

A Life's Unraveling

by

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EXT. RIVER ROAD - MORNING

A thick northern California fog hovers over a well-worn "Welcome to Guerneville" sign until eventually and abruptly a beat up car drives over it.

INT. TOM'S CAR - MORNING

TOM (30s), looking as unkept as the car he's driving and the old T-shirt he's wearing, heads into the small river town, through its sleeping one-road business district, and into a residential neighborhood.

INT. LASSEY HOUSE - GARAGE - MORNING

The garage is a makeshift apartment, sparsely decorated with old flea market castoffs.

MARK (30s) smokes a cigarette while completing some bench presses.

Tom abruptly opens the garage door.

As an unfazed Mark stops bench pressing and sits up, Tom scopes the garage and smirks.

Mark shakes his head as he puts out his cigarette.

Tom and Mark talk over the music:

TOM
Come on!

MARK
Where?

TOM
Does it matter?

Mark rolls up his long shirt sleeves, exposing his prison tattoo covered arms.

TOM
Bring a jacket. And a pillow.

MARK
Why?

TOM
Just come on!

MARK

No!

TOM

I got us a gig.

Mark stands as he lights a new cigarette, takes a long drag, then turns off the music.

TOM

And bring good music.

Tom turns and walks away.

INT. LASSEY HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

A preoccupied CARRIE (50s) slowly eats her breakfast without looking at the opened Sunset Magazine in front of her.

She finishes chewing, inattentively stares at the magazine's article celebrating family vacations in Oregon, then takes another bite.

When the garage door slams shut, Carrie suspiciously looks toward the sound.

EXT. WESTSIDE ROAD - MORNING

Tom's car drives through the breaking fog, haphazardly weaving back and forth as it catches up with each of the road's turns.

INT. TOM'S CAR - MORNING

Tom stares blankly at the road as he drives, steering the car with a series of jerky motions.

Once the road straightens out, he looks in the rearview mirror and studies Mark, who is sitting in the back seat and staring suspiciously at Tom.

Tom quickly returns his attention to the road; and Mark discreetly leans forward, grabs a pistol on the floor, and loads it while still staring at Tom.

EXT. WESTSIDE ROAD - MORNING

The car continues forward, leaving behind the acres of fog covered grapevines surrounding them.

EXT. INTERSTATE 5 - PIT RIVER BRIDGE - DAY

The burgeoning clouds blanket everything but Mt. Lassen as Tom's car begins to drive over Shasta Lake.

INT. TOM'S CAR - DAY

As he drives, Tom cautiously looks in the rearview mirror and sees Mark sleeping in the back seat.

Tom looks through the Cds piled onto the front passenger seat. After eyeing each one he tosses it on the floor and mumbles the same thing:

TOM

No.

As the car reaches the shore Tom's cell phone rings. Tom hurries to put his head set in his ear, but fails to attach it properly and the phone rings again.

MARK

Phone!

Tom immediately looks in the rearview mirror, and sees Mark cover his head with a jacket. As Tom reaches for the cell phone, it rings again.

MARK

Answer your fucking phone!

Tom hastily turns off the phone.

EXT. INTERSTATE 5 - PIT RIVER BRIDGE - DAY

As Tom's car drives into the woods north of Shasta Lake, the rain starts falling.

INT. LASSEY HOUSE - GARAGE - DAY

Carrie anxiously combs through Mark's possessions until the phone rings and she hastily answers it.

CARRIE

Hello.

Carrie listens to the reply.

CARRIE

Hi Darlene. Thanks for calling.

As Carrie listens to Darlene, she approaches Mark's dresser, grabs a gym bag on top of it, and places it on Mark's bed.

CARRIE

No, I was talking with Tom about doing some work around the house, and wanted to get hold of him. Do you have his cell phone number?

Carrie opens the gym bag as she listens to Darlene.

CARRIE

Oh. Do you know any way to reach him?

Carrie takes empty whiskey bottles out of the gym bag as she listens to Darlene.

CARRIE

No. No. Nothing is wrong.

EXT. INTERSTATE 5 - EUGENE - DAY

Tom's car drives through the pouring rain.

INT. TOM'S CAR - DAY

While driving Tom reaches for some of the french fries piled six inches high on top of the passenger seat.

Mark wakes into a startled and disoriented state, rubs his face, and looks out the window.

MARK

Where are we?

TOM

Want some fries?

Mark disapprovingly shakes his head as he picks his nose.

TOM

Remember, oh 20 years ago, fucking my sister? I mean going camping with my family?

MARK

Uh, Eugene?

TOM

Uh, yeah.

Mark glares at Tom, who smirks while staring at Mark in the rearview mirror.

TOM
She says "Hi," by the way.

MARK
Uh huh. What are we doing in Eugene?

TOM
Going to Portland.

Seeing the reflection of Mark's distrustful stare in the rearview mirror, Tom turns and focuses on the road ahead.

EXT. PORTLAND STREETS - DAY

A typically misty rain falls unnoticed by well-weathered pedestrians who don't bother to raise a single umbrella.

Eventually Tom's car drives past them.

INT. TOM'S CAR - DAY

While driving Tom examines each passing street sign.

Mark sits in the back seat, nervously picking his pant leg and looking out his car window.

Tom stares in the rearview mirror and studies Mark's behavior. He sees Mark light a cigarette and start to smoke.

TOM
Please.

Mark glares at Tom.

TOM
What's your problem?

Mark shakes his head as he puffs his cigarette.

Tom shakes his head as he re-focuses on the road.

INT. TOM'S CAR - DAY

Tom abruptly stops the car in front of the Gonzalez house, then parks across the street from it.

Mark opens his car door.

TOM

Not yet.

Mark discreetly reaches for his pistol as he stares at Tom.

TOM

Just follow my lead.

Tom opens the glove compartment and grabs a gun.

As Mark stares at the house in front of which they're parked, Tom turns and studies the Gonzalez house across the street.

As Tom places his pistol in a pocket, Mark discreetly hides his pistol in his jacket pocket.

EXT. GONZALEZ HOUSE - FRONT YARD - DAY

RAQUEL (30s) and her three year old son, MATEO, are gardening. Eventually they stop and walk into the house.

INT. TOM'S CAR - DAY

Tom takes a quick, deep breath, and gets out of the parked car. Mark remains seated.

EXT. GONZALEZ HOUSE - DAY

Tom reaches the driveway, stops walking, turns around, looks at Mark sitting in the car, and flips him off.

Mark shakes his head as he gets out of the car.

As Mark walks across the street and up the driveway, he glares at Tom and clinches his fist as if he may forego all else and start battering Tom then and there.

Tom avoids a confrontation by turning around and walking up the driveway.

As Mark continues to walk up the driveway, he discreetly checks his pocket and confirms that he has his gun.

When Tom approaches a door, Mark stops, bends over, and ties his shoes. When Tom knocks on the door, Mark quickly rises, abruptly pushes Tom to the side, and enters the house.

INT. GONZALEZ HOUSE - HALLWAY BATHROOM - DAY

Raquel bathes Mateo as he plays with his bath toys. She reaches for a bottle of shampoo.

MATEO
Shake the chi chas, Mama!

Raquel stands, then shakes her breasts; and Mateo laughs.

MATEO
Mas! Mas!

Raquel shakes her breasts less enthusiastically; and Mateo pounds his hands on the bath water as he laughs again.

Raquel and Mateo hear a knock and an opening door.

MATEO
Papa!

Raquel stares toward the sound as she puts on her shirt.

INT. GONZALEZ HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

As Tom walks past him, Mark looks through Raquel's purse. Tom stops, turns, and faces Mark.

TOM
Come on. We're not here for that.

Mark slowly turns his head and glares at him.

TOM
Why do you always have to know
what's going on?

When Mark makes a fist, Tom shakes his head in disbelief.

Mark removes a cell phone from the purse and places it in his pocket.

Tom takes a deep breath, turns, and walks away.

Mark removes a wallet, finds some money inside, and places it in his pocket.

Before closing the wallet he notices a photo inside, stares at it, then suspiciously looks up as he puts the photo in his pocket.

INT. GONZALEZ HOUSE - HALLWAY BATHROOM - DAY

As Raquel wraps a towel around Mateo, she suspiciously looks out the bathroom door.

When Tom enters the bathroom, an anxious Raquel impulsively steps between him and Mateo.

TOM
Where's your husband?

RAQUEL
(to Mateo)
Mateo, solo --

Tom impulsively whips out his pistol and pistol whips Raquel, who falls to the floor and blacks out.

TOM
Fuck!

Tom impulsively points his gun at Mateo and pauses.

TOM
(To Mateo)
I just want to talk to your father.

There's an awkwardly long pause.

Mark suddenly enters the bathroom; and Tom and his gun quickly turn toward him. Mark impulsively hits Tom's arm, causing the gun to fall to the floor.

As Tom reaches for the gun, and a frightened Mateo flees the room, Mark draws a knife and impulsively stabs Tom.

As Mark pulls his knife back to strike again, Tom desperately reaches for Mark's arm. But Mark repeatedly stabs Tom until there is no doubt he's dead.

An overwhelmed Mark collapses on top of the corpse.

After taking a few breaths, Mark grabs a towel to pull himself up; but it slides from its rack and he falls.

After taking a few more breaths, he manages to stand up, notices Tom's gun, picks it up, and suspiciously examines it.

EXT. PORTLAND STREETS - NIGHT

As his new red Prius meanders through residential neighborhoods, we hear the following therapy session between Mark's twin brother, Paul, and his psychologist:

PSYCHOLOGIST (V.O.)
Let's start again. Why are you
here today?

PAUL (V.O.)
Um, I guess I've been a bit anxious
lately.

PSYCHOLOGIST (V.O.)
Are you anxious about something?

PAUL (V.O.)
I'm not sure. It's not like I'm
thinking about anything at the
time. But when it happens, and I
try to figure out why, I start to
worry about my wife.

PSYCHOLOGIST (V.O.)
What about her?

PAUL (V.O.)
Uh, I don't know. I guess I'm
worried she's going to leave.

PSYCHOLOGIST (V.O.)
Have you spoken with her about it?

PAUL (V.O.)
No. She hasn't said anything; and,
once I say something it means
something is wrong; then ...

PSYCHOLOGIST (V.O.)
Is that why you're here by
yourself?

PAUL (V.O.)
No. Well, maybe. But it's not
really about her.

PSYCHOLOGIST (V.O.)
I understand. So why are you
worried she's going to leave you?

PAUL (V.O.)
Yeah. Why? It's like I'm trying
to be someone I want to be, but I
don't know how and ... I don't
know.

PSYCHOLOGIST (V.O.)
Okay. I'm curious. What are you
feeling right now?

PAUL (V.O.)
Um, I don't know. Nothing.

PSYCHOLOGIST (V.O.)
Is that common?

INT. PAUL'S PRIUS - NIGHT

Paul drives his Prius as he talks to his faithful friend, JUAN (40s), using his faithful cell phone's wireless headset.

PAUL
No, I'm okay. I just got out of a long meeting.

As Paul continues to drive he grabs an aspirin container inside the glove compartment, and dumps its contents onto the passenger seat. One of the pills is ecstasy.

PAUL
So how long does it take to kick in?

JUAN (V.O.)
Ecstasy? Maybe 45.

PAUL
Oh.

Paul grabs the ecstasy and swallows it without water.

JUAN (V.O.)
What?

Paul sets his cell phone's alarm, looks up, notices police cars parked in front of his house, and immediately studies the scene.

JUAN (V.O.)
Hello?

PAUL
Juan, I got to go.

EXT. GONZALEZ HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - DAY

Paul tentatively walks up the driveway, attentively looking for any evidence explaining what happened.

EXT. GONZALEZ HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

As Paul enters the room, OFFICER FROBERG approaches him.

OFFICER FROBERG
Mr. Gonzalez?

PAUL
Yes.

OFFICER FROBERG
Would you follow me please?

Officer Froberg immediately turns and walks toward the hallway. Paul reluctantly follows.

INT. GONZALEZ HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

As Paul walks through the hallway a police officer steps back, respectfully giving Paul space.

PAUL
Where's my wife?

OFFICER FROBERG
She's fine, sir.

When Officer Froberg stops in the hallway, Paul stops right behind him, and stares at an officer walking out of the hallway bathroom.

PAUL
Where's my son?

When Officer Froberg doesn't reply, Paul takes a couple slow steps toward the bathroom, looks inside, and stares at Tom's corpse.

SGT. DONOVAN (50s) slowly approaches Paul.

SGT. DONOVAN
Mr. Gonzalez?

Paul continues to stare at Tom's corpse.

PAUL
I know him.

SGT. DONOVAN
You do?

PAUL
Yeah. Tom Reilly. We ... grew up
together.

SGT. DONOVAN
Do you have any idea why Mr. Reilly
would want to kidnap your son?

Paul abruptly turns and anxiously looks at Sgt. Donovan.

PAUL
No.

SGT. DONOVAN
Do you have any idea who could have
done this to --

PAUL
Where's my son?

INT. GONZALEZ HOUSE - CRAWL SPACE - NIGHT

Mark nervously shakes as he lies under the house, his ear pointing up in an attempt to hear the indiscernible voices above him.

Only a few feet away Mateo lies with a bloody head, fighting for each breath as if it may be his last.

Mark erupts in a seizure.

EXT. HOSPITAL - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Raquel walks behind Juan toward his car. He keeps looking back at Raquel to see how she is doing.

Raquel suddenly stops walking, turns away, bends over, and vomits.

Juan walks toward Raquel, who puts her hand up until he stops.

Raquel slowly stands up.

RAQUEL
Do you know when he'll get to the
motel?

JUAN
No.

Juan and Raquel walk to, and get inside his car.

INT. JUAN'S CAR - NIGHT

As Juan drives off of the hospital grounds and onto a street, Raquel searches through her purse.

Juan hands Raquel his cell phone and drives off.

Raquel stares at the phone, then looks at Juan.

RAQUEL

I can't remember his cell number.

EXT. GONZALEZ HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

As Paul slowly descends his driveway, Sgt. Donovan and other police officers stand around Tom's car.

Sgt. Donovan notices Paul and walks toward him.

SGT. DONOVAN

We have Reilly's car.

Paul's cell phone rings and he looks at it. He sees Juan's number, doesn't answer, and looks at Sgt. Donovan.

SGT. DONOVAN

Good news. Means the other suspect and your son could be on foot. And still local.

Paul's watch alarm sounds; and Paul immediately turns it off.

PAUL

Sorry. Thank you Sargent. I ... I appreciate everything you're doing.

Sgt. Donovan nods, turns and walks toward Tom's car, then stops and turns toward Paul.

SGT. DONOVAN

Do we have your cell number? Just in case.

After Paul nods, Sgt. Donovan turns and walks to Tom's car.

Paul discreetly hurries into the house.

EXT. GONZALEZ HOUSE - SIDE YARD - NIGHT

Mark desperately hurries over the side fence and drops into the next door neighbor's yard.

EXT. GONZALEZ NEIGHBOR #1 - BACK YARD - NIGHT

As Mark scurries to the next door neighbor's back fence, he hears two people arguing on the other side of the fence; so he scurries across the yard toward the other side fence.

EXT. GONZALEZ NEIGHBOR #2 - BACK YARD - NIGHT

Mark falls into another neighbor's yard, scurries across it, and leaps over this back fence as this house's sliding glass door opens and the sounds of giggling kids fills the yard.

EXT. GONZALEZ NEIGHBOR #3 - BACK YARD - NIGHT

Mark hurries across another yard, along the side of the house, opens a side gate, and runs into its front yard.

EXT. GONZALEZ NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

Mark power walks down a street, trying to open each car's driver door as he looks for police cars. He eventually finds an unlocked car, hurries inside it, and drives away.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - BATHROOM - NIGHT

As Raquel sits deliberately on the toilet, unsuccessfully attempting to defecate, she touches the bruise on her head.

INT. MOTEL ROOM #2 - NIGHT

Paul opens the door. He, his clothes, and a note he's holding are covered in dirt. He lumbers inside carrying nothing other than the note, and enters the bathroom.

INT. MOTEL ROOM #2 - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Paul stands in the empty bathroom, staring into the mirror as the shower heats up. He drops the note, takes off his clothes, and steps into the shower.

As the water rushes over his face, Paul presses his hand against the shower wall to keep standing.

The note's message, which has been crossed out, is: "Paul, It was really a accident. I didn't know we were coming here. I swear. Mark"

INT. MOTEL ROOM - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Raquel stands, blankly scopes her room until she notices the curtains are open, then anxiously closes them.

She turns, blankly scopes her room again, then picks up the motel phone.

EXT. MOTEL #2 - NIGHT

Paul exits his room and walks toward his Prius.

Suddenly a swarm of news people who followed him try to capture some footage of an overwhelmed Paul. Unable to hear their requests and questions as anything other than muffled impressions, he continues to his Prius and drives off.

INT. PAUL'S PRIUS - NIGHT

As Paul drives away from the motel, not wearing his headset, the cell phone rings. He ignores it as tears fall down his cheeks.

A block later Paul wipes the tears away.

A block later his cell phone rings again; and he puts the headset in his ear and answers the call.

PAUL

Hello.

RAQUEL (V.O.)

Where are you?

There's an awkwardly long pause.

PAUL

I think I know who did this.

Raquel says nothing.

PAUL

I think it was my brother.

RAQUEL (V.O.)

What? What brother?

Paul breathes nervously as he searches for the right words.

PAUL

I have a brother. Two.

RAQUEL (V.O.)
In Portland?

PAUL
No. California. I think. Raquel,
I'm sorry I --

RAQUEL (V.O.)
No!

There is an awkwardly long silence.

RAQUEL (V.O.)
I'm sorry. I'm just not ready for
that conversation. Where are you?

PAUL
I'm going after him.

RAQUEL (V.O.)
Did you tell the police?

PAUL
No.

RAQUEL (V.O.)
Why not?

PAUL
I don't know. I just need to --

RAQUEL (V.O.)
No Paul!

Paul takes a deep breath as he continues to drive.

PAUL
I know where he's going. But if he
thinks the police or I will be
there he'll --

RAQUEL (V.O.)
Okay. Where are you going?

An animal hits the side of Paul's Prius, and Paul impulsively
slams the breaks.

Paul wipes a tear from his cheek.

RAQUEL (V.O.)
Paul?

PAUL
I'll call you back.

INT. STOLEN CAR #1 - NIGHT

Music plays loudly as Mark anxiously drives through Salem, OR, along Interstate 5.

When his cell phone rings, Mark hastily turns off the music and answers the phone.

MARK

Thanks.

PAUL (V.O.)

Hello?

Mark hastily hangs up the cell phone.

INT. PAUL'S PRIUS - NIGHT

Paul rushes to call Raquel's cell phone as he drives away from Portland, heading south on Interstate 5.

PAUL

Hello? ... Mark?

Paul nervously taps the steering wheel as he listens using his wireless headset.

PAUL

Where are you?

Paul quickly looks at his cell phone to confirm that he called Raquel, then continues to listen.

PAUL

No, no. Please don't hang up.

We hear Mark hang up; and Paul immediately tries to call him back. When he gets no answer, he tries to call again.

PAUL

I just want to talk.

After an awkwardly long pause, we hear Mark hang up. Paul immediately tries to call again. When he gets no answer, he puts his phone down.

An introspective Paul drives another block.

PAUL

Okay. Okay. Think!

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Raquel is planted on the floor of her motel room, between the two beds, her back against one of them, as she talks with her father, RAYMUNDO, on the phone.

RAYMUNDO (V.O.)
¿Bueno?
(Hello?)

RAQUEL
Papá.

RAYMUNDO (V.O.)
¡Pico!

RAQUEL
Papá.

RAYMUNDO (V.O.)
¿Qué te pasa, Pico?
(What's wrong, Pico?)

A couple tears fall down Raquel's cheek.

RAQUEL
Papá, alguien se llevo a Mateo.
(Papa, someone took Mateo.)

RAYMUNDO (V.O.)
¿Qué?
(What?)

RAQUEL
Mateo... Se lo robaron.
(Mateo... He's been kidnapped.)

RAYMUNDO (V.O.)
¿Necesitas dinero?
(Do you need money?)

RAQUEL
No. No es eso.
(No. It's not like that.)

RAYMUNDO (V.O.)
¿Entonces por qué?
(Why then?)

Raquel wipes the tears from her cheeks.

RAQUEL
No se.
(I don't know.)

RAYMUNDO (V.O.)
Entonces puede ser por dinero.
(Then it may be money.)

Raquel stands and starts pacing restlessly.

RAQUEL
No. No creo que sea eso.
(No. I don't think so.)

RAYMUNDO (V.O.)
¿Por qué no?
(Why not?)

RAQUEL
Porque fue el hermano de Paul.
(It was Paul's brother.)

RAYMUNDO (V.O.)
¿Qué? ¿Por qué?
(What? Why?)

RAQUEL
No se, Papá.
(I don't know, Papa.)

RAYMUNDO (V.O.)
Yo creía que Paul no tenía familia.
(I thought Paul had no family.)

RAQUEL
Eso fue lo que me dijo.
(That's what he said.)

RAYMUNDO (V.O.)
Me voy para allá mañana.
(I'll fly up there tomorrow.)

RAQUEL
No, Papá. Para entonces esto ya
estará acabado.
(No, Papa. It should be over by
then.)

RAYMUNDO (V.O.)
¿Por qué?
(Why?)

Raquel stops pacing.

RAQUEL
Es que ... Sabemos quien lo hizo.
Parece que Paul sabe adonde van.
(It's just... We know who did it.)

Paul seems to know where he'll be going.)

RAYMUNDO (V.O.)

¿Adonde?
(Where?)

RAQUEL

No se exactamente. Los Angeles.
(I don't know exactly. Los Angeles.)

RAYMUNDO (V.O.)

¿Los Angeles?
(Los Angeles?)

RAQUEL

Sí.
(Yes.)

RAYMUNDO (V.O.)

¿Necesitas algo?
(Do you need anything?)

RAQUEL

No sé. No sé que hacer, Papá.
(I don't know. I don't know what to do, Papa.)

INT. STOLEN CAR #1 - NIGHT

Mark anxiously exits Interstate 5, enters Eugene, Oregon, and drives west on Franklin Blvd.

MARK

Okay, okay. Think, think. He knows I was there. Means someone saw me. Maybe with the car. So I need new clothes and a new car. A car and some clothes.

As the car approaches the University of Oregon, Mark zeros-in on the campus.

INT. STOLEN CAR #1 - NIGHT

Mark drives through the University of Oregon campus, looks for dorms, finds some, parks his car, and opens the door.

EXT. UNIVERSITY OF OREGON - NIGHT

Mark stalks around the dorms until, eventually, he notices a student exit a laundry room.

Mark anxiously scopes the grounds, then lumbers toward the laundry room in a clumsy attempt to appear inconspicuous.

INT. UNIVERSITY OF OREGON - LAUNDRY - NIGHT

Mark tentatively enters the vacant room and finds numerous laundry machines operating.

EXT. GONZALEZ HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Raquel exits a taxi, ignores the swarming news people as she aimlessly treads up the driveway, suddenly notices the house taped as a crime scene, looks like she may vomit, and sits down while staring at the tape.

As the news cameras capture her response, Raquel turns her head and notices the garage lit inside.

INT. UNIVERSITY OF OREGON - LAUNDRY - NIGHT

Mark looks around the laundry room, finds a storage room door partially open, and goes inside the room.

Once inside he takes out some cocaine and snorts it.

After taking a second hit and putting the cocaine back in his pocket, he returns to the laundry room.

As Mark opens a drier, LINDA (20s) enters the laundry room carrying dirty laundry. She is dressed only in a sweatshirt, shorts, and flip flops.

Linda notices Mark and smiles coyly.

Mark cracks an uncomfortable smile; then checks the clothes inside the drier, puts them back inside, and sits.

Linda puts her clothes in a washer, then turns and looks at Mark as she sits down.

LINDA

Hi.

INT. GONZALEZ HOUSE - GARAGE - NIGHT

Raquel examines the garage's content until, eventually, she comes across an open safe and investigates.

As she reaches toward the safe she steps on something, looks down, sees a single key on a ring, picks it up, examines it for a couple seconds, then pulls out a chain from under her shirt, and compares the key with another key around her neck. They're obviously different.

EXT. INTERSTATE 5 - SALEM, OR - NIGHT

Paul's Prius speeds southbound on Interstate 5 and past a city limits sign.

INT. PAUL'S PRIUS - NIGHT

As Paul drives, he talks on his cell phone using his reliable headset.

PAUL
Darlene? It's Paul. I --

He listens to Darlene on the cell phone.

PAUL
No, it's not about Nate. I --

He continues to listen to Darlene on the cell phone.

PAUL
No, I'm in Oregon.

He continues to listen to Darlene.

PAUL
No, it's your brother.

He takes a long, slow breath as he continues to listen to Darlene.

PAUL
He came to my house --

He opens the glove compartment and grabs a piece of paper as he continues to listen to Darlene.

PAUL
Yeah, here. And --

He looks for a pen in the glove compartment as he continues to listen to Darlene.

PAUL
No. I don't know why. I was
hoping you --

He pulls his Prius over and stops on the side of the road as he continues to listen to Darlene.

PAUL
No. Um --

He scribbles a note as he continues to listen to Darlene.

PAUL
Yeah. And --

Paul closes his eyes and rubs his forehead as he continues to listen to Darlene.

PAUL
Yeah.

Paul removes his hand from his forehead, opens his eyes, and looks up as he continues to listen to Darlene.

PAUL
Yeah, I guess. Or you could call
the morgue.

INT. GONZALEZ HOUSE - GARAGE - NIGHT

Raquel goes into the loft and investigates.

She comes across a green and red storage box marked "Christmas Decorations," opens it, and finds shoe boxes inside. She opens a shoe box and finds letters inside.

She reviews some of the envelopes, notices that each is from Carrie Lassey, has been postmarked in Guerneville, CA, and is unopened.

She flips over an envelope and notices the following message written on the back: "I hope you don't mind if I still call you son."

INT. UNIVERSITY OF OREGON - LAUNDRY - NIGHT

Mark walks to the drier, checks its clothes, then takes them out.

He takes only enough clothes to wear, suspiciously studies Linda, then takes out all of the clothes.

He holds the pile of clothes, looks for a basket, can't find one, places the clothes on a table, and slowly folds them with a care and precision known by only a few who are not prisoners or monks.

LINDA
You a grad student?

Mark continues folding.

LINDA
Hello?

Mark turns and looks at Linda.

LINDA
Hi.

Mark nods.

LINDA
You a grad student?

Mark awkwardly nods his head, then turns away and continues folding clothes.

LINDA
Know where I can buy?

Mark turns and looks at Linda. When he sees her staring at him he merely shakes his head, then turns away and continues folding clothes until, a few seconds later:

MARK
I wish.

LINDA
Yeah.

Mark walks into the storage room, finds a garbage bag, takes it, returns to the laundry room, puts his folded clothes in the bag, then turns toward Linda.

MARK
What are you doing?

LINDA
My laundry.

Mark cracks an awkward smile.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Raquel sits on the floor of her motel room. She sits between the two beds, with the shoeboxes in front of her, engrossed in a letter.

INT. UNIVERSITY OF OREGON - LAUNDRY STORAGE ROOM - NIGHT

A fully clothed Mark is having sex with Linda in the storage room.

CARRIE (V.O.)

I asked Mark to move out again.

Mark climaxes.

CARRIE (V.O.)

It's like dealing with his dad.

When Linda tries to slide her hands up Mark's shirt, he abruptly stops her, and zips his pants.

INT. UNIVERSITY OF OREGON - LAUNDRY - NIGHT

Mark flees the storage room and heads to the bag of clothes he tucked under a table.

CARRIE (V.O.)

I just need to accept that little boy I mothered is dead.

Linda studies Mark as he takes clothes out of the bag and carries them into the storage room to change.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Raquel lies on a bed reading a letter.

She finishes reading the letter, tosses it on the floor, looks through another shoebox, finds report cards and awards, and spreads them over the bed.

Raquel looks through another shoe box, finds photos, and spreads them over the bed.

She finds family photos from when Paul was a child.

She unexpectedly comes across dozens of photos documenting welts, scars, bruises, and burns on various parts of young Paul's and Mark's bodies; and studies them slowly.

She starts caressing photos as if she comforting the children in them.

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

Paul's Prius rests in the darkest parking spot next to a barren Eugene, Oregon, park.

INT. PAUL'S PRIUS - NIGHT

Paul stares at a group of teenagers innocently playing in a playground as if they're young children. As the moment passes Paul looks like he's about to cry.

Paul's cell phone rings and he inattentively answers it using the headset he's still wearing.

PAUL
Hello.

JUAN (V.O.)
Hey.

PAUL
Hey.

JUAN (V.O.)
How you holding on?

PAUL
Uh, I don't know. I thought I was.
But...

JUAN (V.O.)
They'll find him.

PAUL
Yeah ...

JUAN (V.O.)
What?

PAUL
I don't know. I think I really
fucked up.

JUAN (V.O.)
Give her time. She --

PAUL
What did she say?

JUAN (V.O.)
She asked me if I knew about your
brothers.

Paul rubs his forehead.

JUAN (V.O.)
Just tell her the truth.

PAUL
I don't know. Maybe if it was
yesterday.

JUAN (V.O.)
She just wants Mateo back.

Paul stares pensively into the night's darkness.

INT. UNIVERSITY OF OREGON - LAUNDRY - NIGHT

Mark exits the storage room dressed in different clothes,
notices Linda left the room and left her wallet on a table,
walks to it, and takes the money inside.

Linda enters the room, notices Mark stealing her money, and
walks toward him. She angrily cocks her arms in preparation
to shove him.

Mark turns toward Linda as she shoves him against the table.

Mark impulsively shoves Linda, causing her to fall to the
floor.

When Linda impulsively bites him, Mark thrusts his hands out
and chokes her until her breathless body extinguishes his
rage.

Mark looks at the front door as he drags Linda's corpse into
the storage room, and closes the door.

He looks at the front door again, walks to the table, grabs a
cigarette, lights and smokes it.

He grabs Linda's possessions and walks them to the storage
room.

He drops the items and hallucinogenic mushrooms, a syringe,
and heroin fall to the floor.

Mark puts out his cigarette, takes his score, and leaves.

FADE OUT.

EXT. ROLLING HILLS CENTER - MORNING

As the day's first light shimmers through an unusually thick fog covering the grounds, we hear the following flashback from Paul's therapy session.

PSYCHOLOGIST (V.O.)
So when was the last time you saw Mark?

PAUL
About 5 years ago. A couple days before I moved to Portland.

PSYCHOLOGIST (V.O.)
And you last saw your step-brother, Dennis, around the same time?

PAUL (V.O.)
Half-brother. No. I visited him once. A year later.

PSYCHOLOGIST (V.O.)
What is it?

PAUL (V.O.)
I was just wondering if that's how they found out where I live.

INT. ROLLING HILLS CENTER - DENNIS' ROOM - MORNING

While DENNIS (20s) -- Mark's and Paul's moderately mentally disabled brother -- paces in his room and his ROOMMATE sleeps, we continue to hear Paul's therapy session.

PSYCHOLOGIST (V.O.)
Could Dennis have told them?

PAUL (V.O.)
No. Maybe a fragment. But I wouldn't say anything around him anyway.

PSYCHOLOGIST (V.O.)
Why not?

PAUL (V.O.)
He doesn't like secrets. He doesn't deal with stress well.

Dennis abruptly stops pacing, grabs his crotch, and shuffles out of the room.

INT. ROLLING HILLS CENTER - HALLWAY - MORNING

As Dennis holds his crotch and shuffles to a bathroom, we continue to hear Paul's therapy session.

PAUL (V.O.)

What?

PSYCHOLOGIST (V.O.)

I was just thinking. I may be wrong; but you seem to talk about Mark and Dennis like they're your children instead of your brothers.

PAUL (V.O.)

Yeah.

Dennis tries but fails to open the locked bathroom door, then shuffles back to his room, as we continue to hear Paul's therapy session.

PSYCHOLOGIST (V.O.)

That's a big responsibility.

PAUL (V.O.)

Yeah.

PSYCHOLOGIST (V.O.)

Is it a burden?

PAUL (V.O.)

Yeah. That's probably part of the reason I left.

INT. ROLLING HILLS CENTER - DENNIS' ROOM - MORNING

As Dennis holds his crotch and paces a few feet from his sleeping roommate, we continue to hear Paul's therapy session.

PSYCHOLOGIST (V.O.)

Makes sense. What was the other part?

PAUL (V.O.)

I don't know.

PSYCHOLOGIST (V.O.)

When was the last time you felt afraid?

PAUL (V.O.)

Of my brothers?

PSYCHOLOGIST (V.O.)
Of anything.

PAUL (V.O.)
I don't know. Why?

Dennis holds his crotch and rocks as he unsuccessfully tries to shake his roommate awake.

PSYCHOLOGIST (V.O.)
I'm just wondering. It may be nothing. But you said you take care of your brothers because they don't deal well with stress. Yet earlier you said the same thing about yourself. So I'm just --

PAUL (V.O.)
I got it.

PSYCHOLOGIST (V.O.)
What's that?

PAUL (V.O.)
Am I afraid I'm as fucked up as my brothers?

PSYCHOLOGIST (V.O.)
Well, that's not how I would say it.

Dennis holds his crotch as he jumps up and down.

PAUL (V.O.)
I think most people want to think they're different than Mark and Dennis. But I think it's just a matter of degrees. We all have our tipping point.

PSYCHOLOGIST (V.O.)
Yes, we do. I guess I was asking where you think yours is.

PAUL (V.O.)
I don't know.

PSYCHOLOGIST (V.O.)
Is that why you've been worried your wife might leave you?

PAUL (V.O.)
I don't know.

PSYCHOLOGIST (V.O.)
I'm curious. What are you feeling
right now?

Dennis abruptly takes his hands off of his crotch, rocks back and forth, then impulsively walks to his roommate's bed and urinates on his roommate's head.

The Roommate cries out.

ROOMMATE
Jerry!

DENNIS
Jerry!

EXT. JASPER STATE PARK - MORNING

The few campers here are awake, dressed, fed, and departing for their day's adventures.

INT. STOLEN CAR #2 - MORNING

A sleeping Mark eventually wakes, stretches, takes a gasping breath, and looks around the park.

He takes his shirt off - exposing the tattoos, scars, and old burns covering his torso and back -- and meditates in the car. He seems remarkably relaxed.

INT. LASSEY HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - MORNING

OFFICER SPURRELL (30s) stands on the porch, his fist raised in anticipation of knocking on the front door. But before acting, the door opens just enough for Carrie to look out.

OFFICER SPURRELL
Mrs. Lassey?

CARRIE
Yes. Who are you?

OFFICER SPURRELL
Ron Spurrell, mam. Mark's parole officer.

CARRIE
Spurrell?

OFFICER SPURRELL
Yes, mam.

CARRIE
Are you related to Ken Spurrell?

OFFICER SPURRELL
He's my father, mam.

CARRIE
(Partially opening door)
Oh. Come on in, Ron.

Officer Spurrell doesn't move.

OFFICER SPURRELL
I'm sorry to disturb you so early,
Mrs. Lassey.

CARRIE
I understand. Boy, it's been
years.

OFFICER SPURRELL
Yes, mam.

Carrie opens the door completely.

CARRIE
How's your father? Enjoying
retirement?

OFFICER SPURRELL
He seems to be.

CARRIE
You used to run around with... I
can't remember. Would you have run
around with Paul or Mark?

OFFICER SPURRELL
Mam?

CARRIE
At the police barbecues.

OFFICER SPURRELL
Oh, it would have been Paul, Mrs.
Lassey.

CARRIE
(Pointing toward the
garage)
He was staying in the garage.

OFFICER SPURRELL
Who?

CARRIE

Mark.

OFFICER SPURRELL

I'm sorry, Mrs. Lassey. He was?

CARRIE

I kicked him out. But he keeps coming back.

OFFICER SPURRELL

Is he here?

INT. LASSEY HOUSE - GARAGE - MORNING

As Officer Spurrell looks for clues and contraband, Carrie thumbs through a photo album.

Officer Spurrell finds some contraband, inconspicuously collects it, hides it, picks up a bag of pills, and holds the bag up.

OFFICER SPURRELL

Do you know how long Mark has been using this?

Carrie looks at the bag and shakes her head.

CARRIE

No.

OFFICER SPURRELL

Mark never gave me a cell number. You have one for him?

CARRIE

No. He doesn't like them.

OFFICER SPURRELL

My experience is parolees say that, but they're usually just ... lying. If you find anything that might be a number, will you call me?

Officer Spurrell continues to hold the contraband inconspicuously as he gives Carrie his card.

CARRIE

Of course.

Officer Spurrell continues looking for contraband and clues in the garage as he talks.

OFFICER SPURRELL
Do you have a number for Paul?

CARRIE
Uh, no. Has Mark done something?

OFFICER SPURRELL
He was supposed to meet with me
yesterday.

CARRIE
I mean do you think he's involved
in something?

Officer Spurrell pauses, then holds the two bullets he's been holding in his hand.

OFFICER SPURRELL
Are these yours?

Carrie shakes her head.

OFFICER SPURRELL
Do you know where he could be?

Carrie pauses and considers what to do.

CARRIE
Do you know Tom Reilly?

INT. MOTEL ROOM - MORNING

Raquel sits on a bed, looking through a shoebox as she talks to Paul on the phone.

RAQUEL
Hey Rojo.

PAUL (V.O.)
Hey. How are you doing?

RAQUEL
Oh, overwhelmed. You?

INT. PAUL'S PRIUS - MORNING

The car's interior is littered with empty junk food wrappers as the vehicle heads south on California's Highway 101.

Paul talks with Raquel using his cell phone headset.

PAUL
I couldn't sleep. But I got a lot
of driving done.

Paul reaches for a prescription vile inside the glove compartment.

RAQUEL (V.O.)
Where are you?

Paul shakes the prescription vial.

PAUL
Fuck!

RAQUEL (V.O.)
What?

PAUL
I just forgot to pick up my meds
yesterday.

RAQUEL (V.O.)
How long has it been?

Paul becomes noticeably annoyed by Raquel's inquiry.

PAUL
Four days.

RAQUEL (V.O.)
Rojo!

PAUL
I know.

RAQUEL (V.O.)
Want me to do anything?

PAUL
No, I'll stop at a pharmacy. Have
you talked with the police today?

INT. MOTEL ROOM - MORNING

Raquel is standing between the two beds. In the background, the motel's thick curtains block the morning light.

RAQUEL
No. ... Have you told your parents
you're coming to Guerneville?

PAUL (V.O.)

Uh, no.

There is an awkwardly long pause.

PAUL (V.O.)

Pico?

RAQUEL

What?

PAUL (V.O.)

It's not going to help. If I call,
it's just going to stir things up.
I just --

RAQUEL

Okay.

PAUL (V.O.)

I told you I don't want my brother
knowing anyone is looking for him.

RAQUEL

Okay!

INT. UNIVERSITY OF OREGON - LAUNDRY - MORNING

Eugene police officers investigate the murder scene.

DETECTIVE FITZBAG walks in the front door, notices OFFICER WALLACE handling an evidence bag, and approaches him.

OFFICER WALLACE

Detective.

DETECTIVE FITZBAG

Drew.

OFFICER WALLACE

Looks like an easy one.

DETECTIVE FITZBAG

What have you got?

OFFICER WALLACE

Expired license with the name "Paul
Lassey." Portland. Traces of
coke, but no bag. Prints all over,
including all over the victim.

DETECTIVE FITZBAG

DNA?

OFFICER WALLACE

All over of the place. Even looks like he tossed a condom in the garbage and forgot to go back.

DETECTIVE FITZBAG

(Shaking his head)

Marks.

EXT. JASPER STATE PARK - MORNING

Mark stands next to stolen car #2, nonchalantly urinating in full view of someone walking past his campsite.

Once he's done he pulls up his pants, slaps his hands together as if he's cleaning them, then gets in the car.

INT. STOLEN CAR #2 - MORNING

Mark starts the car, immediately looks at the gas gauge, notices it has less than 1/4 tank of gas, nonchalantly turns it off, and opens the door.

INT. STOLEN CAR #3 - MORNING

Mark drives northwest along Willamette Highway in his newest stolen car. He breathes irregularly and tensely grips the steering wheel as he anxiously scouts for the police.

EXT. WILLAMETTE HIGHWAY - MORNING

Mark's stolen car #3 approaches and drives on to Highway 5 heading south.

INT. STOLEN CAR #3 - MORNING

As a relieved Mark drives south on Interstate 5.

He eventually turns on the radio, turns the dial past loud music and news, finds a Christian program, and drives into the new day hearing about God's love for his children.

INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - MORNING

Carrie's leg twitches as she sits on the waiting room couch.

Carrie's THERAPIST opens her office door, and looks at Carrie. Carrie immediately stands right up.

CARRIE
I need to talk with you.

The Therapist returns to her office, retrieves her appointment book, and looks at it as she speaks.

THERAPIST
Tomorrow at 11?

CARRIE
I need it now.

The Therapist pauses and reflects on Carrie's words.

THERAPIST
Are you still taking your meds?

CARRIE
Yes.

The Therapist pauses and looks into Carrie's eyes.

THERAPIST
I just want to make sure. Have you been drinking?

CARRIE
I spoke with Paul.

THERAPIST
I'm glad to hear that. I hope it went well. And I'm not going to talk about this now.

CARRIE
Cathy, I can't wait until tomorrow.

THERAPIST
Why not?

A shaking Carrie sits down.

THERAPIST
Carrie, I want to talk with you. You know I do. But this is going to work only if we follow our rules. Now, if you're in crisis, I can find someone you can speak with.

Carrie takes a deep breath to collect herself.

Her cell phone suddenly rings and she looks at her therapist for guidance.

THERAPIST

Go ahead. I'll write you down for
11 tomorrow.

Carrie answers the phone.

INT. ARCATA PHARMACY - MORNING

Paul holds orange juice, a box of donuts, and potato chips as he stands a few feet behind a customer being helped by the PHARMACIST ASSISTANT.

Paul turns and quickly tenses up as he watches a mother impatiently grab a child. He fails to notice the customer in front of him leave.

PHARMACIST ASSISTANT

Next.

Paul remains fixed on the mother as she shakes her child. But just before he confronts her:

PHARMACIST ASSISTANT

May I help you?

Paul continues watching the mother as he walks to the counter, places his items down, sticks out his empty prescription bottle, then looks at the Pharmacist Assistant.

PAUL

Refill.

As the Pharmacist Assistant looks up the prescription in her computer, Paul unsuccessfully looks for the mother.

PHARMACIST ASSISTANT

It's showing you're out of refills.

Paul slowly returns his attention to the Pharmacist Assistant.

PAUL

So what do I have to do?

PHARMACIST ASSISTANT

How many pills do you have left?

PAUL

None.

PHARMACIST ASSISTANT

Well, we can't get your doctor to
approve this until Monday.

PAUL
So what do I do?

PHARMACIST ASSISTANT
Well, the easiest thing is to see
an on-call doctor, explain your
situation, and get a new
prescription.

PAUL
What if I don't have that long?

The Pharmacist Assistant shrugs her shoulders.

PAUL
Is there any way to get enough for
a couple days?

The Pharmacist Assistant shakes her head.

Paul takes a long breath, during which his cell phone rings.
He looks, sees that's it's Juan, but doesn't answer, then
returns his attention to the Pharmacist Assistant.

PAUL
May I talk to the pharmacist?

The PHARMACIST stops filling a prescription and looks at
Paul.

PHARMACIST ASSISTANT
Sure; but --

PAUL
He's not going to be able to do
anything?

The Pharmacist Assistant shakes her head. Paul grabs a piece
of paper and a pen.

PAUL
May I have your name please?

PHARMACIST ASSISTANT
Um --

PAUL
And the pharmacist's name, too,
please.

The Pharmacist walks to Paul.

PHARMACIST
May I help you, sir?

PAUL
I don't know. I'm just trying to
get my prescription.

PHARMACIST
Would you like me to help you
contact a local on-call doctor?

PAUL
(To himself)
Fuck it!

PHARMACIST
Excuse me?

Paul glares at the pharmacist until, suddenly, he farts, watches the pharmacist's surprised reaction, turns away, and exits the store.

EXT. ARCATA PHARMACY - MORNING

As Paul walks through the parking lot, he knocks over a shopping cart and continues walking to his Prius.

His cell phone beeps, indicating he has received a new message, as he opens his car door.

INT. PAUL'S PRIUS - MORNING

Paul listens to the message as he grips his idling vehicle's steering wheel.

JUAN'S PHONE MESSAGE (V.O.)
Hey. I'm just calling to see how
you're doing. We're thinking of
you. ... Anyway, keep in touch.
Call.

Paul shakes his head as he hangs up the cell phone and drives off.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - MORNING

Raquel holds Paul's safe deposit key as she roams through the room, looking for her cell phone.

When the search ends fruitlessly, Raquel makes a call using the motel phone.

INT. STOLEN CAR #3 - MORNING

Mark drives south on Interstate 5, entering Roseburg, Oregon, while listening to a Christian radio program address the glory of God's design.

Suddenly his cell phone rings and Mark impulsively answers it without looking to see who is calling.

MARK

Hello.

RAQUEL (V.O.)

Paul?

Mark quickly hangs up, pauses, then abruptly turns off the radio as he continues to drive.

There's an awkwardly long silence.

MARK

Fuck!

INT. MOTEL ROOM - MORNING

Raquel is in her motel room, pacing between the two beds as she holds the motel phone in one hand and talks into the receiver she's holding in the other hand.

RAQUEL

I don't know. I just think it was your brother.

Raquel stops pacing as she listens to the other person on the phone.

RAQUEL

I don't know. I was looking for my cell, called it, someone answered.

Raquel sits down on one of the beds.

RAQUEL

Paul, just call and find out if it's him.

Raquel lowers the phone receiver, closes her eyes, takes a long breath,, then replaces the receiver against her ear.

RAQUEL

You don't have to tell him where you are. Or just say you're here.

Raquel impulsively stands and continues pacing.

RAQUEL
I don't know. Maybe he'll slip and
give some info. Or he'll let you
talk with Mateo.

Raquel stops pacing.

RAQUEL
Paul?

Raquel takes a deep breath as she listens to the other person on the phone.

RAQUEL
I'm not going to call. Don't
worry.

Raquel looks at the key on the dresser as she listens to the other person on the phone.

RAQUEL
I said I wouldn't call him!

We hear Paul hang up.

Raquel glares at the receiver, then drops it and the phone on the floor.

She stares at the key for a moment, walks to the dresser, picks up the key, and exits the room.

INT. STOLEN CAR #3 - MORNING

Mark impulsively turns off of Interstate 5, on to Highway 138, and drives east.

MARK
Stupid.

Mark shakes his head and yells.

MARK
Stupid!

Mark slams his head against the steering wheel and yells.

MARK
Fuck!

INT. PAUL'S PRIUS - MORNING

Paul squeezes the steering wheel tightly as he drives south on the Redwood Highway.

PAUL
Fuck!

Paul's cell phone rings; but he continues looking at the road without answering the call.

The phone rings again. This time he looks at the caller's number and reluctantly answers it using his suddenly intrusive headset.

PAUL
Hello.

CARRIE (V.O.)
Paul?

PAUL
Yeah.

CARRIE (V.O.)
Did you call Dennis?

Paul's brow cringes in frustration.

PAUL
Yeah.

CARRIE (V.O.)
Why?

PAUL
How did you get this number?

CARRIE (V.O.)
You know how sensitive he is.

PAUL
What are you talking about? What happened?

CARRIE (V.O.)
Rolling Hills said you called.

PAUL
Yeah. So?

CARRIE (V.O.)
He won't come out of his room now.

PAUL

Why not?

CARRIE (V.O.)

I don't know. What did you tell him?

PAUL

I didn't tell him anything. I just left a message.

CARRIE (V.O.)

What was it?

PAUL

Nothing. I just hadn't talked with him in a long time.

CARRIE (V.O.)

Well, you upset him.

There is an awkwardly long silence.

INT. LASSEY HOUSE - SPARE BEDROOM - MORNING

Carrie sits in front of her computer as she talks on the phone. There's a glass of wine on her desk.

CARRIE

Would you do me a favor?

PAUL (V.O.)

No!

Carrie drinks some wine as she considers how to respond.

CARRIE

Why not?

There is an awkwardly long silence; and Carrie accesses her e-mail inbox, finds an e-mail from Devine Detective Services, and opens the e-mail.

CARRIE

I don't understand. Why did you call him now?

PAUL (V.O.)

I already told you.

During the pause that follows, Carrie reads her e-mail. It states, "No need for a retainer this time.

I already called a friend at the police department and got some useful info. Probably best we talk on the phone. Jim Devine"

PAUL (V.O.)

How did you get this phone number?

Carrie clicks "Reply" on the e-mail.

INT. STOLEN CAR #3 - MORNING

Mark smokes a cigarette as he drives east on Oregon's Highway 138 through Swiftwater Park.

After a moment, he starts steering with his leg as he prepares to inject some heroin while driving.

After only a few seconds he barely avoids an accident by grabbing the steering wheel.

Mark tosses the syringe and heroin down, throws the cigarette out the window, takes some magic mushrooms out of the bag, and shakes his head in disappointment as he eats them.

EXT. HIGHWAY 138 - MORNING

Stolen car #3 heads east along the long, straight corridor surrounded by seemingly impregnable Oregonian trees.

INT. BANK - DAY

A preoccupied Raquel enters a Portland, Oregon, bank, pauses for a pensive moment, then wanders toward a TELLER's counter.

TELLER

Good morning.

RAQUEL

Morning.

The teller examines Raquel's facial expressions until Raquel returns with a confused glance.

TELLER

I just want to say I'm sorry about your son.

RAQUEL

I'm sorry?

TELLER
I saw you on the news.

RAQUEL
Oh. Thank you.

TELLER
Did they find him yet?

RAQUEL
Uh, no.

TELLER
I'm sure they will.

The teller looks up a registration card.

RAQUEL
Thank you.

TELLER
Do they know who took him yet?

RAQUEL
Uh, no.

The teller notices Raquel's discomfort and pauses.

TELLER
I'm sorry. But your name isn't on
the card.

RAQUEL
What card?

TELLER
The registration card.

RAQUEL
How do I get my name on it?

TELLER
Your husband would have to add you.

RAQUEL
Is there any other way? He's out
of town and we really need...

Unable to complete the fable, Raquel stares at the teller,
looking overwhelmed and fragile.

The teller strains to consider what to do.

EXT. BANK - DAY

Raquel is engrossed in a letter as she exits the bank until she abruptly stumbles off the sidewalk and into the street.

She looks up, notices a cell phone store across the street, and heads straight to it.

EXT. ROLLING HILLS CENTER - BACK YARD - DAY

Dennis climbs out of his bedroom window, into the back yard, runs to a fence, and climbs over the fence.

EXT. ROLLING HILLS' NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Dennis hastily runs around the corner, trips, falls down, and grabs his knee as he sits up.

When he hears someone approaching, he abruptly stands up and limps to a bus stop.

EXT. CELL PHONE STORE - DAY

Raquel exits the cell phone store as she talks on her new cell phone.

RAQUEL

I'm sorry you've had all this ...
happen to you, Paul.

Raquel stops, sits, puts her head between her legs, takes a deep breath, and pauses.

RAQUEL

You know, that's not true. I'm
sure one day I'll be sorry. But,
right now... It just feels like
everything is falling apart.

Raquel listens on the phone.

RAQUEL

No, I'm not. Why didn't you tell
me about Darlene?

An agitated Raquel stands as she listens.

RAQUEL

Okay. But you didn't tell me about
Nate.

Raquel walks to her car as she listens.

RAQUEL
So you hid the letters in a safe
deposit box?

Raquel continues to walk to her car as she listens.

RAQUEL
What are you talking about?

Raquel goes inside her car as she continues to listen.

RAQUEL
No! No! I'm asking the questions.
I don't understand. So you just
left your son and moved to
Portland?

INT. PAUL'S PRIUS - DAY

Paul drives southbound on California's Redwood Highway. A half finished orange juice container, mostly empty box of donuts, and unopened potato chip bag are next to him.

Throughout the following conversation, he holds his headset next to his ear to listen and up to his mouth to talk.

PAUL
I didn't even know about Nate until
a couple months ago.

Paul listens on the phone.

PAUL
Of course I was going to tell you.
I just wanted to understand the
situation first.

Paul listens on the phone.

PAUL
I don't know. Darlene just wrote
and told me about him.

Paul listens on the phone.

PAUL
Raquel, you've got the letters.
Just read them. She doesn't want
to be with me. She doesn't even
want Nate to know about me.

As he continues listening, Paul grabs a donut, picks it up, pauses, then tosses it on the passenger seat.

PAUL

No, that is not why I'm fucking driving there.

Paul impulsively strangles the steering wheel as he continues to listen on the phone.

PAUL

You know. I'm sorry if I haven't dealt with all of this as well as I should have. And part of me is glad you know. But I have no interest in talking about this shit right now. I just want to get there, preferably before Mark, and surprise him.

Paul listens on the phone.

PAUL

No, I'm not going to fucking stop cursing.

We hear Raquel hang up.

Paul punches the dash board, then yells as he shakes his hand in pain.

PAUL

Fuck!

EXT. GONZALEZ HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

Raquel paces with an agitated fervor until, eventually and suddenly, she stops and stares at the yard's plants.

She fetches a bucket and a cultivator, kneels on the ground, loosens the soil around a weed, pulls it up, and tosses it in the bucket.

She repeats this process, pulling weed after weed, doing so more calmly as the weeds disappear from her life.

Raquel pauses, takes a relaxing breath, then continues at a leisurely pace.

INT. STOLEN CAR #3 - DAY

Mark sees Diamond Lake, Oregon, impulsively slams the car's brakes, and stares at its peaceful surface until, eventually and suddenly:

MARK

Fuck!

He yanks his attention from his surroundings, to his glove compartment, jerks his heroin from it, and shoots up.

EXT. DIAMOND LAKE - DAY

Mark gets out of the car, notices it's parked in the middle of the road, shakes his head, then pees on the asphalt.

He pulls up his pants as a car swerves around him, then returns inside his car.

INT. GONZALEZ HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

Sgt. Donovan hastily enters the front door and walks straight to Officer Froberg.

SGT. DONOVAN

We know yet?

OFFICER FROBERG

Yeah.

SGT. DONOVAN

What shape is it in?

OFFICER FROBERG

Intact. Looks like strangulation.

SGT. DONOVAN

Prints?

OFFICER FROBERG

Not yet.

SGT. DONOVAN

Where is she?

OFFICER FROBERG

Back yard.

SGT. DONOVAN

She know?

OFFICER FROBERG

No.

SGT. DONOVAN

Let me know when it's time to tell her.

INT. STOLEN CAR #3 - DAY

As Mark sits in the car, the cell phone rings and he impulsively answers it without saying anything.

RAQUEL (V.O.)

Mark?

MARK

Yeah.

RAQUEL (V.O.)

This is Raquel Gonzalez. Paul's wife.

Mark freezes.

RAQUEL (V.O.)

Hello?

EXT. DIAMOND LAKE - DAY

Mark is standing 20 feet away from the car, turns and faces it, and raises a fist like he wants to hit something.

RAQUEL (V.O.)

Okay. I'll just ask. You said something about a note.

Mark paces back and forth.

MARK

No!

RAQUEL (V.O.)

Okay. Okay. I just --

MARK

No!

RAQUEL (V.O.)

I just want my son back.

Mark stops pacing and searches for available escape routes.

RAQUEL (V.O.)

Mark?

Marks rushes away from his car.

MARK

No!

RAQUEL (V.O.)

What? What do you mean no?

Marks stops walking, turns around, and starts walking back to his car.

MARK

No! I'm not doing this! I'm not playing these games.

RAQUEL (V.O.)

What? What --

Mark throws the cell phone on the ground and points at it.

MARK

No!

Mark stares at the cell phone until, eventually, he picks it up, walks to his car, gets inside, and drives away.

EXT. GONZALEZ HOUSE - BACK YARD - DAY

Raquel holds the phone to her side as she turns, faces the house, and sees Sgt. Donovan staring at her solemnly. She continues staring at him as she shambles toward the house.

INT. GONZALEZ HOUSE - CRAWL SPACE - DAY

Raquel hurries under the crawl space as she scopes it with a flashlight.

SGT. DONOVAN (O.S.)

Mrs. Gonzalez, please.

She sees a detective working in an intensely lit area and hurries to him.

Sgt. Donovan crawls under the house and follows Raquel.

As she approaches the detective approaches Raquel, wraps his arms around her, and restrains her.

Sgt. Donovan reaches Raquel and wraps his arms around to console her.

Raquel stretches in hope of seeing her son.

RAQUEL
I want to see my son.

SGT. DONOVAN
I know.

When Raquel tries to break free of Sgt. Donovan's grip, he holds her more firmly and presses his head next to hers.

RAQUEL
I know how. I work at --

SGT. DONOVAN
I know. I know. But not now. Not now, Mrs. Gonzalez. Not yet. Let the detective do his job. Let him catch your son's killer, mam. Soon. You'll get to see him, I promise.

Raquel turns away from Sgt. Donovan and vomits.

INT. STOLEN CAR #3 - DAY

Mark drives anxiously and aimlessly along Diamond Lake.

MARK
Okay. Okay. What now? ... Fuck!
What was that about? Okay think.
Think!

Mark slaps himself on the face.

MARK
Think!

Mark accidentally drives off the road, slams the brakes, and hits a tree.

Another car stops, its driver gets out, and the driver walks to Mark's car.

Mark stumbles out of his car, anxiously staggers around the other driver, and walks away without saying anything.

EXT. GONZALEZ HOUSE - MATEO'S BEDROOM - DAY

As Raquel stands in the middle of the room and stares at Mateo's bed, her phone rings and rings and rings. She eventually raises it to her ear.

RAQUEL

Papá.

RAYMUNDO (V.O.)

(Concerned)

Pico.

RAQUEL

Papá, Mateo... Esta muerto, Papá.
(He's dead, Papa.)

RAYMUNDO (V.O.)

No, Pico.

RAQUEL

Papá.

Raquel manages to sit down, takes a breath, then sobs.

RAYMUNDO (V.O.)

Me voy allá mañana. No te preocupes
por irme a recoger. Yo me las
arreglo.
(I'll be there tomorrow. Don't
worry about picking me up. I'll
find my way.)

Raquel collects herself enough to talk.

RAQUEL

Gracias, Papá.
(Thank you, Papa.)

RAYMUNDO (V.O.)

Yo me encargo de hablar a tu mamá y
tus hermanos.
(I'll call your mother and
brothers.)

RAQUEL

Gracias, Papá.
(Thank you, Papa.)

During a mournful silence, Raquel lays down in a fetal-like position.

RAQUEL
Lo mataron, Papá.
(They killed him, Papa.)

RAYMUNDO (V.O.)
Pico, no pienses en eso ahora.
Quieres que llame a Paul?
(Pico, don't think about that now.
Do you want me to call Paul?)

RAQUEL
No.

RAYMUNDO (V.O.)
Yo lo voy a llamar.
(I'll call him.)

RAQUEL
No. Necesito hablar con el.
(No. I need to talk with him.)

EXT. EAST DIAMOND LAKE HIGHWAY - DAY

A stoned and bruised Mark stands in the middle of the road and waves down an oncoming car.

When the car stops, Mark staggers to the passenger door and sticks his head in the open window. He's holding his gun below the window while speaking with the car's DRIVER.

MARK
I need a ride.

DRIVER
Are you okay?

Not knowing how to answer, Mark impulsively points his gun at the driver; and the driver puts his hands up.

MARK
Get out!

The driver puts the car in park.

MARK
I said get out.

The driver puts his hands up.

DRIVER
I need to put it in park.

Mark waves his gun to signal that the driver should get out of the car; and the driver obeys.

As Mark walks around the car, the driver backs away from him. Mark gets in the car and drives away without looking back.

INT. GONZALEZ HOUSE - CRAWL SPACE - DAY

Three police officers stoically place Mateo's corpse in a body bag.

INT. GONZALEZ HOUSE - MATEO'S BEDROOM - DAY

Raquel stares vacuously as she sits on Mateo's bed and holds her cell phone.

A few breaths later she stares at Mateo's toys for a few seconds, closes her eyes for a few seconds, and then repeats this cycle once.

Sgt. Donovan approaches Raquel as she opens her eyes.

SGT. DONOVAN
Mrs. Gonzalez.

Raquel stares at Sgt. Donovan without responding to him.

SGT. DONOVAN
Mam?

Raquel raises her hand and extends her index finger.

RAQUEL
Can you give me a few minutes,
Sargent?

INT. GONZALEZ HOUSE - MATEO'S BEDROOM - DAY

Raquel is pacing back and forth as she listens on the phone.

RAQUEL
What? You knew? And you didn't
tell me?

Raquel abruptly stops pacing as she continues listening on the phone.

RAQUEL
So you tell me our son was
kidnapped?

Raquel starts pacing back and forth as she listens on the phone.

RAQUEL
Okay, we'll return to that one.

INT. PAUL'S PRIUS - DAY

Paul continues driving southbound on the Redwood Highway. He's steering the car using only his legs.

Though he's using his headset, he mindlessly holds up the phone and speaks into it during the following conversation.

Throughout the conversation he repeatedly tries to shake out the throbbing pain in his right hand.

PAUL
Why did who do this?

Paul listens to Raquel as he continues driving.

PAUL
I don't think he did. Tom did it;
then Mark killed him.

Paul listens to Raquel as he continues driving.

PAUL
I don't know what to say, Raquel.
I wasn't there.

Paul listens to Raquel as he continues driving.

PAUL
Because I know my dad. I know he
had something to do with this.

Paul stops his car on the side of the highway as he continues to listen to Raquel.

PAUL
No, it's not like he'd ask Tom to
kill Mateo. It just happened.

Paul's left hand shakes as he tensely reaches for the door handle.

PAUL
What do you want me to say?

INT. GONZALEZ HOUSE - MATEO'S BEDROOM - DAY

As Raquel continues to talk on the phone, she is sitting on the floor, facing a wall only a couple feet away.

RAQUEL
(Yelling)
Why is my son dead?

During the awkwardly long silence as she listens on the phone, she stands up.

RAQUEL
Is that a joke?

During the awkwardly long silence as she listens on the phone, she starts pacing.

RAQUEL
No! Not this time! I want to talk
about this.

She stops pacing, looks at the phone, confirms that Paul hung up, calls him back, and places the phone to her ear. After hearing the phone ring and ring, she calls Paul again.

EXT. REDWOOD HIGHWAY - DAY

Paul's arms are up, his hands wrapped behind his head, as he staggers away from his Prius and the road.

His cell phone rings and he stops walking. The phone rings again; and he answers it as he turns back to his vehicle.

Throughout the following conversation he uses his cell phone without its headset.

PAUL
Okay. What do you want to know?

Paul starts walking as he holds the phone to his ear.

PAUL
The truth? Okay. Here's a truth.
I think Mark and Tom are probably
the nicest people I've known.

Paul starts pacing as he holds the phone to his other ear.

PAUL
Yep.

Paul continues pacing as he pulls the phone a few inches away from his ear.

PAUL
They're just fucked up. So when
things are going bad they fuck up.

Paul continues to hold the phone a few inches away from his ear as he stops walking.

PAUL
Raquel, I don't know what happened.
Mateo probably did something, Tom
thought he was escaping and --

Paul lowers the phone to his waist as he continues walking.

PAUL
Raquel, there's no why. Something
happened, someone panicked, Mateo
was killed.

EXT. GONZALEZ HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

Raquel is pacing as she talks with Paul on the phone.

RAQUEL
That's it?

Raquel continues pacing as she listens to Paul.

RAQUEL
Really?

Raquel continues pacing as she listens to Paul.

RAQUEL
No, I don't believe you.

Raquel continues pacing as she listens to Paul.

RAQUEL
Then why aren't you telling me
about your brother's note?

Raquel stops pacing as she listens to Paul.

RAQUEL
Hello?

INT. PAUL'S PRIUS - DAY

Paul opens the door and sits inside.

RAQUEL (V.O.)
I'm still here.

Paul takes a deep breath.

PAUL
You know, the fact something is
important to Mark doesn't mean it
actually is important.

Paul starts his Prius and zooms southbound on the Redwood Highway, causing an oncoming car to honk as it swerves into the next lane.

PAUL
Actually, I did answer your damn
question.

Paul speeds past the car which just honked at him. He's steering his Prius using only his left hand because of the throbbing pain in his right hand.

PAUL
No, I'm saying you think you want
to know. And if I started to
explain you'd listen at first. But
I'd be counting the minutes. How
long is it going to take? One
minute? Five minutes? Maybe 15?
But at some point you'd make some
cliched comment like "Why do you
have to think about that stuff" and
tell me to let the police deal with
it. And just like that you'd
dismiss everything.

The other car catches up with Paul's; and its driver yells unintelligible ad hominems at Paul.

Paul glares back at the driver as he says:

PAUL
Really? Is that why you never ask
me about my family?

Paul honks, points at the other driver, and abruptly slams the breaks, bringing his Prius to a screeching halt in the middle of the highway. Faced with Paul's escalated challenge, the other car speeds away without ever stopping.

EXT. GONZALEZ HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

Raquel is pacing as she talks with Paul using the phone.

RAQUEL
What are you talking about?

Raquel continues pacing as she listens to Paul.

RAQUEL
I'm serious.

As Paul is heard screaming through the phone, Raquel stops walking.

RAQUEL
I'm sorry. But you really need to
get your meds.

A police officer exits the house; and Raquel walks toward the back of the yard.

RAQUEL
Yeah, well, you're becoming ... I
don't know.

Raquel takes a deep breath as she listens to Paul.

RAQUEL
Really? Then why are you *looking*
for reasons to be angry?

Raquel sits down and waits for a reply.

RAQUEL
Paul?

Raquel lowers her head between her legs and takes a long breath.

INT. PAUL'S PRIUS - DAY

Paul sits in his car, which is parked in the middle of the Redwood Highway.

RAQUEL (V.O.)
Paul?

Paul stares blankly ahead as a car speeds past him.

RAQUEL (V.O.)
Rojo?

EXT. GONZALEZ HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

Raquel sits on the ground, looking forward as if Paul is in front of her, and talking intimately.

RAQUEL
Wait! Wait! I don't understand.
Why did you bury him?

PAUL (V.O.)
I don't know. It seemed like the
right thing to do.

RAQUEL
And why are you going home?

PAUL (V.O.)
I don't know. I just need to. I
tried to run away. Now I've got
... I just need to face them if I'm
ever going ...

RAQUEL
What?

PAUL (V.O.)
I don't know. I tried to run away;
but I've got to face them. Does
that makes sense?

RAQUEL
No.

PAUL (V.O.)
I don't want to let my dad get away
with whatever he had to do with it.
I want to make sure he. He just
needs to let me go.

c

RAQUEL
What?

PAUL (V.O.)
Nothing. Just that ain't going to
happen.

There's an awkwardly long silence.

RAQUEL
Then don't go. Let the police deal
with it.

We hear Paul laugh sarcastically through the phone.

RAQUEL

What?

PAUL (V.O.)

Took, oh, five minutes.

RAQUEL

No, it's not that. It's just.

PAUL (V.O.)

What?

RAQUEL

I don't know. I don't know what to think. You're --

INT. PAUL'S PRIUS - DAY

There's an awkwardly long silence as Paul sits in his car, which still is parked in the middle of the Redwood Highway.

PAUL

Not acting like myself?

Paul chuckles, then listens on the phone.

PAUL

No. That's just. It's what women always say right before they leave.

Paul slowly reaches for the phone, waits for a reply, then eventually hangs up.

He reaches for a donut; but inattentively sticks his hand into an empty donut box. He reaches in a second opened box, removes the last donut from it, and chomps down on it.

EXT. GONZALEZ HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

Raquel sits in the backyard on Mateo's swing, her head between her legs. She looks at her phone on the ground and slowly swings.

When Sgt. Donovan approaches her, Raquel looks up and seems surprised to see him.

RAQUEL

I'm sorry.

Sgt. Donovan studies the introspective Raquel during an awkwardly long pause.

RAQUEL
Sorry. I think it's starting to
catch up with me.

SGT. DONOVAN
I can still give you a list of
grief counselors.

Raquel nods.

SGT. DONOVAN
Oh, we never got your cell phone
numbers.

Raquel nods slowly.

INT. HEALDSBURG, CA - DAY

Paul's Prius rushes into town, abruptly slows down to only 10 miles over the speed limit as it drives over a narrow bridge overlooking the Russian River, turns onto a side road, and continues until it twists into a pharmacy parking lot.

INT. HEALDSBURG PHARMACY - DAY

Paul trudges through the store in search of ibuprofen. He's oblivious to the customers uncomfortably staring at him.

He glares at each product as he passes it, as if it is hiding the ibuprofen from him.

As he approaches other customers, they cringe, cower, and turn away to avoid any confrontation.

When Paul's cell phone rings, he ignores it.

The phone is still ringing as he finds the ibuprofen and grabs a bottle.

The ringing stops as he walks to a 30-something year old CLERK and shows him the bottle.

The Clerk sizes up Paul as he reaches for the bottle, gently removes it from Paul's hand, and rings it up.

CLERK
Is your name Paul?

PAUL
Huh? No.

CLERK
Oh. Do I know you?

PAUL
No. Just traveling through.

CLERK
Ah, road trip! Sorry. \$5.32.

Paul avoids eye contact as he hands over the money.

CLERK
You never lived on the river?

An eight year old boy, PAT, nervously enters the store. As the door closes, we hear an indiscernible voice from outside.

The Clerk immediately turns toward Pat.

CLERK
What do you need Pat?

PAT
Deodorant.

The clerk points to the deodorant.

Pat tentatively walks toward the deodorant and grabs one.

Pat's Dad, BILL, storms in the store.

BILL
Patrick, get out here.
(Looking at the clerk)
I'll pay in a minute.

Paul watches Bill escort Pat out of the store, Bill's hand squeezing Pat's shoulder.

As Paul pays for the ibuprofen, his cell phone rings.

He looks, sees that it's Juan, and doesn't answer.

EXT. HEALDSBURG PHARMACY - DAY

Paul marches outside and sees Bill standing over Pat, grabbing the boy's arm, and shaking it.

As Paul walks toward Bill and Pat, his cell phone beeps, indicating a message.

Bill looks at Paul, notices Paul's chest puffed out, turns toward the approaching threat, and puffs his chest out.

Pat's eyes fix on Paul as Paul approaches.

PAUL
Excuse me.

BILL
What?

Paul puts his hand in his pocket.

PAUL
Your son didn't ignore you.

BILL
Excuse me?

PAUL
He didn't hear you.

BILL
Really?

PAUL
Yeah.

BILL
And you know that for a fact?

Paul shakes his head disapprovingly.

BILL
Listen --

Paul removes his gun, keeping it close to his side but visible to Bill.

Bill takes a step away from Paul.

Paul shakes his head, then points the gun toward the side of the building.

Bill walks to the side of the building.

PAUL
(to Pat)
Just stay here. I'm going to talk
with your dad.

Paul follows Bill to the side of the building.

Bill reaches the side of the building, stops, turns, and watches Paul approach.

Paul stops a cautious distance from Bill and stares into his eyes.

PAUL

We'll make this quick. I got one question for you.

Bill sizes Paul up.

PAUL

True or false: Best thing for your son is I put this gun to your temple and pull the trigger?

When Bill takes a step backward, Paul steps toward him and points the gun at his temple. Bill raises his hands as he falls to his knees.

BILL

Wait! Wait! Wait!

When Paul bends over and taps Bill's temple with his gun, Bill closes his eyes and cowers.

As Paul stands up BILL'S GIRLFRIEND pepper sprays Paul on the back of his shirt.

Paul impulsively points the gun at her and she puts her arms over her head and looks away as she falls to her knees.

An angry Paul repeatedly blinks as he impulsively kicks Bill's Girlfriend in her face and she screams.

Bill tackles Paul from behind and the gun falls from Paul's hand.

Paul fights Bill until Bill's Girlfriend picks up Paul's gun and points it at Paul.

Paul casually stops fighting and looks at Bill's Girlfriend as he stands up. The entire time he's blinking because of the pepper spray.

BILL'S GIRLFRIEND

Go!

Paul repeatedly blinks and shakes his head as he walks to his Prius.

Bill tentatively follows Paul until he sees Paul remove his shirt and throw it on the ground; and then Bill freezes and stares at the scars and burns covering Paul's back.

INT. PAUL'S PRIUS - DAY

Paul plops into his vehicle, which is still filled with junk food wrappers and boxes, and grabs a shirt in a bag.

He puts the clothes on as he watches Bill, Pat, and Bill's Girlfriend get into their car and drive away.

INT. STOLEN CAR #3 - DAY

A stoned and bruised Mark drives along East Diamond Lake Highway. Though he's tentatively driving well under the speed limit, he struggling to handle each turn in the road.

He hears a police siren, looks in his rearview mirror, and sees a police car driving behind him with its lights on.

He pulls the car over and abruptly stops it.

The police car parks behind Mark's car and a PATROL OFFICER speaks on the car's public address system.

PATROL OFFICER
Step out of your car.

Mark turns and looks at the police car.

PATROL OFFICER
Step out of the car.

Mark gets out of his car and puts his hands in the air.

PATROL OFFICER
Lay down on your stomach and spread
your arms and legs.

Mark lays down on the ground and spreads his arms and legs.

The Patrol Officer gets out of his patrol car, and points his gun at Mark as he walks toward Mark.

PATROL OFFICER
Put your right hand behind your
back.

The Patrol Officer reaches for his handcuffs as Mark puts his right hand behind his back.

The Patrol Officer puts his gun in its holster, leaves the holster strap undone, straddles his legs so he is standing over Mark, and places the handcuff on Mark's right hand.

PATROL OFFICER

Slowly put your left hand behind
your back.

Mark never bends his left arm as he moves it at a snails pace.

When the Patrol Officer uses his right hand to grab Mark's left hand, Mark uses this arm to pull the Patrol Officer closer to him; then Mark swings his right hand over his own head and hits the Patrol Officer's head with the handcuff.

As the Patrol Officer reaches for Mark's right hand, Mark rolls to his right, knocks the Patrol Officer over, and gets on top of the Patrol Officer.

When the Patrol Officer reaches for his gun, Mark chokes him.

The Patrol Officer manages to grab his gun out of his holster and hits Mark on the side of the head, causing the gun to fire. The explosion throws Mark back.

Mark quickly grabs the gun, rips it from the Patrol Officer's hand, and throws it away.

When the Patrol Officer pauses, Mark grabs the man's head and repeatedly bangs it on the ground until it's obvious the man is dead.

Mark's overwhelmed body collapses on top of the Police Officer's corpse.

EXT. WESTSIDE ROAD - DAY

Paul's Prius heads south, following Bill's car from a seemingly safe distance.

INT. PAUL'S PRIUS - DAY

Paul talks on the cell phone as he follows Bill's car along Westside Rd. Throughout the conversation he continues to blink repeatedly.

PAUL

I told you I'm not answering your
questions until you give me Dad's
new number.

Paul listens on the phone.

PAUL
Because his old one doesn't work.
But I suspect you already know
that.

Paul listens on the phone.

PAUL
This is no fucking joke! What's
Dad's phone number?

Paul listens on the phone.

PAUL
It's none of your fucking business
why. He's my Dad. What's the
number?

Paul listens on the phone.

PAUL
Give me the fucking number!

As he opens the glove compartment, reaches inside, grabs the
bullets, places them in his pocket he mockingly says:

PAUL
Yeah. Ah huh. Ah huh. Yeah.
Yeah. Ah huh.

He slams the glove compartment closed.

PAUL
Okay. Now it's my turn. I don't
know what you're up to.
(Shouting)
Shut up!
(Calmly)
I don't know what you're up to.
But I'm going to find out. Because
I'm not taking any of your bullshit
anymore. ... Speaking of, I know
why Dennis got upset when I called.
Did you tell Dad I was dead, too?

INT. LASSEY HOUSE - SPARE BEDROOM - DAY

Carrie is crying as she talks on the phone and looks at a
Portland web site's news article on Mateo's alleged
kidnapping.

CARRIE
No Paul. And you still haven't
answered my question.

Carrie listens on the phone.

CARRIE
Don't say that!

Carrie listens on the phone.

CARRIE
Please stop saying that!

Carrie listens on the phone.

CARRIE
It's like talking to your father.

Carrie listens on the phone.

CARRIE
Just stop already!

Carrie listens on the phone.

CARRIE
Paul, I know you're coming here.

Carrie listens on the phone.

CARRIE
Paul, I know. I know Mark has your
son.

Carrie looks at the phone.

EXT. WESTSIDE ROAD - DAY

Paul's Prius heads south, following Bill's car from a
seemingly safe distance.

INT. PAUL'S PRIUS - DAY

As Paul stares ahead and squeezes the steering wheel tightly
we hear the following phone message:

PAUL (V.O.)
Mark, I don't know what sort of
lies you're telling Carrie, but I
know you know I'm coming. You
fucking Lenny. I don't care.

I am still going to find out everything you know. And you are going to tell me. Because, believe me, from this day forward, you're going to fucking fear me more than you ever feared Dad.

A brief moment later Paul pounds his fist on the dashboard.

PAUL

Fuck!

A rageful Paul shakes his fist as he yells.

PAUL

Fuck!

EXT. WESTSIDE ROAD - DAY

Paul's Prius catches up with Bill's, risking recognition, then abruptly slows down; and the two vehicles travel into the horizon.

EXT. GONZALEZ HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

Raquel is sitting on Mateo's swing.

Sgt. Donovan stands in front of her as he takes notes.

SGT. DONOVAN

Do you know why your mother-in-law called you?

RAQUEL

She just said she was sorry about Mateo.

SGT. DONOVAN

Did she know he was dead.

RAQUEL

I don't know. I think so.

SGT. DONOVAN

You said you have her phone number and address?

Raquel pauses, then sticks her hand out.

Sgt. Donovan gives Raquel a pen and piece of paper.

Raquel writes down Carrie's phone number and address, hands Sgt. Donovan the paper and pen, and points at the key around Raquel's neck.

SGT. DONOVAN

One more thing, Mrs. Gonzalez. I'm curious, is there a story behind that key?

RAQUEL

What do you mean?

SGT. DONOVAN

Where did you get it?

RAQUEL

My husband gave it to me.

SGT. DONOVAN

Do you know where he got it?

RAQUEL

He just said it was his dad's.

Sgt. Donovan looks disappointed.

RAQUEL

What?

SGT. DONOVAN

I don't know. I'm still trying to figure out if you're telling me what you know.

Raquel pauses for a reflective moment.

RAQUEL

What do you need to know?

SGT. DONOVAN

Do you know why your husband's ID would be at a murder scene in Eugene?

RAQUEL

What?

SGT. DONOVAN

His name was Paul Lasse, right? He took your name?

RAQUEL

Yeah; but he wouldn't.

SGT. DONOVAN
Then who would?

INT. STOLEN CAR #3 - DAY

Mark abruptly stops his car in the middle of Crater Lake National Forest. Oblivious to his surrounding's beauty, he desperately looks for a map, grabs one under the driver seat, and studies it.

MARK
Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.

Mark tosses the unfolded map on the passenger seat and speeds ahead.

EXT. GONZALEZ HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

Raquel stands in the backyard as she reluctantly calls Paul on the phone.

Once the phone rings Raquel quickly hands it to Sgt. Donovan.

Raquel paces back and forth during the following conversation.

PAUL (V.O.)
Hello.

SGT. DONOVAN
Mr. Gonzalez this is Sgt. Donovan from the Portland Police Department.

PAUL (V.O.)
Yes.

SGT. DONOVAN
I'd like to ask you some questions, Mr. Gonzalez.

PAUL (V.O.)
Okay.

INT. PAUL'S PRIUS - DAY

Paul talks on the phone as he continues to follow Bill's car southbound along Westside Rd.

SGT. DONOVAN (V.O.)
First, I want you to know we want
to know Mark's story. We're not
assuming he did anything wrong.

PAUL
Really? Well, isn't that sweet.

SGT. DONOVAN (V.O.)
I'm serious, Mr. Gonzalez.

PAUL
Well, then, that's even worse,
isn't it?

SGT. DONOVAN (V.O.)
Excuse me?

PAUL
What? You think he's running
because the police think he did
something wrong?

SGT. DONOVAN (V.O.)
Or he thinks he did.

PAUL
Oh, I'm sure he thinks he did.
He's been raised to think that no
matter what. But that's not why he
runs. That's why he gives up.

SGT. DONOVAN (V.O.)
Then why is he running, Mr.
Gonzalez?

PAUL
Why could he be running? Let's
see. Why? Cause couldn't be the
same reason you or I would.

SGT. DONOVAN (V.O.)
Excuse me?

PAUL
I said --

SGT. DONOVAN (V.O.)
I heard what you said, sir. I
don't --

PAUL
You run, Clusteau, when you don't
think you're worth fighting for.

SGT. DONOVAN (V.O.)
Is that why you're running now?

PAUL
Look at Clusteau try to provoke.

SGT. DONOVAN (V.O.)
Do you know where your brother is,
Paul?

PAUL
Are you joking?

SGT. DONOVAN (V.O.)
Do you know where he's going?

PAUL
I did. Now, no.

SGT. DONOVAN (V.O.)
Where was he going?

PAUL
Our Dad's.

SGT. DONOVAN (V.O.)
Really? Is that where you're
going?

PAUL
Next?

SGT. DONOVAN (V.O.)
Okay. I'd like to ask you about
your wife's key.

PAUL
Which one?

SGT. DONOVAN
The one around her neck.

PAUL
What about it?

SGT. DONOVAN (V.O.)
It was your father's?

PAUL
Yeah.

SGT. DONOVAN (V.O.)
What did your father do for a
living?

PAUL
Did he do for a living?

SGT. DONOVAN (V.O.)
Did he do for a living.

PAUL
You tell me!

SGT. DONOVAN (V.O.)
Okay. Is there a story behind it?

PAUL
Nothing relevant.

SGT. DONOVAN (V.O.)
Why don't you let me decide that?

PAUL
Excuse me? Why? Because you're entitled to know everything about my life?

SGT. DONOVAN (V.O.)
I'm just doing my job, Paul.

Paul laughs.

PAUL
I'll tell you what, Bill.

SGT. DONOVAN (V.O.)
My name is Frank.

PAUL
Okay, Frank. You answer my question and I'll answer yours.

Paul waits for a response.

PAUL
Okay. Have you ever set anyone up?

After a few breaths without a reply, Paul smiles.

PAUL
It's a simple question. Have you? Have you ever lied on a report? Ever plant evidence? Ever ignore evidence proving someone's innocence?

Have you ever done anything then tell yourself after, "Well, if he didn't do this he probably did something else?" Ever hit someone with your nightstick then make up a story afterward? Ever justify doing shit by telling someone "I am the law"?

After a few breaths without a reply, Paul shakes his head.

PAUL
Just fucking put my wife on the phone!

SGT. DONOVAN (V.O.)
I don't think so, sir.

There's an awkwardly long pause, during which Paul abruptly accelerates his Prius.

SGT. DONOVAN (V.O.)
Why are you going home, Paul?

PAUL
Put my wife on the phone!

SGT. DONOVAN (V.O.)
No!

PAUL
You listening Raquel? This your way of letting me know it's over? Don't worry. I knew that the second I found him under the house.

Paul slams the cell phone on the floor.

INT. LASSEY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Carrie obsessively journeys through a family photo album, focusing on the pictures of Dennis, Mark, and Paul as she listens to the television.

TELEVISION NEWS PROGRAM (V.O.)
The victim, 19 year old Linda Elder, had been living on the Oregon campus with a friend who attends the university.

Authorities have not confirmed reports that Elder has a two year old daughter, or whether or not the toddler witnessed her mother's murder. But they have confirmed that there were no other victims.

Carrie reaches for a glass of cheap red wine and looks at the television.

TELEVISION NEWS PROGRAM (V.O.)
Local authorities say Lasseby may be heading for the Bay Area. And he remains armed and dangerous.

Carrie staggers as she stands, falling down when she reaches for the glass of wine.

INT. GONZALEZ HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Raquel stares aimlessly as she clean dishes.

On the other side of the room Sgt. Donovan holds a phone as he stands in the kitchen and watches her.

SGT. DONOVAN
Mam, I'd like to borrow the key.

Raquel takes a deep breath as she puts her hand on the key.

RAQUEL
I want to see my son.

Sgt. Donovan stares at Raquel as he steps closer to her.

SGT. DONOVAN
The thing is, it's a handcuff key. And I'm wondering if it opens the handcuffs that were on your son.

Raquel continues to stare out the window.

RAQUEL
What are you saying?

SGT. DONOVAN
It's just a lead. I want to see where it goes.

Raquel takes the key off her necklace, turns toward Sgt. Donovan, and gives it to him.

RAQUEL
I want to see my son.

SGT. DONOVAN
Okay. But tomorrow.

INT. GONZALEZ HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

Sgt. Donovan walks down the hallway and discreetly gives the key to Officer Froberg.

OFFICER FROBERG
What's this?

SGT. DONOVAN
Nothing. Just hold on to it. And keep an eye on her.

INT. GONZALEZ HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Raquel stares vacuously as she continues standing in the kitchen.

After a moment she walks to the phone and makes a phone call.

RAQUEL
Hi Juan. Yeah. I've got a favor to ask.

EXT. CRATER LAKE NATIONAL FOREST - DAY

Mark's car is parked in the middle of a road.

INT. STOLEN CAR #3 - DAY

Mark stares aimlessly at the road ahead until eventually and suddenly he goes outside and starts walking straight ahead.

Before he's a few feet away, he hears a car door open and whips around to see who it is.

A PARK RANGER is standing next to his car.

PARK RANGER
Sir!

When Mark rushes to his car and opens the door, the Park Ranger yells as he reaches for his gun.

PARK RANGER

Sir!

As Mark removes his gun from the car, the Park Ranger points his gun at Mark.

PARK RANGER

Stop!

Mark impulsively shoots the Park Ranger, who immediately collapses when the bullet strikes his head.

MARK

Fuck!

Mark hastily returns to his car, hits his head as he gets inside, and speeds ahead.

EXT. GUERNEVILLE, CA, STREETS - DAY

Paul's Prius follows Bill's car down multiple streets, past the Lassey House, and down a couple more streets, until Bill's car turns into a long driveway and Paul stops his car at its entrance.

Paul stares down the driveway in unreflective anticipation of confronting Bill.

INT. PAUL'S PRIUS - DAY

Paul's cell phone rings as he speeds up the driveway. As Bill, Pat, and Bill's Girlfriend get out of their car, Paul's vehicle skids to a standstill.

EXT. BILL'S HOUSE - DAY

Paul storms out of his Prius, and points at Bill's Girlfriend and Paul as he storms toward Bill.

PAUL

Go to the house.

Bill's Girlfriend and Pat walk into the house, and continue watching from the open doorway. Paul punches Bill in his face.

PAUL

Where's my pistol?

Bill bends over but stubbornly says nothing. Paul punches Bill in his face.

PAUL
Where's the pistol?

Bill falls to one knee but still stubbornly says nothing.

A determined Paul marches to his Prius, grabs a police nightstick, and charges Bill. Bill throws his hands up.

BILL
Okay. Okay. It's in the glove compartment.

Paul hits Bill in the leg with the nightstick and walks to Bill's car.

He leans inside Bill's car and grabs the pistol out of the glove compartment. As he removes the gun he notices a bag of pills and grabs them.

Bill's Girlfriend comes out of the house and pumps the shotgun she's holding.

An agitated Paul walks to Bill's Girlfriend, even after she points the shotgun at him.

Paul wraps his left hand around the shotgun, and presses it against his chest.

When Bill's Girlfriend does nothing, Paul grabs the shotgun, takes it, walks to Bill, stops, and points it at Bill. Bill cowers.

BILL'S GIRLFRIEND
No!

Suddenly realizing the significance of what he is about to do, Paul pauses, then shakes his head.

After a pensive moment, he abruptly points the shot gun at Bill's car and shoots the front tire.

A scream capable of stinging any parent's nerves cries out, and both Paul and Bill impulsively turn toward the house.

BILL'S GIRLFRIEND
No!

Pat lays before the front door, holding his bleeding neck.

Bill's Girlfriend starts crying as she falls to the floor and wraps her hand around Pat's neck.

BILL'S GIRLFRIEND

Mama's here. Mama's here. It's
okay. It's okay. You'll be okay.

A stunned Paul watches as Bill run to his family, take off his shirt, press it on Pat's wound, pick up the boy, and carry him to another car as Bill's Girlfriend follows.

BILL'S GIRLFRIEND

(Crying)

It's going to be okay darling.
It's okay. You're going to be
alright dear, I promise. I
promise. Mommy promises.

The other car's doors slam, and a still stunned Paul stands motionlessly as he watches it drive past him.

EXT. GUERNEVILLE, CA STREETS - DAY

Paul's Prius inches forward as another car swerves around it.

PSYCHOLOGIST (V.O.)

What are you feeling right now?

PAUL (V.O.)

I don't know. Numb.

Paul's Prius pulls over and stops, its engine still running.

PSYCHOLOGIST (V.O.)

Anything else?

PAUL (V.O.)

You mean am I still angry?

INT. PAUL'S PRIUS - DAY

Paul turns his head to a side and lays it on his arms as he crosses them over the steering wheel.

PSYCHOLOGIST (V.O.)

Are you afraid of your anger?

PAUL (V.O.)

I don't know. I haven't let myself
get angry in a long time.

PSYCHOLOGIST (V.O.)

You looked angry.

PAUL (V.O.)
I just mean I don't let myself. I
don't know.

PSYCHOLOGIST (V.O.)
Rage is a bitch, isn't it?

PAUL (V.O.)
Yeah. It's fucking messy!

PSYCHOLOGIST (V.O.)
Yep. So. Now that you're here,
what do you want to do about it?

Paul raises his head and looks ahead as tears collect on his
cheeks.

PSYCHOLOGIST (V.O.)
You don't have to answer now.

PAUL (V.O.)
No, it's just. I've never been
good dealing with consequences.
It's overwhelming.

PSYCHOLOGIST (V.O.)
It helps to talk about it.

PAUL (V.O.)
Yeah. Well. Exactly.

FADE OUT.

INT. LASSEY HOUSE - BATHROOM - MORNING

A drunk and sleepy Carrie wakes on the bathroom doorway,
wobbles to her feet, staggers into the bathroom, falls down,
groans as she hits her head on the tub, hastily staggers back
to her feet, and places her hand on her wound.

CARRIE
No.

She cautiously bends over, rests on her knees and hands, and
crawls toward the door. After only two steps she falters.

CARRIE
No. No.

She forcefully continues crawling out the bathroom.

INT. LASSEY HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - MORNING

Carrie crawls to, reaches toward, and grabs her bed.

CARRIE

No. No.

She climbs onto the bed, rolls toward the night stand, reaches for a mirror, and examines her head.

Once she is done she rolls on her back and rests.

EXT. CEMETERY PARKING LOT - MORNING

Paul's Prius is the only vehicle parked in the lot. Eventually Paul steps out and walks onto the cemetery grounds. He stares solemnly into the field of tombstones as he enters it.

EXT. CEMETERY - MORNING

Paul stands before, and stares at, a grave stone reading "Karen Lassey 1948-1986 Loving Mother of Paul, Mark, and John."

Paul sits down, crosses his legs, stares at his mom's grave stone for another moment, and starts to cry.

PAUL

(Tears running down his face)

I'm sorry. I tried. I really did.
I just. I just don't know. I just
don't know how. I just.

After a moment Paul wipes the tears from his face, takes a deep breath, then turns and notices the next grave stone reads "William Robert Lassey 1948-2005 Loving Husband to Carrie and Karen. Father of John, Paul, Mark, and Dennis."

PAUL

Perfect.

INT. LASSEY HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - MORNING

A drunk Carrie lies on the bed. Her wound has ballooned.

She examines her head, discovers the swollen hematoma, and starts to cry. After a brief moment:

CARRIE
Okay. Okay.

She crawls off the bed and hears crying in the room's closet.

She unsuccessfully tries to open the closet door, then pauses.

CARRIE
Dennis? ... Dennis.

DENNIS (O.S.)
No.

CARRIE
Mama needs you to find the phone
for her.

DENNIS (O.S.)
No.

CARRIE
Mama is hurt, Dennis.

DENNIS (O.S.)
No. You're not hurt.

CARRIE
Dennis, Baby, do you have the
phone?

DENNIS (O.S.)
No.

Carrie struggles to turn onto her side and lean against a nearby wall.

CARRIE
Want me to make you something?

DENNIS (O.S.)
No thank you.

CARRIE
It's time to come out, Baby.

DENNIS (O.S.)
No!

Carrie slides onto her back.

CARRIE
You're not in trouble, Baby.

DENNIS (O.S.)
You promise?

CARRIE
I promise.

DENNIS (O.S.)
Daddy told me stop running away.

CARRIE
I know, dear. But Daddy. He understands. He's not mad.

DENNIS (O.S.)
You promise?

CARRIE
I promise.

Dennis opens the closet door, sticks his arm out, and gives Carrie the phone.

CARRIE
(Putting the phone to her ear)
Help.

When there is no reply, Carrie dials 911.

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)
911. This is Mary. What is the nature of your emergency?

CARRIE
Help.

Carrie drops the phone, no longer able to hold it up to her ear and talk.

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)
Hello.

CARRIE
Hello.

Carrie stares at the closet door and cries.

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)
What is the nature of the emergency?

CARRIE
(Whispering)
Dennis.

INT. MORGUE - MORNING

Raquel enters, walks past the front desk, and past the MORGUE OFFICER there.

RAQUEL
Is Dr. Santiago in his office?

MORGUE OFFICER
I think so, Doctor.

As the Morgue Officer tries to make sympathetic eye contact, Raquel turns and solemnly walks down a long hallway, toward the back offices.

INT. MORGUE - OFFICE - MORNING

Juan is sitting at his desk writing until, eventually he stops, looks up, and see Raquel standing in front of him.

RAQUEL
Do you have your notes?

Juan murmurs awkwardly.

Raquel plants a determined stare on her face.

JUAN
Um, I didn't know you were going to come down so soon.

Raquel forcefully sticks her hand out.

JUAN
Why don't you wait?

Raquel continues to stare into Juan's eyes as she sits down and leans toward him.

JUAN
Raquel, you're pregnant.

Raquel sits back, takes a frustrated breath, then stands and walks toward the door.

RAQUEL
I'm going to see my son and then you're giving me that fucking report.

Raquel slams the door closed.

EXT. CEMETERY - MORNING

Paul looks at the dead flowers at some of the other grave sites, starts retrieving them, and places them on his Dad's grave site.

After a moment Paul repeatedly stacks twigs onto the pile of flowers. Soon the grave site is covered with dead flowers and twigs.

Paul stands in front of his monument, stares at it, grabs a lighter, starts a fire, and watches it burn.

As he tearfully watches the fire he drops Mark's note into the blaze.

PAUL

(Singing softly)

Step out. Be real brave. Do something daring. For freedom say. You only live once. And you owe to yourself to... Step Out. Be real brave. You might be leaving love. But you'll see another day. You'll see me, my love. And you'll be what you want to be right here next to me. Step out.

INT. LASSEY HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - MORNING

A stunned Carrie lies on the floor as a frightened Dennis caresses her while rocking back and forth.

After a moment, the phone rings; but neither Carrie nor Dennis show any signs of hearing it or the following message.

Dennis doesn't seem to realize that the phone is in his hand.

ANSWERING MESSAGE (V.O.)

This is Carrie Lassey. Please leave a message at the tone.

Carrie's answering machine beeps.

PAUL (V.O.)

(Solemn)

This is Paul. I know you had something to do with this but.

Carrie's answering machine hangs up.

After a moment, the phone rings again; but Carrie and Dennis still show no signs of hearing it or the following message.

ANSWERING MESSAGE (V.O.)
This is Carrie Lassey. Please
leave a message at the tone.

Carrie's answering machine beeps.

PAUL (V.O.)
That's not why I called. I just
want you to know it doesn't matter.
I don't know. I don't know what
I'm saying. I think I should do
this in person. I'm going to go
try to see Darlene first. You
don't have to warn her. I'm not
going to see Nate. I know she
doesn't want me to. I'm just going
to. I don't know. I was going to
say clean up my mess. But I don't
even think that's possible anymore.
Anyway I'll see you soon.

As Carrie's answering machine hangs up, there's a determined
knock on the front door.

INT. MORGUE - OFFICE - MORNING

Raquel slowly walks through a morgue hallway with her hands
covering her mouth. She resists the impulse to vomit, then
enters the room where Mateo's corpse is being stored.

As she walks toward Mateo's corpse, she cries.

When she reaches Mateo's corpse, she hovers over him, shakes
as if her pent up emotions are erupting, screams, takes a
breath, then sobs.

INT. LASSEY HOUSE - MORNING

There's a knock on the partially opened door. It opens
slowly, and Paul steps inside.

PAUL
Hello?

Paul tentatively walks inside and finds blood.

PAUL
Carrie?

Paul follows the blood trail toward the bathroom.

PAUL

Mom?

Paul looks inside the bathroom, and takes a deep breath as he stares at the bloody scene.

EXT. LASSEY HOUSE - BACKYARD - MORNING

While tentatively searching for clues Paul sees the family's elder cat, Tabby, sits on the ground, extends his hand, and wiggles his fingers to call her to him.

Tabby walks over; and Paul lovingly picks her up and starts to rub her.

PAUL

Hey girl. Look at you. I know. I know. I'm sorry.

Paul starts to cry.

PAUL

I'm sorry.

Paul kisses Tabby.

PAUL

I know. I didn't tell anyone. I just left. I'm sorry.

INT. PORTLAND MORGUE - MORNING

Raquel stands implanted before Juan's desk, as she and Juan stare at each other.

Juan eventually takes a long breath and gives her the notes.

Raquel immediately reads them. As she does Juan grabs a bottle of water and suckles it nervously.

RAQUEL

(Still looking at her notes)

Do me a favor? Can you tell Paul?

JUAN

I did.

RAQUEL

(Looking up)

What did he. No.

No I don't want to know. You're right. I need to think about my baby now.

Raquel extends her hand to Juan; and they awkwardly shake hands.

RAQUEL

Thanks.

JUAN

You going to be okay?

They stop shaking hands and Raquel stares introspectively during the equally awkward pause that follows.

RAQUEL

I'm sorry. I just had a strange thought. I realized I'm lucky it wasn't worse. But, yeah, I'm going to be okay.

EXT./INT. LASSEY HOUSE - GARAGE - MORNING

Paul walks up to the garage and opens it. He scopes it, then pauses.

PAUL

Mark.

Paul sits down on the bed.

PAUL

I know you're here.

Mark is buried behind boxes in a dark corner of the loft, sucking his thumb.

PAUL (O.S.)

Don't worry. They're gone.

Mark starts gnawing on his thumb.

PAUL (O.S.)

I'm not mad. I don't know why I said all that shit.

Mark yanks his thumb from his mouth.

MARK

Don't lie!

PAUL (O.S.)
Okay. You're right.

MARK
Just go away.

PAUL (O.S.)
Yeah, well, not this time.

MARK
Leave me alone!

PAUL (O.S.)
No.

MARK
I got a gun.

PAUL (O.S.)
What are you going to do, shoot me?

MARK
Just leave me alone.

Paul lays down on the bed and looks at the loft above him as if he's talking to it.

PAUL
Mark, I was never coming here for you. I just said that to find out what you'd tell me. I don't know. I don't know why I came. I just thought after I moved. It was going to be different this time. If I could just get away from. I don't know, everything. Just start new. But. I don't know. I guess there really is no place like --

We hear a warning shot.

PAUL
Okay. If that's what you want. But. I know Dad is dead so --

MARK (O.S.)
No he's not!

A concerned Paul takes a long breath as he sits up and looks toward Mark.

PAUL

I'm sorry. Okay. But he's not going to be able to get you out of it this time. So you could stay here and wait for the police to figure you out. Or. Or you could go with me. Just us. No one else. I promise.

EXT. PORTLAND ROADS - DAY

Raquel walks aimlessly through neighborhoods immersed in a dreary cloud of mist. The other pedestrians don't seem to notice her tear covered cheeks as they walk past.

EXT. HIGHWAY 101 - DAY

Paul's Prius drives southbound through San Rafael, CA.

INT. PAUL'S PRIUS - DAY

Paul drives as an antsy Mark eats a bag of chips.

When Mark squishes the bag and tosses it in the back seat, Paul turns and studies Mark as he starts nervously scratching the side of his leg.

After Paul returns his attention to the road, Mark looks at Paul, pauses, takes his seat belt off, and starts looking for more junk food in the back seat.

While watching Mark in the rearview mirror, Paul reaches below his seat, pulls out a pistol, and places it between his seat and the side door.

INT. GONZALEZ HOUSE - DAY

Sgt. Donovan enters through the front door and forgets to close it as he continues walking.

He enters the kitchen, sees Officer Froberg staring out a back window, and approaches.

EXT. GONZALEZ HOUSE - DAY

Raquel is in the backyard digging a hole. Next to her is a small tree.

OFFICER FROBERG (V.O.)
What'd they say?

SGT. DONOVAN (V.O.)
What do you think?

Raquel pauses, wipes her forehead, then continues digging.

SGT. DONOVAN (V.O.)
How long she been out there?

OFFICER FROBERG (V.O.)
About 10. Just digging a hole.
You okay?

SGT. DONOVAN (V.O.)
Yeah. They're just looking for a
scapegoat.

Raquel stops digging, places the tree in the hole, confirms the hole is too small, and continues digging.

OFFICER FROBERG (V.O.)
Think she knows where they're
going?

SGT. DONOVAN (V.O.)
No.

OFFICER FROBERG (V.O.)
She know they fled?

SGT. DONOVAN (V.O.)
Not unless you told her, Einstein.

Raquel plants the tree in the hole and starts covering it with soil.

EXT. HIGHWAY 101, CA - DAY

Paul's Prius heads south, descending into Mill Valley, CA.

OFFICER FROBERG (V.O.)
All I'm saying is I don't get these
people.

SGT. DONOVAN (V.O.)
And I'm saying we don't really get
anyone.

OFFICER FROBERG (V.O.)
I'm not talking about that. I know
life isn't a movie.

But it's not like he's not some psychopath. He was just a regular fucked up guy.

SGT. DONOVAN (V.O.)
Yeah. Well. He was a regular fucked up guy with one too many secrets.

INT. HIGHWAY 101, CA - DAY

Paul is driving while Mark stares out the side window.

Paul turns, briefly studies Mark, then returns his attention to the road ahead.

Mark turns and studies Paul while whipping out a bag of drugs. As he prepares a syringe he stares at Paul, looking his reaction that never comes.

Paul turns, nonchalantly observes his brother for a brief moment, then returns his attention to the road ahead.

Mark removes the needle, replaces it in the bag, then drops the bag on the floor as he settles his head against the side passenger window.

MARK
I didn't kill him.

Paul continues looking at the road ahead.

PAUL
I know.

Mark turns and looks at Paul.

MARK
No, really.

Paul turns, looks at Mark with empathetic eyes.

PAUL
I know.

Mark avoids Paul's eyes by looking out the side passenger window.

Paul takes a deep breath and returns his attention to the road ahead. After an awkward silence:

MARK
Why didn't you tell me?

PAUL
About what?

MARK
Nate.

PAUL
Didn't know until a couple months ago.

MARK
I thought he was mine.

PAUL
Me too.

MARK
You really didn't know?

PAUL
Nope. She didn't want me to.

MARK
Who?

PAUL
Darlene.

MARK
I thought she just didn't want him knowing his dad was a fuck up.

PAUL
Well, she didn't.

Mark shoots an annoyed glance at Paul.

Paul turns and looks at Mark, studies his annoyed expression, then returns his attention to the road ahead.

MARK
What's up with the name change?

PAUL
Just wanted my wife to be happy.
No. That's not true. I. I guess
I thought everything would be okay
if I could start over.

Mark returns his attention to the scenery outside the passenger side window.

MARK
Exactly.

Paul turns, sympathetically studies Mark's longing look, then returns his attention to the road ahead.

MARK

I thought you didn't like me.

PAUL

Yeah. Well. I just. I don't know.

MARK

It's okay.

Paul turns, shamefully witnesses Mark's forgiving glance, then returns his attention to the road ahead.

PAUL

I guess I let people tell me you were the bad brother.

MARK

People? Fuck! You said it.

PAUL

I did?

MARK

Yeah.

PAUL

Sorry.

MARK

It's okay. I know it's true.

PAUL

No it's not.

MARK

Shut up!

Paul turns and stares into Mark's eyes.

PAUL

I just mean I'm messed up too.

Mark angrily turns away and looks out the side window.

Paul looks confused as he returns his attention to the road.

MARK

You're so fucking selfish.

Paul turns, sees Mark still staring out the side window, and unsuccessfully waits for Mark to look his way.

PAUL
What do you mean?

An angry Mark turns and stares at Paul.

MARK
Selfish. Always thinking about
yourself.

Paul turns his attention to the road ahead for a brief moment, then returns his attention to Mark.

PAUL
I know. I just don't understand.
How was that selfish?

Mark turns and stares out the window.

MARK
Nevermind!

Paul returns his attention to the road.

PAUL
I know I'm selfish. I just didn't
understand --

MARK
I said nevermind!

Mark takes a couple deep breaths as he continues to stare out the side passenger window.

PAUL
Mateo was still alive when you
left.

MARK
I don't want to talk anymore.

PAUL
But I was more interested in hiding
him than saving him.

MARK
I don't want to talk about it.

A few tears slide down Paul's cheek.

PAUL
I thought he was dead. And I
buried --

MARK
(Shouting)
I said I don't want to talk
anymore!

Tears runs down Paul's cheeks as he stares straight ahead and drives.

EXT. HIGHWAY 101, CA - DAY

Paul's Prius heads southbound, approaching and then entering the Waldo Tunnel.

INT. PAUL'S PRIUS - DAY

As he drives through the tunnel, Paul turns, sympathetically looks at his brother resting his head on a coat against the door, notices Mark is wearing his seat belt, then returns his attention to road ahead.

EXT. HIGHWAY 101, CA - DAY

As Paul's Prius descends from the Waldo grade and toward the Golden Gate Bridge, it speeds up.

INT. PAUL'S PRIUS - DAY

As he speeds toward the Golden Gate Bridge, Paul reaches over, nonchalantly unhooks Mark's seat belt, then accelerates as he unhooks his own seat belt.

Mark slowly wobbles as he sits up, nonchalantly notices the two unattached seat belts, briefly glances at his brother, then turns and smiles as he looks at the bridge ahead.

As Paul's Prius follows the road's bend onto the bridge, it wavers across the orange traffic pylons, drives into oncoming traffic, and crashes into a car.

Mark's body spears through the front windshield.

EXT. GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE - DAY

Some bystanders manage to pull Paul out of his vehicle.

After he collects himself, he stands up and drags his injured leg to the side of the bridge as people step back in order to give him room.

VOICE #1 (O.S.)
Just sit down.

VOICE #2 (O.S.)
You've been in an accident.

VOICE #3 (O.S.)
What happened?

As Paul continues walking along the bridge's sidewalk, people step back to give him room.

VOICE #4 (O.S.)
He's in shock.

VOICE #5 (O.S.)
You should sit down.

VOICE #6 (O.S.)
Where's he going?

VOICE #7 (O.S.)
He's just in shock.

Paul continues limping past confused bystanders for a long equally confusing moment.

VOICE #8 (O.S.)
It'll be okay.

Paul starts limping faster.

VOICE #9 (O.S.)
Should we stop him?

VOICE #10 (O.S.)
They'll get here soon. He'll be okay.

Paul steadfastly turns, walks to the railing, climbs over, and jumps off the bridge.

OVER BLACK SCREEN

Dedicated to Mateo