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BILLY RAY

"How's This Gonna Work?"

Pilot

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Teaser

FADE IN:

EXT. HADLOW PROPERTY - CLAYTON, FLORIDA - NIGHT

A clearing cut into a stand of Florida pine. A double-wide trailer perched on cinder blocks half-hidden within.

A little after eleven o'clock at night, the sounds of which drift off in the distance - domestic fights, music, dogs ... mangy animals, barking incessantly at just about anything.

One such beast - a German Shepard - old school bad ass - no pit bulls in this part of the world. Pitties cost money. German Shepards like this one with some mutt in him, are free. Just grab one from the ditch where life began.

And this one, REX, isn't barking. This one has some training. He lies there quietly, next to the ratty trailer.

His owner, a 16 year-old kid, BILLY RAY, comes out of the trailer with a bowl of dog food.

A good looking kid half raising himself and just coming into his own. He sets the bowl down and the dog begins to eat.

Billy Ray grabs an empty water dish, rinses it out and fills it from the spigot on the side of the trailer.

He sets the water dish down and the dog immediately switches, lapping at fresh water. Billy Ray rubs the animal's head.

BILLY RAY  
Atta boy. Drink up.

When he notices a set of headlights, slashing through the thick pine as it snakes its way along a rutted path towards him. Billy Ray studies them - recognizing the TRUCK they belong to as it approaches. Not happy about it one bit.

He thinks a beat. Digs into his jean pocket for something. Pulls out a stiletto and *schwiiick* opens it in one move. \*

He looks at it - light from the approaching truck glinting off it's razor sharp blade - looks back up at the truck, nearly here. He turns slightly, takes a breath - lays the blade against his lower lip - and as he drags it across -- \*

SLAM the truck door slams shut and a man in his thirties, RANDALL, gets out of the cab. Follow him over to Billy Ray. \*

RANDALL  
That mangy piece o' shit o' yours  
ain't dead yet? \*

Billy Ray doesn't like this man. Keeps his eyes low and away from this asshole, sucking all the fun out of it for Randall. \*

RANDALL  
Shoot. Fuckin' dog eats better'n  
you do. Where's your mom at?

Billy Ray doesn't answer.

RANDALL  
She in the house?  
(off his silence)  
Hey.

Billy Ray turns to look at Randall for the first time. Sees  
the cut above the boy's lip, bleeding. \*

RANDALL  
Christ. What happened to you? \*

BILLY RAY  
What do you think. She's in a  
mood. \*

RANDALL  
I like her in a mood.

BILLY RAY  
Not this one.  
(off his look)  
Went on to bed, just let her sleep.

Randall takes a beat with that. Regards the comment, the  
lights off inside the trailer. Processing.

RANDALL  
What d'you two fight about?

BILLY RAY  
Nothin'. \*

Randall steps closer, right up to Billy Ray. Takes a closer  
look at the cut above his lip. \*

BILLY RAY  
Just let her sleep it off.

Randall takes a beat. Something still off. Looks back at  
the trailer, dark and quiet. Back to Billy Ray. About to  
turn and leave, when a light comes on inside.

Randall giving him a look - nice try. Heads for the trailer.

RANDALL  
Your momma's a grown woman, she  
knows what she's doin'. You and me  
don't gotta fight about this shit.

And with that - SMACK, the door to the trailer closes as he  
enters.

Billy Ray motionless in the silence left by his departure.  
He finally lets out air. Considers his mother inside. \*

He looks at the trailer, hears voices. Loud but not too loud. He slips quietly to the door. It's locked.

Voices continue a beat, then stop. The light goes out.

Billy Ray moves to Randall's truck. He reaches in through the passenger side, pops the glove box, roots around inside.

He pulls out a wad of tickets and receipts to find a pint of Jack Daniels, three-quarters full. \*

He unscrews the cap, takes a nice long pull. Burning the back of his throat. He spits. Wipes his chin and pulls again.

When a gun goes off inside the trailer.

PUSH IN to Billy Ray's face. Silence.

CUT TO:

EXT. BRICKELL AVENUE OFFICE BUILDING - MIAMI - DAY

Glorious high rise office building over looking Biscayne Bay.

INT. LAW OFFICE - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

A room filled with mid-level executives. Papers and briefs before them, a decision in the air.

Despite which, a young MAN draws something on a legal pad.

A woman at the head of the table regards him with her eyes. They are smart, ambitious eyes. Pretty eyes in a different setting. Here, they penetrate, unapologetic and unforgiving.

Eyes that stare at the young man, who relinquishes his legal pad. She studies his artwork.

A crude-ish drawing of her, standing with her foot on the back of a MAN she has just mortally wounded.

The young man smiles. The woman, OLIVIA WARREN, 42, does not. Tears the drawing off the pad, addresses the speaker phone as she wads it into a ball --

OLIVIA  
In our lifetime, maybe?

Fires the wad into the trash. Through the speaker phone --

SPEAKER VOICE  
We're trying to give you an answer.

OLIVIA  
"No" is an answer.

SPEAKER VOICE  
Trial? You really want that?

OLIVIA  
I don't wanna sit here all day  
while you try to move your board.

SPEAKER VOICE  
The mood's just a little flat. I'm  
trying to line people up.

OLIVIA  
No, you're trying to come back to  
me. I said final offer.

SPEAKER VOICE  
It's just. It's a lot to swallow.

OLIVIA  
We're all grown-ups here Larry, we  
know you swallow. Let's have it.

She has this man by the balls and the entire room knows it.  
A long beat of silence.

When an ASSISTANT enters the conference room. To the horror  
of those awaiting his answer. None more than Olivia --

OLIVIA  
What?

ASSISTANT  
I'm sorry.

SPEAKER VOICE  
Is there - do you need a minute?

OLIVIA  
No, I do not need a minute.  
(to Assistant)  
What?

ASSISTANT  
You have a call ...

OLIVIA  
I said no calls.

The assistant looks half terrified to be saying this.

ASSISTANT  
I think you should take it.

INT. OLIVIA'S OFFICE - DAY

Olivia enters her office, sits at her desk, picking up the  
phone in one annoyed move.

OLIVIA  
This is Olivia Warren.

She listens for a beat. Already suspicious of the little bit  
the caller manages to get out before --

OLIVIA  
 Okay, stop. Where did you get my  
 name and number?

She listens. Whatever he says, immediately puts the brakes  
 on her annoyance.

But it's what he says after that gets her attention, draining  
 the anger from her eyes like a broken fever.

EXT. FRANKLIN SENIOR HIGH - CLAYTON, FLORIDA - DAY

A small public high school in rural Florida.

A Clayton County SHERIFF'S cruiser is parked at the far end  
 of a small parking lot filled with beaters and pickup trucks.

We are looking in at Rex, sitting in the backseat of the  
 police cruiser, panting and fogging up the window. Restless.  
 Eyes out towards the rural school house.

The school bell rings and Rex agitates. Barks a little, but  
 quiets down as a hand reaches back to calm him.

DEPUTY RAFFERT  
 Easy, boy. Easy.

Local deputy, easing up the animal. Rex's eyes glued to the  
 school building.

We see doors to the building open, kids start to stream out  
 into the damp heavy air.

Billy Ray among them. He sees the cruiser and heads over.

Billy Ray opens the back door and is met by a happy Rex.

BILLY RAY  
 Hey boy. Hey.

The deputy watches the boy playing with his dog.

DEPUTY RAFFERT  
 How was school?

BILLY RAY  
 Fine.

DEPUTY RAFFERT  
 I tried to get you picked up  
 earlier so you could miss some of  
 it.

Deputy grins. Billy Ray regards the comment, scratches his  
 dog's ears.

BILLY RAY  
 She doing okay?

DEPUTY RAFFERT  
She's hanging in.

Billy Ray slings his backpack into the back seat, gets in the front seat of the cruiser.

BILLY RAY  
Thanks for bringing Rex.

Billy Ray pulling the seat belt across his chest.

BILLY RAY  
What's my mom need to talk to me about?

DEPUTY RAFFERT  
They didn't share. Above my pay grade, I s'pose.

The deputy drops the car into gear.

INT. SHERIFF'S CRUISER - TRAVELLING - DAY

They drive in silence for a long beat.

BILLY RAY  
Maybe she's gettin' out.

The deputy really kind of doubts that.

BILLY RAY  
You know. Like on bail.

DEPUTY RAFFERT  
Maybe.

BILLY RAY  
She's not gonna hurt anyone else. That's crazy. It takes about two seconds to realize she had to shoot that rapist asshole.  
(beat)  
You met him, right?

DEPUTY RAFFERT  
I did.

BILLY RAY  
She's gettin' out anyway.

The boy seems pretty sure about this. The deputy, not so much. Throws the kid a bone. \*

DEPUTY RAFFERT  
By all accounts he's a bad actor, no question. That's starting to come out. \*

Billy Ray looks at the deputy. Hanging on his words - which only prompt more -- \*

DEPUTY RAFFERT  
 To come at your mom with that  
 stiletto switch blade knife we  
 recovered at the scene --  
 (beat)  
 What choice did she have?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Billy Ray quiet about that as he looks away. Hearing what he wanted to hear and how that information has become fact.

\*  
\*

INT. CLAYTON CORRECTIONAL CENTER - HOLDING ROOM - DAY

DEBBIE HADLOW, 36, sits at a metal table in a disturbing, inefficient pool of light. She wears the lose-fitting cotton jumpsuit of a person bound over for trial.

Debbie's girlish face is framed by blonde bangs and the purpling, subdermal inflammation of a vicious blow to her face, which has her right eye one-quarter closed.

Despite looking many years older in this environment, she is still quite pretty. Not helping is the feeling of helplessness she has over being separated from her son, Billy Ray.

INT. CLAYTON CORRECTIONAL FACILITY - OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

The room just outside, where Billy Ray enters with the deputy and another man.

FISK WALLER, 40's, tired looking Public Defender in a suit he clearly got somewhere other than Clayton, Florida.

BILLY RAY  
 I don't understand. Why aren't you gonna be her lawyer anymore?

WALLER  
 The Florida Center for Abused and Battered Women has agreed to take her case.

BILLY RAY  
 A shelter, forget it. She hates them places. She quit goin'.

WALLER  
 Their Law Clinic works with some of the biggest criminal defense firms in the country. People who can give your mom the help she really needs.

BILLY RAY  
 But she trusted you, Mr. Waller. She don't trust a lot of people, that's big for her.

WALLER  
 I understand ...



BILLY RAY  
She was countin' on you to get her  
out, at least until trial.

WALLER  
It's a little more complicated than  
that.

BILLY RAY  
What's so goddamn complicated -  
he's the one oughta be held over.

Billy Ray shifts to look at his mother inside.

BILLY RAY  
-- son of a bitch beat her for  
months, he's lucky he's only in a  
coma and not dead.

\*  
\*

WALLER  
No one questions the need for your  
mother to act in the manner that  
she did, son. I personally find  
her credible and sincere, and I  
wish her all the best. But the  
thing is. I've been ordered by the  
Florida Attorney General's office  
to step aside.

BILLY RAY  
The Attorney General? Why?

Waller takes a beat before answering.

WALLER  
Your mother is a Person of Interest  
in another matter.

Stopping the boy cold. Waller feels bad for the kid - but  
this is not his place ...

He nods to a Guard, who unlocks the door to let Billy Ray in  
to join his mother.

INT. HOLDING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Billy Ray enters and his mom stands up to hug him.

BILLY RAY  
Mom.

DEBBIE  
Hey baby ...

They embrace. Mom taking her son's face into her hands.  
Brushes a thumb over the sutured cut above his lip - the  
lengths to which they go to look out for one another --

\*

DEBBIE  
I hate being in here - leaving you  
by yourself at night.

\*  
\*

BILLY RAY  
Forget that, okay, I'm fine.

A beat. Keeps this part quieter and just between them --

BILLY RAY  
And as long as that bastard can't  
run his mouth off, everything else  
should be fine, too.  
(a beat, off her look)  
What are these guys talking about,  
mom? Why am I here?

She looks at him - eases them into chairs for this ...

DEBBIE  
It was a long time ago, baby. And  
I was gonna tell ya. I was. But.

She's really having trouble getting this out. Billy Ray can  
tell how anguished she is over it.

BILLY RAY  
Mom, it's okay. Everyone makes  
mistakes. Who cares what you did a  
million years ago.

She tries to smile. Hating herself like hell right now.

DEBBIE  
Baby. I'm not your real mom.

Billy Ray looks at her. Doesn't know what to say.

DEBBIE  
I was gonna tell you one day, I  
swear I was ...

BILLY RAY  
It's okay. That's not the worst  
thing. You're my mom as far as I'm  
concerned, not some woman who gave  
me up. You raised me.

Debbie looks at her boy. Unable to respond.

Billy Ray watches as his mother surrenders to quiet tears of  
anguish.

INT. OLIVIA'S HOUSE - GABLES BY THE SEA - BEDROOM - DAY

Olivia packs an overnight bag. Next to which, a Prada  
attache with documents and legal briefs.

When her fifteen-year-old daughter GENTRY comes in, wearing a  
prep school uniform.

Gentry is ridiculously pretty and smart, and as the only  
child of a successful single mom, spoiled way past rotten.

Which means she is, as she often is, annoyed at her mother's very existence. Even in her own bedroom.

GENTRY

What are you doing home, it's like four o'clock, I have friends coming over - I'm borrowing your tank, by the way ...

As in the Cartier watch she takes off her mother's bureau.

OLIVIA

I have to drive up north. Clayton County.

GENTRY

Jesus. I thought even Florida disowned that canker sore. Since when do you have clients up there?

OLIVIA

It's not a client.

GENTRY

Okay. Have fun with that.

OLIVIA

They found your brother.

It takes a beat for that to register.

GENTRY

Mom. That's not funny.

OLIVIA

They called me at work.  
(beat)  
He's alive.

Gentry looks at her mother, who seems lost in a way she's never seen before.

As the room fills with this impossible news ...

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

Act One

FADE IN:

INT. MALL - LORD AND TAYLOR - DAY

We're on a SALES ASSOCIATE, handing a woman's suit in plastic wrap that was clearly altered, to a customer.

SALES ASSOCIATE  
Did you want to try that on?

She hands the garment over to  
Olivia, a little distracted and in some kind hurry.

OLIVIA  
What? Oh - yeah ...

When the cell phone in her purse rings, and she pulls it out to answer --

It's a Motorola flip-phone, big as a stapler, but state of the art *fifteen-years ago* - which we now realize we are.

OLIVIA  
Hello? Hey. Yeah I'm just picking up my suit --

She bends down to a designer stroller, in which her ten-month old son GRIFFIN, sleeps.

OLIVIA  
I was just gonna grab some Thai on the way home if that's okay ...  
(checking on her son)  
-- your son's been an absolute monster by the way. Finally cried himself to sleep ...  
(beat)  
Love you too, I'll see you at home.

She hangs up, spots the changing rooms. Looks at her son, finally asleep. Turns to the sales associate --

OLIVIA  
Excuse me? I just got my son to sleep, could you keep an eye on him while I try this on?

SALES ASSOCIATE  
Sure, no problem.

Olivia disappears for the changing room. The sales associate sees Olivia's purse, which she left on the counter.

SALES ASSOCIATE  
Oh. Ma'am ...

She grabs the purse, heads off for the changing room.

HOLD on the young boy, alone in the store full of people.

INT. RANGE ROVER - TRAVELLING - DAY

OLIVIA in the passenger seat stares out the window, locked in the memory. The man driving, SAM, 44, her ex-husband.

Olivia's eyes shift to the female passenger in the back seat. Late twenties, earbuds from her iPad mini, dead asleep.

OLIVIA  
Wish I slept that soundly.

MAN  
It's an acquired taste - living with someone who needs this much beauty rest.

OLIVIA  
It's obviously paying off.

Olivia returning her eyes forward.

OLIVIA  
Seriously Sam, we haven't been married in a decade. What does she think is going to happen?

SAM  
She's showing her support.

OLIVIA  
It's kind of a family thing.

SAM  
She's kind of family.

OLIVIA  
Have you two set a date?

SAM  
It's been discussed.  
(off her look)  
Now you're just being mean.

OLIVIA  
I think it's a good idea. Gentry likes her. Or claims to. Anything to see you finally settle down.

SAM  
She doesn't want me settled down.

OLIVIA  
At least you can. Gentry and I are so busy making sure the other one isn't having sex, God knows how many failed relationships we're letting slip through our fingers.

SAM  
Well. You are sort of married to  
your firm.

OLIVIA  
Now who's being mean?

He has to give her that.

SAM  
How's Gentry dealing with this?

OLIVIA  
You know. Trying to figure out how  
it's going to impact her. She's  
trying to get excited. You can't  
really blame her for being a little  
apprehensive.

He nods at that. Takes a beat.

SAM  
I threw up.

She looks over - to see that he's not kidding.

SAM  
In the sink of my office. Shook  
for like an hour.

She looks at him. Understanding pretty quickly --

SAM  
-- I let him go. Gave him up for  
dead so I could move on. So I  
could go to work, play golf. Eat.  
(beat)  
He's dead, that's how it ended.  
He's been dead for years. And I'm  
the world's biggest asshole.

She looks at Sam. Understands that one, too. Then --

OLIVIA  
Griffin.  
(off his look)  
I keep saying "he", too.

They look at each other. Long enough that he feels he should  
look away, glances back at his sleeping girlfriend. \*

EXT. HADLOW PROPERTY - TRAILER - DAY \*

A Clayton County Sheriff's patrol car sits outside. Deputy  
Raffert inside the unit, reading the newspaper. \*

INT. TRAILER - DAY \*

Billy Ray, looking at something on a wall in their trailer.

A framed PHOTO of Billy Ray and his "Mom" when he was four. Sitting in a Big Wheel, the smiles on their face ridiculous. \*

STEPHEN  
They tell you anything about 'em?

Billy Ray takes the photo off its hook, heads to the couch to join his best friend STEPHEN, 16, adding the photo to a box of belongings.

BILLY RAY  
A little. They got money.

STEPHEN  
Yeah?

BILLY RAY  
He's some kind of doctor. A specialist of some kind.

STEPHEN  
Damn buddy. Jackpot.

BILLY RAY  
She's some kind of lawyer. I guess they're divorced.  
(beat)  
I got a sister.

STEPHEN  
Yeah? She hot?

BILLY RAY  
Well I guess she'd have to be.

Owing to his own good looks, he means. And earning him a sock on the arm.

BILLY RAY  
Ow!

STEPHEN  
Bud, this is huge. This is like - you won the lottery.

BILLY RAY  
My mom's in prison for maybe the rest of her life.

STEPHEN  
Right, that part sucks. And baby snatchin' - did *not* see that one comin' ...

Billy Ray wallops his buddy on the arm --

STEPHEN  
-- ow! I'm gettin' high if you'd care to join.

BILLY RAY  
 You a hundred percent sure that's a  
 good idea?

\*  
 \*  
 \*

Meaning the deputy sitting in his unit outside.

\*

STEPHEN  
 I'm a hundred percent sure I wanna  
 get high.  
 (off his look)  
 I promise to smoke it quietly,  
 Gladys. Jesus, when'd you become  
 such a puss.

\*  
 \*  
 \*  
 \*  
 \*  
 \*

Stephen fishes out a joint, sparks it up --

\*

BILLY RAY  
 And I mean these people - my *mom* -  
 could be psychotic for all I know.  
 Leaves me as a baby in a huge mall  
 unattended while she goes shopping.  
 Does that sound like good judgement  
 to you?

\*

STEPHEN  
 (holding in smoke)  
 -- 'hat does not sound like  
 particularly good judgement ...

Stephen looks at him - exhales a huge plume ...

STEPHEN  
 If it makes you feel any better I'd  
 take Deb over my deadbeat drunk on  
 her ass mom any day. Want some of  
 this?

The joint, he means. Billy Ray would love to - but can't.

\*

STEPHEN  
 Right.

Some involuntary reason behind that.

BILLY RAY  
 She just shouldn't be in jail is  
 all.

\*  
 \*

Stephen looks at his buddy, obviously struggling with it.

STEPHEN  
 Not to aid and abet or anything ...  
 But under the circumstances do you  
 really think they're gonna jack you  
 up for blowing a pee test?

Stephen holds the joint out. Billy Ray considers his point.  
 Then takes it. As he sucks in a deep one --

GENTRY'S VOICE  
 He looks. Thug-ish.



CLOSE ON A PHOTO OF BILLY RAY

His high school year book photo.

MAUDE

Yeah ...

INT. THE LEHMAN ACADEMY - COCONUT GROVE - LUNCH ROOM - DAY

Gentry with best friend MAUDE, 15, also ridiculously gorgeous, over Gentry's iPhone, opened to her brother's High School web page --

Maude obviously lusting, to Gentry's obvious chagrin.

MAUDE

What? He's hot. I'm not supposed to say he's hot?

GENTRY

He actually isn't.

MAUDE

Yeah, he actually is. If he wasn't your brother and there wasn't all this drama, you'd be completely saying he was.

GENTRY

I'm sorry. All this drama?

MAUDE

Not to minimize.

Maude takes the iPhone, starts to scroll the web page --

MAUDE

Is he on Snapchat?

GENTRY

No.

MAUDE

Twitter? Instagram?

GENTRY

No.

MAUDE

Seriously? Who's not on something? What else does it say about him ...

GENTRY

Nothing. Apparently he's not "into school". A philosophy he's clearly proud enough to quote.

MAUDE

(reading from his profile)  
-- JV Baseball, Sorority Sweetheart  
- yeah, cause he's hot ...

Gentry snatches her iPhone back.

MAUDE  
Gen, it's going to be fine.

GENTRY  
It's disturbing.

MAUDE  
He's going to Lehman, isn't he?

GENTRY  
No. God, no. Why would he leave Clayton-wherever-the-fuck?

MAUDE  
Because this is his home. And you're his family. I can't believe you're not excited about this. You have a brother.

GENTRY  
I don't have a brother, Maude, I've never had a brother, my mom couldn't deal, it's like forbidden.

MAUDE  
But he's fine now, right? Happy ending.

GENTRY  
Seriously, no, it was a nightmare. It tore 'em apart, it ruined their marriage.

MAUDE  
Maybe this'll get 'em back together.

GENTRY  
What, no, stop. They're not getting back together. My dad's in total lust with the pharm rep, and you couldn't pay my mom to get married again.

MAUDE  
You told me she was seeing some guy in her office.

GENTRY  
Fucking some guy. Hardly the same thing.

Maude taking Gentry's iPhone --

\*

GENTRY  
And you're with Shep anyway, so the whole lusting thing's like *moot*.

Gentry taking her phone back to end the conversation.

EXT. MOTOR INN MOTEL - DAY

The Range Rovers idles outside the front office. Rebecca grabbing the last of their bags from the back.

SAM  
I don't really know what to expect...

REBECCA  
Don't worry about it. Whatever time you need, I'll check us in.

OLIVIA  
Thanks for understanding.

Rebecca smiles - of course. Kisses Sam.

REBECCA  
I've got my mini, my book. I'll take a long hot bath and be here when you get back.

Kisses him again. Heads for the office.

OLIVIA  
A long hot bath.

SAM  
Be nice.

OLIVIA  
Would that be followed by a nap?

Sam dropping the car into gear.

SAM  
I'm sure there'll be some napping involved.

INT. RANGE ROVER - TRAVELING - DAY

They merge into swift moving traffic. Drive for a beat.

OLIVIA  
Actually, I'm glad she's here for you.

He looks over at Olivia. Waits for a punch line that doesn't come.

She stares out the window. Mind on the long road ahead.

OLIVIA  
We're just. Strangers, you know.  
(off his look)  
Being forced on him.

It takes a beat to register. Tries not to agree.

SAM  
You don't know that.

OLIVIA  
He didn't even know we existed till  
a week ago.

Sam considers that. Really hating to agree.

INT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

Sam having a conversation with Waller as Olivia leaves a  
message for their daughter --

OLIVIA  
Your father and I are waiting at  
the courthouse. They're bringing  
him here. I was hoping to catch  
you so we could all be together for  
this. Call me back.

SAM  
She didn't pick up? She knew we  
were going to call.

Olivia sighs deeply, hanging up. Turns to Waller.

OLIVIA  
Thanks for all your help.

WALLER  
I had a go-round with some of the  
media, wanted to be here for this.  
Judge can clamp a gag order around  
anything to do with the boy cause  
he's a minor. When he gets here we  
can move this into the Judge's  
chambers and away from prying eyes.

SAM  
How's he doing?

WALLER  
He is doin' real well for himself.  
Some figured he'd go off the deep  
end but he has hung right in.

SAM  
Well with what he's been through.

WALLER  
Boys get bored in the best of  
circumstances and Clayton is a far  
cry from that. Nothing in here you  
wouldn't expect given the obvious  
underlying factors ...

Meaning the FILE he holds out to Sam - which Olivia  
immediately recognizes and snatches from him --

OLIVIA  
A police record?

WALLER  
Youth Authority. Drinking, fights.  
Break-ins. Age appropriate stuff.

SAM  
He broke into somebody's house?

WALLER  
Trailer, yeah. Neighbor of his.

SAM  
To steal?

Olivia, from the file --

OLIVIA  
He put a boy in the hospital.

WALLER  
Coach's son.

OLIVIA  
That's felony assault.

SAM  
Was the kid teasing him --

WALLER  
Back in June that was.  
(beat)  
Everyone pretty much knows to give  
your boy a wide berth.

Sam and Olivia look at each other. Not sure what to make of  
this snapshot of their son. Before they can speak --

Olivia looks through the window out into the courthouse motor  
pool, where a sedan has arrived.

Billy Ray on the passenger side, Deputy Raffert at the wheel.

They look, not knowing if he can see them. But they see him.

OLIVIA  
Sam.

They stare. Silent. As their son is lead into the Federal  
building at the other end of the hall.

Billy Ray passes through a metal detector, which he sets off.  
Has to empty his pockets - change, a key chain with a small  
Swiss Army knife on it.

\*  
\*

GUARD  
Can't take that in.

Billy Ray glowers - passes back through, collecting his change, taking his keys off, leaving the knife key chain in the basket. \*

During which, he looks over to see his mother and father at the end of the corridor.

Sam and Olivia look at their son. Tall for 16, starting to muscle. The soft round face they remember, unrecognizable.

His things gathered, Billy Ray heads over to the three of them. Without fanfare, Waller introduces them.

WALLER

Son. Your momma and dad.

He looks at them a beat.

SAM

Hey.

Sam sticks out his hand, which the boy takes, then Sam pulls him into a brief hug. Gone as fast as it came.

Olivia can't get anything out. Wants to hug him but feels a force field of anger around him.

WALLER

Whenever you're ready.

Waller moves off to give them privacy. Waits by the Judge's chamber door. When he's clear --

BILLY RAY

My mom doesn't belong in prison.

Olivia and Sam exchange a look.

BILLY RAY

She doesn't. She took care of me. Raised me every day the best way she knew how. Worked two jobs to give me a home, and raised me to be a good person. Like she is. And she loves me more than anything in this world.

Neither one sure what to say.

BILLY RAY

Ask the state not to press charges.

A beat. Olivia looks at Sam, who buys some time ...

SAM

I'm not sure that's something we can control at this point ...

BILLY RAY

I know you don't want to. I'm asking.

And dead ass serious. Olivia treading lightly --

OLIVIA  
I mean, I haven't worked with a lot of Victim Advocates - ultimately it would be up to the Attorney General to decide whether or not to move forward. But a judge would still be bound by sentencing minimums ...

BILLY RAY  
Not if you tell 'em not to. Tell 'em you forgive her.

Beat. This is a defining moment for all of them.

OLIVIA  
Griffin ...

BILLY RAY  
That's not my name.

OLIVIA  
Sorry. Billy Ray.  
(beat)  
I know that's how you feel. But the courts are responsible for public safety. What's to stop her from doing something like this again ...

Billy Ray looks at Olivia. Immediately wishing she could take that back.

Billy Ray turns to Waller as he passes --

BILLY RAY  
I'm not going anywhere with these people.

And exits back out the courthouse.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

## Act Two

FADE IN:

EXT. MOTOR INN MOTEL - DAY

Sam and Olivia trudge up the stairs, Sam with his key out, finds his room. Opens the door to Rebecca, right there to greet him. Fresh from a warm bath in a short cotton robe ...

REBECCA  
Hey. How'd it go?

Obviously not good. Olivia sees the half-naked girl standing in the doorway. Rebecca hands Olivia her room key --

REBECCA  
I left your overnight on top of the bed.

Awkward beat. Sam, turns to his ex-wife --

SAM  
I'll call you.

They disappear inside, the door closing behind them.

Olivia finds her room, which is right next to theirs, keys her way inside.

INT. OLIVIA'S MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Olivia drops down on top of the bed. Tired. Devastated.

She takes off her jacket, throws it onto a chair. Stares at it a long beat. Her thoughts become ours ...

NEW ANGLE

Olivia unbuttons her blouse, hanging it on a hook next to her altered jacket --

INT. LORD AND TAYLOR - DRESSING ROOMS - FIFTEEN YEARS AGO

When she sees her HANDBAG, handed to her under the door.

SALES ASSOCIATE  
Ma'am? You left your bag.

OLIVIA  
Oh. Thank you.

She takes the handbag, sets it down. Starts to slip the new jacket out of its plastic, when she stops.

INT. LORD AND TAYLOR - WOMEN'S WEAR - DAY

Olivia comes out of the dressing rooms in her bra and slip. Sees the Sales Assistant returning to her desk. The stroller gone.



She rushes for the desk, pushing past shoppers, arriving to see

The stroller has been moved behind the counter and out of harms way. Her infant son safe and sound asleep.

The Sales Assistant looks at Olivia, half naked in bra and slip. A cell phone rings --

INT. OLIVIA'S MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Olivia as before, having crashed on top of the bed, grabs for the ringing cell phone on the night stand --

OLIVIA  
Yes ...

INT. SAM'S ROOM - DAY

Sam on the phone, Rebecca hooking her bra.

SAM  
Were you able to fall asleep?

OLIVIA  
What time is it?

SAM  
Little after eight.

Olivia pulls at her face to wake up.

SAM  
Rebecca and I are going to get something to eat if you wanna --

OLIVIA  
No. Thank you.

SAM  
You have to eat.

OLIVIA  
I didn't say I wasn't going to eat.

SAM  
Oh. Okay.

There is a beat.

OLIVIA  
What are we going to do, Sam?

He has no earthly idea. Rebecca picking up on it ...

REBECCA  
You guys get dinner.

SAM  
I left you alone all day.

REBECCA  
It's okay. I'll be fine.

Sam nods.

SAM  
Why don't you and I --

OLIVIA  
I heard. Tell her thanks.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

Olivia and Sam stare at dinner. A silence hanging over them which has been going on for a few moments. Finally --

OLIVIA  
You know he was stoned, don't you?  
Had to be high just to meet us. Or  
maybe he's always high.

He actually didn't. Olivia continues --

OLIVIA  
And assault. He's sixteen.

SAM  
It was a fight at school.

OLIVIA  
He's violent. I have Gentry to  
consider.

SAM  
I don't think assault's considered  
violence around here.

OLIVIA  
Is this funny to you?

SAM  
No. I just think we need to look  
at this as a chance to get our son  
back whatever it takes. Haven't  
you made deals with yourself ...

\*

OLIVIA  
Fuck you, Sam. There isn't a deal  
I haven't made to get my son back.  
He never came back. Which one of  
those deals am I on the hook for?!

A couple in the next booth look over. Sam lowers his voice.

SAM  
How is this any different? We  
"forgive" her, we let him see us  
try. Let the courts be the bad  
guy.

OLIVIA  
I'm already the bad guy.

SAM  
He'll figure it out someday. It's a process.

OLIVIA  
I don't have time for a process. I have a firm with twenty associates, a hundred and seventy clients and a daughter who thinks I'm the world's biggest imposition. You look at vagina four days a week.

SAM  
We'll do this together.

OLIVIA  
Together? Like Gentry?

SAM  
You know what I mean. He can live with me. With us.

OLIVIA  
I don't want him living with you and Rebecca. I'm his mother --

SAM  
Liv ...

OLIVIA  
He's not even mad at you!

SAM  
-- why does that piss you off? At least one of us has a chance to show him that it wasn't your fault.

OLIVIA  
How the fuck are you gonna do that when you don't believe it yourself?

The couple in the booth now staring.

OLIVIA  
Do you need something?

BOOTH MAN  
Your language is a little raw.

OLIVIA  
Sounds like you'd be happier a few booths down.

BOOTH MAN  
I'm going to go speak to someone.

OLIVIA  
Do that, thanks, that'd be great.

The man gets up, heads over to the checkout stand.

Sam looks across at Olivia. Trying to make it right --

SAM

We have to try not to let the horrible things we've said and done to each other get in the way of this opportunity ...

OLIVIA

You still don't believe it.

That it wasn't her fault. Cutting him off at the knees.

INT. MOTOR INN MOTEL - NIGHT

Sam in boxers, fresh from a shower. Rebecca sitting on the edge of the bed as he pulls on a pair of jeans.

SAM

I just - I don't know how this is going to work. We can barely stand to be in the same room together.

REBECCA

I know it's hard babe, but you just got to find a way. He's your son.

SAM

And she's right. I do blame her. Or did. In the abstract.  
(a beat, then)  
-- but we worked all that out. I forgave her, she forgave me ... whether we did or not we had Gentry to focus on. Now it's like, he's back, and it has to be someone's fault again.

REBECCA

You guys will figure it out.

Supportive yet ever so impatient. Sam looks at Rebecca.

SAM

I know this isn't what you signed on for ...

REBECCA

Are you kidding, this is amazing. I'm so happy for you.

She kisses him. He takes her in his arms.

SAM

You know, depending on how this works out. We're going to have to spend time together. All of us. Counseling. Co-parenting.

REBECCA  
Counseling?

SAM  
Family counseling.

REBECCA  
Okay.  
(off his silence)  
You didn't mean me.

He didn't.

SAM  
I don't know how these things work.

She thinks about that a beat. Decides she's cool with it.

REBECCA  
Absolutely. I mean, it's not like  
what happened is the reason you  
guys couldn't make your marriage  
work.

Or at least that's what he's been telling himself - and her.

REBECCA  
Look what I brought ...

Rebecca pulls out a bottle of scotch and two glasses.

REBECCA  
Single malt. We can watch porn.

The subject apparently closed for the night.

SAM  
I'll get some ice.

REBECCA  
Don't be long.

She kisses him. He throws a shirt on and heads out.

EXT. MOTOR INN MOTEL - OUTSIDE SAM'S ROOM - NIGHT

Sam heads down the corridor for the ice machine, past  
Olivia's room. Where he stops. Thinks about knocking.

He looks back at his own room. Listens at Olivia's door.  
Can't hear anything. A hand to the door to knock ...

When the door opens, Olivia practically walking into him.

OLIVIA  
Oh. Hey.

SAM  
Hey, hi. I was just headed to the  
uh --

OLIVIA  
Yeah, it's down there --

Gesturing to the ice machine down the corridor.

She looks at Sam - jeans, open shirt, ice bucket in hand.

SAM  
Did our marriage end over this?

A beat. The question catching her slightly off guard.

OLIVIA  
I haven't really thought about it.

She's lying of course. Confirming what they've both known all along.

SAM  
Well I should --

OLIVIA  
Yeah, I have a package waiting for me at the front desk --

They look at each other. Then he continues down the corridor. She watches him. Then heads for the front office.

INT. BRICKELL AVENUE LAW OFFICE - NIGHT

CHARLIE WYNN, 36, the associate who was drawing in the opening, on the phone at his desk.

CHARLIE  
He wants you to ask the state to drop the charges?

INT. MOTOR INN MOTEL - POOL BAR - INTERCUT - NIGHT

Olivia on her cell, sipping a Manhattan.

OLIVIA  
Believe that? He's actually fighting for this woman. Sam and I are just fighting.  
(beat)  
I can compel him into my custody through the courts but he'll just hate me that much more. Thanks for this, by the way.

The FedEx letter mailer she has in her hand.

OLIVIA  
How's Gentry?

CHARLIE  
She agreed to dinner but only if we order takeout.

OLIVIA  
What? She loves Niroshi.

CHARLIE  
Apparently it's a big school  
hangout. Doesn't wanna be seen  
having sushi with the guy who's  
doin' her mom.

OLIVIA  
She doesn't know about us.

CHARLIE  
That was a quote, actually.

Olivia takes a beat, during which she drains her drink.  
Charlie knows her pretty well.

CHARLIE  
How many does that make?

OLIVIA  
Shut up. You should drive up.

CHARLIE  
I've got depositions all day ...

OLIVIA  
He's got someone. I want someone.

CHARLIE  
Your depositions.

OLIVIA  
They're probably canoodling right  
now.

CHARLIE  
Because you canoodle.

Olivia drunk, or pretty close to it. After a beat.

OLIVIA  
Sam just asked me if we divorced  
over this.

Charlie takes a beat. Treading carefully.

CHARLIE  
What did you tell him?

OLIVIA  
I didn't have to tell him anything.

Because he knows. They both know. Now Charlie knows too.

CHARLIE  
Well. He's the one in a  
relationship.

OLIVIA  
What does that mean? What are we?

CHARLIE  
You know what we are. I mean it's something he's going to have to deal with.

OLIVIA  
Right. Better him than me.

CHARLIE  
Look, just give your son some time. I'm sure he's confused.

OLIVIA  
He's actually not --  
(and clearly the only one  
who isn't)  
Thanks for sending this.

CHARLIE  
You thanked me already.

Then realizes she's already hung up.

INT. OLIVIA'S MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

We COME OFF the Fed-Ex letter mailer to find Olivia's laptop, open and showing a DVD. Mall security footage of that day.

Grainy, fifteen-year-old technology, showing several angles from different stores, of a woman we assume to be Olivia, pushing a stroller. Another woman we assume to be Debbie, a few yards back but clearly watching Olivia, following her.

Olivia watches the video. Notes scratched on a yellow legal pad. Three-quarters through a bottle of red wine, which she sips from a plastic motel room cup.

She stares at the images. They end. She types and they start over. She watches. Her thoughts unknown to us.

INT. LORD AND TALYOR - WOMEN'S WEAR - FIFTEEN YEARS AGO

Olivia at the check out counter, in slip and bra. The Sales Associate now getting why this silly woman is standing there.

OLIVIA  
I'm sorry. I just ...

Beyond embarrassed, Olivia hurries back to the dressing rooms. The Sales Associate shaking her head in annoyance.

SHOPPER  
Excuse me?

SALES ASSOCIATE  
Yes.

The Sales Associate turns to see the shopper --



DEBBIE HADLOW, short dark hair, fifteen-years younger, a blouse off the rack in her hand.

DEBBIE  
I can't find this in a Small. Do you know if you have one in back?

SALES ASSOCIATE  
I'll have to check.

DEBBIE  
Could you please?

She takes the blouse, heads for the stock room. Debbie tracking her, watching as she disappears through a door.

Debbie looks at the boy. Asleep in his stroller. Looks to see that no one else is around.

INT. CLAYTON WOMAN'S CORRECTIONAL - CELL - MORNING

DEBBIE, sitting up on the edge of a cot in her holding cell, locked into the memory.

A female CORRECTIONS OFFICER appears outside her cell.

CORRECTIONS OFFICER  
You have a visitor.

INT. CLAYTON WOMAN'S CORRECTIONAL FACILITY - DAY

Debbie is led into a room, where she sits across from Olivia. The Fed-Ex overnight mailer in front of her.

OLIVIA  
It wasn't enough to identify you --

Olivia slides the DVD out. The one she watched all night.

OLIVIA  
But it shows clear and willful intent.

Debbie looks at the DVD, back at Olivia.

OLIVIA  
You followed me into three different stores. Do you know what that means?  
(off her silence)  
It means your life is over.

Debbie takes a beat - trying to find her footing.

DEBBIE  
Can I - may I just say something?

OLIVIA  
He's refusing to speak to me until I ask the state to drop charges ...

DEBBIE

Please?

OLIVIA

And while I'm at it *forgive you* - which to be perfectly honest makes me a little sick to my stomach.

Debbie lowers her eyes. Trying to get this out.

DEBBIE

I can't explain why I did it. I mean I know why, but explaining it, it just always comes out crazy.

(off her silence)

I didn't do it to hurt you. Or hurt anyone. I just knew in my heart I was meant to be a momma. That some kind of mistake had been made and I was never gonna have a family of my own ...

OLIVIA

-- blah, blah, blah, someone to love me, who won't ever leave ...

(off her look)

You stole a child. And you're *not* crazy, which believe me, I am not happy about. This would be so much easier if you were nuts. But crazy people can't do what you did. They can't enroll a kid in school, can't help him with his homework. Can't work two sometimes three jobs to feed and clothe and provide for him, then raise him the best way they know how. What usually happens is around month *four* - they realize they're in way over their head and dump the annoying little shit off at the fire station.

Debbie not sure where this is going.

OLIVIA

But you hung in there. You raised him. And he loves you for that.

And will never love Olivia for that reason.

DEBBIE

I'm sorry. I know I can't do nothing to change that. I could say Billy Ray, she's your momma, not me, you go with her now. But he would always still love me.

Simple, lucid. Remorseful. The heft of which bringing both women to the need for definition and clarity moving forward.

DEBBIE

What is it you want me to do?

OLIVIA  
I want you to tell him the truth.

DEBBIE  
He knows what happened.

OLIVIA  
He knows what you've told him. Now  
you're going to set my son free ...  
(off the look)  
-- tell him that I'm not going to  
ask the courts to drop charges  
against you - and why you agree  
that's the right thing to do. Or  
you will never see my son again.

Debbie takes a beat. Understands what she's saying and nods.

OLIVIA  
I'll file a writ, petition the  
courts not to issue a restraining  
order or put limits on your contact  
with my son.

DEBBIE  
For how long?

OLIVIA  
That sounds like negotiating.

There is a beat. Debbie out of options. Nods.

Olivia places a business card in front of Debbie.

OLIVIA  
Ballard, Pittman and Stein, the  
best criminal defense firm on the  
eastern seaboard.

DEBBIE  
I thought Billy Ray said you were a  
lawyer ...

OLIVIA  
I am. Call me if a product you  
manufacture ever kills someone.

A beat. Olivia looks into the soul of the woman who stole  
her baby. Then just like that, it's gone.

OLIVIA  
Good luck at trial. I have a son  
to raise ...

Olivia leaves without looking back. Off which

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF ACT TWO

## Act Three

FADE IN:

INT. OLIVIA'S HOUSE - GENTRY'S ROOM - MORNING

Gentry asleep. Middle of the night, or so it seems by how asleep she is.

Her nose wrinkles. She rolls over, wrinkles it again, and opens her eyes. Sniffs at the air around her --

GENTRY  
Are you kidding me?

She looks at the clock, annoyed, throws the covers off ...

INT. OLIVIA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Olivia sliding bacon onto a plate of over easy eggs and pancakes which Billy Ray is having for breakfast.

OLIVIA  
They're too runny.

The eggs he's barely touched.

OLIVIA  
I can do them again.

BILLY RAY  
It's okay.  
(they are pretty runny)  
Pancakes are good.

He's just saying that. Olivia sets the pan in the sink as Gentry enters.

GENTRY  
Okay, the house smells like Denny's.

OLIVIA  
And good morning.

GENTRY  
Oh my God are those grits?

OLIVIA  
Would you like to try some?

GENTRY  
I'd like to know what you did with my mother.

OLIVIA  
Your brother likes breakfast.

GENTRY  
He's just not fond of chewing.

\*

He is shoveling it in a little fast. Gentry grabs a meal shake out of the Subzero as Billy Ray asks --

BILLY RAY  
Those things you laid out for me -  
is that what I gotta wear?

OLIVIA  
Well it's a Preparatory school, so.  
They have a dress code.  
(beat)  
Is that going to be okay?

BILLY RAY  
I guess. Thanks.

For breakfast, he means. Billy Ray takes his plate --

Sets his breakfast scraps in front of Rex, waiting obediently on a designer dog throw in the corner of the kitchen.

Billy Ray continues for his bedroom. When he's gone --

OLIVIA  
That was the effort you promised?

GENTRY  
His animal came into my room last  
night.

OLIVIA  
Gentry, he's going to need your  
support - it's his first day ...

GENTRY  
Scared the shit out of me, define  
support.

OLIVIA  
Show him around, help him find his  
classes. Introduce him to some of  
your friends.

GENTRY  
Yeah, not introducing Encino Man to  
anyone.

Gentry heading out before Olivia can respond.

INT. BILLY RAY'S ROOM - DAY

Billy Ray struggling to knot the stripped tie of The Lehman School - when he stops. Eyes taking in his bedroom ...

High end furniture, MacBook and work station. A 42-inch Samsung hung opposite a king size bed, attached to which, an Xbox 360 and Wii player. Things he's only seen in stores.

But it's a simple FRAMED PHOTO that catches his eye. A young Olivia and Sam, a baby boy in their arms at a Christening.

He takes a beat - continues to struggle with the tie ...

OLIVIA  
I think I still remember what to do  
with one of those.

Olivia at his door. Offering to help. He hands her the tie.  
She loops it around her own neck, tying a half Windsor ...

OLIVIA  
Excited about your first day?

BILLY RAY  
Probably not the word I'd use.

She smiles. Waits for more that doesn't come. Then --

OLIVIA  
Well. She's only a freshman, but  
your sister loves it there. Has  
half the teachers sandbagged, the  
other half afraid for their jobs.

BILLY RAY  
Well yeah, she's a bitch, so.

What do you expect. Olivia has the tie knotted - does not  
disagree with his assessment.

OLIVIA  
I guess I haven't done a very good  
job with her.

She puts the tie over his neck, cinches it up the collar.

OLIVIA  
There. Check it out.

Turns the finished product towards the mirror. Still rough  
around the edges, but Clayton seems a million miles away.

Olivia smiles at what she sees. Knows to go slow.

OLIVIA  
See you downstairs in the car?

He nods, and she leaves. He grabs his jacket and slings it  
on. Looks at himself. Not really sure what he sees.

EXT. THE LEHMAN SCHOOL - DROP OFF AREA - DAY

Idyllic setting, draped by Spanish moss. A 750-iL rolls up.  
Billy Ray and Gentry getting out. Olivia behind the wheel.

OLIVIA  
Don't forget, we're all meeting at  
four. You, me, your father --

GENTRY  
Yeah, sorry, I have plans.

OLIVIA  
Gentry.

GENTRY  
Seriously, you guys have a lot to work through, I'd just be in the way.

And with that she's gone. Olivia looks at Bill Ray --

OLIVIA  
Give her time.

Yeah, not gonna happen from the look on his face.

INT. THE LEHMAN SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY

We FOLLOW them through the halls, Billy Ray ignoring her as they continue through the crowd for her locker.

GENTRY  
For the record, I'm totally fine with the Silent Bob thing - prefer it, actually. But trying to force us to be a family again - not gonna happen. We need to take control of this situation or they'll be like all over us --

BILLY RAY  
You know you'd be a lot happier if you stopped trying to do that.

GENTRY  
I'm sorry, but I'm very happy - other than you dropping back into our lives after all this time. Digging around for how that makes us feel is just asking for trouble. The truth can only suck at this point, Griff, no one can deal with that shit right now --

BILLY RAY  
That's not my name.

GENTRY  
No, *Billy Ray* is not your name, that's my entire point. There is no Billy Ray, just a grand scale lie you paid for with your life - and *mine*, by the way --

As they approach ZILLY, 15, Asian-American, more adorable than hot, waiting by Gentry's locker, specifically to meet --

ZILLY  
Hey, hi. You must be Billy Ray. I'm Zilly.

Her hand out, Gentry annoyed, like don't even bother, when

BILLY RAY  
 How's it goin' --  
 (and shakes her hand)  
 Hey, can I ask you something?

ZILLY  
 Uh yeah, sure, anything.

BILLY RAY  
 I saw this taco crab shack across  
 from campus, any good or --

ZILLY  
 Oh yeah, no, bad, all kinds of bad.  
 And why would you, when the meal  
 plans here are so awesome - Vegan,  
 Vegetarian, Kosher - gluten and  
 lactose free. Me I'm vegan/vegan-  
 vegetarian, somewhere in there. Do  
 you have any dietary restrictions?

BILLY RAY  
 Only if they close the kitchen  
 early. Oh, and I need to find this  
 guy - Edmond Shale?

ZILLY  
 Shale, right. He's the guidance  
 counselor, one hall down and on the  
 left.

Big grin on Zilly's face as Billy Ray heads off. Admiring  
 heads everywhere turn in agreement - the new kid is hot.

GENTRY  
 It's just 'cause he's new.

ZILLY  
 It's just 'cause he's luscious.

Gentry SNATCHES her locker open. So not happy.

INT. THE LEHMAN SCHOOL - DAY

Billy Ray sits with EDMOND SHALE, mid 30's, a not entirely  
 annoying Guidance Counselor. Transcripts in hand --

BILLY RAY  
 What kind of test?

SHALE  
 An equivalency test. I got your  
 transcripts - can't quite make out  
 where you're at academically, so  
 I'm not sure what to do about your  
 curriculum.  
 (jots this down)  
 Here's the website, you can  
 download study material --

BILLY RAY  
 Can I just take it now?



SHALE  
The test?

BILLY RAY  
I don't really study, so.

Shale looks at the young man. What he must be going through.

SHALE  
You know, I get it. People assume what's happened to you and your family is like - wonderful, right? A miracle. So why doesn't it feel like one?

Billy Ray has no response.

SHALE  
I don't really know your father very well - he pretty much leaves the parent-teacher thing to me and your mom. But your mom I know pretty well. She's completely terrified you're back. Thrilled, don't get me wrong. But genuinely terrified of screwing this up.

BILLY RAY  
Screwing what up?

SHALE  
The chance to be your mother.

Billy Ray takes a beat.

SHALE  
If you can't or don't want to give her a chance, well that's up to you. But your mom has been dead inside for a long time.

Billy Ray takes a beat. Nods.

SHALE  
How's Friday morning?

Shale rips the website off the note pad, hands it to him.

EXT. THE LEHMAN SCHOOL - CAFETERIA - DAY

Although cafeteria is probably not the right word for it. More like al fresco dining under a canopy of old-growth exotic flora, anchored by a coral rock water feature.

Gentry sitting with Maude. With them are BRANDON JORY and JONATHAN SHEPPARD (Shep), both 17, guys the girls are into.

BRANDON  
Dangerous like how?

SHEP  
Yeah, he can't be that bad ass.

GENTRY  
Yeah. He can. He practically  
killed a kid, put him in the effin'  
hospital --

Gentry looking to Maude for support - who's looking across  
the courtyard at --

Billy Ray, his tie loosened as he arrives with take-out from  
the crab shack across the street.

GENTRY  
I mean I get why everyone thinks  
it's so awesome, but trust me, it's  
not. He's a ticking time bomb.

BRANDON  
Okay, Jack Bauer --

GENTRY  
He was raised by a crazy woman,  
he's completely unhinged.

Billy Ray sees Gentry and her friends, moves to a table  
across from the courtyard to sit by himself.

GENTRY  
You see that? Total lone wolf,  
anti-social behavior - I'm telling  
you he's ready to blow. \*

MAUDE  
Not that you've made an effort.

GENTRY  
I'm just not gonna be all fake  
about this. My entire life he was  
like some cancer that hung over  
everything, now I'm supposed to be  
all like awesome he's back? \*

MAUDE  
So he has to sit by himself cause  
you can't deal, that sucks.

GENTRY  
He doesn't need my friends, let him  
kidnap his own. He must've learned  
something from his mother.

Gentry is dead serious about this. Which Maude is not happy  
about, looking over at Billy Ray. Shep rises --

SHEP  
C'mon. We'll go sit with him.

MAUDE  
What? No, why? Forget it.

SHEP  
That way you don't have to strain  
your neck --

\*

Maude's eyes involuntarily dart at Billy Ray, confirming  
Shep's suspicions and he heads over to join Billy Ray --

MAUDE  
Great. Happy now?

I'd say yes, by the look on Gentry's face. Maude watching as  
Billy Ray looks up at Shep as he walks up to him.

SHEP  
Hey man, what's that about?  
(referring to his tacos)  
Those guys in the kitchen work  
hard, you too good for our food?  
Or what is it you people call it -  
*vittles*?

Billy Ray looking over at the other table.

SHEP  
Yeah your sister tells me you're  
some kind of bad ass or something.  
Put some dude in the hospital?

BILLY RAY  
Just some asshole lookin' for  
trouble I was happy to oblige.

Billy Ray looking back at Shep to make his point.

SHEP  
Yeah see the thing is, we try to  
respect all lifestyles here at  
Lehman - set a certain standard of  
tolerance and acceptance, which God  
knows with the number of lifestyles  
out there can be quite challenging.  
(a beat, then)  
You mind?

He's referring to Billy Ray's neck tie, which doesn't conform  
to policy. Shep easing it back into shape, under --

SHEP  
But if you start to secrete any of  
those viral pathogenic tendencies  
you got from that depraved mother  
of yours - like being stupid enough  
to stare at my girlfriend when I'm  
standing *right here* - well, all I  
can say is don't let the uniform  
fool you. I've sent my share of  
assholes to the hospital, too.  
(re the new look)  
There. Like a new man. We good?

Billy Ray takes a beat.

BILLY RAY  
Bacterial.

SHEP  
Sorry?

BILLY RAY  
Bacterial, not viral. And you  
don't secrete a pathogen, they're  
airborne, you cough them up. But  
thanks --

Billy Ray rises, checking out Shep's handy work in a window  
reflection - turning this way and that, under

BILLY RAY  
It's funny too, you know, 'cause -  
well not funny, more *ironic* -  
'cause the last guy stupid enough  
to signal that I was on his radar  
when I was standing *right there* --  
(turning to face Shep)  
Was the asshole I put in the  
hospital.

Billy Ray loosens his tie, drops his now finished lunch into  
the recycle bin, and heads off.

FADE OUT.

\*

END OF ACT THREE

## Act Four

FADE IN:

EXT. BAY FRONT PARK - DAY

Billy Ray running with Rex, throwing a chew toy which the dog chases, returning with it as they tumble onto the grass.

Billy Ray wrestling to get the chew toy back, hot, sweaty and having a blast.

INT. OLIVIA'S HOUSE - DAY

Billy Ray and Rex enter through the back kitchen door. He grabs Rex's water dish, filling it with fresh water.

BILLY RAY  
Here ya go. Drink up.

The dog lapping away. He moves for the laundry room, hauling his sweaty shirt up and over his head, tosses it into the hamper, turns and stops when he sees

Maude, smiling at him in the door way.

MAUDE  
Hey.

\*

They stand there. Shirtless Billy Ray. Maude taking him in.

MAUDE  
A bunch of us are going to this thing at the Delano. You like hip hop?

BILLY RAY  
No.

MAUDE  
Oh. Well you should come anyway. No one gives a shit what music is playing.

BILLY RAY  
Won't my *sister* have a problem with that?

MAUDE  
Yeah, probably. But I mean someone needs to take her down a notch. You'll be there as my guest.  
(off his suspicious look)  
I mean, officially I'll be there with my boyfriend Shep - his family owns the hotel --

\*

\*

BILLY RAY  
Which explains *that*.

\*

That she's with a dick like Shep, he means.

\*

MAUDE  
 He's actually not that bad.  
 (off his look)  
 Not that I have to defend him to  
 you.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

BILLY RAY  
 Then why are you?

\*  
\*

She takes a beat. Their eyes lock - then just as quick --

\*

MAUDE  
 Here - my cell number and address  
 to the club...

\*

Writing it down on his forearm with a pen while he watches.

BILLY RAY  
 I actually. I have to study for a  
 test.

\*

MAUDE  
 Oh. Sorry ...

She shrugs sheepishly. He looks at the writing on his arm.

MAUDE  
 How's she doing?

BILLY RAY  
 Who?

MAUDE  
 Your mom. You know.

The women who raised him, she means.

BILLY RAY  
 She's got a hearing next week.

MAUDE  
 Are you going?

The question catching him off guard.

BILLY RAY  
 It's just a hearing.

MAUDE  
 I think you should go.

A beat floats between them. Billy Ray not sure what her game is, just that he's not playing.

He brushes past her, literally, in the close confinements of the door jamb, then on past his sister --

GENTRY  
 Put a shirt on, Mowgli.

He's gone. Gentry turns to Maude, getting an idea what she's up to.

MAUDE

What?

Annoyed, Gentry grabs her backpack and books, heads off. Maude grinning as she joins Gentry to study.

EXT. SAM'S HOUSE - BISCAYNE BAY - DAY

Upscale, designer home wrapped by Biscayne Bay.

Billy Ray, staring at the impressive home. He double checks the address, starts up the entrance to the front door.

He rings the bell. Eyes stray to the brushed steel David Smith statue sitting in the perfectly manicured lawn. Who owns something like that? The door bell goes unanswered so he rings again. Again no answer.

He takes out his key. Opens the door and enters.

INT. SAM'S HOUSE - DAY

Billy Ray steps inside - a bachelor pad, and sixteen-year old's wet dream. Flat screens everywhere, a full bar, game room with old school pinball and video games. He moves on for --

INT. SAM'S KITCHEN - DAY

Tumbled marble and brushed steel. A massive island. Wolf appliances.

He hits the fridge - after a failed attempt to find a beer, grabs a designer bottle of pomegranate. Continues to explore the house, heads out of the kitchen for the backyard --

EXT. SAM'S HOUSE - POOL AND BACKYARD - DAY

Billy Ray stops at something he sees ahead. Takes a hit of pomegranate ...

Rebecca face down sunning herself. Topless. Earbuds in her ear. Napping.

She senses eyes - lifts her head to see Billy Ray. Starring at her. Taking another slug of juice.

Annoyed, she nonetheless smiles at what he's drinking --

REBECCA

How's the pomegranate?

Billy Ray not sure what she means. Plus, she's half naked.

REBECCA

It's better over ice.

And in a glass, referring to his odd beverage of choice.

BILLY RAY  
He was out of beer.

REBECCA  
Not out, hon. Just not a fan. And  
you can call him Dad ...  
(off his look)  
Just don't call me Mom.

Not a problem from the look on his face.

REBECCA  
You think maybe you could --

She gestures, "Turn around".

He shifts, allowing her to rise, a towel to her breasts as she slides her feet into sandals --

SAM  
Sorry I was running late --

Sam comes out to join them. Sees his sixteen-year old son. His twenty-eight year old topless girlfriend.

SAM  
How's it going?

\*

REBECCA  
You know. Just catching some rays.

Rebecca on the move, a towel to her breasts, walks past Billy Ray to Sam at the door. Kisses him.

REBECCA  
You're out of beer.

SAM  
What?

She looks to him for some kind of explanation.

SAM  
(voices low)  
I gave him a key.

REBECCA  
I see that.

SAM  
Is that, I mean.

Okay? We can't quite tell from the look she conceals from his son. Then back to her okay with everything voice --

REBECCA  
You boys have fun.



Managing to turn a parting smile back to Billy Ray before heading inside the house.

INT. BMW DEALERSHIP - NIGHT

Sam and his son checking out a 3 series, sitting in one after the other, smelling leather, checking out goodies, etc.

SAM

I guess we've been together about.  
Two years? Something like that.

(beat)

I'm just glad she had a towel. She doesn't always.

Sam half smirking, Billy Ray shrugging off the comment.

SAM

We've talked about things, you know, moving forward. But there's really no hurry. I mean, you just got here.

BILLY RAY

None of my business who you marry.

SAM

Well, I mean. It is a little.

Billy Ray shrugs, doesn't really see it that way. \*

SAM \*

Sorry about your sister. I know it sounds stupid to say with all she's got, but she hasn't had it easy. I don't think any of us handled it very well. I know I didn't. \*

Billy Ray takes a beat, leans in to read a car's specs. \*

SAM \*

I blamed her myself for a while. I was mad, and your mother was an easy target. That wasn't fair of me. She wasn't negligent. She was just doing what moms do. Juggling things, in a hurry. \*

BILLY RAY

I know what moms do.

Billy Ray cutting through the prepared speech. Sam gets off the subject, nodding to the 3 series they're in front of --

SAM

So what do you think? I'll get a guy, we can take her for a test drive.

BILLY RAY

I don't think I want a car.

SAM  
Really? It's pretty hard to get  
around Miami without one. This way  
you can come and go freely between  
your mother's house and mine -- \*

BILLY RAY  
No, I mean. I don't think I want a  
car. \*

Off Sam, confused -- \*

INT. OLIVIA'S HOUSE - GENTRY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Gentry staring out her bedroom window - aghast - the cordless  
phone she answered to her ear -- \*

GENTRY  
Will I accept *what* ...  
(listens a beat, then)  
Yeah sure whatever ...

Disgusted, she marches out with the cordless phone -- \*

EXT. WARREN HOUSE - NIGHT \*

Billy Ray using his elbow sleeve to rub out fingerprints from  
his new Ford F-250 Heavy Duty truck when Gentry marches up -- \*

GENTRY  
What the hell is this? \*

BILLY RAY  
Only the finest work of art to ever  
come out of Detroit -- \*

GENTRY  
No, that would be Derek Jeter - and  
that --  
(meaning the truck)  
Is not staying. Your "mother" -- \*

Meaning the phone which she shoves at him, hurries back into  
the house as fast as she came. \*

BILLY RAY  
Hey.

INT. CLAYTON WOMAN'S CORRECTIONAL FACILITY - NIGHT

Debbie at a long bank of pay phones, a Deputy stationed at  
either end. INTERCUT as necessary. \*

DEBBIE  
Hey baby ... How ya doin'?

BILLY RAY  
I'm alright. How are you?

DEBBIE  
 I'm fine. I miss you so much.  
 (beat)  
 How's that school down there?

BILLY RAY  
 You know. They wear these uniforms  
 and think they're you-know-what  
 doesn't stink.  
 (off their grins)  
 And I'm coming to your hearing next  
 week.

Billy Ray running his hand along the truck's polished finish. \*

DEBBIE  
 Oh, I don't know, baby. I think  
 you need to ask your momma about  
 that. \*

BILLY RAY  
 I don't have to ask. \*

DEBBIE  
 Yeah. I kind of think you do.  
 (this is hard for her)  
 She's been - real good to me, so. \*

BILLY RAY  
 Are you all right? \*

She glances at the Deputy, takes a beat. Sucking up the toll  
 this experience is having on her for her son's benefit. \*

DEBBIE  
 I mean, it's just a hearing, right.

Billy Ray picking up on the worry in her voice. \*

DEBBIE  
 I should probably go.

BILLY RAY  
 Oh. Okay. Well. I love you. \*

A beat. Deb desperately wants to say it back. But can't.

Which Billy Ray understands. Not that it hurts any less.  
 She tries to make it better with a thing they always say --

DEBBIE  
 It's just another adventure, baby  
 boy. We'll get through this one,  
 too.  
 (off his silence)  
 But for now. I really need you to  
 try and make this work. \*

Her frail timbre stuck in his head. Hearing for the first  
 time that maybe this adventure isn't going away so easily. \*

INT. THE DELANO - NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

Super loud roped off private room. The place packed.  
Brandon, Shep and Maude, hanging on the periphery of things.

Maude keeps checking the door for someone. Shep noticing and none too happy.

SHEP

He's not coming so you can just  
stop with that.

MAUDE

Stop what? I don't even know what  
you're talking about.

Annoyed, Shep drains his beer. Heads over to the bar --

Where Gentry is sipping a fancy cocktail. Shep continues to smolder, throwing angry glances back at Maude --

GENTRY

You think if I went over and  
started making out with Brandon I  
would freak him out?

SHEP

What? I think Brandon would throw  
you in the ocean if you tried. And  
what are you drinking, you're like  
so under-aged it's ridiculous.

GENTRY

I don't know but I've had like four  
of them. Num.

(sipping when she notices)

Oh my God, are you smoldering? You  
are so smoldering. Please don't.

(off his look)

Do whatever it is you're thinking  
of doing if he shows up.

SHEP

Whatever. Even if he is your  
brother. The boy needs a lesson.

GENTRY

He was raised by wolves, so yeah -  
I'm thinking it's more likely he'd  
school you.

She lowers out of FRAME - *scchnnnniiiifff*, and comes up from a  
line of coke she has cut up on the bar top --

GENTRY

I mean, if he crosses a line, then  
whatever - do what you gotta do.  
Just don't get yourself killed.

SHEP

Me killed, that's hilarious.

Her line done, she passes over the blow, which he sucks up --  
one line then two, hitting him like a slap to the head. \*

INT. OLIVIA'S HOUSE - BILLY RAY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Billy Ray trying to concentrate on the study manual. He  
reads a little, stops. His eyes find a calendar above his  
desk - a date with "Mom's hearing" written on it.

He takes out his cell, dials. When the party answers. \*

BILLY RAY  
Yeah, I'd like to check on a  
patient's status? Randall Boyd.  
(listens a beat)  
No change. Right. Thanks. \*

He hangs up. Thinks a beat. Looks at the address written on  
his arm. He licks his thumb, rubs the numbers off his skin.  
Stopping just before they're gone. \*

Studies the faint image. Goes back to studying.

INT. THE DELANO - NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

The scene getting wild, everyone lose, drunk - Brandon and  
Shep and Gentry, throwing back beers. Laughing, chatting.

Maude comes out of the bathroom, makes her way through the  
crowd to join them, when she comes nose to nose with

Billy Ray, focused on her in the chaos of the room.

MAUDE  
You made it. I wasn't sure if --

BILLY RAY  
Why did you say that to me about my  
mom?

There is a beat. He doesn't have to ask twice.

MAUDE  
I just think it's pathetic how  
everyone expects you to just forget  
about her and move on. The woman  
raised you.

He looks at her. Guarded. But also feeling heard for the  
first time. A look that lingers a beat too long -- \*

MAUDE  
Whatever. \*

She starts to walk away, when he takes her arm to stop her. \*

BILLY RAY  
Wait. \*

She looks at him. His hand on her arm. Their eyes meet. \*

Across the room, Gentry, Brandon and Shep. Brandon sees him first, nods to Shep, pointing a chin back across at

Maude with Billy Ray, as he continues --

BILLY RAY

I mean it's just so fucking unfair.  
She's the strongest person I know  
and she's scared and in trouble.  
Like she owes these fucking people.

(a beat)

She did a bad thing okay, I get it.  
But what the fuck are they? A  
sleazy lawyer, a stuck up bitch,  
and a guy with a girlfriend half  
his age. I'm supposed to give a  
fuck about these people with my mom  
stuck in prison 'cause of them?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Maude takes that in, stuck on the level of intensity --

\*

When Shep steps up, takes Maude by the arm --

\*

SHEP

Let's go.

\*

MAUDE

Shep.

SHEP

She ain't your cousin, Jethro.  
Find someone else to get up on.

\*

MAUDE

We were just talking - let go.

Maude pulling her arm away, Shep keeps yanking it back.

BILLY RAY

Hey. She said to let go --

Billy Ray grabs Shep's arm, allowing her to break free.

SHEP

Hey! Asshole! Fuck off --

Shep shoving him into the dance floor, scattering dancers.  
Billy Ray stands his ground when Shep moves in, shoving him  
again --

And Billy Ray catches him across the jaw. Shep staggers back  
as Brandon joins in, low and hard, tackling Billy Ray into  
the crowd, the packed room clearing to get out of the way --

Billy Ray on Shep, punching him furiously, Brandon fighting  
to drag him off as SECURITY wades in, desperately pulling at  
combatants unwilling to yield ...

\*

END OF ACT FOUR

## Act Five

FADE IN:

EXT. THE LEHMAN SCHOOL - SHALE'S OFFICE - DAY

Billy Ray sits outside Shale's office. Face bruised and swollen, one eye beat half-shut. Clearly up all night.

Shale comes out of his office --

SHALE  
Good morning.

Shale stops, registers his condition. Obviously didn't get much studying done last night.

SHALE  
We can reschedule.

Billy Ray rises.

BILLY RAY  
I'm fine.

\*

Shale studies him a beat.

SHALE  
It's timed. You have forty-five minutes --

BILLY RAY  
Got it.

Shale nods. Walks Billy Ray into a room with a single desk, atop which sits a test form and #2 pencil. Billy Ray sits.

SHALE  
Good luck.

Shale hits a timer on his watch. Leaves. Billy Ray pinches his eye closed. Opens the test and begins.

INT. OLIVIA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Olivia at the sink, hand-washing Rex's food bowl.

GENTRY  
What are you *doing*?

Gentry annoyed she's caring for his dog, fishes a shake from the fridge. The fight from last night at issue --

OLIVIA  
He could be expelled, you know.

GENTRY  
Yeah. He attacked Shep. Does this surprise you?

OLIVIA  
They're your friends Gentry, you  
could've done something to stop it.

Gentry ignores the comment, heads off, Olivia on her heels as  
they move through the house for her bedroom --

OLIVIA  
I know you're against this but we  
are a family.

GENTRY  
A family, got it.

OLIVIA  
We have a chance to be a family  
again. He's your brother.

GENTRY  
He doesn't even want to be here.

OLIVIA  
Not the way you've treated him.

GENTRY  
-- right, *my* fault, counsellor.

Gentry stuffing the shake inside her backpack --

GENTRY  
-- breakfast, rides to school,  
dinner at *home*, yeah that's you.

OLIVIA  
I'm trying to change. I'm making  
an effort.

GENTRY  
The imperial bitch, manic off a win  
and six martinis texting me at  
midnight to see if I'm bouncing  
some guy off the furniture, that's  
who I miss.

OLIVIA  
It's a second chance for all of us.

GENTRY  
-- cause there's all this shit we  
can build on, that's hilarious ...

Gentry heads back through the house - Olivia fighting to hold  
her tongue --

OLIVIA  
I was practically a kid *myself* ...  
coming off the worst nightmare a  
parent could ever imagine, I wanted  
to fucking die!



GENTRY

You pretty much did, 'Liv. I took care of you, remember, never *didn't* worry about you, even when you smothered me - not that I ever felt loved or anything cause you know, some freak might grab me too. Now you're this warm, understanding mom, oh please. Give him a taste of what it's really like around here and see how long he stays.

And with that she slams out the door. Off Olivia ...

INT. THE LEHMAN SCHOOL - SHALES OFFICE - DAY

Shale at his desk, grading papers. A beep-beep sound comes from his watch, alerting him forty-five minutes are up.

He exits his office. Loops around to the next office --

INT. THE LEHMAN SCHOOL - EMPTY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Where he finds Billy Ray gone, the test booklet closed, the pencil sitting on top.

He flips through the test. Sees it's completely filled out.

INT. SAM'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Sam on the phone, checking his watch for the time. \*

SAM

No. I thought he was with you ...  
(listens a beat, then)  
Christ, all day? No, not since we  
left the dealership last night ... \*

Rebecca enters, drawn by the urgency in his voice.

SAM

Yeah. Okay. I'm on my way. \*

He hangs up, sees Rebecca.

REBECCA

Is he all right?

SAM

He didn't come home from school and  
no one's heard from him ...

REBECCA

Are you going over there?

The question a little charged. Sam takes a beat.

SAM

Yeah. I'm going over there. \*

A bit of a line in the sand. Sam disappears for the garage. \*

INT. OLIVIA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Olivia leaving a message on the phone --

OLIVIA  
 -- it's a little after nine. Sorry  
 to leave so many messages, we  
 haven't heard from you. Please  
 call me back.

She disconnects. Rejoins Sam who's poured them both a glass  
 of wine as their conversation continues --

SAM  
 Look, I'm sorry, okay, I thought it  
 was a good idea. He was going to  
 need something to get around --

OLIVIA  
 He conned you into buying a truck,  
 Sam. He's probably half way to  
 Clayton by now.

SAM  
 It's still registered in my name.  
 I could always --

OLIVIA  
 Have him picked up for grand theft  
 auto, yeah that'll bring us closer  
 together.

SAM  
 ... and would he really just leave  
 like that? Over a fight?

OLIVIA  
 Apparently we have no idea what  
 he's capable of. And tell me one  
 thing she *hasn't* done to make him  
 feel unwelcome.

SAM  
 She's angry, 'Liv. She came out  
 angry. She doesn't know what she  
 wants, she never has.

OLIVIA  
 She's a bitch, okay? I know what  
 I've done.

SAM  
 Okay. But that's not all on you.  
 What did I do but run like a  
 coward. Leave. Let everything  
 fall apart so I didn't have to  
 agonize anymore.

She takes a beat. That's a pretty fair assessment.

GENTRY (O.S.)  
 You know he hated it here, right?

Gentry downstairs, annoyed at her parent's quasi vigil.

GENTRY  
You act like this is your fault or something. Like you could've done something to keep him here, that's pathetic.

SAM  
We could've done more.

GENTRY  
-- ohmygod *what*. Seriously, what? No one chased him off, that's insane. He hated it here, he didn't want to be here, this wasn't my fault!

They regard their daughter, who in spite of herself gets the truly awful place she's put her parents.

When the phone rings, Olivia jumps for it --

OLIVIA  
Hello?

INT. THE LEHNAM SCHOOL - SHALES OFFICE

Shale on the phone. INTERCUT as necessary.

SHALE  
Olivia. Ed Shale from school. Sorry to call so late but it's kind of important ...

OLIVIA  
Ed, I know the school has a zero tolerance policy. But that fight was not his fault ...

SHALE  
What? No that's, I mean. I got his test score.  
(beat)  
He aced it. I mean, a perfect 800. I've never even seen one before.

OLIVIA  
Test score ...

SHALE  
Without studying, without sleep. It's ... Darwinian.

Olivia trying to absorb that, a little lost.

OLIVIA  
He's - not here at the moment ...

SHALE

Well when you see him, will you please congratulate him for me? And yourselves. That's an amazing child you have.

OLIVIA

I will. Thank you.

They hang up.

OLIVIA

He got a perfect score on his equivalency exam.

A beat as they absorb that. Feeling the genetically weird connection. Inspired by the one who's not here.

When Gentry's cell phone chirps, alerting her to a text message. Which we see is from --

\*  
\*

Maude: *Oh-my-fucking God!!! ur brother...* and a string of emoticons communicating to Gentry what's been going on --

\*  
\*

GENTRY

Jesus.

\*  
\*

OLIVIA

What?

\*  
\*

When the door opens and a disheveled, clearly just got laid Billy Ray enters. Sees them waiting --

\*  
\*

BILLY RAY

Hey.

A beat. Shirt out, he tucks it in, clocking the concern.

BILLY RAY

Sorry. Had the phone off.

\*

They all share looks. Not entirely sure what to think. Then Gentry moves right up to her brother, quiet and pissed --

\*  
\*

GENTRY

Are you fucking kidding me?  
(shows him the text)  
My best fucking friend?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Billy Ray definitely not grinning but damn close to it.

\*

BILLY RAY

I didn't start that fight ...

\*  
\*

But made damn sure everyone now knows who won it. A beat.

\*

OLIVIA

Is everything alright?

\*  
\*

Gentry glaring into her brother's eyes. Then --

\*

GENTRY  
Yeah awesome --

Then turns and disappears for her bedroom. Billy Ray sees Olivia and Sam are still pretty concerned --

BILLY RAY  
Sorry. I'll call next time.

Billy Ray nods. Heads for his bedroom to clean up --

Sam and Olivia watch as he heads for his bedroom. The simple parental moment catching in her throat --

OLIVIA  
Sam.

As it finally sinks in that he's home. The impossible prayer she stopped praying for long ago finally answered --

The tragedy they've endured for fifteen years - falls away...

And Olivia starts to cry.

Sam hesitates, not sure what he should do. Then moves to gather his ex-wife in his arms. Comforting the woman he once loved as she surrenders to her emotions and cries softly.

INT. BILLY RAY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Billy Ray cleaned up, fresh jeans, wiggling a t-shirt over his head, when his eyes land on the note to himself.

His "mom's" court hearing. He stares at it. A little quiet.

When his cell phone rings. Sees that it's Stephen and answers it right away --

BILLY RAY  
Hey. Any news?

INT. CLAYTON COUNTY MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Stephen on his cell phone, leaning against a row of vending machines, sucking down a soda. INTERCUT as necessary.

STEPHEN  
Other than how much I hate hospitals, not really. No change is all they'll tell me.

BILLY RAY  
Well how does he look?

STEPHEN  
Like a guy with a bunch of tubes and machines and shit who's about to die.

Stephen drops the soda in the trash, looking around as he makes his way up the hospital hall.

BILLY RAY  
What about cops? Anybody like that hanging around asking questions?

STEPHEN  
No. And he ain't had but one old lady visitor since I got here.

Stephen stopping outside a room in ICU, where we see Randall Boyd inside, strapped to the hum of life support.

STEPHEN  
I mean. I don't know what kind of window we're talking about here --

BILLY RAY  
Six to eight weeks with diffused hemaparesis, after twelve weeks he slips into Alexithymia and loses the ability to remember his own goddamn name --  
(a beat, then)  
Or his eyes could pop open tomorrow and we've got a big problem.

They both take a beat with the weight of that.

STEPHEN  
So what do you want me to do?

Billy Ray takes a beat to think it through. His eyes land on the date of his mom's upcoming court hearing. Then --

BILLY RAY  
Call me in the morning with an update. If he starts to improve by the end of the week - then we've got a decision to make.

A beat as that threat hangs in the air. Then they hang up and we stay with Billy Ray.

Turning over scenarios when his eyes find

The framed photo of Olivia and Sam, holding their infant son on the day of his Christening. Happy, smiling freely, with their whole life ahead of them --

Billy Ray flops down on top of his bed. His mind racing, his thoughts unknown to us.

THE END