

GRAND LAKE

by

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*The mystery of love is greater than the mystery of death. --Oscar
Wilde*

PACIFIC OCEAN

The surface. Head barely above a volatile sea. Aluminum sky.

ANNA'S VOICE

I wasn't born. I was delivered by the Pacific Ocean. Carried in a white shell in the shape of the crescent moon from the belly of Bakunawa; the serpent in all my dreams.

We turn to face a WALL OF WATER. It descends upon us...

UNDER THE PACIFIC

A BLACK WOMAN, 33, swims toward us.

ANNA'S VOICE

The rattlesnake rattling in the recesses of my mind; my libido. Still devouring every moon.

She stops and we follow her gaze to...

A BLACK MAN, 31, asleep and sinking further into the depths.

As if summoned by her gaze, he opens his eyes.

ANNA (V.O.)

And for our final announcement of the day... my bio father just passed. So I will be gone for about a week. Be nice to Thomas.

CUT TO:

INT. JACKSON-GALLOWAY GROUP HOME, LOUNGE - DAY

Anna addresses a SMALL GROUP OF TEENS; 5 GIRLS. 5 BOYS.

An EASTER BASKET with CHOCOLATE EGGS lay in the center of the group. A few of the teens snack on the eggs during the meeting.

BULLY TEEN BOY

That's no fun.

THOMAS

Should it be?

BULLY TEEN BOY

I meant being nice to Thomas.

THOMAS, 31, White, a handsome geek. Sits on the arm of the couch next to the Teen Boy.

THOMAS

I agree. Being nice lacks a certain gravitas. Not as exciting as losing your Ping Pong title three times in a row.

BULLY TEEN BOY

Never happened.

Bully Teen pouts at Thomas. Anxiety Girl takes notes on a TABLET.

NEW BOY

Where are you going?

ANNA

First to meet my brother in Tulsa. Then we fly to the Philippines.

NEW BOY

Wow. How did your dad end up there?

ANNA

I was told he'd been living there for awhile... my brother and I were born there.

ANXIETY GIRL

You're Filipino?

PROZAC GIRL

Filipina.

BULLY TEEN BOY

Aren't they really short?

ANNA

No. No, I'm not Filipino. My parents were missionaries at the time... I think? And I haven't been there since... since I was born.

PROZAC GIRL

So how did he die?

Pause. Then reluctantly

ANNA

A typhoon. He... was on a ferry. That's all I know.

PROZAC GIRL

That's so homeric; having your father swept away into oblivion somewhere on some far away island in the pacific. Now you have to travel there with a brother you never met to discover your father's past--

THOMAS

You should give the eulogy.

Anxiety Girl continues taking notes.

ANXIETY GIRL

(to Anna)

What's homeric? Do I have to write this part down?

BULLY TEEN BOY

(to Prozac)

We get it. You love death.

PROZAC GIRL

(to Bully Teen)

Philistine.

(to Anna)

You're lucky a death of a parent could allow you such an adventure.

THOMAS

And there's the silver lining.

BULLY TEEN BOY

Why do you have to go? Couldn't your brother or someone else? I thought you barely knew the guy.

ANNA

I... because a large part of what we do here is re-establishing family connections to help overcome our emotional trauma and create effective relationship--

PROZAC GIRL

Bull shit. Why are you really going?

She's right. Anna surrenders to the prosecution.

ANNA

My Aunt is paying for the trip.

The teens "oooh and "ahhh" playfully.

PROZAC GIRL

I knew it.

BULLY TEEN BOY

Whoa! She must be ballin'. I wanna join your family.

NEW BOY

Field trip?

BULLY TEEN BOY

Yes!

ANNA

Hold on. Calm down. What I said first is still important, okay. It's part of why you're here--

PROZAC GIRL

We know. We know.

ANNA

And she can't travel--

ANXIETY GIRL

I've never been out of Texas. I'll probably die here.

BULLY TEEN BOY

I hope so. Texas sucks. Just like you--

ANXIETY GIRL

Shut up.

Anna shoots a look at Bully Teen. He backs off.

THOMAS

Hey, wanna know why Texas doesn't break off into the Gulf?

The teens groan and roll their eyes.

PROZAC GIRL

Ugh. Is lunch ready?

ANNA

Yes. Y'all are dismissed.

ANXIETY GIRL

Great! Community meeting is officially adjourned for the day. Right?

ANNA

Yes, meeting adjourned.

They stand up to leave.

PROZAC GIRL

(to Anna)

I turn eighteen next week.

ANNA

I know, Jenna. I should be back before then.

Prozac Girl allows a short smile to invade her lips.

THOMAS

Wait. This is critical to the future of Texas. Why doesn't it float away?

BULLY TEEN BOY

(in passing)

'Cause Thomas sucks.

THOMAS

Oklahoma sucks harder!

ANXIETY GIRL

Boomer Sooner.

THOMAS

Hook 'em Horns.

As they exit, Thomas regards Anna.

INT. ANNA'S OFFICE - LATER

Anna finishes logging her notes on the computer for the day while.

THOMAS

I get what you were trying to do, but you can't let them that close--

ANNA

It's okay. I wanted them to know. I needed their honesty...

THOMAS

When is the last time you saw him?

ANNA

(eyes on computer)

I met him and Paul once when I was eighteen; just before graduation. Paul was passing through Tulsa on his way to Singapore. I flew up there for a weekend. He took us camping at Grand Lake.

THOMAS

What was that like?

ANNA

(still typing)

It was hot and neither of us had been camping before.

THOMAS

You ever contact Paul after that?

Anna pauses. Looks at Thomas. *Seriously?*

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Last question. I swear.

She goes back to logging. Then:

ANNA

He sent money a few times during grad school and a signed bible.

(pause)

I just went up there to satisfy the curiosity. I didn't need another dad.

THOMAS

You did literally get two awesome adopted dads for the price of a birth one. Sweet deal.

Anna finishes typing. Thomas steps inside.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Seriously. It goes without saying... if you need anything--

Anna collects her things. Smiles.

ANNA

You can feed and clean Heathcliff while I'm gone.

THOMAS

Anything but that. He hates me!

ANNA

Then stop talking about Catherine in front of him.

THOMAS

Reading *Wuthering Heights* to him is the only way he's going to get better. You can't protect him from his family's past anymore.

She chuckles.

ANNA

That psych degree is paying off.

(then)

Jenna's eighteenth birthday is next week. She'll be leaving us.

THOMAS

I know.

(kidding)

Maybe we'll let her lead us in some dark pagan ritual.

ANNA

She'd love that. We're only in the Philippines for a couple of days, but I might have to stay in Tulsa after. So I was thinking about Skyping or something.

THOMAS

Cool. I'll have my laptop ready--

Anna brushes past him.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

If you need to vent or gossip about your family... or if you just get worried about my safety...

ANNA

(in passing)

Thanks, Thomas.

EXT. ANNA'S APARTMENT COMPLEX - NIGHT

Anna stops to check her mail. Immediately opens a envelope revealing her PASSPORT.

INT. ANNA'S APARTMENT COMPLEX - LATER

She enters the simple and clean apartment. Everything in its place; including HEATHCLIFF, her five-year old RABBIT. He sits up at the sight of Anna.

ANNA'S VOICE

Hey, Ethel... Auntie. I spoke to Jacob earlier. I'll be there by noon. And I will pay you back for the tickets as-- Okay. Okay. Yes, ma'am. Thank you.

ANNA'S BEDROOM - LATER

Anna lies in bed with her laptop and Heathcliff. She searches for Jacob on FaceBook but his private settings won't allow her to see anything. She hesitates for a beat, then clicks

"Add Friend".

Seconds later. Jacob accepts her request.

Shocked, Anna scans through his photos; trying to summarize the fifteen lost years of their genetic narrative.

How could they possibly share the same existential premise?

-- Selfies with fellow counselors at a Christian summer camp.

-- Bible College Graduation.

-- Missionary work in Mexico.

-- Photos with pairs of newlyweds; officiating.

-- Aunt Ethel's Rose garden.

-- Photos of him coaching high school soccer.

-- Status says "Single" but there's one wedding photo of him and a brunette named RACHEL.

Her smile is genuine. His is a question mark.

-- Shirtless at a house in Grand Lake with friends. *Is this the same sixteen year old boy she met years ago?*

-- Fishing at Grand Lake with Paul. The photo is dated five years ago. Jacob stands an inch taller than Paul. Only their eyes and cheek bones share a common thread.

They're so happy. *Did they have any idea she was missing from that day, that moment in time?*

Exhausted from the brief history of Jacob, Anna finally shuts her laptop.

She puts Heathcliff back in his cage and climbs into bed.

Anna lies still in the dark. Checks her phone: No texts or missed calls.

RAPID RATTLING.

A RATTLESNAKE slides across her thighs.

Anna scrolls through her contact list and stops at THOMAS.

Dials. Gets voice-mail. Ends call.

The Rattlesnake creeps under the sheets.

Her phone rings: THOMAS. She glares at the screen until it goes to voice-mail.

The snake disappears.

BLACK

A MEMORY

INT. TULSA INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - FIFTEEN YEARS AGO

Anna, EIGHTEEN, descends the tunnel towards the baggage claim. She's wearing a black tank top and baggy pants; hair inspired by Jada Pinkett-Smith in Set It Off.

She carries her DISCMAN in one hand and pulls a piece of luggage with other.

A forty-year old austere man, with wide-rimmed glasses and a tucked in Oxford shirt, nervously holds an OBNOXIOUS SIGN: ANNALEIGH JACKSON-GALLOWAY. 12-8-81

It's PAUL SINCLAIR. Next to him is Jacob, SIXTEEN; polo shirt and khaki shorts. THICK GLASSES. Gangly. Unsure. And he's a little embarrassed about the obnoxious sign.

She approaches them.

PAUL
Annaleigh... Jackson-Galloway?

She lowers the sign.

ANNA/EIGHTEEN
Anna.

He gives the sign to Jacob. Extends his hand to Anna.

PAUL
(as an apology)
I'm... your father. It's nice to meet
you.

Jacob chuckles. Anna, catching his joke, cracks a smile
at Jacob.

PAUL (CONT'D)
What?

JACOB/SIXTEEN
And I'm Luke.

ANNA/EIGHTEEN
Leia.

The siblings shake hands like allied soldiers meeting on
the battlefield.

Jacob tosses the sign away and offers to take her
luggage.

ANNA/EIGHTEEN (CONT'D)
I got it. Thanks.

INT. PAUL'S CAR, MOVING - STILL A MEMORY

Anna sits in the backseat observing Tulsa's wedlock of
the metropolitan and the pastoral.

Jacob strains in his seat look back at her; firing
questions at her.

ANNA'S POV:

Jacob's face goes in and out of focus; blurred by the
strain of memory.

Paul's face is hidden in silhouette.

JACOB/SIXTEEN

What CD are you listening to?

ANNA/EIGHTEEN

Aaliyah.

JACOB/SIXTEEN

She any good?

RETURN TO SCENE

ANNA/EIGHTEEN

You've never heard of her?

He shrugs.

JACOB/SIXTEEN

Yeah. I just haven't heard much of her stuff. You like DC Talk?

ANNA/EIGHTEEN

Who?

JACOB/SIXTEEN

They're a Christian rap group; their old stuff is better.

ANNA/EIGHTEEN

Never heard of them.

Jacob studies her for a beat. Then faces forward again.

Paul looks in the rear-view mirror at Anna.

PAUL

Congratulations on getting into UT by the way.

ANNA/EIGHTEEN

Thanks.

PAUL

You should think about majoring in Marketing or International Business. Do some traveling--

ANNA/EIGHTEEN

My major is Psychology.

PAUL

Oh. That's good too.

She look out the window, watching the landscape glide pass her. Then we...

MATCH CUT TO:

I/E. ANNA'S CAR, MOVING - DAY

Driving down the same freeway. Aaliyah plays from her iPhone playlist.

She wears shorts, crew-neck tee, and sandals. Sunglasses. Hair straightened in a ponytail and wrap.

Anna's taste in music is all that connects her to the eighteen year old girl who made the same journey years ago.

EXT. ETHEL'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Anna parks at the curb on the street.

She exits the car and surveys the house and the sweltering suburban neighborhood.

A LAWN-MOWER growls ferociously from the backyard.

The front lawn is framed by an assortment of ROSES.

In the driveway is a BLUE SUV with a WHEELCHAIR LIFT attached to the rear. And a GREEN SEDAN.

ETHEL SINCLAIR, fifties, Black, Steel Magnolia, drives her WHEELCHAIR out the front door. Her body holds years of unregulated emotional eating and a big heart.

ETHEL

Well, hello there. Welcome to Tulsa, stranger.

ANNA

Hi, Ms. Sinclair.
(off her look)
Aunt Ethel.

Anna leans down toward her for a hug.

ETHEL

Let's have a look at you.

Anna stands back, letting her conduct the examination.

ETHEL (CONT'D)

My God, you have so much of Paul in your eyes, ears, and nose. Jacob got all of his mother, except for the hands.

ANNA

Where's Jacob?

INT. ETHEL'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Anna enters the quaint cluttered house. POTTED PLANTS and FABRIC CONTAINER line the walls creating a narrow aisle toward the hallway.

An INFLATABLE BED lays in the middle of the cramped living room, surrounded by stacks of GARDENING and FASHION magazines.

Anna navigates the labyrinth of a hoarder's paradise. She starts to unload her stuff onto the inflatable bed, when Ethel follows behind her with:

ETHEL

No. No. Jacob is sleeping there. You have his room.

ANNA

This is fine. He doesn't have to give up his--

ETHEL

Honey, it's one night. He'll live.

Anna makes her way down the hall and into...

INT. JACOB'S ROOM - A MEMORY

ANNA/EIGHTEEN sits on the floor across from JACOB/SIXTEEN. They're playing GUESS WHO?

POSTERS of DC TALK, SPORTS TEAMS, and GAMER ICONS cover the wall. It's a collision of the secular and Christian world.

JACOB/SIXTEEN

Does she have brown hair?

ANNA/EIGHTEEN

Yes.

JACOB/SIXTEEN

What's it like having two dads?

ANNA/EIGHTEEN

I guess it's better than not having one... or not. I don't know. They're cool, though. Does he have blue eyes?

JACOB/SIXTEEN

Yes.

Anna knocks down three of the faces on her board.

JACOB/SIXTEEN (CONT'D)

Do you get bullied at all for it?

ANNA/EIGHTEEN

Not anymore. I mean nothing physical; just the usual shit. It was more annoying than insulting.

JACOB/SIXTEEN

Sorry. That sucks. I'd have your back.

ANNA/EIGHTEEN

Thanks.

JACOB/SIXTEEN

The bible says it's wrong to be gay, but it's not your fault your adopted parents are, ya know?

Anna gawks at Jacob and hesitates a response. But Jacob's genuine naivete quickly dispels her shock.

ANNA/EIGHTEEN

It's your turn.

JACOB/SIXTEEN

Oh yeah. Um... does she have black hair?

Jacob beams and knocks one face down.

ANNA/EIGHTEEN

Yes.

(pause)

What about mom? You ever talk to her?

JACOB/SIXTEEN

She called on my thirteenth birthday and told me I had a sister somewhere in Texas... she didn't even tell me your name. And she sounded weird.

ANNA/EIGHTEEN

I was only with her for like two months before Issac and Dorian adopted me. They named me after Isaac's grandmother. Does he wear glasses?

JACOB/SIXTEEN

Does that matter?

(off her look)

No, he doesn't. So what do you for fun in Dallas?

Anna knocks down two faces.

ANNA/EIGHTEEN

Go to Mavericks games. Shop. Dance. Umm... is he wearing a hat?

JACOB/SIXTEEN

No. I like the Mavericks. Do you have any adopted siblings?

ANNA/EIGHTEEN

No. How long have you been living with Aunt Ethel?

JACOB/SIXTEEN

Pretty much all my life. Does she have green eyes?

ANNA/EIGHTEEN

Yes. Has he always been a missionary?

JACOB/SIXTEEN

I think so. He used to go to church with us when I was kid but he got called into missionary work.

ANNA/EIGHTEEN

Who called him?

PAUL'S VOICE

Hey, food's ready. We gotta leave soon so hurry up.

JACOB/SIXTEEN

(of course)

God.

Anna hesitates a response. Then:

ANNA/EIGHTEEN

Okay, I wanna make a guess. Are you... Robert?

Jacob reluctantly shows his card to her. She smirks. Then he gets up and exits the room as...

INT. JACOB'S ROOM - PRESENT DAY

... ADULT JACOB, enters. Shirtless. Sweaty. Toned.

GARBRIELLA is tattooed across his heart.

If he's made any changes to the room since then, they aren't conspicuous.

Anna rises from the bed. Both transfixed; uncertain of the proper reunion protocol of distant siblings.

They're both practically unrecognizable to each other.

JACOB

Hey... sis.

ANNA

Hi.

He steps into the room, extends his hand to shake. She accepts. A formal greeting will do for now.

ANNA (CONT'D)

(scanning the room)

Is this still the same...

JACOB

Yeah, pretty much. Auntie kept it the same while I was in the Air Force. I joined right after high school. Did six years then went to bible college. Moved back here when Auntie got cancer.

ANNA

That's really nice of you to move back. I had no idea.

JACOB

How could you? You had your own family.

There's something about the way he says that.

ANNA

What does that mean?

JACOB

Nothing. I have to drop her off at dialysis. I should be back in an hour--

ANNA
I'll go with you.

And he exits, leaving Anna to her thoughts.

EXT. ETHEL'S HOUSE - LATER

Anna holds the SUV passenger door open as Ethel climbs inside. Jacob maneuvers the wheelchair onto the back lift. He's clean and sharp in his polo shirt and shorts.

ANNA
When did this happen?

ETHEL
About five years ago. By the grace of God I survived the chemo, but I have to remain on dialysis three days a week. Your father flew out here and visited me for a week. That was the last time... he said would visit you too.

ANNA
I was probably in New York then.

ETHEL
I'm sorry we let this family drift so far apart. After your grandfather drove us out of the house when we were kids living in Chicago, Paul moved to California and I didn't see him for years.

Anna looks to Jacob for clarification. He shrugs back at her.

ETHEL (CONT'D)
He was an orphan... your grandfather.
Bitter. Abusive.

Ethel closes the door. Anna climbs into the back seat.

I/E. JACOB'S SUV, MOVING - DAY

Jacob drives. Sun light claws at them through the windows.

Christian music plays from the radio.

JACOB

Paul actually lived in Angeles City, north of Manila, and has a storage unit nearby.

(to Ethel)

Do you know if Paul had Life Insurance or any insurance?

ETHEL

I'll have to look through my files. I helped him make a few payments while he was in Thailand.

ANNA

Thailand? What the hell was he doing out there?

ETHEL

Fulfilling God's call on his life. It's more than any of us have been doing.

ANNA

I don't know what that means.

JACOB

The official report says the ferry stalled in Manila Bay while seeking shelter from the storm. So far there are only three confirmed deaths. A crewman, Paul, and a woman he was traveling with.

ANNA

A wife?

JACOB

Maybe a girlfriend. Her daughter survived.

ANNA

Can we talk about why I'm here? What do you need me to do? What's the plan?

ETHEL

Be my niece. And apart of this family. Is that too much to ask?

ANNA

No. I just... those tickets aren't cheap. And he hasn't been a part of my life at all. Did he leave a will or something?

JACOB

Why? Are you expecting inheritance money?

ANNA

Should I?

Jacob spies Anna in the rearview mirror.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Should we?

JACOB

Is that why you're here?

ANNA

No. I just... I doubt he would anyway.
And look, I'm willing to help pay for the
cremation and even pay you back for the
ticket--

ETHEL

*Keep your money. "My God shall supply all
my needs according to his riches and
glory in Christ Jesus."*

JACOB

(to Ethel)

Amen.

Ethel smiles back at him. Anna surveys the exchange.

EXT. DIALYSIS CENTER - LATER THAT AFTERNOON

Dark clouds invade the sky, threatening to rain or
something more sinister.

He parks the SUV in the handicap spot.

Anna exits and goes to the wheelchair lift on the rear of
the SUV and waits for Jacob.

AT THE LIFT

ANNA

(to Jacob; discreet)

What the hell is your problem?

Jacob engages the hydraulic lift, allowing it to descend.

JACOB

Look, I respect your choice to be...
secular, but don't patronize her like
that.

He crouches down to unhook one of the straps.

ANNA

What? I wasn't patronizing--I'm just trying to be pragmatic. I thought you guys already an actual plan for all this.

He reaches around for the next strap. Anna eyes the third one, and crouches to help.

JACOB

The plan is to go there and find out what's goin on; maybe bring his body back so we can have a proper service here--

She struggles with the final strap. Jacob tries to intervene.

ANNA

I got it.

JACOB

Press the lever and pull to loosen the strap.

ANNA

I know.

She finally unlocks the strap. Jacob powers on the wheelchair and guides it around Anna.

ANNA (CONT'D)

And my choice to be secular? What does that have to do--

JACOB

You just won't understand certain things. That's all. And auntie's faith is...

Jacob walks to...

THE PASSENGER SIDE

Ethel opens the door as he positions it for her.

ETHEL

Did you get my glasses?

JACOB

Yeah, they're in your purse.

He reaches in the back seat and grabs her purse.

ETHEL

What are you two arguing about?

JACOB

Nothing.

ETHEL

You need each other.

She takes the purse and drives toward the front door.

AT THE LIFT

Anna studies it. Finds the power button and ascends the lift back into position.

Jacob returns. Mildly surprised.

ANNA

You were Facebook stalking too.

JACOB

You sent the friend request.

ANNA

Look, I'm not her to blaspheme. We're about to spend four days together on a pacific island under the worst possible context. Obviously, there's a lot to talk about. Let's save it for the twenty-five hour flight.

Jacob nods in agreement.

ANNA (CONT'D)

And for the record, I'm not *atheist* atheist. I'm just...

JACOB

I don't care. Really.

She watches Jacob assist Ethel with her wheelchair; routine and intuitive.

JACOB (CONT'D)

What do you want for dinner?

ETHEL

My leftover sandwich is fine. And a salad.

Ethel finally drives away.

JACOB

Love you.

ETHEL

Love you too.

Anna hops into the passenger side and waits for Jacob.

ANNA

Who's gonna look after her while we're gone?

He puts the keys in the ignition, then realizes something:

JACOB

I'm the only family she has here.

A heavy pause. Jacob looks at the sky.

ANNA

What about her neighbors? We can ask them. Or someone at the church?

That's not what he meant.

JACOB

It's fine. The Friedbergs will check on her.

ANNA

Look, I can pay for the cremation.

He starts the SUV.

JACOB

We'll figure it out.

TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT

HAIL beats against the windows and the roof of...

INT. ETHEL'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

Jacob, wearing a tank top, packs his SUITCASE while on the PHONE.

Anna researches cremation services on her laptop.

The limited space forces them to constantly maneuver around each other.

ANNA

Okay, this place is in Caloocan City Metro Manila.

(MORE)

ANNA (CONT'D)

Twelve-thousand eight-hundred pesos;
which is... about two-hundred and seventy
dollars. It's cheaper than shipping a
casket.

JACOB

Then that's our best option.

ANNA

The embassy has a list of funeral homes
in Manila but there are web-site links.
So we'd have to call around when we get
there or ask George.

JACOB

What else does it say we need?

ANNA

There's twelve documents needed for the
Mortuary Certificate.

Jacob huddles close to her and studies the list.

She spies the veins trailing down his neck to his tight
shoulder muscle.

RAPID RATTLING...

EXT. GRAND LAKE, OKLAHOMA, WOODS - A MEMORY

... like someone furiously spinning the Wheel of Fortune.

*JACOB/EIGHTEEN stops in her tracks; eyes fixated on the
SERPENT. She starts to move, but ANNA/EIGHTEEN grabs his
hand.*

ANNA/EIGHTEEN

*Don't move. Just look at me.
(squeezing her hand)
Look at me.*

Jacob slowly turns his head toward her.

RATTLING RATTLING RATTLING.

*Panting and shaking, he surrenders to Anna's calm and
confident gaze. He eases his grip; steady breaths now.*

JACOB'S VOICE

Quarantine permit?

ETHEL'S LIVING ROOM - RETURN TO SCENE

Anna looks back at the laptop screen.

ANNA

Yeah... zombie protocol.

JACOB

How much will that cost us? An arm and a leg?

They share a short laugh at the lame joke.

ANNA

Death is almost more expensive than life.

Then their eyes hold each other for a second longer than they expected. It breaks with:

ANNA (CONT'D)

Like I said, I can pay for the cremation fees.

He steps away from her and goes back to packing.

JACOB

No. We can split it.

ANNA

No. I got it. You and Ethel split the funeral service here. I'll cover as much as I can in the Philippines.

He goes the bedroom for a beat.

WHEEEEEER WHEEEEEER

Tornado siren goes off in the city.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Shit.

Jacob strolls back into the room with more stuff to pack. He ENDS CALL and searches something on his phone.

JACOB

One landed just outside Sand Springs, headed this way.

ANNA

When does Ethel finish? We should pick her up.

JACOB

She's safe there. I'll unplug everything.
Grab the land-line and meet me in the
bathroom.

BATHROOM - LATER

DARK.

Illuminated only by her SMART-PHONE SCREEN and the
FLASHES OF LIGHTNING, Anna sits on the floor and waits.
Listening to the music of hail and wind.

Jacob enters with a small PORTABLE STEREO, joins her on
the floor.

JACOB

Our flight's been delayed an hour.

ANNA

Yeah, I just e-mailed George.

JACOB

I was stationed at Tinker Air Force Base
when the F5 hit Moore. We used thermal
night-vision goggles to find survivors...
so many buried under all the stuff we
make.

Jacob knocks on the walls.

JACOB (CONT'D)

We provide all the weapons the wind
needs.

She acknowledges a WIDE STOOL in the bath tub. And the
toilet bowl HANDLE BARS.

ANNA

Do you bathe her as well?

JACOB

No. She's able to do most of her bathroom
needs herself. I mostly clean up and help
her get dressed.

ANNA

You don't have any--I mean we don't have
any uncles or cousins who could help her?

JACOB

We have some cousins in Chicago. Would you have come on this trip if Auntie hadn't paid for you?

ANNA

Maybe... I don't know.

The hail beats stronger against the window.

JACOB

It doesn't matter. What do you do in Dallas?

ANNA

I work at a Group Home. I've been there for about five years now. How about you? Marrying people?

JACOB

Yeah. I teach English at the Christian academy near our church. Officiating is just a side gig I fell into.

ANNA

Are you separated or divorced?

FLASHES OF LIGHT and CRASHES OF THUNDER.

ANNA (CONT'D)

The photo is still there.

JACOB

I thought we were waiting til the flight?

Long pause.

JACOB (CONT'D)

Rachel. Divorced. Forgot to change the status.

ANNA

I was engaged once. And haven't tried again since.

JACOB

Why? 'Cause of our parents?

ANNA

'Cause I don't want to give up whorring just yet.

JACOB

It's hard out there for a pimp.

ANNA

Sho is, pastor.

He lets out a chuckle.

EXT. ETHEL'S HOUSE - SAME NIGHT

Hail dissolves to rain as the water rushes up the driveway and over the roses and the front yard.

The entire neighborhood is rapidly consumed by water.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Anna lies asleep on the floor as water flows inside from under the door and through the window.

The water caresses Anna and covers the floor. Rising. Rising. Now she's fully submerged. Still dreaming.

Ethel's chair, towels, meds, toothbrushes, lotion bottles, toilet paper, all float around her as the water keeps

Rising. Rising.

A LARGE RATTLESNAKE emerges from the TUB and slithers toward Anna.

Sinking. Sinking. Sinking. The water expands beyond the house carrying Anna and her Rattlesnake to the...

DEPTHS OF THE OCEAN

The serpent coils around Anna's dreaming body as she sinks further below the surface... toward the thriving city of MANILA pulsating with life. Illuminating her descent.

Anna sinks into...

I/E. PAUL'S CAR, MOVING - A MEMORY

The half moon hangs low over the flat landscape.

JACOB/SIXTEEN is asleep in the back seat. The menu screen music still playing on his GAMEGEAR.

ANNA/EIGHTEEN listens to her music while Paul drives. He steals glances at her; debating on when to start the conversation.

Finally, he nudges her and gestures to remove the headphones.

PAUL

So I'll start. I was born in Chicago. Your mother was born in a small town outside of Atlanta. We met in LA at a... adult entertainment job.

Anna gawks. Glances back at sleeping Jacob.

PAUL (CONT'D)

It was a brief venture. We were unsaved and reckless. Shortly after, I joined the Air Force and got stationed in the Philippines. I got saved. We got married. And you were born in Angeles City.

ANNA/EIGHTEEN

Then you divorced.

PAUL

Well, separated. She didn't understand the calling God had on my life--

She groans and puts back on her head phones. Paul stops her.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Wait. Let me explain. Please. Your mom and I met at dark times in our lives. We clung to each other. And I thought our lifestyle was the way to happiness and that she was everything I needed--

Paul pauses for a moment.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Okay, look, when I was in the Philippines, working on base and waiting for your mom's paperwork to clear so she could move out there, I went to the villages on my first missionary trip with a local church. There was a deaf and mute boy, starving. I laid my hands on him and prayed for healing. Instantly, he spoke and could hear me.

(MORE)

PAUL (CONT'D)

And I knew then, what I was supposed to do; who I was supposed to be.

Anna glares ahead at the empty road.

PAUL (CONT'D)

When your mom finally joined me in Angeles City, I tried explaining it to her and encouraging her to be a part of my ministry. And that it was important she followed God's plan. Then you were born and she took you back LA.

Paul regards Anna.

PAUL (CONT'D)

That was the last time I saw you.

ANNA/EIGHTEEN

So you gave mom an ultimatum. Her plan or God's plan; which was really your plan.

PAUL

No. God gives us free will, but He loves us and wants us to choose to be a part of His family. He doesn't make you love Him.

ANNA/EIGHTEEN

But we don't get to choose our families.

PAUL

Yes. We do.

INT. FLIGHT TO ATLANTA

Jacob is asleep. Anna sits wide awake. Thinking. Trying to read. Watching the sun wipe away the rest of the storm clouds and the memory of its discontent.

INT. HARTSFIELD-JACKSON AIRPORT, RESTAURANT - MORNING

Anna and Jacob carrying their breakfast orders to a booth.

ANNA

See, I think Paul got to the Philippines and realized he didn't--

Jacob bows his head to pray. Anna pauses; hesitates to begin eating.

He finishes the prayer and begins devouring his food.

ANNA (CONT'D)

So he realized he didn't want to be married. He was in his twenties and didn't know what the hell he wanted. But then I was born and he had to make a choice. Be a parent or be a gypsy. Christianity just gave him the perfect alibi because he was a coward.

JACOB

So you think I was just their attempt at getting back together?

ANNA

Maybe that's why she went back to the Philippines. What did he tell you?

JACOB

When I was eighteen I went to visit her. She was a jazz singer then and married to an actress. She was so happy and I was so angry that she could be so happy.

ANNA

That's understandable. You felt betrayed.

Anna steals a few GRITS from Jacob's plate.

JACOB

Seriously?

She pauses. The fork full of grits hangs mid air.

ANNA

Sorry.

She returns the grits, but he waves her off.

ANNA (CONT'D)

I can't believe this place serves grits.
(mouthful of them)
Well, I have two dads. You have two moms.

He steals the rest of her bacon.

JACOB

You mean we.

ANNA

She's not my mom.
(off his look)
(MORE)

ANNA (CONT'D)

She made the choice not to be a mother. I can't begrudge her that.

She takes some more of his grits.

JACOB

(mimicking her)

That's understandable.

ANNA

Cute. What did Paul do after she left?

JACOB

I stayed with him til I was 2, I think, then we came back to Tulsa to live with Ethel. A few years later he got stationed in Germany and I didn't see him again until that weekend when you came.

ANNA

What about those photos of you and Paul at the lake and graduation?

Jacob steals her last piece of toast.

JACOB

What about them?

ANNA

I don't know. You two seemed happy.

JACOB

So did you... with your two dads.

She takes back a piece of bacon.

ANNA

We're gonna have to sit at separate tables next time.

She gets her first genuine smile out of Jacob.

TERMINAL CONCOURSE - LATER

Anna and Jacob weave their way through travelers. They reach a gathering where a VIOLIN QUARTET tunes their instruments for an impromptu jam session.

JACOB

Bach. I love Bach.

ANNA

It's Vivaldi.

JACOB

Pretty sure it's Bach.

Anna gawks at him.

ANNA

It's Vivaldi's Concerto for Four Violins
and Cello in B Minor.

She's right.

JACOB

Wrong. Vivaldi never wrote anything for
four violins. And Bach is better anyway.Anna glares at him in disbelief. He cracks a smile. She
relaxes.

ANNA

Boy, don't test me.

The siblings become enraptured by the chemistry of the
musicians and the melodious sounds of the concerto.Anna sneaks a glance at Jacob. She unconsciously leans
closer to him.**GRAND LAKE - EVENING***The concerto plays over the memory.***QUICK SHOTS:***-- ANNA/EIGHTEEN and JACOB/SIXTEEN unpack the car.**-- PAUL chats with a COUPLE nearby. He's animated and
awkward but they oblige him.**-- The siblings struggle to assemble the tent. Argue for
a moment about how to begin, discuss the instructions,
then finally agree on a strategy; finding a rhythm and
chemistry in their teamwork.*

INT. FLIGHT TO TOKYO - LATER

Anna and Jacob sit close together and share SNACKS and a LAPTOP; scrolling through each other's Facebook profiles and photos.

ANNA

It's like we're apologizing for their families and saying, "Hey, they screwed up; intentionally or unintentionally. It happens, but this is what love could look like; what a safe environment can feel like. You don't always have to be in survival mode."

JACOB

We try to do the same at the camps.

ANNA

How long have you been a counselor there?

JACOB

About three years now.

ANNA

You remember that raggedy ass tent Paul got us for camping?

JACOB

Oh, yeah. The zipper broke and ripped through the side so we had to...

ANNA

We had to tape your t-shirt over the hole 'cause you were afraid something might creep inside.

JACOB

No. You were complaining about it the whole night.

ANNA

Negro, please. That's really how you wanna remember it?

JACOB

There's no other way.

ANNA

You're so full of shit.

She pinches him on the arm.

JACOB

Ouch! It's true. He forgot to bring a cooler. We had to borrow a lighter. We didn't have a basic first aid kit--what if that rattlesnake had bitten us?

They lock eyes for a moment. She breaks the gaze.

ANNA

I blocked most of that weekend from my mind.

JACOB

Yeah, same here.

She looks around, then gets up.

ANNA

I'm gonna use the ladies room. Can you order me a glass of wine? Cabernet or whatever wet red they have.

JACOB

Okay.

Jacob glances at the laptop; a tagged photo of her at work. She's playing a game of charades with a group of TEENS.

INT. LAVATORY - MOMENTS LATER

Anna washes her hands.

RAPID RATTLING. She looks up at the mirror to see:

JACOB/SIXTEEN standing in the woods. RATTLING.

He reaches out his hand toward her; fear and wonder in his eyes.

GRAND LAKE, WOODS

As her ADULT SELF, she stands next to him now.

The RATTLESNAKE slithers between their legs and disappears into the woods.

Anna remains fixated on Jacob; their hands still interlocked.

AT THEIR SEATS

Jacob holds TWO MINI BOTTLES of wine.

ANNA

Are you sure?

He shrugs.

She takes a deep cleansing swallow. Jacob sips his and watches her.

TWO OR THREE ROUNDS LATER

Jacob is already tipsy. Anna is just getting warmed up.

ANNA

Star Trek or Star Wars?

JACOB

Star Trek. All day everyday.

Anna rolls her eyes in faux disgust.

JACOB (CONT'D)

Wrath of Khan. Wrath of mother-effin Khan. It's better than the entire Star Wars trilogy.

ANNA

Blasphemy. Absolute blasphemy. And you will rot in hell.

JACOB

Werewolves or vampires?

ANNA

Werewolves.

JACOB

Vampires.

ANNA

See? I knew we couldn't be related.

JACOB

C'mon. Immortality. You get to have all those powers and still remain young and fly. You don't have to change and hide on a full moon. You don't have to live near a forest--

ANNA

Wait. Which version of werewolves and
vampires?

Jacob finishes his wine.

JACOB

Why did you stop talking to me... after
dad left... that weekend?

Anna searches his red eyes; deciphering the true question
behind them.

ANNA

What do you mean? I--I don't know. I had
school and... you were busy too with your
life... military and family.

She shifts in her seat and sips more wine. Jacob glances
out the window.

JACOB

I sent you a wedding invitation.

ANNA

No, you didn't.

JACOB

Yes. I did. It was an e-mail, 'cause I
didn't have your home address. But I sent
one.

She hesitates a response. Then:

JACOB (CONT'D)

It's just we could've have these talks
before... all those years.

ANNA

You mean these very important facts of
pop culture? Oh c'mon, you e-mailed me
like three times the whole fifteen years.
You never actually called me. You didn't
call me when Paul came back.

ANNA (CONT'D)

I already have a family--

JACOB

Blade. Wesley Snipes.

ANNA (CONT'D)

What?

As if giving his own origin story:

JACOB

A damphir; hybrid. Best of both worlds. His mother was in labor when a vampire bit her. He gets revenge by killing the pureblood vampires.

ANNA

Um... aight, don't judge me, but I'm going with werewolves in *Twilight*.

JACOB

Team Jacob?

ANNA

Not like that. Only 'cause you can change at will, when you're angry--

Jacob laughs uncontrollably. Anna hides in her wine.

ANNA (CONT'D)

You're more like a shape-shifter--Okay, never mind--

He finally contains himself a little.

ANNA (CONT'D)

(desperately selling this)

There's actually a Canadian werewolf show that uses the same mythology of changing whenever you want. You still have to change during a Full Moon but you can regulate it better--

His look stops her and she cracks up. Now both are giggling.

JACOB

Name one black werewolf.

ANNA

There's one in this show! And if you repress the transformation--

JACOB

Is he the lead?

ANNA

Listen. Listen.

She grabs his arm; shaking him for attention. He surrenders to it; genuinely listening. Anna proceeds with a scholarly tone:

ANNA (CONT'D)

If you repress the transformation for too long you'll lose control and...

Jacob can't hold out any longer and starts giggling again.

ANNA (CONT'D)

... and change without will--Stop laughing. This is... this is critical to our survival. You're on the wrong team--

JACOB

Team Jacob?

ANNA

Yes. No! Forget *Twilight*. This is better. I swear. I swear!

Both break into laughter; covering the mouths as other PASSENGERS side-eye them.

An ELDERLY WOMAN from across the aisle taps Anna on the leg.

Elderly woman

(smiling)

You two are having way too much fun.

ANNA

Oh, I'm sorry. We'll keep it--

ELDERLY WOMAN

No. No. It's fine. You guys are too cute. On vacation?

ANNA

Uh, no. Umm... we're--our... father passed away. In the Philippines. We... we have to um--

She glances at Jacob; both holding back a smile.

JACOB

We're going to collect his remains and... assess his estate--

ELDERLY WOMAN

Oh my. I'm so sorry.

ANNA

Thank you.

Unsure of what to say next, the Elderly Woman retreats to her book.

JACOB
(smiling)
Why are you laughing?

She shakes her head and finishes her wine. Jacob watches her, then reclines in his seat.

LATER THAT FLIGHT

Anna and Jacob are asleep sharing a blanket. Their backs to each other.

EXT. GRAND LAKE, WOODS - DUSK

Desperate streams of the setting sun reach through trees. ANNA/EIGHTEEN leads an anxious JACOB/SIXTEEN through the shadows and light to gather some fire wood.

JACOB/SIXTEEN
So do you have a boyfriend?

Anna drops her bundle of twigs and picks up branch and holds it like a sword.

ANNA/EIGHTEEN
(twirling the branch)
No. Do you?

JACOB/SIXTEEN
Nah. That's--
(off her grin)
I like girls. But I don't have a girlfriend... yet.

She wields the branch like a light-saber; two handed. Jacob surveys the ground and remains on alert for any more snakes.

JACOB/SIXTEEN (CONT'D)
There's the girl in my Sunday School class that I kinda like. Her best friend told me last week that she thinks I'm cute. So I think I might ask for her number at Wednesday night service this week.

Jacob finally looks at Anna making light-saber noises as she battles dangling tree branches.

JACOB/SIXTEEN (CONT'D)

She goes to another school, so I don't know if it's worth it.

ANNA/EIGHTEEN

Luke versus Leia. Death match. Who wins?

JACOB/SIXTEEN

I don't know. So should I ask for her number? One of my friends dated a girl from another school and she cheated on him. Would you date a guy from another school?

Anna finds a similar branch and gives it to Jacob.

ANNA/EIGHTEEN

Why do you assume she would be the one who would cheat?

He shrugs. Both remain quiet and focused on the task. We follow them through the trees and...

INT. TOKYO TERMINAL - EVENING

... through anxious travelers. The siblings rush to their gate. Both a little hung-over.

JACOB/PHONE

We're in Tokyo now... We're okay. It was fine. Our next flight is already boarding. Are you okay? Good. You wanna speak to Anna?

She shakes her head, "no" but he shoves the phone at her and runs to the nearest bathroom.

ANNA/PHONE

Hi, Ethel. How are you feeling?

Anna grabs Jacob's bag and turns to follow him; struggling to manage the phone and both of their bags.

ANNA/PHONE (CONT'D)

That's great. Uh. Yes, ma'am. We've been talking and... just about random stuff; trying to catch up.

She waits outside the bathroom.

ANNA/PHONE (CONT'D)

Yeah, it's nice to reconnect... so about the funeral service. Do you have an idea how many guests will there?

Jacob finally emerges; wiping the rest of the wine colored vomit stains off his shirt.

She hands him a water-bottle.

ANNA/PHONE (CONT'D)

Hey, Ethel. Auntie. We'll call you when we land in Manila.

ENDS CALL. He downs the water. Stands in front of her. Smiles groggily.

ANNA

Better?

He nods and picks up his bag.

JACOB

That's the first time I've had a drink since... I moved in with Auntie.

ANNA

(returns his phone)

That's like five years, right? Shit. Did you fall off the wagon?

JACOB

No! We were having fun. I haven't drank like that and with the altitude... I don't know.

ANNA

Are you sure?

JACOB

Yeah.

She winces at his breath.

ANNA

Oh, hell no. I have some gum.

Jacob breathes in her face.

ANNA (CONT'D)

(laughing)

Ugh! Go away.

He chases her back to the gate with his hot stank breath.

INT. FLIGHT TO MANILA - NIGHT

They share Jacob's laptop. Jacob hydrates. Anna snacks.

JACOB

Okay, I found it. He sent this to me a couple of years ago. It's some healing service he did in Thailand.

INT. SMALL WAREHOUSE ROOM - NIGHT

THROUGH A SMART-PHONE CAMERA

Sound is distorted. Shaky recording.

We're at the front standing next to...

PAUL, late forties, as he engages a row of eager FAMILIES in the throws of worship. Most of them poor and homeless.

CAMERA PANS around the crowd to see--

Hands raised to the sky. Singing and praying to a somber song of praise and prostration.

We hear the camera owner praying a mixture between Thai and "in tongues"; the Holy Spirit language.

We PAN back to the front.

PAUL wipes his sweaty brow with a white cloth and walks down the row, gripping the heads of each poor guest. Each of them fall into the arms of an ASSOCIATE trailing behind them.

ANNA'S VOICE

Do you know who recorded this? It sounds like George.

JACOB'S VOICE

Yeah, I think so.

A MOTHER wheels her HANDICAP CHILD to Paul. A few words are exchanged between him and the mother. Then Paul lies his hands on the Child's legs. Prays and lets go.

The child struggles to stand. She grabs his arms and lifts him up. The crowd cheers and sings. The Child hugs him.

RETURN TO SCENE

Jacob is still hydrating. Anna scans more of his e-mails from Paul.

ANNA

What are these? "The Word of the Lord over you these next nine days..."

JACOB

They're... it's part of a newsletter--

ANNA

Wait. Let me read it. "*The Elijah List... Prophetic resources... Do you want to know what God is saying to you today?*"

Anna hides a smile; really trying to be diplomatic.

ANNA (CONT'D)

So... Paul was a prophet?

Jacob closes the laptop. Anna moves to speak, then stops. He avoids her critical eyes.

JACOB

I was supposed to join him there after the divorce. But Auntie got sick and... God called me to the teaching ministry in Tulsa.

ANNA

Paul left you take care of his sister. Just like he left mom. God's not much of a family man.

JACOB

You don't understand.

ANNA

No. But I would if he would've just been honest and taken responsibility for his own decisions instead of using God as a scapegoat.

JACOB

Mom left me with Auntie and put you up for adoption. Where's the responsibility in that?

ANNA

She was honest.

JACOB

Auntie needed me. 'Cause I'm apparently
the only family she has.

Jacob dares a confrontation. Anna tightens her jaw. Then
relaxes.

ANNA

But you resent her for being sick. I can
tell.

He struggles to unbuckle his seat belt.

ANNA (CONT'D)

It's okay. I get it.

Anna lets him work through it. Finally, he shoves his way
past her.

She reflects. Regrets.

UNDER THE PACIFIC

*Anna's sleeping body hangs over Manila and northern
Philippines. Her RATTLESNAKE spiraling around her.*

BLACK

INT. CUSTOMS - NIGHT

Red-eyed and cranky, the siblings stand in a jet-lagged
caravan. Some relieved; excited. Some anxious; annoyed.
Anna and Jacob listen to their music through ear-phones.

EXT. MANILA, AIRPORT - NIGHT

Jacob is on the phone. Anna breathes in the fresh night
air.

A BANNER from a church: HE WAS BRUISED FOR OUR
INIQUITIES...

looms over the city rapidly reconstructing itself.

Both observe the banner.

Jacob ends the call.

JACOB
Straight to voice-mail.

ANNA
He knows about the customs line, right?
It was faster than we thought.

JACOB
Yeah, he got my text.

ANNA
What happened to the boy in the video? Is
he fully recovered--healed now?

JACOB
What happens to the kids in your Group
Home when they leave? Are they fixed or
rehabilitated?

ANNA
They're not broken. They were just given
ineffective tools to work with. Or no
tools at all.
(off his pensive silence)
I'm sorry... about earlier--

JACOB
I think that's George.

Jacob grabs his luggage and heads to the curb.

George gets out and greets them.

GEORGE
Jacob? Anna?

JACOB
Yes. Thanks for doing this.

GEORGE
No problem. Sorry for the delay. You'll
learn quickly that time is relative
here... and sometimes subjective.

I/E. GEORGE'S CAR, MOVING - NIGHT

Jacob rides shotgun. Anna sits in the back, quiet.

GEORGE
How was the flight?

JACOB

Long.

GEORGE

Paul was a good friend. I'm sorry for your loss. Good friend... saved so many people's lives.

George drives past a congregation outside a catholic church. They gather a YOUNG MAN being WHIPPED by men in ROMAN COSTUMES.

JACOB

How did you meet Paul?

GEORGE

He led me to Christ about ten years ago. I was in a dark place at that time. No job. Divorced. Got into the drug scene for awhile too. Satan had a hold of my life. I was lost. But your father showed me God's love... saved my life.

JACOB

So you were there during those healing crusades?

GEORGE

Yes. I joined his ministry just before he visited Thailand. We lived off small donations for about a year then we got asked to speak at several churches throughout Southeast Asia. But we made our headquarters here in Angeles City.

ANNA

Who was the woman with Paul? On the ferry.

GEORGE

Leah. His fiance.

Anna eyes Jacob.

ANNA

What was he doing? What about the daughter?

GEORGE

Imelda. She's still at the hospital. You can meet her tomorrow.

George weaves through the crowded streets.

Date nights at restaurants. Late happy hour meetings. Merchants. Construction on rain and wind damage. Crowded shelters.

A city emotionally drying itself from the storm water.

INT. MANILA HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Anna, in towels, steps out of the bathroom and is gripped by the simulated cold air and the metallic spasms of its creator, the air condition unit.

Manila's night life spills through the curtains splitting the dark into chunks of shadows.

Jacob lies shirtless and careless on top of the bed sheets. The rest of his clothes scattered on the floor.

Steam spirals around her body as it rises from her skin. She sits on the edge of her bed and adapts to the temperature shift.

Then she changes into her pajamas and turns on the TV. Televangelists. More Televangelists. A variety show. It's a mix of English and Tagalog.

Turns off the TV and finally crawls into bed.

INT. MANILA HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

Jacob, fully dressed and caffeine induced, enters the room with coffee and a SMALL SHOPPING BAG.

Anna is still asleep. He gives her a nudge and sets the coffee down next to her.

JACOB

Hey. Wake up. Wake up.

ANNA

What? Damn. I'm awake. What the hell is wrong with you?

JACOB

George is on his way.

ANNA

Shit. Okay. Let me get dressed.

She sits up and grabs the coffee.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Mmmm. Thanks.

He lets her enjoy the first few sips before:

JACOB

Paul's body is gone. I just spoke to someone at the hospital.

Anna speculates. He's serious.

ANNA

Where is it?

JACOB

I don't know. The nurse said yesterday Leah's sister, Maria, I think, ordered him and Leah's bodies transferred to her house in one of the southern islands.

Anna takes a long sip and gets out of bed.

I/E. GEORGE'S CAR, MOVING - MORNING

Anna is switching out sim cards for her smart-phone.

The freeway is practically empty. Shops and department stores are closed.

George makes a turn down a residential street to avoid the Good Friday Parade traffic but runs into another procession.

GEORGE

Leah had just moved out from her sister's place when Paul met her. There was a falling out between the sisters about Imelda's birth father. Very bad man. Paul and I counseled her through the divorce.

On the side of the street, a caravan of neighborhood kids and teens follow THREE YOUNG MEN; each dragging LARGE WOODEN CROSSES.

Families watch from their patios and lawns as they work to rebuild flood damage.

The humidity claws at the clothes and hair.

Anna and Jacob witness silently to the sincerity of the scenario.

George continues past the procession.

ANNA

Where are they going?

GEORGE

Probably to the park for one of the
Passion Plays.

A BOY recites the Pasyón in Tagalog through a speaker system. His strained but sincere voice echoes through the neighborhood.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

It's a special Holy Week. We've never had
a typhoon in April.

Anna gets a Facebook IM from Thomas: A SELFIE of him holding HEATHCLIFF. Thomas is surprised.

Thomas's message reads: *Got him to share his feelings. We're cool now.*

She smiles. Then puts her phone back in her SLING SHOULDER BAG.

ANNA

So her aunt left her at the hospital? Who
is her legal guardian now?

George considers them. Then points at himself.

PACIFIC OCEAN - A MEMORY

A wall of water moves toward Manila Bay. A lonely FERRY tosses about in its path.

INT. HOSPITAL, IMELDA'S ROOM - MORNING

IMELDA, native Filipina, resilient. She's lived a thousand years at fourteen.

She sits up in her bed, fully clothed and reading one of those waiting room paperback novels.

An American drama series plays on the television.

George leads Anna and Jacob into her room. He carries a bag of fresh clothes for Imelda like it contains bio-hazardous materials.

GEORGE

Good morning. How are you feeling?

IMELDA

Like someone who just watched their
parents drown.

She lets them grapple with the weight of their mortality.
Only Anna can see Imelda's attempt at dark humor.

ANNA

Typhoons have that affect on some people.

Imelda offers a grin. Then:

IMELDA

Sorry about your dad.

ANNA

Thank you.

George quickly gives her the fresh bag of clothes; happy
to finally be relieved from it.

GEORGE

Everything... you requested.

Imelda gets up to officially greet them.

JACOB

We're gonna be in town for a couple of
days... if you need anything or just
wanna get out of George's place.

GEORGE

I have to manage a few things at the
church before work. I thought you could
spend some time with them today.

Imelda critiques her new siblings.

IMELDA

Is that why you flew all the way out
here? Just to hangout with me?

Anna and Jacob exchange glances. *Who wants to go first?*

JACOB

Do you think you can help us get our dad
back?

Imelda raises an eyebrow at him. Then glances at Anna.

IMELDA

Like from the dead? Uh. I know a witch doctor...

JACOB

I mean, your aunt apparently has stolen his body. Any idea what she's planning to do or where--

ANNA

(grinning)

A witch doctor? For real?

GEORGE

Imelda, your Aunt Maria identified the bodies last night and had them both sent to Puerto Galera.

IMELDA

Of course.

Imelda puts away her book and jumps out of bed.

Anna chuckles.

EXT. HOSPITAL - MOMENTS LATER

Anna, Jacob, and Imelda follow George to the parking lot.

ANNA AND IMELDA

... lag behind George and Jacob.

IMELDA

I didn't even know she came up here. When do you go back?

ANNA

Friday.

IMELDA

You're only here for three days? Shit.

ANNA

I know. The funeral is Saturday.

IMELDA

Death happens fast.

Anna admires her; recognizing a counterpoint.

IMELDA (CONT'D)

This is the most quiet time of year in Manila.

AT GEORGE'S CAR

George tosses Imelda's old clothes into the back seat.

GEORGE

When Paul asked me to be her Godfather, I thought he was joking. I've watched her grow up. But I have no idea what I'm doing. I barely have room for her at my place.

JACOB

Neither do we. Maybe her aunt will be willing to reconcile the past.

Both contemplate Imelda and Anna as they approach.

GEORGE

God always has a plan.

ANNA

Do you know if Paul had an attorney handling his estate and finances?

GEORGE

No. Just the insurance agent that consulted him. I'll find his info.

ANNA

Thanks. And we need the address and key.

IMELDA

I got it.

ANNA

Great. You can help us tomorrow.

(to George)

We'll let you know what we find down there.

IMELDA

Let's go crash a funeral.

Before Anna and Imelda can walk away, George closes his eyes and shifts directly into:

GEORGE

Now may the Lord bless you and keep you...

Jacob obliges. Anna and Imelda pause.

Imelda eyes Anna; surprised to share the same perspective.

INT. FERRY, MANILA BAY - A MEMORY

It's capsizing.

We're moving SLOWLY...

GEORGE'S VOICE

*May the Lord make his face to shine upon
you, and be gracious to you. May the Lord
lift up his countenance upon you, and
give you peace.*

*Heavy rain hammers down on them. Waves juggle the ferry
about.*

LEAH

*is tossed into a side rail and BASHES her head on the
rail.*

*BLOOD streams from the back of her cracked skull. Eyes
white and wide; caught by the splendor and surprise of
fleeting mortality.*

IMELDA

is yanked out of Paul's grip and dragged into the sea.

BLACK

I/E. BUS TO BATANGAS, MOVING - DAY

Jacob leans over the top of Anna and Imelda's seats. Only a few passengers ride with them.

IMELDA

*We had just left my aunt's place. They
hadn't spoken or seen each other since
mom met Paul.*

The freeways in Manila are empty. Billboards for American movies compete with Filipino ads. Half English and half Tagalog.

INT. PORT OF BATANGAS, LOBBY - DAY

Anna and Jacob follow Imelda inside the half full lobby. They find seats facing the Pacific.

Imelda observes an ELEVEN YEAR OLD GIRL with her rustic parents across the aisle. The girl wears a hand-me-down summer dress.

Driven by pride and guilt, the MOTHER obsessively grooms the melancholy Girl.

Anna turns and follows Imelda's gaze.

IMELDA

That was the first time I wore makeup.

ANNA

Do you recognize her?

IMELDA

Not anymore.

The Girl glares through her frustration and finds Imelda's eyes.

IMELDA'S VOICE

Servants, be obedient to them that are your masters according to the flesh...

A WOMAN selling ROSARIES,

CROSSES their gaze to reveal...

TEN YEAR OLD Imelda, sitting next to a TWENTY-SEVEN year old LEAH; rags of clothes hanging from her frail body.

She snubs out her cigarette; fingers colored by the soil of field work and suffocating poverty.

Specks of ash cling to Imelda's immaculate cheek. Leah delicately wipes the ash away.

She smiles faintly at the CHARM on Imelda's NECKLACE; an image of the moon goddess, MAYARI.

A YOUNG PRETTY WOMAN in a suit and sunglasses appears, backlit by the evening sun. She politely gives Leah an ENVELOPE, then picks up Imelda's small suitcase.

Imelda beholds the ferry approaching the pier.

IMELDA'S VOICE (CONT'D)

... with fear and trembling, in
singleness of your heart, as unto
Christ...

Leah quickly hugs an apathetic Imelda. Then the Young Woman escorts her to the...

EXT. LOADING DOCK, BATANGAS PIER - CONTINUOUS

... and a small PRIVATE YACHT a few yards away from the approaching ferry.

IMELDA'S VOICE

*Children, obey your parents in the Lord:
for this is right. Honour thy father and
mother; (which is the first commandment
with promise;) That it may be well with
thee, and thou mayest live long on the
earth.*

On the yacht, she's greeted by a WHITE MIDDLE AGE MALE. His face is overexposed; obscuring our view.

Imelda watches the ferry docking the pier and...

LEAH

waiting in line; too ashamed to look back.

INT. BATANGAS FERRY TO PUERTO GALERA - DAY

Green hills and white shores cradle the Batangas bay.

Imelda sits between Anna and Jacob. They share bottled waters.

Only a few PASSENGERS join them on the ferry. Everyone enjoys the much coveted breeze from the bay.

JACOB

How did he find you after all that? Did you escape?

IMELDA

"God's hand of providence," he always said. Paul was doing a seminar at a hotel in Cebu where I happened to be working. I got off on the wrong floor and ran into him.

(MORE)

IMELDA (CONT'D)

(beat)

I had just been with a client. He'd fallen asleep.

INT. PAUL'S HOUSE - EVENING - A MEMORY

IMELDA, at TWELVE, watches her mom, LEAH, at TWENTY-NINE, soak up the presence of Paul and his prayer. Her hand squeezing Imelda's hard, but holding Paul's hand gently.

LEAH

Amen.

PAUL

Amen.

Leah opens her eyes and smiles up at Paul. Their hands slow to release.

He gives Imelda a small PRAYER POCKETBOOK.

PAUL (CONT'D)

These passages and prayers will give you strength and comfort. From now on, your Heavenly Father will protect you.

Imelda takes the pocketbook, opens it as if something alive might rise out of the pages. Seemingly disappointed and unimpressed, she glances at Leah, then:

IMELDA

(to Paul)

Thank you.

She exits the door and waits for Leah. She's glowing; Paul won't stop talking.

IMELDA'S VOICE

I can't blame her. He was literally our personal savior. Forgave the sins of my mother. Paid off her debts. Brought her daughter back from hell. And suddenly I was a preacher's kid; a soldier for the kingdom.

INT. BATANGAS FERRY TO PUERTO GALERA - DAY

Imelda is on the phone. Anna pulls a bottle of sun screen from her sling pack.

IMELDA

Voice-mail again.

ANNA

We can't blame her. She has no idea who we are or that we were coming.

JACOB

What exactly are we gonna tell her? "Can we borrow our dad's body for a week?"

ANNA

Maybe.

IMELDA

It's doubtful they've buried him yet. You could pay the funeral company to give you the body before they do it.

ANNA

We need to find the closest crematorium too.

IMELDA

Wait. You were planning to have him cremated? I thought you would ship the body back.

JACOB

Why?

ANNA

That's more expensive and complicated.

IMELDA

She's old world Catholic.

ANNA

So?

Jacob glances at Anna.

JACOB

Crap. I didn't even think about that.

ANNA

What?

EXT. SABANG BEACH, PUERTO GALERA - DAY

Anna and Jacob follow Imelda off the ferry.

A wide cove. White sands. Clear blue water. Passenger and fishing boats. Thick yellow sun.

Dive resorts, restaurants, and tourist shops crowd the scar of beach.

It's a slow Easter weekend. A few shops are in need of mild reconstruction.

ANNA

We could just buy an urn and put sand in it. Ethel will never know.

IMELDA

Or you can cut him in half and cremate your part.

JACOB

Good idea, King Solomon.

Imelda leads them through narrow passageways between dive bars, restaurants, and tourist shops.

American Spring Breakers bar hop and shop in their bathing suits.

The locals do their best to tolerate and accommodate them.

Imelda suddenly turns to enter a...

INT. SMALL BAKERY SHOP - DAY

She goes straight behind the counter and chats with the MANAGER. He offers condolences in Tagalog.

ANNA AND JACOB

Both browse the desserts.

ANNA

At least it'll save us all the paperwork trouble now.

JACOB

Yeah but we're not taking back an urn full of dirt.

(then)

This is so stupid. Why did she take both bodies?

ANNA

Guilt. She must've said some shitty things to them before they left here.

JACOB

Do you remember the last thing you said to dad?

ANNA

Thanks for the check.

JACOB

Of course.

ANNA

I was sincere. What did you say?

JACOB

I'm gonna update Auntie.

ANNA

No. We'll figure something out.

BEHIND THE COUNTER

Imelda leans closer to ask something. At first he shakes his head no, then changes his mind and nods while pointing toward the beach.

She glances back at Anna and Jacob arguing.

The Manager steps into the back office briefly and returns with a pair of SUNGLASSES for her.

ANNA AND JACOB

JACOB

We have to tell her something. The funeral program is going out this weekend.

ANNA

They're not planning to see his body anyway. Just leave it alone for now.

Imelda joins them, puts on her shades.

IMELDA

I thought I lost these. We stopped here on our way back from Maria's that day.

She stares at one of the desserts.

IMELDA (CONT'D)

Their last supper; a couple of Barquillos
and a Cassava cake.

Before they can process what she said, Imelda skips out
of the bakery...

EXT. MAIN STREET - CONTINUOUS

... and quickly leads them to a crowded JEEPNEY (a local
bus converted from WWII US military jeeps). They hop
inside and pay.

I/E. JEEPNEY - DAY

Anna is crammed between a few German tourists and locals
straining to take photos and videos with their smart
phones.

She watches Jacob and Imelda sitting next to each other;
chatting.

The Jeepney takes them through the main hub of shops,
hotels, and resorts along the beach.

At the end of the main street, the Jeepney makes a stop.
Imelda jumps up and gestures to Anna.

EXT. NARROW ROAD - LATER THAT AFTERNOON

Imelda leads Anna and Jacob up a small path coiling up a
forest hill. Small houses hide behind dense tropical
foliage.

Children run up and down the hill. It's the local side of
the island.

ANNA

Do you know your birth father?

Imelda shrugs.

IMELDA

There was only Bill and... your dad.

JACOB

Bill? Oh, the white dude with the yacht--

ANNA

And the trafficking. You know? The illegal part.

JACOB

(to Imelda)

You sound so... American. Was it Paul? Or... I mean I've noticed a lot of American influence here, but I didn't realize--

IMELDA

Are you kidding me? America has been here for years.

Anna STUBS her toe on a hidden rock; BREAKING her sandal.

ANNA

Fuck. Grrr.

She leans against a tree; examining her bloody toe. Sweat drips down on her foot.

JACOB

You okay?

ANNA

Yeah, I think so.

Jacob pours the remains of his water bottle on her foot.

IMELDA

We're almost there. We can steal a pair of shoes from Maria.

ANNA

So we've added shoes to our heist.

JACOB

Hop on. I'll carry you.

ANNA

No. I'm fine. I'll deal with it when we get to the house.

JACOB

You sure? It could get infected.

IMELDA

You wanna wear my sandals?

ANNA

No. It's not that bad.

Jacob and Imelda continue up the hill.

Anna takes two steps, then stops.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Wait.

TOP OF THE HILL - MOMENTS LATER

Jacob carries Anna on his back. Imelda walks along side them.

Behind them, the bay spreads out into the Pacific.

IMELDA

Fifteen years? Like, my entire life?

JACOB

Yeah.

IMELDA

So you guys know as much about each other as I do, right now?

ANNA

Pretty much.

Anna takes a sip from her water bottle and feeds some to Jacob.

IMELDA

For the same reasons my mom and aunt quit talking?

JACOB

No. It wasn't like that. We just... didn't grow up together.

The trio walk past a LARGE FAMILY gathering at a small house.

Music plays. Children play. Adults prepare food and chat. A STATUE OF CHRIST IN THE GARDEN GETHSEMANE sits in the middle of the yard.

Continuing up the hill, Anna breaks their silence with:

ANNA

Werewolves or vampires?

IMELDA

Vampires. They're prettier. And shape-shifting is too much work.

JACOB

See? Ain't nobody got time for all that.

ANNA

From which movie?

IMELDA

Interview with a Vampire. Lestat.

ANNA

(surprised)

Whatchu know about Lestat?

IMELDA

(blushing)

Tom Cruise as a southern aristocrat with long hair. Yummy.

Anna laughs out loud.

ANNA

You are so precious. He did look good, though.

They continue up the hill slowly. Then:

IMELDA

Bill... had movie night every Sunday. I think he use to make movies in the US. I had to... sit between his legs--

Both give her a horrified look. She deflects the sentiment with:

IMELDA (CONT'D)

Villagers sell their children to Americans all the time. Where do you think that girl was going?

(beat)

But he had good taste in movies. So there's that.

ANNA

Have you been able to talk to anyone about what happened those two years?

She shrugs. Then offers a cryptic answer:

IMELDA

God?

Anna and Jacob try to read her expression.

Imelda presses up ahead and finally stops to face toward a clearing.

IMELDA (CONT'D)

She's home.

Jacob drops Anna from his back. He COLLAPSES on the ground melodramatically.

ANNA

Oh, it was not that serious. You can put away the cross now.

Jacob GRABS her leg with the bruised toe. She hops around trying to pull away; laughing.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Boy, let go of me.

JACOB

What? Now say something smart.

ANNA

I ain't playin' with you. Jacob, let go.
I swear I'll break your arm.

Jacob playfully tackles her down. Both lie exhausted next to each other; muddy. Smiling.

They look up at the burnt sky.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. A TENT - A MEMORY

Summer night sky.

ANNA/EIGHTEEN and JACOB/SIXTEEN lie awake looking up at the stars through the netted roof of the tent.

Short wind gusts ruffle the tent and their makeshift doorway.

Jacob spies Anna's cheek glowing in the moonlight.

She shuts her eyes.

Somewhere up the lake they can hear Paul LAUGHING.

ANNA/EIGHTEEN

God, he has the loudest laugh I've ever heard.

Jacob chuckles.

JACOB/SIXTEEN

You notice how he always talks to people like he's giving a college lecture--

ANNA/EIGHTEEN

Or a sermon? And it's like he has no concept of sound proximity either.

She leans up on her elbow and faces Jacob.

ANNA/EIGHTEEN (CONT'D)

Sometimes I wanna stop him and ask, "Why you gotta talk so damn loud?"

JACOB/SIXTEEN

For real.

Something NUDGES the tent. Then SCRATCHES the ground.

Jacob sits up. Eyes wide.

Anna holds his frightened stare with her own.

Paul's boisterous LAUGHTER is heard again.

Anna cracks a smile. Jacob lets out a nervous laugh.

ANNA/EIGHTEEN

There ain't nothing in the world that funny.

Both of them lie back down on the floor.

IMELDA'S VOICE

Damnit, kids! I can't take you in the house like that.

EXT. NARROW ROAD - DAY

Imelda stands over them with her arms crossed like a disappointed mother.

She smiles. Helps them up. Anna wipes off the dirt and mud from Jacob's back.

ANNA

Sorry, ma'am.

Imelda pours the rest of her water on Anna's bruised toe.
Gives Anna her sandal.

IMELDA

Well, let's get our shit together. I'll
do the talking.

She marches toward the house. Anna and Jacob exchange a
funny look.

EXT. MARIA'S HOUSE - DAY

A small one story house desperately holding onto its
Spanish charms from the late eighties and nineties era.

A COUPLE OF CARS are parked in the driveway.

The porch is consumed with potted plants and images of
Filipino deities.

AT THE DOOR

An image of BATHALA is etched in the center of the door.

Imelda stands between them at the front door. Anna and
Jacob continue scrubbing some of the mud off their
clothes; last minute grooming.

KNOCK KNOCK

Imelda and the siblings wait for a response.

IMELDA

(at the image)

Bitch.

(off their looks)

It's Bathala... God of the Tagalogs. Mom
had the same thing, before she met Paul.

Someone stirs behind the door; clanging sounds from the
kitchen.

Then a MIDDLE AGE WOMAN'S VOICE shouts something in
Tagalog through the door.

Imelda responds in tandem with more Tagalog. The Woman
rants off something more; a frustrated tone.

IMELDA (CONT'D)
They're his biological children...

More Tagalog back and forth.

IMELDA (CONT'D)
(to Anna and Jacob)
When were you born?

ANNA
Uh. Eighty-one. Nineteen eighty-one.

JACOB
Nineteen eighty-four.

ANNA
(to Imelda)
Nineteen eighty-one and eighty-four.

Realizing the Woman behind the door can apparently understand English too, Anna adds:

ANNA (CONT'D)
(to the door)
In Angeles City... near Clark Air Force Base.
(to Imelda)
Why does that matter?

IMELDA
Really? The old American base? That explains a lot.

Pause. Then.

The Woman responds in Tagalog.

Imelda sighs. Rolls her eyes.

Whispering.

IMELDA (CONT'D)
(to Anna and Jacob)
She doesn't believe us.

ANNA
What?

JACOB
We have to prove we're Paul's children?

IMELDA
And she's convinced I'm cursed by the moon eater... a serpent god--

ANNA
You gotta be kidding me--

JACOB
Why?

IMELDA
(recalling)
Bakunawa. Mom would call her that--

ANNA
So she's not Catholic anymore?

JACOB
(to the door)
Maria? I'm Jacob Sinclair. Paul's sister,
Ethel, sent us here--

The door unlocks. Slowly creaks open to reveal...

MARIA SANTIAGO. 40s. Caustic. Delirious with grief and
guilt.

She stands in her red robe, A ROSARY around her neck.
Imelda eyes it.

Maria stares at Jacob. Awestruck.

JACOB (CONT'D)
Hi. I'm sorry to bother you, but--

Maria
You sound like him.

Then she inspects Anna.

Imelda considers Maria's assessment of Jacob.

ANNA
Maria... Ms. Santiago? Please. Jacob and
I came all the way from the U.S. to pay
our respects and to... um--

She looks at Jacob.

JACOB
And to help with... any funeral
arrangements.

Maria opens the door and steps back to let them inside;
keeps suspicious eyes on Imelda.

INT. MARIA'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

BOXES and various PLANT life are staged to one side of the room. Several FOLD-OUT CHAIRS are stacked in the center.

Maria leads them quietly through the small cluttered space.

And on the MANTLE is...

AN URN

... with a freshly painted image of APOLAKI; the Sun God.

Imelda clocks it; glances at Anna. She lets out a gasp; relief and surprise.

Now all three of them sneak glances at the Urn.

MARIA

The chairs go outside. Those boxes can go in the garage.

Then she looks at Imelda and speaks Tagalog.

Imelda sighs and nods.

IMELDA

(to Anna and Jacob)

I'll be in the kitchen. Guests will be here in an hour.

ANNA

Okay.

(to Maria)

Can I use your bathroom?

Maria gestures back down a short hallway.

Jacob watches Anna leave, then picks up a few chairs.

Imelda follows Maria into the...

KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

... where TWO FILIPINA WOMEN are in a cooking frenzy. Noodles, vegetables, sauces, and various meats engulf them.

Both eye Imelda and give her instructions in Tagalog, then chat between themselves.

ON THE COUNTER is another URN. This one has the painted MAYARI the Moon Goddess painted on it.

Imelda spies it. Then helps cut vegetables and season meat.

BATHROOM - SAME TIME

Anna washes her face and attends to her bruised toe.

Takes off her head wrap and tries to salvage a suitable look with her hair. Gives up and puts the wrap back on.

Then pulls out her phone to make a call. Gets Thomas's voice-mail.

ANNA

(in the phone)

Hey, it's Anna. Just calling check on everything. I knew you and Heathcliff would make up. Let me know how Jenna is doing.

THROUGH THE WINDOW: A large tree with Ylang-Ylang bloom. Two-foot-long yellow petals droop from the flowers.

A breeze tickles the petals.

ANNA (CONT'D)

It's beautiful here.

Ends call.

KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Maria's friends continue to cook and ignore Imelda.

Maria enters. She mumbles something to one of the ladies. Then grabs the Mayari urn and exits toward her bedroom.

Imelda's eyes follow her. Suspicious.

BACKYARD - EVENING

Behind Jacob, the sun slides into a pocket of rain clouds scarring the horizon.

The backyard is surrounded by tropical trees and shrubbery.

Jacob adds chairs to a set of small tables in the center of the yard.

Anna joins Jacob with another FOLD-OUT TABLE.

ANNA

I think this is the last table.

Jacob helps her unfold and place the table near a few remaining chairs.

Then he takes a seat in one of them. Anna joins him.

They watch the rain clouds approach from the Pacific.

JACOB

Maybe we should just leave him here.

ANNA

We can bring something back from his place tomorrow. Maybe some flowers for Ethel.

A long pause... is eventually interrupted by YELLING.

Both get up and follow the noise into the...

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Just outside the bedroom.

JACOB

Imelda?

Imelda and Maria are in screaming match; in Tagalog.

Maria's Friends seem to be defending Maria; gesturing at Imelda.

Anna and Jacob witness Imelda's shocking rage; her first real moment of catharsis.

Maria holds the MAYARI URN; lid open. Her hands and lips littered with ASH and TEARS.

IMELDA

(to Anna and Jacob)

This bitch is EATING my mom!

ANNA

What?

IMELDA

She's probably eating Paul's ashes too.
She's fucking insane!

JACOB

Whoa. Okay. Let's just go outside for
second.

Maria glares at Anna and Jacob; yells in Tagalog. Her
friends nod in agreement.

IMELDA

(to Maria)

Oh, shut up! You never gave a shit about
anything mom believed in. This is all
fake!

She's already in the living room, before anyone can
respond.

Then she grabs the APOLAKI URN;

RUNS OUT THE HOUSE.

EXT. MARIA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Maria and her friends shout after her.

A FEW GUESTS arrive. Bewildered.

Anna SNATCHES the MAYARI URN from Maria and follows
Imelda.

Jacob hesitates.

JACOB

I'm so sorry. We'll... umm. We'll mail
him back--

Then runs down the hill after them.

EXT. NARROW ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

Jacob carries Anna as they race down the hill near
Imelda.

They reach the bottom. Catch their breath.

IMELDA
 (at Paul's Urn)
 It was just easier this way.

He puts it in Anna's bag.

JACOB
 Thanks.

Imelda clocks the other urn and smiles at Anna.
 Impressed.

All three share a laugh.

I/E. JEEPNEY - NIGHT

The three huddle together. Imelda holds Leah's urn. Anna holds Paul's urn.

ANNA
 What do you wanna do now?

Imelda ponders the urn.

EXT. SABANG BEACH, PUERTO GALERA - NIGHT

Drizzling rain. The nightlife activities have moved indoors. A handful of guests linger around.

AT THE EDGE OF THE BAY

Our trio stand in silence. Imelda holds the Leah's urn in front of her; starts to open it. Then looks to Jacob and waits.

IMELDA
 Could you say something?

Jacob glances at Anna; surprised as well, but nods in agreement.

JACOB
 Father God we ask that you receive Leah Santiago into your hands. Give Imelda peace and strength. Comfort her. Teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom--

IMELDA

Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.

Imelda opens the urn and spreads the ashes into the bay.

Anna glances at Jacob. They both join Imelda in prayer.

ANNA/JACOB/IMELDA

Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us, and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

Imelda begins filling the urn with sand. Anna and Jacob help.

EXT. SMALL BAKERY SHOP - MOMENTS LATER

Anna and Jacob wait outside; shielded from the rain.

Imelda finally emerges. Finishes a voice-mail in Tagalog.

IMELDA

(to Anna and Jacob)

Miguel will drop off the urn on his way home.

The siblings nod in relief.

IMELDA (CONT'D)

I'm starving. We still have about an hour before the last ferry leaves.

ANNA

Thank god. I'm starving too.

IMELDA

I know a place.

EXT. MARKETPLACE - NIGHT

Narrow passageways carve through a variety of bars and restaurants. There's a considerable amount of disco bars.

Hard rain hammers down on a slow night.

A few old white men looking for young tropic love, linger around the bars.

Some couples on date night, hide from the rain.

A collage of different music from the disco bars and strip clubs crowd the pathways.

Imelda leads the siblings to a...

INT. RESTAURANT/BAR - NIGHT

It's set on a narrow beach front between a line of dive bars and resort lounges.

Music and rain pound the walls.

QUICK SHOTS:

-- *Our trio devour plates of fish and vegetables.*

-- *Daring each other to taste Paul's ashes.*

-- *Imelda spies a MIDDLE AGE WHITE MALE entering from the strip club with a couple of TEEN FILIPINA GIRLS.*

-- *Anna and Jacob toast to Imelda.*

-- *Jacob tries to order another glass of wine. Anna stops him.*

-- *Imelda tries on Anna's head wrap. Selfies.*

-- *Looking at Facebook photos on Imelda's phone.*

ANNA

... Isaac Jackson and Dorian Galloway. They've been together all my life. Isaac is the nurturing mother. Dorian is the rule book.

IMELDA

I can tell. I wanna meet them.

ANNA

Yeah. They would love you.

IMELDA

What was your mother's last name?

JACOB
Harrison. Delilah Mae Harrison. At least
that's what it was.

Anna and Jacob exchange a look.

IMELDA
I like that name.

ANNA
Me too.

A nineties hip-hop song plays.

IMELDA
Oh my god. We have to dance.

She pulls Anna on the mini dance-floor with a FEW PEOPLE.

Jacob watches. Sips on a Margarita.

Half way through the song, Imelda returns to the table.

IMELDA (CONT'D)
Go dance. I'll keep an eye on pops.

He hesitates at first, then finishes the Margarita and
joins Anna.

Imelda watches them for a moment, but shifts her gaze at
the

MIDDLE AGE WHITE MALE; AMERICAN

We've seen him before at the Batangas pier. He's BILL.

He's sitting at a corner booth back with one of the
Girls. He sneaks a quick snort of COKE.

He has a pink bald head. Bright green eyes.

MINI DANCE FLOOR

Anna and Jacob dance in their own separate space at
first; expressing slightly different moves but keenly
aware of each other.

They find each other's eyes and their body movements
synchronize.

INTERCUT WITH:

IMELDA

She gets up from her table and marches toward the White Male.

One of the Girls dances near the table; drunk or high. Maybe both. The other Girl sits next to him, wearing Imelda's MAYARI NECKLACE.

ANNA AND JACOB

The rush of alcohol, nostalgia, and adventure washes over them...

SLOWING TIME

Dancing closer now.

Arms brush slightly against each other.

Hips daring the small but infinite space between them.

All the SOUND drowns away and is replaced by

RATTLING OF A RATTLESNAKE.

IMELDA

RATTLING CONTINUES.

She stands at the edge of his table. Trembling with rage. Her cold dark eyes look down at him.

She spies her MAYARI NECKLACE on the other Filipina Girl.

Through his bloodshot green eyes, he looks up at her; like he's seen a ghost.

BILL

Imelda?

The smile quickly shifts to a creepy grin. Imelda eyes a BEER BOTTLE.

ANNA AND JACOB

Still dancing until...

BANG!

Back to real time. Rattling stops. Music and rain continue.

They turn to see their empty table. No Imelda.

IMELDA

Bill barely dodged the beer bottle. He's soaked in beer.

Imelda yanks the NECKLACE off the Girl's neck.

Fires a line of Tagalog at him.

He gets up.

BILL

BITCH!

Imelda KICKS him. Marches away. He follows.

ANNA AND JACOB

Find Imelda marching toward the exit. Anna grabs her bag and the siblings follow.

ANNA

Imelda!

EXT. BEACH FRONT - CONTINUOUS

Rain smears visibility. Imelda weaves down the beach scar.

Anna and Jacob finally catch up with her.

JACOB

Hey! What's going on?

ANNA

Imelda!

Bill crashes into them.

JACOB

Whoa! What's your problem?

He shoves Jacob aside. Reaches for Imelda.

IMELDA

It's him.

BILL

Where did you find her?!

Anna steps in the way. Face off.

BILL (CONT'D)

What are you doing here with her?

ANNA

Fuck. Off.

He makes a move toward her and...

BAM.

Jacob SPEARS him toward a boat.

CRACK.

Bill's head slams against the corner of the boat. Both land in the water.

Jacob rolls away from him.

BLOOD drains from a wound on Bill's head. He lies still in the shallow water.

Jacob crawls toward them. They watch Bill.

The tide nudges and caresses Bill's body. He slowly struggles gain balance.

Anna KICKS him again and again.

ANNA (CONT'D)

MOTHER-FUCKER!

Jacob pulls her away.

She screams into the rain and crashing tide.

Imelda lingers for a moment. Watching Bill's body.

MANILA BAY, BELOW THE SURFACE

Imelda dodges falling debris from the ferry as she rises to the surface.

*BODIES float around her. But where's Paul? Where's Leah?
She struggles against current. Then reaches the surface.*

INT. FERRY TO BATANGAS PIER - NIGHT

It's the last ferry. A few families chat and play games.

Imelda lies in Anna's lap. Anna softly strokes her dark hair. Her hand trembles.

Jacob holds Anna close.

The rain has slowed to a drizzle.

INT. MANILA HOTEL ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Anna cradles Imelda in one bed. Asleep.

Jacob sleeps alone in the other bed.

SMASH!

Water breaks through the door. Followed by

BILL

He rushes inside.

Yanks Imelda from the bed.

And like the ocean tide, pulls her out of the room with the water.

INT. MANILA HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

Anna wakes up. Alone in bed.

But finds Jacob and Imelda eating breakfast. Watching the weather news.

IMELDA

(to Jacob)

There's twelve documents?

JACOB

And a quarantine permit. We got some of the paperwork done.

Anna crawls out of the bed.

IMELDA
(to Anna)
Nightmares?

Anna nods.

ANNA
Did... did we kill someone last night?

IMELDA
I saw his arms move before we left; like
maybe he was trying to get up.

ANNA
Are you sure?

Silence. Jacob ignores her.

ANNA (CONT'D)
Fuck. So we're not gonna talk to anyone
about this, right?

Imelda looks at Jacob. Then nods, "yes" to Anna.

JACOB
We have to get to dad's place now.
There's a tropical storm heading that
way.

Anna joins them at the table. Takes a sip from Jacob's
coffee. He lets out a frustrated sigh.

ANNA
(to Imelda)
How did you know it was him?

Imelda shows her the necklace.

IMELDA
I thought I saw him hanging around there
last time.

ANNA
Why didn't Paul do something?

Jacob stands up. Puts on his shoes.

IMELDA
He wanted to wait 'til we got back.
Contact one of the trafficking agencies
or something.

ANNA

Damn. Maybe we should tell George. Say it was self-defense--

IMELDA

Okay. I'll do it after you leave.

They both watch Jacob. Waiting for him to say something. He avoids their eyes. Then:

IMELDA (CONT'D)

I'm not going with you guys. I can't go back to that house.

ANNA

Okay. That's fine. I understand. You've... been through a lot already.

IMELDA

I can help George get the paperwork for the cremains.

JACOB

(on his way out)
I'll wait out front.

She exchanges a worried look with Imelda.

IMELDA

I don't think he actually slept at all.
(at the urn)
A quarantine permit?

Anna lets out a long sigh. Kisses Imelda's forehead.

ANNA

Zombie protocol.

EXT. ANGELES CITY - DAY

STORM CLOUDS form over a city built around the accommodations of the once Clark Air Force Base; now Clark Airfield.

Now it's like a small scale Las Vegas strip or Bourbon Street.

INT. GEORGE'S CAR, MOVING - DAY

They drive past Clark Airfield. WAR PLANES pose like old gods.

GEORGE

A city of fatherless children. That's why he wanted to live and build his ministry here.

Anna watches Jacob. Decoding his silence.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

You both were born on the base, right?

Jacob nods, *yes*.

EXT. PAUL'S HOUSE - DAY

It sits just outside the entertainment district. A small one story house.

Paul's little SEDAN is parked in the driveway.

Dark storm clouds form on the western horizon.

THICK RAIN DROPS splash against the rooftop.

George parks next his car.

GEORGE

I'll head back to the office and see what I can do about transporting the cremains.

JACOB

Thanks.

He hands Jacob KEYS.

GEORGE

Just get what you can. His storage unit is a block from here. I'll do the rest this week.

(glances at the clouds)

It might turn further north and miss us. But hurry.

INT. PAUL'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

A tiny two bedroom. Some of the furniture has been moved out.

MONTAGE:

-- Anna and Jacob desperately try to sort through paperwork and clothes; letting the growl and groan of the storm winds fill the silences.

-- Jacob takes several PHOTOS of the place.

-- Both struggle to load boxes and bags into the car. Rain hammers down on them.

-- Securing the trash and cleaning the house.

-- Jacob grabs one of the plants from the garden; the SAMPAGUITA.

The storm is all happening faster than they thought.

LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jacob picks through some BOOKS.

Anna enters from the bedroom with a few CLUB FLYERS.

ANNA

Found these in one of his pants.

Jacob looks them over: DOLLHOUSE CLUB, PONYTAILS BAR, CLUB ATLANTIS.

JACOB

You have to go where the lost are to rescue them.

He shrugs in defeat. Tosses the flyers aside.

ANNA

We never stood a chance. If he was really some kind of prophet with a calling; some vessel for God... whatever that means, how could we possibly compete with that? How could our mother compete--

JACOB

Do you feel you're called to work with trouble teens at a group home? Is that more important than your own family?

As he steps toward the kitchen, he BUMPS into a box.
 In a sudden rush of fury, he breaks into
 STOMPING and KICKING at it. Breaking whatever is inside.
 Anna waits. Watches.

JACOB (CONT'D)

What are we supposed to do with all this
 shit?!

Jacob glares at Anna now. Accusing her.

JACOB (CONT'D)

I wish we'd never went camping with him.
 Both of you should've just stayed out of
 my life.

ANNA

What?

JACOB

And why did you have to kick him? He was
 already down.

ANNA

Wait. You think I killed him? YOU shoved
 him into the boat.

Hail drums at the house.

JACOB

So why stomp on his head!

Long pause.

ANNA

Okay, why don't you just skip to what you
 really wanna say to me?

Jacob holds a heated gaze at Anna. Daring each other.

POWER GOES OUT. But it doesn't break their gaze.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Why should I have stayed at home? Why
 should we have stayed out of your life?

She steps toward him.

ANNA (CONT'D)

I was doing great without either of you.
 And you're blaming me now?

(MORE)

ANNA (CONT'D)

You didn't even tell me about Ethel's cancer. You never asked about my life. My losses. Why am I suddenly responsible for yours? Or his?

JACOB

But here you are. And now there's a dead body... two actually.

ANNA

We don't know--

SMASH!

One of the windows SHATTERS OPEN.

WIND blows RAIN and HAIL through the house.

Anna and Jacob duck out of the way and run to the...

BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

And grab a few TOWELS to place on the floor and plug under the door.

They huddle close to each other on the floor. Bracing themselves.

The HOUSE RATTLES and SCREAMS against the force of the wind.

The door TREMBLES as debris SLAMS at the bathroom.

Anna gazes at Jacob.

MATCH CUT TO:

GRAND LAKE, WOODS

ANNA/EIGHTEEN grips the hand of JACOB/SIXTEEN. Locked on each other's gaze.

We still hear the RUMBLING of the storm over the STILLNESS of the woods.

ANNA'S EYES

JACOB'S EYES

A calmness washes over them. The storm passes...

BATHROOM - LATER

Anna and Jacob hold each other close.

Light rain patters on the house now. The wind howls in the distance.

Both EXHALE and look around the bathroom.

Their eyes finally turn toward each other.

Deep breaths. Adrenaline still thumping in their veins.

Everything catches up to them:

The death,

The flight,

The ashes,

The bloody body floating on the shore,

The storm,

The past...

All electrifies the space between them.

Jacob touches her wet cheek.

She touches his hand.

And needing somewhere to channel all that adrenaline and electric energy...

They kiss.

Slow. Strong. Then desperate.

Now she's on top of him. Panting. Pulling. Pushing.

There's no thinking now. Just bodies feeling. Wanting. Escaping.

Pants pulled off. He stops. A flood of anxiety. She cradles his face. There's no turning back now.

Then he's inside her. Surrendering to the shame, the madness, and the exuberance of intimacy.

UNDER THE PACIFIC

Their bodies entangled. Locked in an embrace of fear and splendor.

Below them lies the Philippine islands.

Mount Pinatubo ERUPTS. Pushing them up toward the surface.

Rising.

Rising.

Rising.

BATHROOM - EVENING

Anna and Jacob cuddle together asleep.

PHONE VIBRATES

Waking them. It's Jacob's phone.

He glances at Anna. Then answers it.

JACOB

(in the phone)

Yeah... yeah. We're okay, George. No, we haven't been outside yet. The house is still standing. You were right, it turned north. I was praying too...

He stands up. Extends his hand to Anna. She holds it. Feels it. Then lets go; giving him an apologetic look.

JACOB (CONT'D)

(in the phone)

We'll probably make one more trip to the storage. How are the roads?

Jacob moves the wet towels and exits the bathroom.

Anna takes a moment to process everything. Then finally gets up.

Tries the shower faucet. Thankfully, the water still works. She turns on the shower and undresses.

LIVING ROOM - LATER

Anna enters to find puddles of water on the floor.

Sun rays cut through the house.

Furniture shifted. Broken table. Broken dishes. Cracked television set.

But no Jacob.

She finds the Sampaguita in a little pot in the corner of the room. Picks it up.

A few petals left. The stem is bent. But it'll survive.

Jacob enters.

JACOB

Is there anything here you wanna keep?

She shakes her head, *no*.

JACOB (CONT'D)

I took some more stuff to the storage.
George has some people from the church
coming next week.

He discovers a water logged PRAYER POCKETBOOK on one of the chairs.

JACOB (CONT'D)

I was thinking we could donate most of
the stuff to the church.

(beat)

Or we can come back here. Maybe in the
Fall.

Anna nods slightly. Still observing the plant. Stroking the white petals.

JACOB (CONT'D)

A few buses are still running. We can go
back tonight.

ANNA

Okay.

Finally looking at him.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Premature ovarian failure. Found out when
I was eighteen.

Jacob considers this news for a moment.

He lets out a sigh of relief. She turns back to the white petals.

INT. BUS TO MANILA, MOVING - NIGHT

Anna leans on Jacob as they watch the aftermath of the storm slide past them. She holds the flower close.

JACOB

It was premature heart failure. She was eighteen months.

She slides her hand across his chest; where Gabriella's name is tattooed.

JACOB (CONT'D)

Whatever happens now...

ANNA

I'm here.

The half moon rises through the clouds.

OVER BLACK

ANNA'S VOICE

*Brother, I am fire
Surging under the ocean floor;*

INT. MANILA HOTEL ROOM - DAWN

Rain-drops kiss the window. The SAMPAGUITA flower rests on the night stand.

ANNA sleeps next to JACOB.

As if by some telepathic agreement, they both open their eyes together.

She studies him. Her eyes tracing their ancestry across his lips, eyelids, cheek bones. Skin as fine and dark as hers.

Anna strokes his curly hair. He smiles.

By impulse he pulls her close and kisses her full on the lips. Just as quick, he pulls away to gauge her reaction.

What does this mean? What have we done?

She offers him a melancholy smile.

Jacob turns away. Hesitates for a second, then gets up.

Anna stares at the Sampaguita as Jacob goes to the bathroom.

Then checks her phone. A voice-mail from Imelda. She smiles.

Then she sees the URN on the table with copies of DOCUMENTS. The Quarantine Permit.

Jacob enters. Checks his phone.

ANNA
(listening to the voice-mail)
They arrested him.

Jacob exhales in relief.

JACOB
That happened fast.

ANNA
(still listening)
I guess... they'd been looking for him.
He confessed to everything.

She puts the phone down.

ANNA (CONT'D)
I wanna adopt her. George said he didn't
have the space, right? I do.

JACOB
Okay. But I doubt she can come back with
us. Doesn't it take months to process the
paperwork?

Jacob begins packing.

ANNA
I can talk to Dorian. Maybe have her stay
at our group home. We have a girl leaving
this week--shit, I gotta buy something
for Jenna.

ANNA (CONT'D)
How's our flight looking?

JACOB

It might be an hour delay. I just want to get there.

ANNA

Oh, that's right. Is George still taking us?

JACOB

I don't know.

Anna finally gets out of bed. Checks the flower.

Jacob makes a call. Watches Anna as she makes space in her sling bag for the flower.

INT. HOTEL, LOBBY - MORNING

Anna and Jacob weave through the crowd of hotel guests.

Jacob carries the urn. Anna carries the flower in her bag.

A group of CHURCH KIDS perform songs.

JACOB

We'll have to take the bus. George is stuck at church.

ANNA

So we don't get to say goodbye to them?

JACOB

We'll call on our way.

ANNA

I gotta grab something for one of my girls.

Anna sees the GIFT SHOP and runs inside.

INT. BUS TO AIRPORT, MOVING - MORNING

Anna calls Imelda. Voice-mail.

ANNA

(in the phone)

Hey, we're on our way to the airport. I really enjoyed our time together. And I want to talk to you about something.

(MORE)

ANNA (CONT'D)

So please call me back--not at this number. I have to change sim cards. But... um, just message me or something... I love you.

Ends call. She glares at her phone.

Melancholy music plays over SNAPSHOTS OF MOMENTS AND MEMORIES:

-- Anna stealing spoonfuls of Jacob's grits.

-- The quartet playing in the terminal.

-- Jacob getting sick in Tokyo.

-- Holy Week procession.

-- Stealing the urns with Imelda.

-- Dancing in the bar. Imelda's smile.

-- The crack of a skull in the dark rain.

-- Jacob's veins trailing down his neck to his tight shoulder muscle.

EXT. ETHEL'S HOUSE - DAY

The CAB drops them off in the driveway.

Ethel rolls out. Big smile. She hugs them both.

Anna shows her the flower.

ANNA

It should be okay. Jacob rescued it before the storm hit.

ETHEL

Oh, I was watching it on the news. How's the house?

Anna glances at Jacob.

JACOB

It suffered mild damage. George is gonna talk to the landlord and have some people from the church work on it.

He gives her the urn. She holds it gently. Examining the image.

ETHEL

It's beautiful. Who is this?

ANNA

Apolaki. He's... God of the Sun. And the brother of um... Maya?

JACOB

Mayari. Moon Goddess. Tagalog mythology.

ETHEL

Oh. Thank you.

ANNA

Thank Imelda. She stole it.

ETHEL

What?

INT. ETHEL'S HOUSE - EVENING

Jacob prepares dinner for Ethel and Anna.

Anna shows some photos from Jacob's phone.

ANNA

Girl, I swear she had ash on her face and hands. So I just grabbed it and ran after Imelda.

ETHEL

Why was she eating it?

JACOB

Guilt.

ANNA

Guilt.

ETHEL (CONT'D)

Lord have mercy. Did she eat any of Paul?

ANNA

I don't know. But Imelda came through for us.

(at the photo)

Here we are at a restaurant in Sabang Beach.

Jacob catches Anna's look.

ETHEL

She's very pretty.

ANNA

And amazingly resilient.

JACOB

With a dark sense of humor.

ANNA

Yeah. Just an incredible soul.

ETHEL

How's the food?

ANNA

The best fish I've ever had. Fresh from the bay.

Jacob brings the food to the table and joins them.

ETHEL

Thank you, sweetheart.

JACOB

How many guests are we expecting tomorrow?

ETHEL

About thirty or fifty. And I was able to contact his insurance company. I'm meeting with an attorney Thursday.

JACOB

Good. We can go with you.

They both glance at Anna.

ANNA

I actually have to be back at work Wednesday. I... I was gonna leave after the service.

She regards Jacob.

ETHEL

Oh. Of course. Maybe you can come back up here next month? We're going up to Grand Lake for Memorial Day weekend.

ANNA

Maybe.

ETHEL

Well, before you go remind me to give you a few roses from the garden.

ANNA

Yes, ma'am.

KITCHEN - LATER

Anna washes the dishes.

Jacob escorts Ethel to her room.

JACOB

Do you need anything washed for tomorrow?

ETHEL

Just that black blouse hanging on the door. But don't worry about it tonight. You need to sleep.

Anna admires the exchange.

Alone now, she finally breaks. Flood of tears emerge from her eyes. She covers her mouth and cries.

INT. JACOB'S ROOM - NIGHT

Anna sits up in bed with her laptop.

She's in a SKYPE session with Imelda.

IMELDA

Fuck, yeah. I'd love to come live with you. I miss you guys. I'm sorry I couldn't see you before you left.

ANNA

It's okay.

IMELDA

Have you spoken to George about it?

ANNA

Not yet.

Anna flips through a book on Tagalog horror stories and monsters.

IMELDA

Well, I can't imagine it being a problem. We're technically step-sisters anyway.

ANNA

Right? And you get to meet Heathcliff, my brooding bunny.

IMELDA

I'm surprised you don't have a Siberian husky.

ANNA

What the hell am I gonna do with a husky?

IMELDA

I don't know. You seem like a dog person.

ANNA

I've never had a dog.

IMELDA

Neither have I.

(beat)

Where's Jake?

ANNA

Asleep. This is actually his room. He's sleeping in the living room.

IMELDA

Oh. So where do you live?

ANNA

Dallas, Texas. It's like four hours south of here. Like from Angeles City to Puerto Galera.

Imelda smiles.

IMELDA

So the funeral is tomorrow?

ANNA

Yeah. Just a small service. I think it's really for Ethel.

IMELDA

Are you gonna say anything?

ANNA

I don't think so.

IMELDA

Are you religious at all?

ANNA

No. But sometimes I wish I was.

IMELDA

Me too. I went to an Easter service with George and his wife this morning. I said a prayer for you and Jacob.

ANNA

Thank you.

IMELDA

Well, try not to eat his ashes.

Anna laughs.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NEXT MORNING

Anna staggers into the living room to find Jacob, showered and dressed. He's folding laundry and preparing breakfast.

Bacon SIZZLES and CRACKLES in the pan.

Anna can barely stretch open her eyes as she watches him.

ANNA

Hey.

JACOB

Hey.

ANNA

You are the most dedicated morning person I've ever met. I can't stand it.

JACOB

It's just easier to wake up before her and be prepared.

(beat)

And it's the only time I can think.

She leans against the wall and observes him.

ANNA

What are you thinking about it?

Jacob pulls out Ethel's black blouse and hangs it.

Finally, he looks at Anna.

He's thinking about her. She knows it and looks away.

He turns the bacon over in the pan. It HISSES and POPS.

JACOB
I was thinking about mom.

ANNA
You wanna go see her?

JACOB
Do you?

ANNA
Maybe.

She starts folding some of the laundry.

JACOB
What's happening with Imelda?

ANNA
She wants to come live with me. I just have to arrange everything with George.

ETHEL (O.S.)
Jacob? Jacob, are my pants ready?

The tension breaks. They share a laugh quietly.

JACOB
(to Ethel)
Yeah, just a sec.

ANNA
(to Jacob)
Go. I'll finish up here.

JACOB'S VOICE
... and as we gather here to celebrate
the death and resurrection of our
heavenly father...

INT. CHURCH - MORNING

Jacob stands at the podium. There's fewer GUESTS than expected.

The URN sets on an ALTAR with a few OLD PHOTOS of Paul.

Anna and Ethel sit in the front pew with the PASTOR, Fisher and his WIFE.

JACOB
... let us also celebrate the life and legacy of my earthly father.
(MORE)

JACOB (CONT'D)
 (at Anna)
 Our earthly father.

He looks around at the empty seats. Then glances at Ethel; wiping tears from her eyes.

JACOB (CONT'D)
 God placed a great calling on Paul's life that led him all over the world. Ministering to the lost, healing the sick... rescuing children from the hands of evil. He was... a father and a mentor to many. I'm just... happy for the little time I got to spend with him.
 (at the urn)
 I forgive you.

He steps down and sits next to Anna.

Pause, as everyone looks to Ethel. The Pastor touches her shoulder.

PASTOR
 Do you want to say something?

Ethel pulls out a SMALL BOOK OF POEMS and hands it to Anna; surprised.

ETHEL
 Please.

ANNA
 Are you sure?

Ethel nods. Anna looks at Jacob and glances around. Then approaches the podium.

ANNA (CONT'D)
 Hi... um. Ethel asked me to read this.

She clears her throat and turns to the marked page.

ANNA (CONT'D)
 It's... it's a poem by Carl Sandburg.
Kin.

As if every word will expose the shame and secret:

ANNA (CONT'D)
*Brother, I am fire
 Surging under the ocean floor; I shall
 never meet you, brother—
 Not for years, anyhow;*

She's gripping the book now. Refusing to look up.

Jacob looks at Ethel. She just smiles through tears.
Holds Jacob's hand.

ANNA (CONT'D)

*Maybe thousands of years, brother.
Then I will warm you,
Hold you close, wrap you in circles,
Use you and change you—
Maybe thousands of years, brother.*

Anna steps down from the podium and rushes out of the church.

EXT. CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

Gasps. Deep breaths. She stumbles around dizzily.

Jacob exits the church and joins her.

ANNA

Don't touch me.

He steps back from her.

ANNA (CONT'D)

What the hell... why did she have me read that?

JACOB

It's her favorite poet. She--

ANNA

You don't think her and Paul... oh, my god--

Anna covers her mouth like she might vomit.

JACOB

No. No. They were never--

ANNA

Like us?

Long pause. Anna dry heaves.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Fuck. I... I gotta get back home. Please just take me back to the house now. I... I can't be apart of this family.

JACOB
C'mon, it was just a poem. She just
wanted to make you feel included--

ANNA
(resolute)
Please.

Jacob hesitates. Then:

JACOB
Okay.

INT. JACOB'S SUV, MOVING - MORNING

Silence. Avoiding eye contact. Anna taps away on her CELL
PHONE.

JACOB
We can't just be brother and sister
anymore... can we?

ANNA
We barely were to begin with.

JACOB
Right.

ANNA
I just don't think we should be around
each other for awhile--

JACOB
For another fifteen years?

Pause. Anna finally puts down her phone and looks at him.

ANNA
What do you want? What do you want me to
say?

JACOB
I don't know! Something about what
happened. We should talk this through
somehow. Like, what the hell are we?

ANNA
We're fucked up. Let's just move on.

JACOB
Move one to what? That's what I'm talking
about--

ANNA
Just stop talking! Please.

He focuses on the road. Anna focuses on her phone again.
Silence resumed.

EXT. ETHEL'S HOUSE - LATER

Anna exits the house with her all her stuff. Loads up her car.

Jacob watches from the doorway. Then:

JACOB
Wait.

He rushes inside and returns with a pair of SHEARS and cuts a couple of Ethel's ROSES.

JACOB (CONT'D)
Here. *Jude the Obscure and Oklahoma Red Rose*. She'll be hurt if you didn't take them with you.

ANNA
Thanks.

Refusing to let any moment linger between them, she gets in her car and drives away.

BLACK

INT. ANNA'S CAR, MOVING - DAY

Farms. Freeways. Strip malls. And finally back to the familiar.

ANNA'S VOICE
No. No. This is Jenna's day. She has the floor.

INT. JACKSON-GALLOWAY GROUP HOME, LOUNGE - MORNING

JENNA, the Prozac Girl, sits in the center of the group. She wears a silly birthday hat.

Thomas cuts slices of BIRTHDAY CAKE, while Anna hands them out.

The teens devour their cake slices and wait for Jenna to say something. Then:

JENNA

I wanna know what happened on the trip.

NEW BOY

See? Even the birthday girl wants to know.

BULLY TEEN BOY

Yeah, who did you hook up with? A tranny? That country is full of them.

THOMAS

Okay. So no cake for you.

BULLY TEEN BOY

Fine. I mean. What were the lovely Filipino people like?

ANXIETY GIRL

What about your brother? It must've been weird seeing him.

ANNA

Yeah, a little. But um... we had time to catch up so that helped.

ANXIETY GIRL

Are you gonna see him again?

JENNA

Do you have pictures?

ANNA

First, open my gift.

Anna hands her a small GIFT BAG.

Jenna eagerly opens the bag to find the BOOK on Filipino monsters and horror stories.

ANNA (CONT'D)

There's a shape-shifting creature called the Aswang that breaks into funeral homes and steals fresh corpses. It also likes to drink human blood.

Jenna's eyes light up. She flashes a gleeful smile.

JENNA

Yessss. Thank you so much.

She wraps Anna in a tight hug. Anna eyes Thomas.

BULLY TEEN BOY

Okay, back to your trip. What happened?

JENNA

Did you re-establish family connections to help overcome your emotional trauma and create an effective relationship?

Anna hesitates and glances at Thomas.

ANNA

Uh... yeah. Yes.

ANXIETY GIRL

I wanna see pictures!

Anna pulls out her phone and scrolls through photos.

The teens gather around with their cake. Thomas cleans up.

ANXIETY GIRL (CONT'D)

Oh my god. Are they actually nailing people to the cross?!

ANNA

Yes. It's called a Passion Play. But you can see the rope holding up the arms.

JENNA

That's so honest.

ANNA

And that's the ferry at Batangas pier. And Puerto Galera.

JENNA

Is that your brother?

ANNA

Yes. Jacob.

ANXIETY GIRL

He's cute.

NEW BOY

Who's the girl?

ANNA

That's Imelda. My step-sister. She's the only one who survived the wreckage.

NEW BOY

Wow. Is she still there?

ANNA

Yeah, but she might come live with me.

Anna watches Thomas clean up the trash. He catches her gaze.

JENNA

So where did you bury your dad?

ANXIETY GIRL

What are you gonna do now?

NEW BOY

Were your adopted dad's at the funeral?

BULLY TEEN BOY

That would be awkward.

The photo session and interrogation is interrupted by...

JACOB CALLING.

Anna is paralyzed for a moment. Then quickly DECLINES the call.

ANXIETY GIRL

Wait. Was that your brother?

JENNA

Why didn't you answer--

ANNA

Why is Thomas cleaning up after you guys?

The teens groan. Then get up to help Thomas.

BULLY TEEN BOY

'Cause he's good at it.

Anna shoots him a look.

BULLY TEEN BOY (CONT'D)

Sorry.

(sincere)

I'm glad you're back.

EXT. JACKSON-GALLOWAY HOUSE - EVENING

Anna tracks down Thomas in the parking lot.

ANNA

Hey. Thanks for watching Heathcliff.

THOMAS

No worries.

She walks him to his car.

Jacob CALLS again. She declines it... again.

ANNA

Are you... busy tonight?

THOMAS

Not really.

ANNA

You wanna come over?

Thomas stops and looks at her.

ANNA (CONT'D)

I... I just need to talk.

Anna hold his gaze.

ANNA (CONT'D)

I need something... normal. Familiar.

THOMAS

Okay?

ANNA

And bring some whiskey. Lots of whiskey.

THOMAS

Okay! I'm there.

INT. ANNA'S BEDROOM - THAT NIGHT

Anna rides Thomas. He's a passenger in her quest for an erotic escape. Hips straining for maximum pleasure.

Riding all the way back across the Pacific...

Back to that moment. To Jacob.

Desperately trying to re-calibrate her sexual compass.

MOMENTS LATER

And somewhat re-calibrated. The two lie next to each other.

THOMAS

So in what way is this familiar? You know? Since this has never happened before--not that I didn't want it to happen--

ANNA

It's not what I meant.

Pause.

THOMAS

It's your family that's unfamiliar...

ANNA

Yeah... maybe.

THOMAS

Or they're too familiar and you needed something entirely different. Like an awkward white boy.

He smiles. A cheesy grin.

She rolls her eyes and lets a chuckle escape her.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Hey, I'm just happy I got to have sex.

A lingering pause.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

(sincere)

I'm willing to play whatever role you have for me.

She turns towards him. Gives a thankful smile. Then:

ANNA

I try to imagine the first time in human history when two people realized they wanted more than just their biological engineering; when the first strain of love entered the blood stream and infected a pair of lovers. Who did they see first? Who did they want?

(pause)

(MORE)

ANNA (CONT'D)

Then sex wasn't just mechanical anymore... it became language. A dialogue. A pledge.

Thomas considers this. Then grins.

THOMAS

Is that what you wrote in your diary this morning?

ANNA

(laughing)

Shut up.

Sincere again:

THOMAS

Why won't you talk to your brother?

Anna turns away from him.

ANNA

I just need some time. We went through a lot together in a very short amount of time.

She checks her phone. A VOICE-MAIL from IMELDA.

Anna sits up and listens to the message. Excited.

THOMAS

Who is it?

She smiles. Relieved. Elated.

INT. DALLAS AIRPORT, BAGGAGE CLAIM - DAY

Anna and Thomas wait with a big OBNOXIOUS SIGN:

IMELDA SANTIAGO

She finally emerges and sees the sign. A little embarrassed.

IMELDA

Put that away.

Anna is loving the embarrassment.

ANNA

Welcome to America!

Anna laughs. They hug each other tight.

ANNA (CONT'D)

This is my... friend, Thomas. He works with me at the group home.

IMELDA

Hi.

THOMAS

Hey. It's nice to finally meet you.

An awkward pause for the elephant in the room.

Imelda looks around.

IMELDA

Where's Jacob?

Anna glances at Thomas.

ANNA

He's... been really busy with Ethel and work.

IMELDA

Oh. When do you think we could go visit him?

Trying to be helpful:

THOMAS

We could do a road trip!

IMELDA

Yeah!

THOMAS

Memorial day weekend is coming up.

IMELDA

What's that?

ANNA

We'll talk about it later.

INT. ANNA'S APARTMENT, GUEST ROOM - EVENING

Anna makes space in the closet for Imelda's clothes.

Imelda is on the phone. She sits on a FUTON with Heathcliff in her lap.

IMELDA
 (in the phone)
 ... there's so much land. It's weird. I
 kinda miss the ocean already. And it's so
 flat.

She looks up at Anna. Smiles.

IMELDA (CONT'D)
 (in the phone)
 But I love it. So when are you gonna come
 visit?

Anna watches Imelda now, as if Jacob could walk right out
 of her phone at any moment.

IMELDA (CONT'D)
 ... yeah, Anna's boyfriend wants to do a
 road trip up there.

Anna throws a shirt at Imelda and mouths, *He's not my
 boyfriend.*

Imelda winks at her.

IMELDA (CONT'D)
 Some guy at her job... I don't know. Are
 you dating anyone?

Now Anna's curious. She sits next to Imelda.

IMELDA (CONT'D)
 ... that's lame. You need to get out
 more... yeah, I wanna ride up there and
 see you. She's right here. You can ask
 her.

Anna shakes her head, *NO*. Imelda hands her the phone
 anyway.

IMELDA (CONT'D)
 He wants to talk to you.

She surrenders. Takes the phone.

ANNA
 Hey.

JACOB (O.S.)
 Hey.

BLACK

ANNA'S VOICE

*Rivers run one way. But I'm dreaming of
the Nile coiling around time and space.
Spherical. Devouring itself. We ride it
all the way back to our ancestors.*

I/E. ANNA'S CAR, MOVING - DAY

Anna drives. Thomas rides passenger. Imelda in the back.

ANNA'S VOICE

*And I stumble upon the first pair of
lovers. Hiding in a garden trying to
communicate their longing for each other
without words.*

EXT. GRAND LAKE, CABIN - EVENING

The lake glistens in the summer sun.

Anna parks the car near Jacob's SUV.

Jacob steps out of the cabin.

ANNA'S VOICE

*Wanting more than just the biological
engineering of a jealous god or centuries
of natural selection; maybe both.*

Imelda immediately exits the car and runs to Jacob;
consuming him in a hug.

Ethel rolls out to greet them.

Anna and Thomas exit the car. She lingers for a moment
while Thomas happily introduces himself to Jacob and
Ethel.

Finally, Jacob sees Anna. Longing. Fear. Splendor. Home.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END