Brad's head is level with her cleavage.

MOMMA

Y'know the girls have missed ya.

She walks behind him, rubbing her breasts against his head.

BRAD

Yeah, uh, I've been busy.

MOMMA

Ya one of our favorites.

She's around the front of his chair now, rubs her crouch against his knees.

BRAD

Uh, I got a girlfriend now.

MOMMA

Two, we've heard.

BRAD

Yeah, uh.

Momma strolls back to her reception area.

LATER

Brad looks at the clock, nine-fifteen. David comes down with huge grin on his face.

DAVID

Haven't had sex like that for years!

Stacy stands behind him, at the top, with only her nightgown on. Her eyes are rolling.

STACY

Smashing...

David turns to Stacy.

STACY

Brad, you're good, real good, but your Dad is...

She smiles lovingly at David.

STACY

Like a Royal Monarch. You come back, King.

DAVID

Sure will.

He slides some hundreds between her legs.

DAVID

We paid down below, that's your tip.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

They reach the car.

DAVID
Nice nickname, eh? I like King.

BRAD
Neat, Dad.

DAVID
Drinks?

BRAD
But, Dad, you don't --

DAVID
Shit on that, kiddo. Where's the
bar?

Brad smiles broadly.

BRAD
Ted's coming right up.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Brad and David amble up to the bar.

BARTENDER
Hey Brad, who's your friend?

BRAD
Dad meet Ted, super best mixer in
town.

DAVID
Call me, King, Ted.

BARTENDER
Sure thing, King. Brad's ol' man
gets one on the house.

DAVID
You're a charmer. Beer's fine.

BARTENDER
How about Foster's, Australia's
best?

BRAD
Dad, it's too strong for you.

DAVID
Stronger the better, serve her up.

BRAD
But, Dad, you --

DAVID
Son... keep your shirt on.

David takes a swig, his eyes spin.

DAVID
Whew!

BRAD
Yeah, Dad, easy, easy...

LATER

David laughs.

DAVID
And she was going to serve dinner
to Mr. Skinner, but before they
could eat dinner, Skinner was
inner. Ha, Ha!

MAN (O.S.)
Old joke, gramps.

David's eyes sharpen, he turns to a HEAVY EX-FOOTBALLER.

DAVID
So laugh anyhow, shrimp.

BRAD
DAD!

The huge man grabs David's shirt, pulls his arm back, ready
for a blow. David's too quick, a chop into the chest,
another to his gut. The man doubles over, face white.

Standing over the gasping man, David's face is stone, eyes
burning. It's as if he smells blood and wants more. Brad
grabs David.

BRAD
Dad! Stop!

BARTENDER
Brad, better take your King for a
walk.

BRAD

Yeah, Ted. Look sorry, okay.

Ted nods, goes to help a couple others who are assisting the floored big fellow. Brad pulls David away.

BRAD

Dad, c'mon, c'mon...

EXT. BAR - NIGHT

David grumbles.

DAVID

Not sure I like that bar, Son.
Let's try another.

Brad shakes his head.

BRAD

Dad, maybe, uh, look I'm a bit tired. I'll run you home. Mom's, uh, she's probably worried.

DAVID

I ain't going back to that reservation.

BRAD

What?!

DAVID

It's a place to die, Brad. Old folk dying. I ain't old.

BRAD

Uh, but Mom, uh...

David's eyes are cold.

DAVID

I gave her ten million, she's on her own now.

Brad's face is blank, eyes wide, jaw dropped.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Strolling along, laughing, Brad passes David a joint. Two honeys stand seductively, preening themselves.

David motions to the prostitutes, rolls his eye, nudges Brad. Brad laughs, they continue walking.

They pass by an alley. Brad glances down it. Harper's there handing a bag to a teenager.

BRAD
HARPER!

The kid runs off.

HARPER
You been lost, eh?

Brad gives Harper a big hug. Harper shrugs him.

HARPER
Hey, cool...

BRAD
But, but I thought you were dead.

HARPER
Yeah, me and other guys.

BRAD
Great, great. Dad meet Harper. He's my number one man.

DAVID
Harper, if you're number one, give me a gun.

BRAD
Dad!

HARPER
Sure, Pops, here.

Harper pulls out a handgun, hands it to David. Brad reaches for it.

BRAD
Dad, wait...

David grabs the gun first, waves it around.

DAVID
Not bad, not great, it'll do.

HARPER
Hip, gramps.

David strides back out the alley. Bewildered, Brad turns to Harper, who winks.

HARPER
Neat pop, Brad.

Brad shakes his head.

BRAD
No, Harper, uh, something's not --

HARPER
Hey, you wanted him to join your world.

Brad looks around, dazed.

BRAD
But...

Harper grins, turns his back, walks away down the alley.

HARPER
What else, hey, hey, what else did you want him to do?

EXT. KING TAMPA NEW AND USED CAR LOT - DAY

Brad stands with David and Charlie under the big soft sign, "KING TAMPA'S CARS - ONE HELL OF A GOOD DEAL." Though the wind is strong, blowing their clothes, the sign stays perfectly still.

BRAD
Charlie, look, it --

Charlie laughs.

DAVID
Brad, maybe you're --

Brad SCREAMS.

BRAD
SHIT, WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON HERE? Charlie, you know damn well this ain't --

A Salesman approaches.

SALESMAN

King Tampa, sir. Senator Dobson is looking over the new Porsche.

CHARLIE

Right. Well, Mr. Myers, better take Brad home for a good rest. He'll feel better after a solid night's sleep.

Charlie smiles, walks off. Brad's face is hard, he turns to David.

DAVID

Son, it's a great car. C'mon, let's zoom on the highway.

INT. MERCEDES - DAY

Brad hits eighty on an empty stretch. David smiles, lights up a joint.

DAVID

Faster.

Brad looks over to David. David nods. Ninety.

BRAD

I just don't get it. I know this is last year's --

DAVID

Faster.

Ninety-five.

BRAD

Maybe I am losing my mind.

DAVID

Faster.

One hundred.

DAVID

Son, if it really bothers you, why don't we just kill Charlie?

Brad's shocked, he turns to David, who smiles like Al Capone ready for a hit.

BRAD

WHAT?

Brad loses control of the car. It swerves. Crosses over to the oncoming traffic lane, heading for the embankment. A four wheel drive Toyota with a front bull bar ploughs into David's side of the car.

The Mercedes is thrown off the road, slams head first into a tree. Brad screams, turns to David, who's face is white and frozen.

Brad tries frantically to resuscitate David, to no avail. He bursts out crying, sinking his head into David's chest.

EXT. SEVEN-ELEVEN STORE - DAY

Brad sits in the car, head back against the rest. Tears flow down his face.

DAVID (O.S.)

Brad, Brad...

David's right hand with the EVE tattoo comes in the car window and rubs Brad awake.

BRAD

Huh?

Brad looks up bewildered. David sports a huge smile, hands Brad a candy bar.

DAVID

Snickers.

INT. MERCEDES - DAY

Brad holds to the speed limit.

BRAD

And then I dreamed you wanted me to drive faster and faster and --

DAVID

Dreams sure can be weird. I've even had dreams inside dreams.

BRAD

Yeah, and then you said we should kill Charlie.

DAVID
Not a bad idea...

Brad slams on the brakes, pulls over to the shoulder.

BRAD
Shit.

DAVID
Son, you're right, this ain't a new Mercedes.

BRAD
Yeah, but uh, we don't have to --

David looks straight ahead.

DAVID
No one does this to me and gets away with it.

Brad gets out of the car, his whole body shakes. He can hardly stand up.

BRAD
Dad, uh... Shit.

David gets out. Walks over to a tree, urinates.

DAVID
Nah, Charlie ain't worth it, maybe I'll kill someone else.

BRAD
I, uh, I think things are going a bit too far.

DAVID
Yeah, next time stop at a gas station, okay?

David turns around, zipping up his fly, grins.

Brad breathes deep. Timidly he moves back to the driver's side, he looks at David with apprehension.

BRAD
Lunch?

David nods.

INT. SANDWICH SHOP - DAY

Brad pays a SHOP ATTENDANT for a couple of grilled cheese. Walks over to David, sitting by the window. Hands over the sandwiches. Returns to the counter for two milkshakes. Strolls back to David. No sandwiches. He starts to sit down.

DAVID
How about the sandwiches?

BRAD
Huh? Where'd you put them?

DAVID
Funny, Son.

BRAD
But, I, uh...

SHOP ATTENDANT
Hey, fella, wanna eat?

Brad turns to the attendant, who's holding the two sandwiches. Brad shakes his head, looks at David, who's nonplused.

DAVID
Well?

BRAD
Funny, yeah, uh...

Brad goes to get the sandwiches.

EXT. SANDWICH SHOP - DAY

They exit. Stu Rogers and his granddaughter, Mary, are walking on the sidewalk, coming toward them.

DAVID
Shit.

Stu waves.

STU
Hey, David.

David whispers to Brad.

DAVID
Stupid old foggy.

STU
Where have you been? Everyone's
worried sick.

Mary grabs David's hand, lovingly.

MARY
Hi, Mr. Myers.

David pulls his hand away.

DAVID
Cool it, twerp.

Stu is shocked. Mary bursts crying.

STU
David, uh --

DAVID
You can move it, too.

Brad's confused, though he's happy David's joined his life,
he's never been rude to David's older friends.

BRAD
Dad, Mr. Rogers, uh --

David turns to Brad, gives him a shove.

DAVID
Shut your face, Son.

STU
David, what are you doing?!

DAVID
Piss off, fart.

He grabs Brad fiercely by the arm, pulls him away from a
flabbergasted Mr. Rogers.

DAVID
C'mon, I want to talk about
something more important.

INT. BAR - DAY

Brad and David down some beers.

DAVID
Brad, I want Mary Jane.

BRAD

WHAT?!

DAVID

I'll give you five million dollars
for her.

BRAD

Dad, c'mon, that's movie stuff.
You're kidding, right?

David's face is hard.

DAVID

No.

BRAD

Uh, uh, look, Dad, uh, maybe we've
had enough.

DAVID

Brad...

David grabs Brad's shirt fiercely.

DAVID

Brad, I... want... Mary Jane.

Brad breaks away.

BRAD

HOLY SHIT!

DAVID

If you won't give me her, I'll just
take her.

David's eyes dig into Brad. Brad shakes his head.

BRAD

What the hell have I created?

INT. PARK - DAY

Brad walks along in a daze. Leaves fall in his face. One
gets stuck in his hair. Angrily he grabs it, throws it on
the ground.

He sits down on a bench, eyes spaced.

BRAD

What... what...

He lays down, curls up in the fetus position.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Coming out of the park gates, wiping his red eyes, Brad approaches his car. David's Mercedes zooms around the corner. David's not driving - it's Mary Jane! David sits next to her, laughing.

She screeches to a stop next to Brad.

David's right hand is outside the window. His heart tattoo has MARY JANE written in it. He spits down in front of Brad.

DAVID

Better get yourself a new honey,
Son. I'm King now.

Going weak at the knees, Brad's devastated. His voice is hardly audible.

BRAD

Dad... Mary Jane...

David laughs, mockingly. Brad races to the driver's side, hands to the door. Mary Jane is wearing the \$49,000 necklace David bought for Eve. No glasses

BRAD

MARY JANE!

MARY JANE

You just heard a real man speak,
Braddy Baby.

She looks over lovingly to David.

MARY JANE

A real man... and I'm his... all
his... his Royal Queen.

She kisses David, strokes his leg, floors the Mercedes. Brad falls back and down.

BRAD

Mary... Jane... please...

EXT. SEVEN-ELEVEN STORE - DAY

Brad sits in his car, dialing on his phone. It RINGS, and continues four times. A recording comes on.

GLEENDA (O.S.)
 You have reached the home of Eve
 Myers. Please leave a message or
 phone again later.

Brad looks blankly at the phone. Turns it off. He pushes
 redial.

GLEENDA (O.S.)
 You have reached the home...

He hangs up, dials again.

GLEENDA (O.S.)
 You have...

A fourth go. On the third RING.

GLEENDA (O.S.)
 Hello.

BRAD
 Glenda, it's me, Brad. I want to
 speak to my mother.
 (a long pause)
 Glenda... GLEENDA!

GLEENDA (O.S.)
 Your mother doesn't want to talk to
 you.

BRAD
 What do you mean? Let me --

Glenda hangs up. Brad stares with dagger eyes.

EXT. SUNRISE VILLAGE - DAY

Brad drives up to the gate.

BETTY
 Hey, Brad, ain't seen ya ol' man,
 is he dead?

BRAD
 Uh, uh, no, uh...

He continues to the parking lot. Jumps out, runs to the
 entrance. Newly carved into the corner stone on the outside
 wall reads, "REPENT - THE TIME IS NEAR."

INT. SUNRISE VILLAGE LOBBY - DAY

Behind her reception desk, Kate is busy helping some old people. Brad runs past.

KATE
Hey, Brad, you okay?

Brad races by the gym room. Some wave to him, he doesn't look. Up ahead in the hallway are a cluster of ELDERLY WOMEN. Mrs. Turner is one of them. Her back is toward Brad. He has to slow down to pass them.

MRS. TURNER
David Myers was such a nice man. I just don't know how.

ANOTHER WOMAN
The devil did it.

Brad makes sure no one recognizes him as he passes the women. Sweating profusely, he approaches Eve's apartment.

He knocks on the door, tries to open it, locked. Knocks again. No answer. He knocks LOUDER. It opens an inch, the safety chain still connected. Eve's nursing aide Glenda stares out through the gap.

BRAD
Hey, it's me, Brad.

GLENDA
Brad, your Mom doesn't want --

BRAD
What do you mean, Glenda, look, let me in, c'mon.

Brad pushes hard on the door, shaking it madly.

GLENDA
Okay, okay.

INT. EVE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Glenda opens the door. Brad bursts in, races to his mother in her wheelchair, staring out the window. She won't look at him.

EVE
Your father doesn't live here anymore.

BRAD

Mom...

EVE

Thanks to you, I'm all alone.

She turns to him.

EVE

You're a rotten son, get out of here.

BRAD

Mom --

EVE

I've never sworn at anyone ever, in seventy-four years, never sworn, but there's a time and place. You can go to hell where you belong.

BRAD

Oh Mom, I'm sorry, I'm so sorry.

She turns from him. Cold silence.

GLENDA

Brad, get out.

EVE

And don't ever come back.

He staggers toward the door. He stumbles near the kitchenette. Glances at the trash can. His High School graduation photo and others of him are piled in it.

GLENDA

Get out.

EVE

Get out.

GLENDA

Get out.

EVE

Get out.

Brad's out the door, dizzy, wheeling. Their voices fill his head as he runs down the hall.

GLENDA (V.O.)

Get out.

EVE (V.O.)
Don't ever come back.

GLEND A (V.O.)
Get out.

EVE (V.O.)
Go to hell where you belong.

EXT. SANCTUARY HALL TRAFFIC ISLAND - NIGHT

Brad drives up. Parks in front of the Buddhist Temple. Stares at the Sanctuary Hall. He gets out. Eyes transfixed on the Hall, he walks towards it.

Car HORN. A car slams on the breaks, almost hitting Brad.

DRIVER
Shit, fella!

BRAD
I'm sorry, I'm so sorry.

He stumbles to the open pavilion, facing the Church. Sits on the grass, shuts his eyes, tears fall. He gets up, walks around the pavilion slowly, clockwise. The Buddhist Temple. The Jewish Synagogue. The Islamic Mosque. He kicks at some gravel.

Picks up four rocks. Does another clockwise walk.

BRAD
Eeney...

One rock tossed toward the Church.

BRAD
Meeney...

Another toward the Temple.

BRAD
Miney...

Toward the Synagogue.

BRAD
Mo...

The Mosque.

BRAD
Who's the stupidest ass...

He collapses on the grass, buries his head in his knees, sobbing.

PROFESSOR HENRY (O.S.)
Looks like you're lost, buddy.

Brad keeps his head down. Professor Henry's legs are inches away.

BRAD
Yeah, uh, I, uh...

PROFESSOR HENRY
Hey buddy, look at me.

Brad slowly looks up at the Professor Henry, but doesn't recognize him. The scar under the left eye is familiar. The glasses, the dark hair. Brad's unsure.

PROFESSOR HENRY
If you're lost in life, why not try
a new way of living?

BRAD
Uh...

PROFESSOR HENRY
You know, like doing some good for
a change.

Brad shakes his head.

BRAD
I'm an ass. I'm going to hell.

PROFESSOR HENRY
Want another chance?

BRAD
Another chance at life?

PROFESSOR HENRY
Yeah.

BRAD
Now?

PROFESSOR HENRY
Now.

Brad cries, buries his head again. Professor Henry puts his hand on Brad's shoulder.

PROFESSOR HENRY

Now.

The hand comes off. Brad keeps his head down for a few moments, takes a big breath, looks up. Professor Henry is gone.

BRAD

Where, uh... SHIT!

He jumps up, races to his car.

EXT. MARY JANE'S HOME - NIGHT

Brad pulls up in front of David's Mercedes. He gets out, stares at the house. The stolen statue of Venus stands near the door.

A light shines in an upstairs room. Through the sheer curtains - Mary Jane's figure. She's taking off her blouse. David's figure moves toward her. She shuts the heavier curtains.

BRAD

I have to...

Brad adjusts his clothes, walks to the door, knocks LOUDLY.

BRAD

Dad, Mary Jane, it's me, Brad.

No answer. He BANGS harder.

BRAD

C'mon, c'mon, open up. I want to talk.

David opens the upstairs window.

BRAD

Dad.

DAVID

Piss off, Son.

BRAD

Dad.

DAVID
You're in the wrong battlefield.

BRAD
Dad, look, I have to talk.

DAVID
Get the hell out of here or I'll
get my gun.

Brad stares, stunned. David's head goes back inside.

Out again, waving his gun.

DAVID
You're a bastard.

Brad runs toward the side of the house. David fires. Misses.
Brad rounds the corner. Another shot.

Brad's hugging the side of the house. Heart beating like
mad. He hears the window open above him. He runs to the back
yard. Another shot.

David's out the back door. He aims. Brad hesitates.

DAVID
Stupid jerk of a son.

He fires as Brad darts back to the side of the house.
Running...

Into the front yard

To his car

Jumps in

Turns the ignition. Nothing.

He hears David's laugh. He turns the ignition again.

David's laugh, closer. Again the ignition.

David's laugh...

David stands in front of the car.

Brad turns the engine on. If he drives, he'll kill his
father. Brad's frozen. David raises his gun, laughs.

BRAD
DAD!

David fires... and fires... and fires...

INT. SPACE - NIGHT

Brad falls through semi-darkness, like a drowning person sinking in the ocean.

BRAD
Ohhh, ohhh... help...

Fierce winds HOWL. He keeps falling. Lightening shafts shoot around him, but no thunder. He keeps falling.

He hits ground with a thud. Groaning, clutching his chest, he tries to establish his bearings.

BRAD
Ohhh, shit...

It's dark, very dark. He fumbles with one hand outstretched, feeling the cold, metallic floor. He shivers.

BRAD
God... damn... freezing...

He moves to a wall, feels his way to a corner.

A blood curdling WOMAN's SCREAM.

WOMAN (O.S.)
HELLLLPPPPPP!

Brad crouches down in the corner, eyes wide. The SOUND of deep breathing. A MAN's voice bellows.

MAN (O.S.)
HIT HER AGAIN.

WOMAN (O.S.)
NOOOOO, Noooo...

A heavy THUD sound.

MAN (O.S.)
Again!

WOMAN (O.S.)
HELP!

Again, a heavy THUD.

MAN (O.S.)
 The stakes, strike her!
 (pause)
 The swords, stab her heart!

Brad shakes his head, his hands are at his mouth.

WOMAN (O.S.)
 Ahhhhhhh!

An eerie silence.

A dim light shines straight towards Brad from fifty yards away. Brad trembles, crouches in a corner.

MAN (O.S.)
 King Yama, sir, he has arrived.

KING YAMA (O.S.)
 Bradley Uriah Myers, come here.

Brad tries desperately to crawl backwards into the wall.

KING YAMA (O.S.)
 COME HERE.

Brad screams.

BRAD
 NOOOOOO!

Brad collapses, crying hysterically.

KING YAMA (O.S.)
 Get him.

Four bare-chested MUSCULAR MEN stomp in unison towards Brad. Their heavy boots shake the metal floor.

BRAD
 Shit no! NOOOOOO!

Brad tries to stand, falls, crawls to the other side of the wall. The four men get closer.

BIGGEST MAN
 Fool.

The men grab him by all four limbs. Brad wrenches for his life to no avail. Their strength is incredible. They carry him toward the light, drop him in front of KING YAMA, looking every bit like the Religious Professor had shown.

Shaven head, half-inch scar below his left eye, in a royal red and black outfit standing tall. Dark shadows surround his eyes.

Two more horrifying men join the four to surround Brad, each holding their favorite deadly weapon.

Shaking, Brad kneels down in front of King Yama.

BRAD

Please sir, please.

BIGGEST MAN

Sire, this man has ill-treated others, he has had no respect for decency. Let King Yama order his punishment.

An EAR SHATTERING lightening bolt strikes behind King Yama.

KING YAMA

Bradley Uriah Myers, did you not see the divine messengers appearing to you in the World?

BRAD

I did not, sir.

Another bolt strikes inches away from Brad's face. He falls backward.

BRAD

Aggggh!

One of the men pokes Brad with a sword. He quickly gets up again.

KING YAMA

Did you never see a baby lying in his own excrement and urine?

Behind, above and to the left of King Yama appears the vision of the BABY in the park, lying on it's back, the diaper open, exposing a gooey mess.

KING YAMA

Or a man, woman eighty, ninety, a hundred years old, doubled up, frail?

The baby vision fades. Above to the right appears the OLD WOMAN walking out of Sunrise Village entrance, hunched over.

KING YAMA

Or a man, woman gravely ill, lifted
up by some and set down by others?

The old man vision fades. Above to the left appears the MAN,
in the doctor's waiting lobby, vomiting into the bucket.

KING YAMA

Or a body lifeless, dead?

The sick man vision fades. Above to the right appears
HARPER's photo, lying dead in the street.

KING YAMA

Or a robber caught, sentenced to
punishment?

Harper's photo vision fades. Above to the left appears his
shaven headed friend, ROG, being put in the police wagon.

BRAD

I have, sir.

A deafening drum roll RESONATES.

KING YAMA

Did it never occur to you, an
intelligent man, "I, too, am
subject to birth, aging, sickness
and death?" Did it never occur to
you, "Those who do evil actions
have various tortures inflicted on
them in regular life, so what in
the hereafter?"

Lightening strikes all around. King Yama raises his hands
high in the air. They come down, pointing at Brad like
machine guns setting their sights. His voice bellows:

KING YAMA

FOOLISH MAN! DID YOU NEVER THINK
THAT YOU SHOULD CHANGE YOUR UNWISE
WAYS?

Brad's head is low.

BRAD

I was unable, Sir, I was negligent.

KING YAMA

Bradley Uriah Myers, you have
compounded your foolish deeds by
enticing your father, such a good
man, to do evil.

Total blackness except for a soft glow around Brad.

KING YAMA (O.S.)

Because you did such harm to your
father, you shall reap tenfold...
fifty-fold... ONE HUNDRED-FOLD THE
PUNISHMENT YOU DESERVE!

Dead silence. The wind HOWLS. The glow is brighter. King
Yama is gone. The six men encircle Brad. In their eyes,
burning fires appear instead of pupils. The man holding the
double edged axe begins the process.

AXE MAN

His shirt.

The foot long barber's razor is flashed by another. He
lunges quickly at Brad, who backs off, only to be shoved
forward by another man. The razor has split his shirt open.

BRAD

No! NOOO!

Two other men hold him tight. He struggles to get free. No
way. They pull open his shirt.

AXE MAN

Mark him.

The razor man lashes out again. A thin red line of blood
runs from Brad's left shoulder to just above his belly
button.

BRAD

SHIT! HELP ME!

The razor man strikes again, making a "X" above Brad's
heart. The razor man steps back. The two holding Brad force
him to the floor. Two others grab his legs. The four stand
on his arms and legs. Their pupils have turned solid white.

RAZOR MAN

STRIKE HIM!

The axe man steps forth. His eyes are like mirrors, showing
Brad hopelessly struggling. He raises his axe high.

RAZOR MAN
LET THE TORTURE BEGIN!

Down comes the axe.

BRAD
NOOO!! NOOO!!

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Kicking and pulling on his sheets, Brad screams.

BRAD
NOOO!! NOOO!!

He wakes, convulsing with fear.

BRAD
NOOO... uh, oh my God, shit oh
shit...

Brad's head rocks, his hands holding it. He can't get enough air.

BRAD
Uh... uh...

Through the window, the sun shines on his face. He opens his eyes, blinks at the light.

BRAD
Yeah, yeah...

Breathes deep.

BRAD
I didn't die... I didn't die...

He looks around the room.

BRAD
Yeah...

Pushes the sheets off. Checks over his body.

BRAD
Bradley Uriah Myers, you've been
one hell of a stupid fart.

He shakes violently, kicking his legs in the air, waving his arms around.

BRAD
NO MORE! No more... no more...

Leaping out of bed, Brad's eyes are wide.

BRAD
No more, you stupid ass...

He can't stand up straight. Holding his stomach, he looks in the mirror.

BRAD
Today is the first fuc, no, no...

He squeezes his eyes tight, shakes his head.

BRAD
Today is... the... first... day.
Yes. Today is the first day of my
life.

Gazing firmly at himself, confidently, he nods.

He reaches down to the bottom dresser drawer. Opens it. Pulls out an old Fort Kolby H.S. Letter sweater. Gives it a look. Drops it on the floor. Exposed in the drawer is his High School photo album.

He sits down on the floor, turns some pages. Football team photos. Some action shots. The team shot - he's center, smiling, holding the State Championship trophy.

He shakes his head. Turns some more photos. Heading reads: "OUR BEST & BRIGHTEST." He's standing on a podium, it's graduation day...

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - DAY - FLASHBACK

With four hundred classmates watching, all sporting their black gowns, holding their caps, Brad stands emphatically voicing a classical idealistic eighteen year old Valedictorian's views.

BRAD
Drugs, we must resist them. How can
we change the world if our minds
aren't clear?

The teachers behind him clap energetically, though few students do.

BRAD

We must be leaders, not followers.
We must show good values, do good
things, speak good words.

The teachers applaud harder. Some more students join half-heartedly.

BRAD

And lastly, I'd like to give you a
small quote I once heard, "And many
will think, what can I get? How
often comes the thought, what can I
give?"

He waves to everyone. This time his classmates give Brad a standing ovation, though mildly, looking around, bored.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY - PRESENT

Brad shuts the book. Tears stream down his face. He leans against the dresser, eyes closed.

BRAD

How... how did I get so lost?

He jumps up, eyes wide, runs madly out the bedroom, down the stairs to the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Like a mad man, Brad fishes in the trash can. Half of it lands on the floor. He finds it - the charity letter. He pulls it out, cleans it off.

BRAD

Good, oh good. Not too dirty. Okay,
yeah, relax, relax.

His shaking hand reaches for a pen.

BRAD

Pen, right, uh...

He frantically pulls open drawers near the wall phone. Got it - his check book. He plops in a chair.

BRAD

How much? Uh, how, uh... DAMNIT,
just give, you stingy bastard!

His whole body trembles.

BRAD

Okay, okay, uh, hundred.

He writes the check for one hundred dollars. He stares at it. Viciously crunches it up, tears it in two, throws it on the ground.

BRAD

Shit... Dad, Mom, how...

His head's down, crying.

He leans back in the chair. Breathes deep, collects himself.

BRAD

I'm thirty-five. I'm not a baby.
I'm going to do what's right. C'mon
Brad, just write it and mail it.
And tomorrow...

He writes a second check. This time two hundred and fifty.

BRAD

And the next day...

He puts it in the envelope.

BRAD

And next week...

He licks the envelope.

BRAD

And next month...

Closes it.

BRAD

And next year...

He smiles at the envelope.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Exiting the kitchen briskly, he freezes. His eyes spot the newspaper near the door with Harper's photo. Tears gush. As if hypnotized, he moves slowly to the paper. His body trembles.

Only a yard away from it. He SCREAMS.

BRAD

HARPER!

Falling to his knees with uncontrollable sobbing, he grabs the paper... drops his head into it.

BRAD

Harper, Harper...

His body rocks back and forth.

BRAD

I'm so sorry, please, please,
please forgive me...

He looks at the photo.

BRAD

I swear, Harper, I swear... SHIT
HARPER! I swear never again, never,
never, never...

He lays down on the floor, hugging the paper, rocking.

BRAD

Never, Harper, never again, I
swear...

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Dressed, Brad combs his hair.

BRAD

Work... work?

He glances down to the back of the card he pulled out of his shirt yesterday - King Tampa's business card. He turns it over, picks it up.

BRAD

Cars? Sell cars? Me?

He straightens himself in the mirror, yet quickly slumps his shoulders.

BRAD

Who'd buy a used car from an ass
like me? But... if... I'm not...

He nods approvingly, straightens himself again. Puts the card in his shirt pocket. Turns.

BRAD

SHIT!

His eyes are wide.

BRAD

MARY JANE!

As if experiencing a heart attack, Brad transfixes on Mary Jane's photo on his bedside table. Slowly he sits down on his bed. His arm extends toward the photo, grabs it.

BRAD

Mary Jane...

Tears fall.

BRAD

She's... she's...

He looks up, out the window to falling leaves.

BRAD

She's... beautiful... Mary Jane...
marry... Mary Jane...

In between crying and laughing, he grabs a handful of tissues, wipes his eyes, blows his nose.

BRAD

Marry... Mary Jane... I change, I'm
worthy...

Breathing deep, he grabs the phone, dials.

MARY JANE (O.S.)

Hello?

Brad stares. Hangs up the phone.

BRAD

It's too fast, too... I, uh...
SHIT!

He dials again.

MARY JANE (O.S.)

Hello?

BRAD

Mary Jane, I love you.

MARY JANE (O.S.)
Oh, Brad, how lovely, I love you,
too.

BRAD
And I want to marry you. I love you
and I want to live the rest of my
life with only you.

Silence. Brad's shaking. One hand holds the phone, the other
runs all around and across his head.

BRAD
Mary Jane, uh, are you there?

MARY JANE (O.S.)
Brad, honey, I love you.

BRAD
Will you marry me?

MARY JANE (O.S.)
Yes.

BRAD
I'll be over, I'll be over as soon
as I can. I got to see my folks
first. Okay?

MARY JANE (O.S.)
Yes. Yes, Brad, yes.

EXT. BRAD'S TOWN HOUSE - DAY

Brad bounds down the steps, singing to himself, happier than
he's ever been since High School. Hops in his car. He pulls
out his cell phone, dials.

BRAD
Dad?

DAVID (V.O.)
Yeah, Brad, how are you?

BRAD
Dad, you and Mom stay there for a
bit. I'm on my way and I, I want to
talk to you, both. It's important,
Dad, okay?

DAVID (V.O.)
Why sure, Son, good.

BRAD

Dad...

DAVID (V.O.)

Yeah.

BRAD

I love you. I love you and Mom
lots, okay?

DAVID (V.O.)

Why that's real nice to hear, Brad.
We love you, too.

EXT. SHOPPING CENTER CORNER - DAY

Top down, Brad drives up to the interception. The bearded mid-aged MAN stands next to his beat up suitcase and duffle bag, with his out of work sign and his large can with "PLEASE HELP". The light is green.

Brad drives through the light, yet his eyes are on the man.

He swerves, almost hits another car. The other DRIVER BLARES his horn, shakes his fist.

MAN

WATCH THE ROAD, JERK!

BRAD

Sorry, sorry, oh...

He stops his car thirty yards beyond the light, shaking. He looks back at the begging man, nods his head, breathes deep.

Out. Running back to the light. Across the street. But it's a red light that way!

Cars beep, dodge Brad crazily running through the traffic. Brad makes it to the beggar.

The beggar looks at Brad like he's from outer space.

BEGGAR

Hey man, I ain't interested in
seeing ya blood on the road.

Brad's heart pounds. Bent over, he tries to catch his breath.

BRAD

Yeah, uh, yeah...

Looking up, he smiles. The Beggar smiles.

BRAD

I, I...

Shaking his head, he gets out his wallet, pulls out a five, puts it in the can, smiles.

BEGGAR

Thanks, man, that's really --

BRAD

No, no...

Brad reaches in the can, takes the five back.

BEGGAR

What the --

BRAD

Wait, wait, it's uh, new...

He pulls out a twenty, hands it over. The beggar's spaced. Brad shakes his hand.

BRAD

I, uh, I hope you get lots today
and a job, too!

Brad runs back across the street, again against the red light!

EXT. STREET - DAY

Brad turns into the suburban area. Up ahead he sees the KIDS tossing their football. He smiles, slows down. Getting closer, he taps the horn gently a couple of short BEEPS. The kids move to their yard. Brad stops in front of them.

BRAD

Hey!

Now frightened, the kids back off.

BRAD

Nah, it's okay.

He reaches into the back seat. Grabs his trophy football. Sends it to the biggest kid in a perfect touchdown pass.

BRAD

Have fun!

The kids are flabbergasted. Brad laughs a truly, decent loving laugh, his first in years, drives off.

EXT. SUNRISE VILLAGE - DAY

He comes up to the gate and the security guard, Betty.

BRAD

Hi.

BETTY

Hey, good to see ya!

BRAD

Betty, I, uh...

BETTY

Cat got ya tongue?

BRAD

I, I just want to say, thanks for working here helping my folks and all the other old people.

Her tough veneer shattered, Betty's eyes are wide. Shaking her head, she fights a tear.

BETTY

Shucks, Brad, ya get going before ya make a traffic jam.

Brad laughs, drives around the bend, into the visitors' lot. Hops out, strides to the entrance.

The words carved into the corner stone still read, "DO ONTO OTHERS AS YE WOULD WISH HAVE DONE ONTO YOURSELF." Brad stares at the words as if it was the first time he had seen them.

The doors open. The same bent over OLD WOMAN comes out, waits for the shuttle bus. Brad looks around, sees it coming. The bus pulls up. Brad approaches the woman.

BRAD

Ma'am, can I help you?

Cricked over, she raises her head slightly with a big smile.

BENT OLD WOMAN

Thank you so much.

He helps her get into the bus. He watches her go to a seat. Waves to her. She waves back. The bus drives off.

A tear falls down his cheek.

INT. SUNRISE VILLAGE LOBBY - DAY

Ever smiling Kate stands behind her reception counter with her back to Brad, talking with someone in the back room. Today there is no bowl of chocolates on her counter.

Brad zooms by, heads straight to the "Country Store", rather like a miniature 7-11.

He purchases three big bags of Kisses and one large plastic bowl. Out he heads towards Kate.

BRAD

Hi.

KATE

Hey, how'd you get in without me spotting you?

They both laugh. Brad puts the bowl on her counter.

KATE

Nice bowl, but I don't have any chocolates today.

BRAD

Yeah.

He pulls out two bags of Kisses and pours them in. Kate smiles broader than her normal.

KATE

Why, Brad --

BRAD

My pleasure.

Whistling to himself, he bounds down the hallway. He stops in front of the gym room. A dozen elderly are on the machines. He mimics being a cheerleader, getting them all to laugh and wave. Waving back, off he continues.

Slowing down, he breathes deep. He reaches his folks' apartment door. Straightens his clothes. Knocks, opens it.

INT. BRAD'S PARENTS' APARTMENT - DAY

Entering, he hugs his father in the kitchenette.

BRAD
Hi Dad, great to see you.

David's puzzled, this is not his normal Brad.

DAVID
Yeah, Son, uh, how are you?

BRAD
Great, real great - Mom!

He heads to his mother. Giving her a hug and kiss, he drops the third bag of Kisses in her lap, looks around the room.

EVE
Bradley, how nice.

BRAD
You two didn't win any lottery, did you?

They laugh.

EVE
Can't win when we never buy tickets, did you?

He laughs, too, awkwardly.

BRAD
No, uh, not yet.

DAVID
Something on your mind, Son?

BRAD
Dad, would you ever leave Mom?

David shakes his head, grins, walks over to Eve, gives her a big hug and kiss.

DAVID
In a box, Son, only in a box.

BRAD
Yeah, yeah, that's what I thought...

David and Eve give each other a "what's with him?" look.

BRAD

I have, uh, something important to tell you.

Brad walks nervously around the room.

BRAD

Actually two things, uh, first...

Brad looks at both of them, bursts crying.

BRAD

I love you both, I really do...

He hugs them. Tears stream down his face. Both David and Eve are tearing, also.

EVE

We love you, too, Bradley.

DAVID

Son, that's lovely to hear.

BRAD

Yeah, I mean it, and, and, look, uh, thanks, thanks for everything you've done for me.

They both smile lovingly. Brad's up again, fidgeting.

BRAD

And, and the other thing is, uh...

Brad takes a big breath.

BRAD

I'm going to marry Mary Jane and take the job at King Tampa's.

DAVID

Well, well, wonderful!

EVE

Bradley, that makes us very happy.

BRAD

Yeah, uh, yeah, well I have to go now. I told Mary Jane I'm on my way and, and, I, uh...

Brad gives a huge boyish smile.

BRAD

I'm going to pick up the ring
first.

He gives them both a hug, leaves, singing to himself.

David shakes his head in bewilderment.

DAVID

Well, well, will wonders never
cease, truly a miracle... Was that
really our son?

EVE

Looks like our little lost boy
isn't lost anymore.

With tears falling, they hug.

EXT. THE MALL - DAY

Brad parks, races in the West Entrance.

INT. THE MALL - CONTINUOUS

With people everywhere, Brad looks for the Jeweler's. In he goes.

INT. THE JEWELRY SHOP - CONTINUOUS

The Dealer recognizes him, smiles broadly.

DEALER

My partner owes me five bucks.

Brad smiles back.

BRAD

You guys are probably psychic.

DEALER

Not bad, I have an 83% record. Do
you remember which one she wanted?
Cause if you don't, I do.

Brad nods. Points to the medium diamond flanked by two sapphires.

DEALER

And I thought you didn't notice,
ha!

EXT. THE MALL - DAY

Brad exits holding a pink little bag. He pauses, pulls out the engagement ring box. Opens it. The diamond sparkles. Closes it again. With a face ever so bright and cheerful, he jumps and skips to his car.

EXT. SHOPPING CENTER CORNER - DAY

Brad approaches the interception. His light is green. He looks over at the beggar. BEEPS his horn, waves. The beggar waves back.

A red '99 Chevy is stopped on Brad's right, first in line to turn left, waiting for the light to change. It's Jake and Max.

INT. JAKE'S CAR - DAY

Max slaps Jake. Points at Brad passing by from left to right.

MAX

Hey.

Jake's face is rock.

JAKE

Now.

With the light still red for his side, Jake pulls out in front of the other cars and turns right.

EXT. MARY JANE'S HOME - DAY

Brad pulls up on Mary Jane's side of the street. Holding the pink bag, he gets out slowly. He looks toward her home, breathes deep. Takes a few paces around his car. Steps up the curb.

A strong autumn breeze strikes his face. He stops. Leaves fall all around. He smiles. Puts out an open hand. A leaf lands in it. He closes his eyes, nods his head.

BRAD
Yes... it's time...

Jake's Chevy comes down the street. Max sits in the back seat.

They drive toward Mary Jane's home.

Brad walks slowly to her door.

Some crows fly overhead, SQUAWKING.

Jake and Max are close.

Max puts a rifle out the window.

Mary Jane opens the door, smiling lovingly. Her dog races out to Brad, wagging its tail madly. Brad bends down to pet it.

Mary Jane sees Jake's car and the rifle. SCREAMS.

MARY JANE
BRAD!

Without looking around, instinctively, Brad dives behind his car, shielding him from Max.

Four SHOTS.

Mary Jane falls... like a leaf... dead...

Jake speeds off.

Brad rises, races to Mary Jane, in slow motion. He's half way to Mary Jane. King Yama's voice booms.

KING YAMA (O.S.)
Did you think you could get out
that easy?

Still running in slow motion, Brad looks around with horror. He doesn't see anyone. The house simmers, turns dark. Brad falls... through SPACE. He lands amidst the six warders.

BRAD
No! No!

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

A DOCTOR'S hands hold an unusual medical chart, indicating daily times over the course of one week.

There is a distinct rhythm to whatever is being measured. The watch on his arm reads 2:00 AM.

DOCTOR'S (O.S.)
I, uh, know this is an odd time to ask you to come.

DAVID (O.S.)
Please, Doctor, it's ok.

DOCTOR'S (O.S.)
I'm terribly sorry Mr. and Mrs. Myers, and, uh, I did not get your name.

MARY JANE (O.S.)
Mary Jane Edwards, sir.

The four of them stand around Brad, lying in bed, with many electrodes attached.

DOCTOR
Yes, Miss Edwards, uh, I can't say for sure, but he's still in the coma. When the bullets grazed his brain, well...

The Doctor shakes his head.

DOCTOR
I'd have to say it, uh, the brain damage is, well, looks permanent.

Brad starts humming, rocking his head from side to side.

MARY JANE
Doctor!

DOCTOR
Yes, this has been happening every night at this time. It's the reason, I asked you to come.

The Doctor looks down at his charts.

DOCTOR
It's a recurring phenomenon as if
Brad is reliving part of his life.

Mary Jane, David and Eve are all in tears.

MARY JANE
He looks so happy.

DOCTOR
Well, yes, uh...

DAVID
Doctor, tell it to us straight.

DOCTOR
Yes, well, you see we've monitored
it and every twenty-four hours,
with perfect clockwork, this is
happening.

MARY JANE
So even though he's comatose, he's
happy.

Mary Jane somewhat smiles.

MARY JANE
Doctor, this is --

DOCTOR
Uh, there's more...

David breathes deep, Eve's leaning on him, nearly collapsing
them both.

DOCTOR
He's obviously reliving a happy
time right now, but then --

A NURSE barges in.

NURSE
Doctor, emergency.

DOCTOR
Sorry.

The Doctor races out, leaving the three bewildered.

Brad stops humming. He's still.

His breath changes, becomes heavy, rapid.

Every facial muscle tightens.

His body shakes violently.

He grabs his chest.

SCREAMS.

BRAD
NO! NO! NOOOOOOOO!

FADE OUT