

Abundance

Screenplay by

David B. McEwan

65 Wynford Hts. Cres. Suite 508
Toronto Canada M3C 1L6
mcsnews@rogers.com
416-725-2739

revised: Feb. 2023

FADE IN:

EXT. OAKLAND, CA. - CITY STREET - NIGHT

A downtown street that has seen better days. A Woman (Woman #1) late 60s, lies motionless on the sidewalk. Her belongings have spilled out of her purse and are scattered about. One of her shoes sits upright beside her.

Close on shoe and scattered belongings as OS, we hear hurried footsteps and voices approaching.

On backside of Couple (Man/Woman #2, 40s) as they walk arm-in-arm.

From their POV: an unrecognizable something ahead on the sidewalk. As they get closer, they realize it's a body (Woman #1).

Woman #2 hurries ahead to offer assistance and as she bends down to check for signs of life, the Man grabs her arm and aggressively yanks her up.

MAN

What are you doing? She's probably drunk! Leave her!

Woman #2 shoots him a sharp look.

MAN (CONT'D)

Dammit, come on! We'll be late.

WOMAN #2

What if she's had a heart attack or something. We can't just leave her.

MAN

I'm not doing mouth to mouth on that. Let's go. I don't like this area.

(scanning surroundings)

It's not safe.

From POV of Woman #2: as the Man leads her away, she looks back at Woman #1, alone, helpless.

EXT. CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS

Daniel (Danny) Coleman (38), is walking home from work and tonight he's a bit late. He makes it a point to arrive home with enough time to read his son a story and tuck him in. He picks up his pace.

In the distance, he spots what appears to be a body on the sidewalk. Without hesitation, he sprints toward it. It's Woman #1.

Kneeling, he touches her shoulder, shaking her gently for signs of consciousness.

DANNY

Ma'am, Ma'am. Can you hear me?

Carefully, he rolls her over, brushes the hair off her face and checks for a pulse. We can now see that she's older, maybe 65.

Feeling nothing, he unbuttons her coat and begins chest compressions with his right hand as he searches through his backpack for his cell phone with his left. He finds it and dials 911.

The phone RINGS.

OPERATOR

(from phone)

911, what is your emergency?

DANNY

I need an ambulance. A woman has stopped breathing. I'm on Idaho, just north of sixty.

OPERATOR

Sir, help is on the way. Please stay on the line.

Danny puts his phone on Speaker and lays it down, then again checks for a pulse. Finding none, he resumes CPR: chest compressions and mouth-to-mouth.

He again checks for signs of life and finds a faint pulse.

DANNY

(Softly into Woman's ear)

Hey, you're back. Stay with me, sweetie. Hold on. Come on now.

(into phone; still on speaker)

I found a pulse.

OPERATOR

(from phone)

Great. Stay with me. Help is on the way.

He carefully places his jacket under the woman's head.

A distant SIREN can be heard, getting LOUDER.

DANNY

(to Woman)

I bet your family's wondering where you are. Come on now, stay with me.

Danny looks up to see an approaching ambulance, LIGHTS FLASHING. It pulls to an abrupt stop and two Paramedics, Paramedic #1, (Male) and Paramedic #2, (Female) both in their 30s, jump out of the vehicle.

PARAMEDIC #1

(to Danny)

Hey, buddy. What can you tell me?

DANNY

When I found her she wasn't breathing, so I started CPR. Just got a pulse.

Paramedic #1 bends down to check the woman's vital signs.

Paramedic #2 quickly arrives with equipment case and gurney.

PARAMEDIC #1

(checking for pulse)

You just may have saved a life tonight. Okay, Let's get her outta here.

The Paramedics lift her onto the gurney and secure her, while Danny picks up the woman's scattered belongings, putting them back in her purse. He hands the purse and lone shoe to Paramedic #1.

As the Paramedics finish loading the Woman into the ambulance, Paramedic #1 pauses and looks questioningly at Danny.

PARAMEDIC # 1

Hey, aren't you Danny Coleman? I think you know my father Mario. Golden Gate Market.

DANNY

Yeah, sure, Mario. Great guy.

He and Danny lock eyes as the ambulance doors close.

Danny stands motionless as the ambulance, SIREN BLARING and LIGHTS FLASHING, pulls away.

Close on Danny: emotionally spent, he stands alone on the deserted street, the sound of the SIREN fading into the night.

INT. GABRIELLA AND DANNY COLEMAN'S BUNGALOW - CONTINUOUS

Gabriella(38), Danny's wife, is bathing their son Leo(6). Leo is joyfully playing with his toys.

Gabriella, olive skinned and stunningly beautiful, speaks with a soft Latin accent.

GABRIELLA

Okay you, out of the tub. Your father will be home in a few minutes and if you want a story, you had better be brushed and in bed.

Leo playfully looks up at his mother and smiles.

LEO

Five more minutes?

GABRIELLA

Out of the tub, Mr. "Five More Minutes".

Leo looks up at his mother and giggles.

LEO

Okay, Mommy.

He stands and Gabriella wraps him in a Ninja towel, drying him vigorously as he giggles with joy.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Danny has resumed his walk home. As he rounds a corner, from his POV: two people a block away.

As he gets closer, he sees that it's two Young Boys hanging out, having a smoke. Nothing unusual in this part of town.

When Danny is 10 feet away, Teen #1 pulls a gun and aggressively points it at him.

TEEN #1

Your fucking money. NOW. All of it.

As Teen #1 holds the gun on Danny, Teen #2 frantically looks around for cops, anyone. Danny hands his wallet to Teen #2, who grabs it and looks inside.

TEEN #2

Shit man. Ten fucking dollars. What else you got? Give me your phone.

Danny carefully reaches into his pocket and hands him his phone. Teen #2 grabs it.

TEEN #2 (CONT'D)

This phone is crap.

He throws the phone down hard. It shatters.

DANNY

(calmly to Teen #1)

Hey, I know you. I've seen you at the Center. Watching games through the fence.

TEEN #1

Shut the fuck up! You don't know shit.

As Teen #1 threateningly moves closer, the GUN GOES OFF, hitting Danny in the chest.

Danny falls to his knees, eyes wide, then collapses to the ground. The two teenagers look at one another, stunned, then down at Danny. They begin to panic.

TEEN #2

What'd you do? Fuck! I think he's dead.

They frantically look around and then run.

Close on Danny: eyes wide, struggling to breathe. Slowly pull back to see Danny, alone, dying, as a pool of blood grows around him.

INT. DANNY AND GABRIELLA'S HOME - LATER

Gabriella, cell phone in hand, is standing before the living room window. Concern growing, she looks at her watch, then calls Danny. It RINGS.

PHONE

(Danny from phone)

It's Danny. Leave a message and I promise to get back to you. Really.

Gabriella disconnects and sets the phone down. She again looks out the front window.

POV shot from street: a worried Gabriella framed in the window.

INT. OAKLAND HERALD - NEWSROOM - DAY

SUPER: TWO DAYS LATER

Kirk Pope(20s), a first year staffer for the Oakland Herald is in his cubicle reviewing obits on his computer. He brings a raw enthusiasm to the job.

Shelly(40), an old hand, is less enthusiastic, finding amusement and impatience in Kirk's interest in his subjects.

SHELLEY

How close are you to finishing?

KIRK

(gazing at his computer screen)

Just one more. This last guy is the one shot a few nights ago. Not too far from here. Daniel Coleman, thirty-eight, married, father of one, Oakland resident since ninety-eight. Donations to go to the Golden Gate Community Center. Loving husband of Gabriella, devoted father to Leo. Yadda, Yadda. Now this doesn't fit. Son of David and Constance Coleman of Manhattan. Graduate of Dartmouth.

(thoughtful beat)

I wonder if it's *the* Colemans of Manhattan?

SHELLEY

I'm afraid to ask.

(smirking)

And who are *the* Colemans of Manhattan?

KIRK

Only one of the most powerful and connected families on the East Coast, or anywhere for that matter.

Leaning back in his chair.

KIRK (CONT'D)

Wall Street, New York society, the Coleman Foundation. Money and lots of it.

Studying the screen.

KIRK (CONT'D)

(to himself)

What would a Coleman of New York be doing in Oakland, in that part of town?

SHELLEY

Just go with what you have. We're already late by ten. You can be Anderson Cooper on your own time.

KIRK

Anderson Cooper!?! Please. I think of myself as more vintage Bob Woodward, meeting informants in dingy garages and arranging flowerpots on balconies. And my hundred thousand in student loans is living, growing proof that I'm a highly trained journalist and not some trust fund pretender.

Shelly smiles and rolls her eyes. From Kirk's POV: we see his computer screen as he Google searches Daniel Coleman, Manhattan. Close on Kirk: he's stunned by what pops up.

BACK TO SCREEN: A pic and bio of Daniel Coleman with a link to the the Coleman Foundation website.

Close on Kirk.

KIRK (CONT'D)

Holy crap.

INT. TIMOTHY COLEMAN'S OFFICE, NEW YORK CITY - DAY

A beautifully appointed corner office with a prime Park Avenue view. Timothy Coleman(43), is on the phone standing by the window.

SUPER: Office of Timothy Coleman, Coleman Stearns, NYC

Only Timothy's voice is audible.

TIMOTHY

Yes, Mr. Secretary, but words do matter.

Patiently listening.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)

I know that you and the President need to appear tough on Wall Street to appeal to the masses, but it's also an election year and you can't expect us, expect me, to keep writing checks if the powers-that-be insist on trashing us and parading us before stooge committees.

Listening. A look of impatience crosses his face.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)

I've had enough of being interrogated by moronic congressmen who couldn't pass a first-year finance course.

Listening. Irritation growing.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)

That's exactly what you told me the last time you called.

Listening. Not pleased with what he's hearing.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)

Mr. Secretary, with all due respect, I'm tired of the private back slaps and the public attacks. Let's talk next week when I'll expect a different answer.

He listens. Impatient to hang up.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)

Fine. Discuss it with your boss. As a matter of fact, I'll be in Washington next week. The President wants to have lunch.

A smile crosses his face as he listens.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)

I agree. It would be productive if we could resolve this before then.

(MORE)

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)
Goodbye, John. Give my best to
Natalie.

He disconnects, pausing to look out the window for a moment, then crosses his office to his desk. As he's about to put the phone down, it BUZZES.

It's his Secretary, Charlotte(30s).

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)
Yes, Charlotte.

CHARLOTTE
(from phone)
The Board is waiting, sir.

TIMOTHY
Thank you.

He disconnects, walks to a nearby closet, removes his suit jacket from a hanger and slips it on.

Standing before a full-length mirror, he buttons his jacket, confidently adjusts his french cuffs and straightens the knot in his tie.

INT. COLEMAN STEARNS' OFFICES - CONTINUOUS

As Timothy exits his office, he shares a confident, knowing smile with Charlotte sitting at her station, then proceeds down a long, art filled corridor. From his POV: we see closed, imposing double doors ahead.

Without breaking stride, he pushes both doors open and enters the main boardroom of Coleman Stearns, Wall Street's most powerful Investment Bank.

INT. BOARDROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The boardroom table seats 30 with every seat filled(90% MALE), but one. Timothy confidently takes the remaining seat at the head of the table.

TIMOTHY
Good morning, ladies and gentlemen.

He smiles and surveys the welcoming faces around the table.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)

Thank you all for being here today. I know you're busy people, but the world will just have to do without you for today. As always, we have a very full agenda, so let's begin, shall we?

The members of Coleman Stearns' Board of Directors Nod in agreement and taking Timothy's lead, open the thick presentation binder before them.

INT. MANHATTAN CO-OP - CATRINA COLEMAN'S CLOSET - NIGHT

Timothy Coleman and beautiful wife Catrina(attractive, blonde,36), are in the bedroom of their 5,000 sq. ft. Upper East Side Co-Op, preparing for yet another evening out.

Catrina, in a stunning Alexander McQueen, walks into her enormous closet to consider her shoe options. A wall of shoes stands before her, arranged perfectly by color and designer.

Compartments move at the FLICK of a switch to expose even more shoes. After some internal debate, she smiles and selects the perfect pair, slipping them on.

She then passes her finger across a hidden security pad. A wall panel opens to reveal a black, custom jewelry cabinet with an array of drawers. A mirror is positioned above the cabinet.

Catrina pulls out five of the top drawers, each displaying a brilliant diamond necklace and accessories. It's a stunning sight, even for Catrina. After a moment of indecision, she smiles and makes her choice.

Now wearing her ensemble, she studies herself in the mirror.

CATRINA

Perfect.

OS we hear a shower being turned on, capturing her attention.

Now standing before a full-length mirror, Catrina admires herself from every angle. Her final pre-event ritual.

CATRINA (CONT'D)

(In a raised voice)

Timothy, we need to be out the door in fifteen minutes. Everyone will be disappointed if we miss the reception.

INT. TIMOTHY'S BATHROOM/CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

In bathrobe, Timothy emerges from the bathroom and enters his walk-in closet, impressive, but much smaller than Catrina's.

Everything is arranged in perfect order. A wall of suits and jackets, folded shirts of every color and stripe and a separate alcove for shoes.

He moves with the deliberateness of a supremely confident man as he scans his tuxedo options for the evening.

INT. CATRINA'S CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

Still admiring herself.

CATRINA

(in raised voice)

Make sure you wear the new Brioni.
I want all the women to take a
long, hard look at my man tonight.

INT. TIMOTHY'S CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

Timothy grabs the Brioni, hanging it on a nearby suit stand.

TIMOTHY

(in raised voice)

Yes, dear. Anything else? And
what's so special about tonight?
(dressing)
We've seen these same people at
almost every event this month?

INT. CATRINA'S CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

Catrina, sitting at a dressing table, is taking a last, up close look in the mirror.

CATRINA

(In raised voice)

Don't be difficult dear.

Pausing to brush her hair.

CATRINA (CONT'D)

(in raised voice)

You know that Sylvia is always
trying to play in our league.

(MORE)

CATRINA (CONT'D)

This is her first big party since Jerry's meltdown and I hear it's costing her easily a million.

Inspecting her teeth in the mirror.

CATRINA (CONT'D)

(in raised voice)

What a laugh, a fiftieth birthday bash for a husband who's a serial cheater. Everyone knows. Everyone except for sweet, dear Sylvia.

(smiling to herself)

Besides...you know I love a spectacle.

Admiring the finished product in the mirror.

CATRINA (CONT'D)

(in raised voice)

It's my job to make sure that the room is focused on us and not the soap opera of Sylvia and Jerry. Besides, after your coronation in the Journal, you need to be a little more peacock and a little less you.

(small beat)

Now, what would you do without me?

INT. TIMOTHY'S CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

Timothy is dressed and securing his cuff links when his cell phone vibrates.

He sees it's HER again. From his POV: the text reads: "See you tonight? xo".

He stares at the message for a few seconds before responding.

Typing in: "Busy tonight but you KNOW that. Tomorrow noon...the usual." Her response is immediate: "OK... may be too hot by then. xo".

He smiles before putting the phone away.

TIMOTHY

(In raised voice)

You're absolutely right, dear. I'd be lost without you.

INT. NYC - PIERRE HOTEL, FIFTH AVENUE - NIGHT - LATER

Timothy and Catrina, arm-in-arm, enter the lobby of one of New York's most exclusive hotels. People turn to look as they pass. They're a striking sight.

INT. HOTEL BALLROOM, RECEPTION AREA - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Two Doormen open the double doors to the Reception and Catrina and Timothy enter without breaking stride. They stand and survey the room for a moment.

From their POV: the room is packed and spectacular. Ice Sculptures of naked Greek Gods and Mythical Beasts are positioned throughout the room, towering over the 800 guests. Waiters move through the crowd with trays of champagne.

The adjacent ballroom, spectacularly set for dinner, is visible through the adjoining doors.

The powerful of Manhattan/Wall Street society are in attendance, but heads turn as Timothy and Catrina begin their entrance, holding hands. The crowd instinctively parts as they make their way to the center of the room.

They're greeted like royalty, and act accordingly, responding with nods and smiles, making eye contact with those deemed worthy as they pass. They stop in the center of the room where a small group(3 Couples/Late 30s/Early 40s) has gathered. Kisses and handshakes.

A Waiter instantly appears with champagne.

The Women and Men instinctively separate. First on the Ladies. The conversation is easy and familiar.

FEMALE #1 addresses Catrina.

FEMALE #1

You look stunning. Is that the new Stella McCartney I heard about?
That color is perfect on you.

CATRINA

I was told she designed it with me
in mind.

Catrina studies her friend's face.

CATRINA (CONT'D)

My god, your work is flawless. Let
me look at you!

Female #1 poses and turns her head from side-to-side for Catrina to get a good look.

CATRINA (CONT'D)
 Stunning. You look ten years younger! Isn't he the one who did Anabela last year?

Still studying her friend's face.

CATRINA (CONT'D)
 We must do lunch. You can give me all the details.

Female #1 beams with joy.

FEMALE #2
 Can you believe this? This is bigger than Crissy's bash at the Plaza last spring, and the girls seem to just love our friend Zeus over here. All twelve beautiful inches of him.

They turn in unison to gawk at the 8 ft. Zeus ice carving.

FEMALE #3
 The only question is... who will be the first to lick it? Twelve inches of melt in your mouth fun. My money's on the blonde in the red dress.

They all look over at a Stunning Blonde(20s), clearly enjoying the champagne.

The 4 women break out in easy laughter while surveying the room. All female eyes in the room are on them.

Timothy is sharing stories with three men.

MALE #1
 (to Timothy)
 Hey, congratulations on the Journal profile. What do we call you now? King Timothy?

Laughing.

MALE #1 (CONT'D)
 Or would you prefer - the man who hands out the biggest fucking bonuses on the planet.

TIMOTHY

King will do. I'm a simple man.

They all laugh.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)

I've always believed in rewarding performance and banking karma. You never know when you'll need it.

Timothy takes a sip of champagne.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)

From what I understand, you didn't do too badly.

MALE #1

Let's just say I won't be pulling the kids out of school.

They share a knowing smile.

TIMOTHY

Life could certainly be worse. Catrina seems to have settled into a state of what can only be described as conditional joy. And that makes my life a lot less complicated.

They all smile and Nod appreciatively.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)

It wasn't too long ago we were all Satan's spawn and on our knees to our friends in Washington. Today...well...there are no words.
(smiling)
I'm in danger of getting religious.

He mockingly crosses himself and takes a sip of his champagne as all laugh.

MALE #1

I'd like to raise my glass to our friends at the Fed. We couldn't do it without you and we wouldn't want to.

They all laugh. Male #2 moves in closer.

MALE #2

I've had six cash calls this week from the same Congressional pricks that were calling us criminals a few years ago. They're fucking shameless.

They're in their element. Kings having a laugh.

MALE #2 (CONT'D)

All things considered, a year for the ages. Hey, what was that great old tune...

(thinking)

MALE #2 (CONT'D)

...it was catchy. Something about wearing sunglasses.

MALE #3

'The future's so bright, I gotta wear shades'.

MALE #2

That's it!

Male #2 removes a pair of sunglasses from his jacket pocket and puts them on. They all laugh hard as the ORCHESTRA REVS up the room. Confidence and power fill the air.

INT. HOME OF CONSTANCE COLEMAN, ENTRANCE FOYER - NIGHT

A uniformed Maid, Lily(Asian,40s), holds the front door open for Constance Coleman(70s), Matriarch of the Coleman family, who breezes into the grand foyer of the Coleman mansion.

Lily takes her coat as Constance, without breaking stride, issues a command as she ascends the magnificent staircase.

CONSTANCE

Lily, please run a bath and bring me a glass of chardonnay.

Not breaking stride.

CONSTANCE (CONT'D)

And please, make sure the glass is chilled.

LILY

Yes, Ma'am. Right away.

Constance glides up the staircase.

INT. CONSTANCE'S BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The bathroom is beautifully appointed. The tub is filling with steaming water and bubbles as Lily enters and places a glass of ice cold chardonnay on the edge of the bathtub and tests the water temperature. She turns off the tap and exits.

INT. CONSTANCE'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Constance enters and slides into her bubble bath, resting her head against the support pillow. She closes her eyes.

After a moment, with eyes still closed, she reaches for her wine glass, knowing exactly where it will be, then carefully navigates it to her lips for a long, satisfying sip, then carefully returns it to its place. She smiles, enjoying this perfect, blissful ritual.

OS a phone is RINGING. A moment later there is a LIGHT KNOCK on the bathroom door.

CONSTANCE

Yes?

LILY

Madam, a call for you.

CONSTANCE

Lily, please take a message.

LILY

Madam, it's your daughter-in-law, Gabriella.

Constance sits up in the tub, surprised.

CONSTANCE

Tell her I'll be right there.

LILY

Yes, Ma'am.

Constance grabs a towel, wraps herself and exits the tub.

INT. COLEMAN MANSION - ADJOINING BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Constance, wrapped in a towel and dripping wet, picks up the phone.

CONSTANCE

Hello, Gabriella?

GABRIELLA
 (from phone)
 Hello, Mrs. Coleman.

CONSTANCE
 Please, Gabriella...it's Constance.
 So, how are you? How is Daniel?

GABRIELLA
 (from phone)
 That's why I'm calling...
 (beat)
 Danny is dead.

Gabriella begins to cry. Constance is silent, stunned.

GABRIELLA (CONT'D)
 (from phone)
 He was shot walking home from work.
 The police are looking...

Gabriella can't continue. Constance struggles to process the news.

CONSTANCE
 When did this happen?

GABRIELLA
 (from phone)
 Two nights ago. The police suspect robbery. His wallet was taken.
 That's all I know. I don't want to trouble you. I know you and Danny haven't spoken for a long time, but we're having the funeral in two days...
 (Beat, crying)

GABRIELLA (CONT'D)
 ...I thought you needed to know.

CONSTANCE
 Yes... of course, of course.
 My God, I am so sorry, Gabriella.
 (tearful, trying to focus)

CONSTANCE (CONT'D)
 How are you holding up?

GABRIELLA
 (through phone)
 I'm numb. Leo is asking where his father is and I can't bring myself to tell him the truth.

CONSTANCE

Leo?

GABRIELLA

(from phone)

Our son, Leonardo. Danny said he told you. I was surprised we never heard from you. I'm sorry, I thought he told you. Leonardo is six-years-old and looks just like Danny. He loves his daddy so much.

Gabriella begins to sob.

GABRIELLA (CONT'D)

(from phone)

I need to tell him tonight. I told him Daddy had to go away for a while.

Constance's eyes pool with tears.

CONSTANCE

Gabriella, give me the funeral details.

Constance opens the drawer of the nearby telephone table and fumbles with a pen and pad of paper. So distraught, she can barely write as she takes down the information.

GABRIELLA

(from phone)

Will you really come? Please invite the rest of the family. It would be nice for Leo to know he has a big family. I am an only child and my parents have passed.

CONSTANCE

I'll be there Gabriella. I promise. As for the others, I can't say. I'll try.

GABRIELLA

(from phone)

I understand. Thank you Mrs. Coleman...Constance.

CONSTANCE

I'll call you when I arrive.

Constance hangs up the phone, in shock, still dripping, staring into the distance.

INT. PIERRE HOTEL BALLROOM - DINNER - NIGHT

As people finish their dinner, Jerry(50) and Sylvia(Mid-40s) SALZMAN take to the stage and join the evening's MC(Male,40s).

MC

And now it's time for our magnificent hosts to say a few words. Let's have a big hand for Sylvia and Jerry Salzman.

The crowd applauds politely.

SYLVIA

Hello everyone. I hope you're all having a wonderful time.

Scattered applause from the crowd.

SYLVIA (CONT'D)

Thank you all for helping me celebrate the 50th birthday of the man I love and the most wonderful husband in the world, my Jerry. Happy birthday, my love.

Sylvia embraces Jerry.

SYLVIA (CONT'D)

As many of you know, Jerry and I have been enthusiastic sponsors of the Up the Ladder Foundation in support of alternative education for youth at risk. My Jerry unselfishly suggested that we use this celebration as an opportunity to spotlight the cause and ask for your help. In that spirit...

She looks at Jerry and smiles.

SYLVIA (CONT'D)

...we are so pleased to present this check for one million dollars to Mr. Jonathan Pepper, President of the Up the Ladder Foundation.

Jerry fumbles with the curtain as someone hands him an OVER-SIZED CHECK. He holds it up for all to see.

Jonathan Pepper(40s), joins them on stage. Jerry and Sylvia present the check as photos are taken. The crowd politely applauds.

As the applause fades, guests immediately begin to check their phones.

Timothy, Catrina and friends occupy one of the tables close to the stage.

Close on Catrina as she leans in to her table companion, Female #2.

CATRINA

I suppose we'll now be expected to cut a check. Peer pressure extortion for yet another good cause.

Flashing a sardonic smile.

CATRINA (CONT'D)

These charities have learned to play us and we line up for the privilege.

She takes a sip of wine.

CATRINA (CONT'D)

Thank God there's plenty to go around.

Timothy feels his phone vibrate and hesitates before removing it from his pocket. His irritation leaves when he sees it's his mother.

The screen reads: "Timothy. I need to see you tonight. I'll stay up. Mother".

Sylvia, meanwhile, is still on-stage with Jerry.

SYLVIA

Everyone, please stay and enjoy the evening. The fun is just beginning.

The BAND BEGINS TO PLAY as Sylvia and Jerry exit the stage, waving to the crowd.

INT. COLEMAN MANSION - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Constance is making coffee when the phone RINGS. She sees it's Timothy and answers it.

INTERCUT

CONSTANCE
What time can you be here?

TIMOTHY
Well, hello to you too. I'm
guessing this can't wait until
tomorrow.

CONSTANCE
No, not this.

TIMOTHY
All right. I assume you want me
alone. Catrina will want to stay
anyway.

Timothy looks at Catrina engrossed in conversation with her
table companion.

INTERCUT

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)
Okay, give me an hour.

CONSTANCE
Thank you, Timothy.

Constance hangs up the phone and resumes making coffee.

INT. COLEMAN MANSION - KITCHEN - LATER

The back kitchen door is heard opening and Timothy enters. He
walks over to his mother sitting at the kitchen table and
kisses her cheek.

She remains seated and silent as Timothy pours himself a cup
of coffee then joins her at the table.

TIMOTHY
Okay, Mother, what's so important
that you dragged me away from yet
another delightful evening? Thank
you by the way...
(sips coffee)
...I was verging on brain dead when
you called. By the time I left,
Zeus was a mere mortal.

Constance looks at him quizzically.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)
Boring story. You look upset.

CONSTANCE
Daniel is dead.

TIMOTHY
Our Daniel?

Constance Nods, gripping her coffee mug with both hands. Her sad eyes are fixed on Timothy.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)
How?

CONSTANCE
He was shot walking home from work.
Gabriella called.

TIMOTHY
Shot? My God. What are the police
saying?

CONSTANCE
That's all I know. Gabriella said
they're investigating. They suspect
robbery.

She pauses, tearing up.

CONSTANCE (CONT'D)
Timothy, she sounded so broken and
alone. She said that she thought I
would want to know that the funeral
is in two days.
(short beat)
When she said that, I thought my
heart would break.

Looking pleadingly into Timothy's eyes.

CONSTANCE (CONT'D)
You know, I've been thinking about
Daniel a lot lately.

She takes a sip of coffee.

CONSTANCE (CONT'D)
Gabriella invited the family. She
thought it would be important for
Leo to meet everyone.

TIMOTHY
Leo?

CONSTANCE

Their son. Daniel and Gabriella
have a six-year-old son.

Timothy sits back, stunned.

TIMOTHY

Mother, please...you can't feel
guilty. He was a major screw-up.

He takes her hand.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)

He had the world given to him and
he just ran away.

(leaning in)

He did nothing with his life and
now he's left behind yet another
mess. From the start, a first class
embarrassment to the family.

CONSTANCE

You don't really believe that do
you? I never gave him a chance. And
you kids never accepted him.
He used to look at me with those
beautiful, sad eyes and I would
push him away. Timothy, you're the
only one who knows the truth. Your
father gave me a choice, either
adopt Daniel or leave. The story
was believable -- a distant cousin,
orphaned.

She pauses, grappling with the memory.

CONSTANCE (CONT'D)

I couldn't live with the truth. The
child of my husband and his dead
mistress was now supposed to be my
son. I did not handle it well. I
was weak. I could have been a real
mother to him. I should have been.
He deserved that.

TIMOTHY

Listen to me. You're being way too
hard on yourself. You were put in
an impossible situation. Dad could
be a supreme bastard. We all know
that. You gave Daniel a home and a
name.

CONSTANCE

I have a grandson I didn't know existed until tonight and a daughter-in-law who is devastated and a stranger to me. I need to get out there and I want you, Catrina and the others to come as well.

TIMOTHY

Mother, that's impossible. Next week is crazy for me. I have to be in Washington on Tuesday and you know Catrina, she'll throw a fit.

Looking into his mother's sad eyes.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)

Daniel left us a long time ago.

CONSTANCE

Timothy, I need you to do this.
(urgently)
I need you and the others to be there for Daniel and especially for Gabriella and Leo. We owe her that. We certainly owe Daniel that much. Everyone listens to you Timothy. Catrina will just have to put her social life on hold for a few days. Timothy... I need this.

They sit quietly. Timothy continues to lovingly hold his mother's hand across the table.

Off a tearful Constance.

INT. TIMOTHY'S PRIVATE JET - IN FLIGHT - NEXT DAY

The family is en route to the funeral. Constance sits alone with a book, quiet in her thoughts, while Timothy is on his laptop at the back of the plane.

Catrina sits with Timothy's sister Morgan (Coleman) Carlisle(38), and brother-in-law Ted Carlisle(43), while Morgan and Ted's children, Taylor(13) and Samual(15), sit together, focused on their iPads and clearly miserable.

MORGAN

(to Catrina; loud enough
for all to hear)
This is unbelievable. I had to rearrange my whole week for this.
(MORE)

MORGAN (CONT'D)

And now, the kids are going to miss the Snowflake Formal. The biggest event of the season.

Growing pique and resentment.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

I haven't laid eyes on Daniel in ten years. He marries some Mexican fruit picker and now we're supposed to take care of her?

TED

(leans over, whispers)
Please, let's just do what we have to do and get home.

Constance puts her book down.

CONSTANCE

First of all my dear, she was born in Chile and to my knowledge has never been employed as a fruit-picker or any kind of farmhand. She is your brother's widow and the mother of your nephew.

Timothy looks up from his work long enough to catch Morgan's eye and show his disapproval. Morgan glares at him.

CATRINA

I'm sorry, but I have to agree with Morgan. Who is this Gabriella anyway? From what I understand Constance, you've never even set eyes on her. I think I met Daniel for ten minutes before he left in the night... and I'm supposed to rearrange my life? He made it clear that he wanted nothing to do with us.

Close on Constance as her hard glare turns into a calming smile.

CONSTANCE

Catrina, I'm sure that Gabriella will appreciate the sacrifices you've made to be with her. That you've all made to be with her on the worst day of her life.

Constance pauses and locks eyes with each of them.

CONSTANCE (CONT'D)

This is important to me. And yes, Catrina, you're right, I've only spoken to her on the phone. We have never actually met. Thank you for that.

MORGAN

Do we know anything about the ceremony? Who will be there? I'm guessing, probably ten people. Daniel was always a loner.

Looking to Catrina for support.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

(growing agitation)

And does she know how much money we could be talking about? I bet she's already lined up a lawyer. And Mother, just to keep the record straight, Daniel was a third cousin or something. Not a real brother. A small detail being overlooked here. And...

Trying to catch Timothy's eye.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

...has anyone thought about the press? If they know we'll be there, they're sure to show up.

Timothy looks up from his work, irritated.

TIMOTHY

I doubt the media has made any connection to the family, I would have heard. And concerning money, Daniel's trust fund remains intact.

He closes his laptop and removes his glasses.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)

He hasn't touched it in well over ten years. So, to answer your question Morgan, Gabriella may know nothing about it. I don't have an exact figure, but it's sizable. And whether she has a lawyer or not is irrelevant. It is what it is. We'll deal with it.

CONSTANCE

Please, everyone. Now is not the time to discuss lawyers or money. I hope that all of you will be gracious and respectful to Gabriella.

Regaining her composure.

CONSTANCE (CONT'D)

Tomorrow, Daniel will be buried and you can all fly back to your busy lives.

Constance looks out the window, tears pooling in her eyes.

All look miserable as Timothy studies the group. With a look of disgust, he opens his laptop, dons his glasses and resumes work.

INT. OAKLAND, CA. - HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Constance enters a spacious room. Bellman follows with luggage.

CONSTANCE

Thank you. Just put them on the bed, will you?

He does and she hands him \$20.

He smiles his thanks and leaves. She immediately begins to unpack, then enters the bathroom with her toiletry bag, catching her reflection in the mirror.

From her POV: She takes a hard look at herself. Sad, lost eyes stare back.

INT. COLEMAN MANSION - **PAST** - KITCHEN - DAY

Constance sits at a table with 8-year-old Daniel seated across from her. She looks at him with hard, unforgiving eyes.

CONSTANCE

Daniel, I don't have time for your bad behavior. A Coleman has never failed at school and you will not be the first. Do you hear me?

(short beat)

Well... I'm waiting.

DANIEL
(head down, barely
audible)

Yes.

CONSTANCE
Really? Because if I receive
another call from the Headmaster
you will regret it. Do you
understand? Do you understand?!

DANIEL
Yes.

He looks up to meet her eyes. Sad, fearful.

CONSTANCE
Good. I'm much too busy for this.

She studies him with disapproving eyes.

CONSTANCE (CONT'D)
You may leave.

Daniel gets up from the table slowly and pauses for a moment, looking at Constance; tears fill his eyes. With the flick of her hand she dismisses him.

He walks away slowly, head bowed.

Close on Constance: watching him leave, hard, annoyed.

INT. CONSTANCE'S HOTEL ROOM - **PRESENT** - CONTINUOUS

Constance's POV: she continues to stare at her reflection in the mirror. Both hands grip the vanity as she bows her head. The phone RINGS, startling her. She exits the bathroom to answer.

CONSTANCE
Hello?

TIMOTHY
(from phone)
Hello, Mother. How's your room?

CONSTANCE
It will do.

TIMOTHY
(from phone)
Good. Can we meet for a drink? Just
the two of us.
(MORE)

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)

I'd like to talk to you about a few things without the others. The lounge in twenty?

CONSTANCE

Fine.

TIMOTHY

(from phone)

Are you Okay?

CONSTANCE

Yes. Just a bit tired. See you in twenty.

Constance hangs up and resumes unpacking.

INT. HOTEL LOUNGE - LATER

The hotel lounge is half full. Soft jazz plays. Timothy sits alone at a corner table nursing a drink, deep in thought.

EXT. COLEMAN ESTATE - **PAST** - DAY

Timothy(17) and group of Male Friends, and brother DANIEL(13), gather for a game of pick-up football.

Timothy is one of the captains. He and the other captain, Biggs, are in the final stage of choosing teammates.

BIGGS

So we're down to the three girls. Let's see. Better a fat girl who can block. I'll take Styles.

Styles, relieved, joins his team. The boys laugh and heckle the remaining two. Daniel is small, but athletic-looking and the other, Jonathan Cruz, is a skinny exchange student.

TIMOTHY

Alright. Let's see what we have left. Two absolutely pathetic specimens. A foreigner who thinks soccer is a contact sport and the runt of the Coleman clan. Not much to choose from, but choose I must. I'll take the Cruz.

Cruz joins his team. Daniel glares at Timothy as the boys continue to HOOT and HECKLE. Biggs gestures to Daniel.

BIGGS

Okay, runt. Get over here. Just do what I say and don't fuck it up.

Daniel angrily joins his teammates. He stares hard at Timothy, while Timothy ignores him. Both teams huddle and prepare to play.

INT. HOTEL LOUNGE - **PRESENT** - CONTINUOUS

Timothy continues to be lost in thought as Constance approaches the table.

CONSTANCE

You have the look of a man troubled by his thoughts.

She sits.

TIMOTHY

I was just thinking about something that happened with Daniel. A long time ago.

CONSTANCE

Care to talk about it?

TIMOTHY

No, not really. Can't do anything about it now.

A Waiter arrives and takes Constance's order.

CONSTANCE

(to Waiter)

Do you have a nice local Chardonnay?

WAITER

Yes. We have---

CONSTANCE

---Surprise me. And can you make sure the glass is chilled?

WAITER

Yes, Ma'am. For you sir? Another?

TIMOTHY

No, thank you. I'm fine.

The waiter leaves. Timothy turns serious.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)

You know, I'm not as hard as you may think. I tried to contact Daniel. Never got a call back. Finally, I just gave up. I admit, I was hard on him. To be honest... I resented him.

Locking eyes with Constance. Confessing a buried truth.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)

His sudden appearance in our lives and his access to Dad.

(thoughtful pause)

Dad was hard on me, so I took it out on Daniel. At the time, it seemed like a fair exchange.

Timothy pauses as the waiter returns, placing Constance's Chardonnay on the table. Constance smiles her thanks.

Timothy, distracted, watches the waiter walk away.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)

I think we should meet with Gabriella... tonight. Just the two of us. There's no avoiding the fact that Gabriella and Leo will be in our lives, especially after she learns the details of Daniel's Trust. I'd also like to get a sense of her before tomorrow.

Timothy suddenly looks uncomfortable.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)

I also need to tell you something.

Gathering his thoughts.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)

A while ago, I hired an investigator to do a background check on Gabriella.

CONSTANCE

Oh really? What's a while ago?

TIMOTHY

A few years ago. No specific reason, except that I wanted to know something about her.

(MORE)

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)

Someone who might parachute into our lives at any moment. I've never liked surprises.

CONSTANCE

Well?

TIMOTHY

It turned up nothing troubling.

He takes a sip of his drink.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)

She was born in Chile in nineteen seventy-three, the year Pinochet came to power. Upper middle class, both parents professionals. Her father Leonardo was a high profile union lawyer who opposed Pinochet and his Generals and her mother was a languages teacher. When Gabriella was eight, her father was jailed for crimes against the state and served eight years in prison. There was evidence he was tortured.

He sips his drink.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)

After his release, he was never the same again and died a few years later. Her mother died in ninety-six. With her mother gone and with no real family left in Chile, Gabriella moved to San Francisco in ninety-eight to start a new life and enrolled at the University of San Francisco. She married Daniel in two-thousand four and earned a Masters in social theory and economics in two-thousand five. The report said nothing about Leo, otherwise you know I would have said something. What I did learn, is that she's a remarkably resilient woman.

Both sit in silence for a moment.

CONSTANCE

She sounds like a survivor, someone Daniel would be drawn to.

Constance takes a sip of her wine.

CONSTANCE (CONT'D)

I think paying Gabriella a visit tonight is a wonderful idea. I'd hate to meet my son's widow for the first time at his funeral. I would also love to meet Leo.

She smiles, her eyes filling with anticipation.

CONSTANCE (CONT'D)

I'll call her.

She takes her cell phone from her purse, finds Gabriella's number and places the call. The phone RINGS.

INT. TAXI CAB - NIGHT

From the cab, Constance and Timothy look for Gabriella's house.

The street, filled with modest bungalows, is located close to the center of the city, the heart of the city's revival. The cab pulls up to a welcoming, well-kept house. A police car is parked in the driveway.

Constance and Timothy exit the cab just as two policemen exit the house, exchanging parting words with Gabriella.

As the policemen walk to their car, they pass Constance and Timothy on the driveway. Gabriella immediately comes down to greet them.

Both Constance and Timothy appear startled by her beauty. They exchange glances.

CONSTANCE

Gabriella?

GABRIELLA

Constance? Oh, it's so good to finally meet you. I'm so glad you called.

Gabriella embraces Constance as tears fill both their eyes. They separate after a long hug.

GABRIELLA (CONT'D)

And you must be Timothy.

She embraces him.

TIMOTHY

Hello, Gabriella.

They separate.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)

Can I ask what the police had to say?

Gabriella pauses, taking a deep breath before answering.

GABRIELLA

They're looking for two teenagers, fifteen and sixteen. They expect it's just a matter of time before they make an arrest. Two babies with a gun.

Gabriella shakes her head, disconsolate, but quickly composes herself.

GABRIELLA (CONT'D)

Please, come in.

They walk up the steps and enter the house.

INT. GABRIELLA'S HOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The interior of the home is simple, but beautifully decorated. A photo of Daniel, Gabriella and Leo hangs over a fireplace.

GABRIELLA

Leo's in his room playing. He's a bit shy, but very excited to be having visitors. I didn't tell him who. I thought I'd keep it simple until you arrived.

CONSTANCE

Before you get him Gabriella, can we talk for a minute?

GABRIELLA

Of course.

Constance sits next to Gabriella on the couch. Timothy sits in a chair across from them.

CONSTANCE

How are you coping? Can we do anything for you?

TIMOTHY

Yes, please. Just let us know what you need. Anything. And let me deal with the police.

GABRIELLA

Thank you, but the police have been wonderful and really, everything has been arranged for tomorrow. The service will be at our church just a few blocks away and the Community Center has organized a get-together after the service. Our friends have been so helpful and loving...
(tearing up again)

GABRIELLA (CONT'D)

I still can't believe it. Nothing seems real. I keep hearing his voice in my head. He had such energy and love.

Looking at the photo above the fireplace.

GABRIELLA (CONT'D)

When he walked through the door, the air changed. I can't imagine how things will be.

Constance takes her hand while Gabriella struggles to stay composed. Timothy can't take his eyes off her.

CONSTANCE

I plan to stay for a few extra days, so if I can do anything, please, let me know.

Surprised, Timothy glances at his mother.

GABRIELLA

Oh, I'm so glad. Maybe we can spend some time together. Get to know one another.

CONSTANCE

I'd love that.

GABRIELLA

Why don't I get Leo? He might be a bit shy at first.

Gabriella leaves to get Leo. Constance and Timothy begin to talk once she's out of the room.

TIMOTHY

So, you've decided to stay on.

CONSTANCE

I hadn't planned on it, but it just seemed right. I need to spend some time here.

Just then Gabriella walks into the room holding Leo's hand. He holds an iPad in the other.

Both Constance and Timothy stand to greet him. Except for his olive complexion, he's a 6-year-old version of Daniel. Constance is taken aback by the resemblance. He looks at both Constance and Timothy and smiles shyly.

GABRIELLA

Leonardo, this is your Grandmother Constance and your Uncle Timothy. Your daddy's mommy and brother.

Still holding his mother's hand, Leo looks up at her and then at Constance and Timothy.

CONSTANCE

Hello Leonardo, or do you like to be called Leo?

Leo shyly looks up at his mother without answering. She gives him an encouraging smile.

LEO

Leo. Would you like to see my iPad?

Timothy and Constance Nod yes, smiling. Leo immediately goes over to Timothy and takes his hand, inviting him to sit with him on the couch.

Leo sits close to Timothy and begins playing with the iPad. Timothy looks at Gabriella and smiles, then at his mother.

LEO (CONT'D)

This is my favorite. See, you move your finger this way and you can draw pictures and make stories. Watch.

Leo proceeds to demonstrate and a TRAIN WHISTLE sounds. He giggles and looks at his Mother.

LEO (CONT'D)

I can add and subtract lots of numbers too. Want to see?

TIMOTHY

Absolutely. I'd love that.

As Leo begins to show Timothy, Timothy looks up at his mother. She is entranced.

GABRIELLA

Leo, let's put that away for now. You can show Uncle Timothy some other time. Let's visit for a few minutes before bedtime.

LEO

Okay, Mommy.

Leo turns his iPad off, sets it on the coffee table and sits.

CONSTANCE

How did you learn to do all that?

LEO

My daddy taught me.

CONSTANCE

I bet your daddy is very proud of you.

LEO

My daddy went away. He didn't want to, but he did. Pastor Elias said he's still with us, but not like this, not like us.

GABRIELLA

He is sweetheart. He'll always be with us.

Gabriella pauses. Tears fill her eyes.

GABRIELLA (CONT'D)

Leo, why don't you tell your Grandmother and Uncle Timothy about school.

Withdrawing a bit, Leo looks down at his lap as he begins to speak.

LEO

I'm in first grade and I like to read stories and Mrs. Sanchez is my teacher.

CONSTANCE

It sounds like you really like school, Leo.

Leo looks up at Constance and smiles broadly.

LEO

Yes. Mrs. Sanchez is nice and I have five friends. Do you want to know their names?

CONSTANCE

Yes, I would.

LEO

There's Enrique and Trevor and Obu and Michael and Keisha.

CONSTANCE

Wow, five friends. That's a lot of friends, but I bet you have more than five.

GABRIELLA

You have lots of friends, Leonardo. What about your birthday party? You had your whole class here.

LEO

Twenty-two friends. Only Sasha couldn't come. If Sasha came I would have had twenty-three friends. We had cake and fun games.

Timothy and Constance look at one another and at Gabriella. Gabriella again on the verge of tears, beams as she looks at Leo.

TIMOTHY

Leo, I hope that someday you'll teach me how to do numbers on your iPad.

Leo looks at Timothy, smiles and vigorously Nods yes, then looks at his mother with a big smile.

GABRIELLA

Okay, sweetie. Time for bed. Say goodnight to Grandma Constance and Uncle Timothy.

Leo gives Timothy a hug, then walks over to Constance and stands on his toes to kiss her cheek. She hugs him.

LEO
Night, night.

Leo takes Gabriella's hand as they walk toward his bedroom.

CONSTANCE
Night, sweetie.

TIMOTHY
Night, Leo.

Leo looks back at Timothy and Constance and gives each a big smile. Constance and Timothy lock eyes.

INT. OAKLAND HERALD - NEWSROOM - DAY

Kirk Pope is in the office of City Editor, Rebecca Chase(45). He's there to share his findings on the Daniel Coleman death and push for an assignment.

KIRK
Rebecca, I've done my research on this...it's a great story.

REBECCA
(impatient)
Sixty seconds. Go.

She looks at her watch. Kirk hesitates then plows ahead.

KIRK
Daniel Coleman was the son of Constance and David Coleman. The same Colemans that run Coleman Stearns, the Coleman Foundation, and a family fortune that puts Bloomberg to shame. David died a decade ago. His car went off the road and from what I've pieced together, there was a young woman in the car. His blood alcohol level was twice the legal limit. At the time, it was hushed up by the family, especially the part about the dead girl. You can imagine the strings that were pulled, shades of Teddy and Mary Joe.

He pauses to take a breath and judge her reaction.

KIRK (CONT'D)

The family of the dead girl sued, but it was quickly settled out of court. Rumor had it that they got ten million and Constance, the wife, pulled the trigger on the settlement.

She sits listening without expression.

KIRK (CONT'D)

Timothy Coleman now runs both the financial businesses and the Foundation. You must be familiar with him, he's been front page news for the last six months. He's an untouchable on Wall Street and Washington's favorite banker. He's a very big deal and the brother of the deceased.

He appears frustrated at her disinterest.

KIRK (CONT'D)

It appears that Daniel was the black sheep of the family and moved to our fair city in ninety-eight. From what I can tell, he broke off all contact with his family shortly after his father's death...and that's all I know at this point.

Rebecca looks at him skeptically.

REBECCA

What's he been doing here for more than a decade without being noticed?

KIRK

That's where the story gets interesting. He hasn't been hiding, not really.

Re-energized.

KIRK (CONT'D)

He's been active in the community and worked at a high profile urban renewal/planning type firm for the last ten years. It's more like nobody ever made the connection to the Manhattan Colemans and apparently, he never said a word.

(MORE)

KIRK (CONT'D)

He must be loaded, but you'd never know it. He lived in the Golden Gate District with his wife and son.

No reaction from Rebecca.

KIRK (CONT'D)

Small renovated bungalow, absolutely nothing special.

REBECCA

So what are you asking me?

His frustration is showing.

KIRK

I just think that it's such a compelling story that it would be a shame to overlook it. The funeral is today and I'd like to talk to a few people. Maybe do a feature piece for the Sunday edition.

REBECCA

Kirk, we've been over this. You'll get your shot at features when the time is right. I started at the bottom and look at me. I'm the boss.

KIRK

I know Rebecca and you're an inspiration.

She smiles at the playful sarcasm.

KIRK (CONT'D)

Normally I wouldn't push it, but this is an opportunity that won't be around in a week or two. It's now and I'm on it.

Kirk looks hopefully at Rebecca as her annoyed expression turns into a small smile.

REBECCA

Okay.

KIRK

Yes!

REBECCA

You send me something by tomorrow morning and I'll look at it. No promises. But I have to admit, a Coleman killed on our streets has the ring of a story.

KIRK

Thanks, Rebecca. Really.

Kirk dashes out of Rebecca's office. Newsroom staff turn to look as he rushes by. A smirk crosses Rebecca's face for a second, before she gets back to her computer.

INT. CONSTANCE'S HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

There's a KNOCK at the door. Constance answers it.

Timothy and Catrina greet her.

TIMOTHY

Morning, Mother.

He kisses her cheek.

CATRINA

Hello, Constance. You know, we could have met in the restaurant and had a bite to eat before we head out.

Constance and Catrina air kiss.

CONSTANCE

Not to worry, my dear. I've ordered coffee and breakfast. I promise that nobody will go hungry.

Another KNOCK at the door. Constance answers it. It's Morgan and Ted.

CONSTANCE (CONT'D)

Good morning Morgan, Ted. Please come in.

Kisses are exchanged. Everyone moves into the seating area of the room. Muffins, fresh fruit and coffee are visible on a corner table.

CONSTANCE (CONT'D)

Please, grab a coffee and something to eat before we begin.

MORGAN

Before we begin? What's this all about?

TIMOTHY

You'll know soon enough.

MORGAN

You're part of this?

Timothy doesn't respond, but gives Morgan a look of impatience. Morgan looks over at Catrina.

CATRINA

Don't look at me. I know nothing.

Catrina gives Timothy a stern look. They all sit.

CONSTANCE

(a bit anxious)

Thank you all for coming. I know it's a busy morning.

Constance pauses and takes a breath before beginning.

CONSTANCE (CONT'D)

There is something you all need to know before the funeral. For Daniel, Gabriella and Leo, you need to know the truth.

All eyes are on Constance.

CONSTANCE (CONT'D)

When Daniel came to us, he was six-years-old, the same age that Leo is now. We told everyone that he was a distant cousin whose parents had been killed in a car accident. The truth is that Daniel was not a cousin, but the son of your father and his mistress.

She pauses to let it sink in. Catrina exchanges a glance with Morgan.

CONSTANCE (CONT'D)

Your father said she had died during surgery and he made it quite clear that Daniel would be a Coleman and, if I didn't like it...I could leave.

(MORE)

CONSTANCE (CONT'D)

Let's just say that your father was good at getting his way and at that time, I wasn't in a position to challenge his demands.

INT. COLEMAN MANSION - **PAST** - BEDROOM - NIGHT

David Coleman(50s), and Constance(early-40s) are in their bedroom.

David has poured himself a stiff drink and is aggressively pointing at his silent wife.

DAVID

I don't give a damn what you think or want. You got that! You will adopt Daniel and you will do as I say. Before you met me you had nothing. Nothing! I can arrange for you to return to that very average life in a heart beat. Daniel is my son and you, will be his mother.

Constance just stares at him with hate in her eyes.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Good. End of discussion.

David drains his glass and reaches for a nearby bottle for a refill.

Close on Constance: Hate and tears fill her eyes.

INT. CONSTANCE'S HOTEL ROOM - **PRESENT** - CONTINUOUS

Constance looks around the room. Everyone is quiet.

CONSTANCE

So, we adopted Daniel and he came to live with us. I wanted you all to know that Daniel was indeed a Coleman and that means that so is Leo. We... I... never gave Daniel the love, acceptance and protection he needed and deserved. I will not make that mistake with Leo. You can all make up your own minds. I certainly can't tell you what to do, but, I do hope you will now look at this situation with fresh eyes and hopefully, an open mind.

MORGAN

So let me get this straight, if Daniel hadn't been killed, you never would have told us?

TIMOTHY

Morgan, please.

CONSTANCE

No, that's a reasonable question. Yes, I think I would have, but then that sounds a bit self-serving. Let's just say, I hope that I would have.

Lowering her eyes.

CONSTANCE (CONT'D)

Recently, I've been thinking a lot about my life and my choices, especially about Daniel and my failings. As the mother of the house, it was up to me to set the tone. All of you were only following my example. I wanted to punish your father and because I was afraid of him, I punished Daniel.

MORGAN

Mother, you didn't make him screw up. He did that all on his own. The drugs, the arrests. You seem to have forgotten about the woman he killed when he ran that red light. We were just lucky he wasn't drunk. He usually was. He embarrassed us and then, he ran away.

CONSTANCE

Morgan, I haven't forgotten anything. But long before he got into trouble, I could have helped him. I could have made it so much easier for him. I could have prevented so many things. Instead, I set him up to fail.

Looking into the eyes of each.

CONSTANCE (CONT'D)

He never had a chance. He was alone from the moment he arrived. Just a little boy.

(MORE)

CONSTANCE (CONT'D)

I don't blame him for failing and running away. I remember the day your father was buried. I was relieved. I felt free for the first time in years.

Looking down, emotional.

CONSTANCE (CONT'D)

Daniel left a few months after the funeral and I didn't say a word to stop him. I guess I felt that if he left, all of your father's mess would finally be out of my life.

TIMOTHY

Dad put you in an impossible situation. He had a talent for that. I wish I could go back and change things with Daniel, but, things are as they are.

Locking eyes with each.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)

We all have a responsibility and an opportunity here. Things need to be handled correctly, for the sake of the family.

CATRINA

What do you expect us to do? I think coming out here is quite enough. We have busy lives.

TIMOTHY

For one minute stop talking nonsense.

Catrina's eyes flash with anger.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)

Mother and I visited Gabriella and Leo last night. She seems lovely and Leo is exactly what every six-year-old boy should be.

MORGAN

I can't believe this. You snuck out? Thinking what? Did you tell her about Daniel's mistress mommy?

CONSTANCE

No, I didn't. But I will. She's entitled to know the truth.

TIMOTHY

And there was no sneaking involved. I don't sneak. We needed to connect and talk before today. Would you have come if you'd known?

Timothy and Morgan lock eyes.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)

I thought not.

CONSTANCE

I'm not demanding anything of any of you. That wouldn't be right, or fair. You all made the trip and I'm thankful for that. I just hope that knowing the truth will cause some reflection.

Constance looks around the room and smiles warmly. She takes a sip of her coffee. They all sit in silence.

EXT. CHURCH, OAKLAND, CA. - DAY

A clear, sunny day. The church's grand scale hints of better times. Pastor Elias(Male,39), stands at its front doors, greeting a steady stream of Parishioners/Mourners, (mixed ages/sexes/races).

INT. CHURCH - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The church is nearly filled to capacity with people filling in the few remaining seats and the balcony. The center front row remains empty, except for Gabriella and Leo.

A welcoming HYMN is being played on the CHURCH ORGAN.

Close on Gabriella: she looks back at the doors in anticipation.

INT. LIMOUSINE - MOVING - DAY

Constance and family sit in silence as the limousine nears the church. Ted breaks the silence.

TED

How is Gabriella arriving? Does anyone know?

CONSTANCE

She said that if it was a nice day, she wanted to walk with Leo. They live just a few blocks from the church. Thank you for asking, Ted.

Constance turns her head to look out the limousine window.

CONSTANCE (CONT'D)

(to herself)

And it is a beautiful day.

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

The limousine pulls up to the front of the church. All exit and stand together on the sidewalk. The doors to the church are closed. A small crowd has gathered on the church steps.

TIMOTHY

We must be early.

CONSTANCE

The service is scheduled to start in just a few minutes. They must be delayed.

MORGAN

(to Catrina)

I can't believe we traveled three thousand miles for this. How many would you say are waiting to get in, twenty-five maybe? GOD. I knew it.

An Elderly Lady(75), standing nearby, overhears the conversation and replies to Constance.

LADY

Oh no, they're on time. The church is full. I don't think it's been full in fifty years. There must be five hundred people in there. We're just hoping to get in. I think they're waiting for Danny's family to arrive.

CONSTANCE

We're Daniel's family.

Timothy, Catrina, Morgan, Ted and children stand nearby, waiting and listening.

LADY

You're Danny's family? Praise God.
They're waiting for you.

CONSTANCE

Thank you.

LADY

May I say how sorry I am. Danny was
such a wonderful man.

MORGAN

(aside to Catrina)

What's with this Danny business? It
makes him sound like a truck
driver.

Constance squeezes the lady's hand as they pass and begin the walk up the church steps.

As the waiting crowd realizes it's Danny's family, they nod respectfully as Constance and family pass. A man steps up and opens the doors for them.

INT. CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

It's a full house. ORGAN MUSIC fills the air. Danny's casket rests at the front of the church.

Constance and family make their way down the center aisle and are clearly stunned by what they see.

Heads begin to turn as people realize that Danny's family has arrived. As they near the front row, Pastor Elias steps forward to greet them, shaking hands with Constance and Timothy.

Gabriella gets up to hug Constance and Timothy, then shakes hands with the others. Constance sits next to Leo with Gabriella on the other side.

As the others take their seats, they look around at the crowded, buzzing church. Catrina and Morgan exchange a look.

Pastor Elias takes his place in the pulpit and waits for quiet, then begins.

PASTOR ELIAS

Welcome. Today we have the privilege of remembering and honoring a wonderful man. A loyal and available friend, a loving and involved father and an adoring and adored husband. The story of Danny Coleman is both deeply tragic and immensely inspiring. Losing someone so young is always terribly sad, but in the case of Danny Coleman...

He pauses as his eyes find Gabriella.

PASTOR ELIAS (CONT'D)

...it is also tragic and heart-breaking. As I look out at each of you, I see Danny's life. Rich and textured, giving and loving, inspired and diverse. I came to know Danny quite well over the last ten years and I'm proud to say that in addition to being his pastor, I also had the privilege of becoming his friend.

From his POV: pausing as he looks out at the sad faces.
Close on individual mourners.

PASTOR ELIAS (CONT'D)

Danny came to live in our community in 1998 at the age of twenty-six. He didn't share much of his life before that, but from what he did tell me, I know he had his challenges and his regrets, as we all do. The brilliance of Danny's life is that he made the decision to move beyond his past to create a new life. And the very best thing he did, was asking Gabriella to marry him.

A MURMUR of agreement goes up from the crowd. Many CLAP.

Pastor Elias pauses.

Morgan and Catrina react to the emotion in the church. Still in shock, they glance at the faces around them.

Constance reaches over and squeezes Gabriella's hand.

PASTOR ELIAS (CONT'D)

A loving and inspiring partner who gave Danny the unconditional love he so needed to move forward, and of course...

From his POV: the sweet face of Leo.

PASTOR ELIAS (CONT'D)

...his cherished son, Leonardo Daniel or Leo, as he likes to be called. Named after his grandfather and father. Danny used to talk to me about you, Gabriella, and you, Leo, with such love and wonder. He told me more than once that marriage and fatherhood had saved him.

Emotional, he looks down to compose himself.

PASTOR ELIAS (CONT'D)

That together they rooted him for the first time in his life, allowing him to forgive himself. He said that you Gabriella, helped him breathe.

Becoming emotional.

PASTOR ELIAS (CONT'D)

We all thank you for that, because there isn't a person in this church today who doesn't have a Danny story -- who hasn't been touched by Danny's spirit and contagious sense of joy and optimism. He went about his life each and every day with kindness and determination.

Morgan and Catrina exchange 'I can't believe this' glances.

PASTOR ELIAS (CONT'D)

Danny was a broken man who was fixing himself. It's fitting that he moved to a broken community that needed help. We can all learn deep lessons from his short and abundant life.

Constance and Timothy look at one another. Constance, in tears, puts her arm around Leo. Morgan, Catrina, Ted and the children sit quietly as the church fills with APPLAUSE.

Pastor Elias looks over the crowd.

PASTOR ELIAS (CONT'D)
 Gabriella has asked Jonathan
 Wiseman to share a few words.
 Jonathan...

Jonathan(42), a short, balding man, rises from his seat at the front of the church and walks to the pulpit. He carries no notes.

He looks over the crowd, then begins to speak in a quiet voice.

JONATHAN
 Thank you, Pastor. I see many
 familiar---

VOICE FROM CROWD
 Louder!

He smiles nervously and begins again in a strong clear voice.

JONATHAN
 I see many familiar faces here
 today, people who loved Danny.

Emotion erupts within the church. People CLAP and CALL OUT.

Jonathan clears his throat and pauses, waiting for the church to quiet. He looks directly at Gabriella and smiles, then continues.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)
 What can I say about such a
 senseless tragedy. I had the joy of
 being Danny's friend and co-worker
 for almost ten years. We worked
 together at The Urban Factory and I
 knew from that first day, that he
 would be my friend.

Smiling at his memories.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)
 At work, Danny was a passionate and
 practical thinker. He was also a
 great guy to be around, because he
 understood people better than
 anyone I ever met.

Sweep of crowd: people are Nodding, CLAPPING and SHOUTING OUT.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)

He also understood that if a city like ours was to do more than just survive, to begin to actually live up to its promise, it needed to be livable and safe -- a place with vibrant neighborhoods and playgrounds filled with noisy children. It also needed to be a place where businesses could feel secure in putting down roots and different cultures could mix, raise their children and thrive.

Close on Constance. Tears pool in her eyes.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)

He understood the complexity and connectedness of community and how to take big ideas and reduce them to understandable, doable steps.

Close on faces in the crowd, NODDING their agreement.

Jonathan pauses, emotional.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)

But work was only part of Danny's life. Through this church and the Golden Gate Community Center, he used his abilities and energy to connect with kids through sports, mentoring and summer camps that taught city kids how to swim, even plant a garden. He was also a critical link between city government and business, using his connections, talents and energy to get a million little things done.

The people continue to clap and shout their approval.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)

Those little things that can make all the difference in a city like ours. Above all, he was a tremendous person. I will miss him terribly.

The church CRACKLES with energy. Jonathan returns to his seat as Pastor Elias steps to the pulpit to conclude the service.

PASTOR ELIAS

Thank you, Jonathan.

The crowd ERUPTS again.

Pastor Elias waits for the crowd to quiet.

PASTOR ELIAS (CONT'D)

For those who would like to say a personal goodbye to Danny, please make your way down the center aisle. If you're planning to attend the graveside ceremony, we're hoping to begin no later than one o'clock. Following that, there will be a reception at the Community Center. I know that Gabriella and Leo would love to say hello and thank each of you for your love and support.

Pastor Elias takes his seat. MUSIC fills the church.

People begin to stand and file down the center aisle toward the casket, touching it as they pass.

Close on Kirk Pope, standing at the rear of the church, watching the service and recording his thoughts on his phone.

EXT. COMMUNITY CENTER - DAY

The limousine, with Constance and family, pulls up and parks in front of the Community Center. Constance exits first, the others follow. They gather on the sidewalk near the entrance.

It's a busy scene. Children run by laughing. A skateboarder flies by, narrowly missing Morgan.

Constance and Timothy walk ahead and through the Center's front doors as the others follow.

Morgan and Catrina look like they'd rather be anywhere else, as Ted and the children follow.

INT. COMMUNITY CENTER GYM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Constance and Timothy enter. The crowd is even larger than the church service. Tables of food are set up to one side. More community picnic than memorial service, energy, conversation and music fill the space. David Riley(45), Community Center Director, recognizes Constance and Timothy.

Excusing himself from a group of people, he walks over to greet them.

DAVID RILEY

Hello, Mrs. Coleman, Mr. Coleman.
Welcome to the Golden Gate
Community Center. My name is David
Riley, Director of the Center. May
I extend my condolences to you and
your family.

They shake hands.

CONSTANCE

Thank you Mr. Riley. Let me
introduce my family. My daughter
Morgan, her husband Ted, and their
children Taylor and Samuel. And my
my son Timothy and his wife
Catrina.

They all Nod greetings.

DAVID RILEY

Danny was a personal friend and a
Center Board Member. Without him,
I'm not sure our doors would still
be open. Such a senseless, terrible
loss. I still can't believe it.

CONSTANCE

Thank you.

DAVID RILEY

Please, make yourselves at home.
Gabriella wanted this afternoon to
be more about Danny's life than
about his death. We thought that a
bit later we'd have a receiving
line so that everyone has an
opportunity to pay their respects
to Gabriella and Leo, and of
course, you, Mrs. Coleman, and your
family. I hope you'll stay and say
hello.

Constance looks at Timothy and the others. Timothy Nods yes
and smiles. Morgan whispers something to Catrina as they look
around.

CONSTANCE

Mr. Riley, I think that's a
wonderful idea. We would love to
stay and say hello.

DAVID RILEY

Great. I was hoping you'd say that.
Please grab something to eat and
don't hesitate to ask if you need
anything. I'll come and find you
when we're ready.

David Riley exits as Constance's attention is drawn to the entrance, where Gabriella has just arrived. People are greeting her and Leo. A man picks Leo up and Leo laughs with joy. Gabriella spots Constance across the gym and waves.

An overhead view of the packed, buzzing gym as Gabriella begins to make her way to Constance.

INT. GYM - CONTINUOUS

Kirk Pope is recording his conversation with a woman in the crowd. David Riley, standing nearby, notices him and walks over to introduce himself.

DAVID

Hello. David Riley, Director of the
Center.

KIRK

Oh, hello. Kirk Pope. I'm with the
Herald.

Kirk smiles and extends his hand. They shake.

DAVID

Welcome, Mr. Pope. Can I help you
with anything?

KIRK

I'm working on a story about Daniel
Coleman for the Sunday edition. A
human interest feature. With so
many people here, it's hard to know
who best to talk to. If you could
steer me in the right direction I'd
be in your debt.

DAVID

Did you know Danny?

KIRK

No, I didn't. But what I've learned
tells me he was a unique guy with
an interesting history.

David looks at Kirk warily before answering.

DAVID

I'll help you, but I need some assurance that you're not looking to stir up any trouble for his wife and family.

KIRK

I assure you my curiosity is professional and friendly. Look around. This is a good news story.

David Riley pauses, looking intently at Kirk.

DAVID

Okay, Mr. Pope. I'll introduce you to some people who really knew Danny and then you're on your own. Remember, Danny meant a lot to these people.

KIRK

I hear you.

Kirk offers his hand. They shake. David leads him through the crowd to a group of people chatting in a corner. He makes introductions and walks away. Wasting no time, Kirk pulls out his phone to record the conversations.

INT. GYM - MOMENTS LATER

Constance, Timothy, Gabriella and Leo stand together. As they talk, a number of people come up to Gabriella to offer condolences and hugs. Gabriella struggles to hold a too heavy Leo, who seems a bit overwhelmed by the crowd.

GABRIELLA

(to Constance)

I can't believe how many people have come. Danny never judged anyone. Maybe that's because he was always so hard on himself.

Constance smiles at Gabriella as she runs her hand through Leo's hair.

GABRIELLA (CONT'D)

He was so excited about me getting back to my career. We were in a really good place.

Timothy's phone vibrates. He hesitates before taking it from his pocket. From his POV: He looks at the message: "WHERE ARE YOU?"

CALL ME!!I WAITED AT THE HOTEL ALL AFTERNOON!" He stares at his phone without expression and then returns it to his pocket. He sees that Leo is becoming heavy for Gabriella, and reaches out to take him.

TIMOTHY

Hey, Buddy. Get over here and say hello to your uncle.

Leo reaches out and Timothy takes him from Gabriella.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)

Boy, are you ever heavy. You must be two hundred pounds.

LEO

(laughing)

No, my mommy says I weigh fifty-five pounds.

Gabriella looks at Timothy and smiles, rubbing her arms.

GABRIELLA

Thank you. He's getting too big for me to carry. You're a natural. Do you and Catrina have children?

TIMOTHY

No, but if I could have a little guy just like Leo.

Timothy tickles Leo and Leo squirms with delight.

David Riley approaches Gabriella.

DAVID

Gabriella, I think it's a good time to start the receiving line, if you're still up to it?

Gabriella looks around at the crowd.

GABRIELLA

Yes, of course. Let's do it. Constance, would you stand with me? You too, Timothy.

CONSTANCE

I'd like that.

TIMOTHY

I'll see if I can find the others. I'm sure they'd want to be a part of this.

Timothy puts Leo down and Leo grabs Gabriella's hand. Timothy then heads off to look for the rest of the family.

DAVID

Gabriella, why don't we stand you
and Mrs. Coleman over by the stage.
We'll need room for a long line.

Gabriella, Leo and Constance follow David Riley, as he heads off to organize the line.

INT. COMMUNITY CENTER GYM - RECEIVING LINE - MOMENTS LATER

Gabriella, Leo and Constance are in line talking with people and exchanging hugs and thanks.

Timothy, with Catrina and Morgan in tow, joins them.

Constance and Timothy lock knowing eyes. She smiles as he rolls his eyes. Ted and the kids join them. Timothy stands next to his mother.

CONSTANCE

(low; to Timothy)

Thank you. That couldn't have been
easy.

TIMOTHY

Not a problem. I just gave them my
"Master of the Trust Fund" stare.
Works every time.

Timothy and Constance exchange knowing smiles.

TOMAS(50), is next in line. He speaks with a strong Eastern European accent. He hugs Gabriella.

TOMAS

Gabriella, my deepest sorrow for
you, for Leo.

GABRIELLA

Thank you, Tomas. You were such a
good friend to Danny. I'd like you
to meet Danny's mother and brother,
Constance and Timothy Coleman.

TOMAS

I wish we could have met in better
times. My deepest sorrow for you.
Danny was my friend. Without him I
would not have my store.

Pausing and tearing up.

TOMAS (CONT'D)

He helped me with small business
loan and city problems with zoning.
We used to have beer and he would
teach me English. A good man. A
very good man.

Tomas with tears in his eyes, kisses Gabriella on the cheek.
He then shakes hands with Constance and Timothy and makes his
way down the line toward the others.

Next in line is EUCLICIA, an elderly black woman(75),who
approaches Gabriella.

EUCLICIA

Hello. You must be Gabriella.

GABRIELLA

Yes, so nice of you to come. What
is your name?

EUCLICIA

Euclicia. I am so sorry for your
loss.

Euclicia extends both hands. Gabriella takes them.

GABRIELLA

Thank you, Euclicia. I'd like you
meet Danny's mother Constance, his
brother Timothy and my son Leo.

Euclicia shakes hands with Constance and Timothy and tenderly
touches Leo's cheek.

EUCLICIA

This is a sad, sad day. Danny was
so nice to this old lady. I'll
never forget him.

Euclicia begins to tear up. Gabriella puts a comforting hand
on her cheek.

EUCLICIA (CONT'D)

When the bank told me to get out of
my house, I didn't know what to do.

Emotional. She locks eyes with Gabriella.

EUCLICIA (CONT'D)

I had nowhere to go. My neighbor
said he knew a man that could help.

(MORE)

EUCLICIA (CONT'D)

That night Danny came over. He sat down with me and explained that they couldn't throw me out.

She pauses to compose herself.

EUCLICIA (CONT'D)

He treated me like he knew me forever. Like he would treat his own mother. I cried so much when I heard. I will pray for him and for you every night.

Euclicia hugs Gabriella and bends down to kiss Leo's forehead. She hugs Timothy and grabs both of Constance's hands, looking into her eyes before embracing her. Constance wipes away tears.

ELEVATED VIEW OF RECEIVING LINE

The line snakes through the crowded gym as people patiently wait their turn.

BACK TO RECEIVING LINE

Morgan and Catrina continue to be uncomfortable, while Ted and the children are fully engaged with the passing people.

A man, Marcus(30s) approaches Gabriella and shakes her hand.

MARCUS

My condolences, Mrs. Coleman. My name is Marcus Williams. I never met your husband, but he saved my mother's life. The night he was killed, he found my mother alone on the street and performed CPR until paramedics arrived.

He pauses to regain his composure.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

If he hadn't stopped to help, I'd be burying my mother today. She'd had a heart attack and had stopped breathing. One of the paramedics remembered Danny and contacted me to tell me the news.

Emotional.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Your husband is a hero in our house. My mother is expected to come home from the hospital next week.

Pausing, tearing up.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

I can't understand how such a wonderful thing and such an awful thing can happen in just a matter of minutes.

GABRIELLA

Mr. Williams...

MARCUS

Please...Marcus.

GABRIELLA

I had no idea, Marcus.

Gabriella hugs him for a long moment.

MARCUS

My mother wishes she could be here. She hopes to meet you when she's up to it.

GABRIELLA

I would love that. Marcus, I'd like you to meet Danny's mother, Constance, his brother Timothy and my son Leo.

Marcus touches the top of Leo's head and shakes hands with Timothy. He then moves close to Constance and grabs both of her hands in his.

MARCUS

Your son saved this son tremendous sadness. I am so sorry for your loss.

CONSTANCE

Thank you, please give my love to your mother. I hope to meet her someday.

INT. LIMOUSINE - LATER

Constance and family are on their way back to the hotel.

All are quiet except for Morgan and Catrina.

MORGAN

I was hoping to be in the air by five. No chance of that now. My God, New York will feel good.

Ted gives Morgan a 'be quiet' look.

CATRINA

If we hurry we can still make six.

MORGAN

Timothy, has the crew been alerted? Let's not waste any time.

TIMOTHY

Morgan, relax. The crew will be ready with martinis waiting.

CATRINA

Thank you, darling. It's been an absolutely exhausting day. Damn! I have a stain on my dress. How did that happen?

TIMOTHY

Mother won't be joining you on the flight back and I've decided to take an extra day as well.

CATRINA

Why would you do that? Don't you think we should have discussed this?

TIMOTHY

No time. I just decided. I want to meet with Gabriella about a few things and then I'll fly back tomorrow night. Peter will drop you in New York and head back tomorrow afternoon.

Constance sits quietly looking out the window.

MORGAN

Mother, how long will you be in this God awful place?

CONSTANCE

I'm not sure. Maybe three or four days. We'll see.

(MORE)

CONSTANCE (CONT'D)
 I'm looking forward to spending
 some time with Gabriella and Leo.
 I'm not ready to leave.

TIMOTHY
 (to Constance)
 Peter can fly out whenever you're
 ready.

Constance returns to the window.

CATRINA
 I would have thought that today
 would have been enough. Well, I
 can't wait to get home. My week is
 booked solid and Timothy, remember,
 we have the Metropolitan dinner on
 Thursday.

Everyone falls into silence. Close on Constance looking out
 the window: a peaceful look crosses her face.

INT. CONSTANCE'S HOTEL ROOM - EVENING

Constance is removing her jewelry when the hotel phone RINGS.
 She answers.

CONSTANCE
 Hello?

She listens and answers coldly.

CONSTANCE (CONT'D)
 Yes, Mr. Pope. How can I help you?

Listening. Dismissive tone.

CONSTANCE (CONT'D)
 It's been a long day. I'm going to
 have to say no, Mr. Pope.

She listens.

CONSTANCE (CONT'D)
 Of course, I want the story to be
 accurate.

She listens.

CONSTANCE (CONT'D)
 Alright. I'll give you twenty
 minutes. Let's meet in the hotel
 lounge.

Constance hangs up the phone and pauses, irritated, before putting her jewelry back on.

INT. HOTEL LOUNGE - EVENING

Constance enters the lounge. Kirk Pope, seated at a table, recognizes her and stands, waving her over. She sees him and pauses before approaching.

KIRK
Mrs. Coleman?

Constance smiles warily.

KIRK (CONT'D)
Kirk Pope.

He extends his hand. Reluctantly, Constance extends hers, they shake and sit.

KIRK (CONT'D)
Thank you for this. I'm on a tight deadline, so I really appreciate it.

CONSTANCE
Well, Mr. Pope, the next twenty minutes are all yours. What would you like to know?

KIRK
I have all I need about Daniel's life in Oakland. What I'm missing are his years in New York. If you could fill in a few holes, that would be great.

CONSTANCE
Mr. Pope, I'm not sure why that part of Daniel's life would interest you. It was so long ago. His life was here in Oakland.

KIRK
Mrs. Coleman, being a Coleman makes it interesting.

He places his cell phone on the table in front of them and presses record. She looks at the phone, annoyed, but does not object.

KIRK (CONT'D)

The people I've talked to here don't know a lot about that part of his life. What I have heard is that his New York years were difficult. That he was disowned by the family.

CONSTANCE

Daniel was certainly not disowned, Mr. Pope.

She glares at him.

CONSTANCE (CONT'D)

Admittedly, there were ups and downs, but that's the case in all families.

KIRK

Yes, I agree. But the Coleman family isn't just any family.

Pausing, careful.

KIRK (CONT'D)

Is it true you hadn't seen Daniel in ten years?

Constance gives him a hard look.

CONSTANCE

Yes, that is true.

She takes a long look at him before continuing.

CONSTANCE (CONT'D)

I'm very sad about that. I will never forgive myself. If I'm truthful with you Mr. Pope, I want you to promise me something.

She gives him a stern look. He Nods in agreement.

CONSTANCE (CONT'D)

Promise me that you won't sensationalize things, just write the truth. We live in an increasingly trivial and sleazy world Mr. Pope. I know it's a losing battle, but I want to protect my family from the spreading stain for as long as possible.

KIRK

That's not what I'm about, Mrs. Coleman.

Constance takes a long look at him before beginning.

CONSTANCE

Daniel was adopted when he was six. A very sweet little boy. He needed a family and a mother who would tell him that everything would be all right. I was not that mother. I failed him.

Kirk Pope listens intently. Constance pauses, agitated and vulnerable, but unable to stop.

CONSTANCE (CONT'D)

At the time, I was so wrapped up in protecting my world that I regretfully, pushed him away. I was awful Mr. Pope.

Looking off, gathering memories. Emotional.

CONSTANCE (CONT'D)

I never really told him I loved him, or hugged him as he deserved to be hugged. And that Mr. Pope, is my shame. My very personal shame.

Kirk Pope leans forward, riveted by her admissions.

CONSTANCE (CONT'D)

Daniel did get into some trouble at school and with the law on a couple of occasions, but I was as much to blame for that as Daniel.

Locking eyes.

CONSTANCE (CONT'D)

Is that what you expected to hear, Mr. Pope?

KIRK

I appreciate your honesty, Mrs. Coleman.

CONSTANCE

Daniel moved here to get away from the family, to get away from me.

Regaining her composure.

CONSTANCE (CONT'D)

As far from New York as he could get. After his father died, he wanted nothing to do with me or his siblings. We certainly never told him to leave, but we never asked him to stay either. What I've learned on this trip makes me sad to my bones, Mr. Pope. I wish I'd made the effort to know Daniel the man. That will be my eternal regret. When you get old, Mr. Pope, there is no time left for half-truths or self-deception.

A pained expression crosses her face.

CONSTANCE (CONT'D)

Unfortunately, that's not true for regrets.

KIRK

What's next?

CONSTANCE

I have a daughter-in-law who I want to know better and a grandson who hopefully needs me.

(emotional)

Maybe they'll learn to forgive me.

KIRK

Daniel, being a Coleman, must have had substantial wealth available to him, yet he lived a modest life.

She glares at him.

CONSTANCE

Is there a question there?

KIRK

Well, the obvious question is... why?

CONSTANCE

I can't answer that. Yes, he did have a substantial trust fund, but to my knowledge, he never touched it. I'm not sure that his wife even knew about it. If that's all Mr. Pope, it's been a long day.

Constance gets up to leave.

KIRK

Just one more question, please.

She reluctantly sits.

KIRK (CONT'D)

There's one thing I'm struggling with. Daniel built a new life here helping people and never once used his wealth or obvious connections. It's just difficult to understand how a person could turn their back on all that power and influence. I'm wondering---

CONSTANCE

---Mr. Pope, Daniel chose his own path and as I'm sure you've come to learn through your investigation, he achieved a great deal. Could he have done more through money and connections? Possibly. But from what I saw today, he's left behind a remarkable legacy of good. Daniel may have looked at his wealth as an obstacle or a distraction. We'll never know.

Kirk remains still, eyes fixed on Constance.

CONSTANCE (CONT'D)

I've come to the conclusion, after many years of having it, that money can do an enormous amount of good if used properly, but it's certainly not everything. It has its limitations.

(thoughtful pause)

CONSTANCE (CONT'D)

Being the determined reporter that you obviously are, you're likely aware that through the Coleman Foundation we give away many millions a year, but our connection to the community, to people, is different. The good we do is more impersonal because of its scale. We fund hospitals and medical research and build libraries and science buildings. The difference is, we don't have those we help over to dinner. I admire what Daniel accomplished. He did it his way.

(MORE)

CONSTANCE (CONT'D)

I also admire what my other son Timothy has achieved. Which way is better? There is no better, just different. I will never apologize for having money or how we do things.

She stands.

CONSTANCE (CONT'D)

I know it's fashionable now to attack the rich, but I won't stand for it. There are many ways to serve one's community, Mr. Pope. What I will apologize for is my conduct as a mother. Does that help?

KIRK

Yes, thank you, Mrs. Coleman. I appreciate the honesty and your help.

Kirk stands and they shake hands. Kirk remains standing, watching as she exits the lounge.

He then sits, wide-eyed, taking it all in.

EXT. AIRPORT TARMAC - EVENING

Timothy's jet sits waiting for its passengers.

Catrina, Morgan, Ted and children cross the tarmac and run up the stairs to the waiting cabin and their ride home. The door immediately closes behind them as the stairs pull away.

INT. TIMOTHY'S HOTEL ROOM, OAKLAND - DAY

Timothy is on the phone with the hotel operator.

TIMOTHY

Yes, hello. Can you connect me with a local number?

OPERATOR

(from phone)

Yes, Mr. Coleman. What's the number?

TIMOTHY

555-6879... The Urban Factory.

The phone RINGS. A Woman answers.

WOMAN
(from phone)
Good morning, the Urban Factory.

TIMOTHY
Oh good, you're open. Is Jonathan
Wiseman in?

WOMAN
(from phone)
May I ask who's calling?

TIMOTHY
Yes, Timothy Coleman.

The call is put through. It RINGS. Jonathan Wiseman answers.

JONATHAN
(from phone)
Hello, Mr. Coleman?

TIMOTHY
Hi, Jonathan. And please, it's
Timothy. Do you always work on
Saturday?

JONATHAN
(from phone)
Usually. Saturday is our open door
day. We meet with people from the
community and see what we can do to
help.

TIMOTHY
Jonathan, I'd like to learn more
about what Daniel was involved in
at the Urban Factory and see if I
can help in any way. I can meet at
your convenience.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - LATER - CONTINUOUS

Timothy places another call, but for this, he picks up his
cell phone searches for a number and connects. It RINGS.

EXT. ESTABLISHMENT SHOT. WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON, D.C.

INT. WHITE HOUSE, OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Denise Rutherford (40), Executive Secretary to the President is at her desk. Her cell RINGS. She answers.

Intercut

DENISE

Denise Rutherford.

TIMOTHY

Hello, Denise. It's Timothy Coleman. I hope you don't mind me calling you on your private line.

DENISE

Not at all, Mr. Coleman. The President is looking forward to lunch on Tuesday.

TIMOTHY

That's why I'm calling, Denise. I need to reschedule. A family matter.

DENISE

Not a problem, Mr. Coleman. I'll speak with Jennine. I'm sure we can find an opening within the next few weeks. The President will be disappointed. He always enjoys your lunches.

TIMOTHY

Thank you, Denise. Give him my best.

Denise studies the phone for a moment before hanging up.

INT. TAXI CAB - DAY

Timothy and Constance are on their way to see Gabriella.

TIMOTHY

Gabriella needs to know what she's in for. How did she sound?

CONSTANCE

Tired. Lonely. Heartbroken. I could hear Leo playing in the background.

TIMOTHY

I had Roland send Daniel's current Trust details to me. I expect she'll be shocked when she learns the numbers.

(thoughtful pause)

We'll need to guide her through this. Roland also sent me a copy of a letter that Daniel sent to him ten years ago. It instructed Roland to send ten thousand a month from the Trust to a Joyce Simpson. Does that name mean anything?

CONSTANCE

It does. Simpson was the family name of the woman who died in Daniel's accident. She was a widow with a sixteen-year-old daughter. Joyce must be the daughter.

TIMOTHY

The payments are to go on until her death. He also created an education fund in her name for two hundred thousand. Other than that, he never touched the Trust.

Constance sits quietly looking at Timothy.

CONSTANCE

Let's not mention any of this to Gabriella. She'll need to know, but not today.

EXT. GABRIELLA'S HOUSE - DAY

The taxi comes to a stop. Timothy and Constance get out. Leo comes running down the driveway to greet them with Gabriella close behind.

CONSTANCE

Good morning, Leo. Can I have a hug?

Leo immediately hugs Constance then Timothy.

TIMOTHY

Hi, buddy. Have you been helping your mother?

Leo vigorously Nods yes..

GABRIELLA
Good morning, Constance, Timothy.

She hugs both.

GABRIELLA (CONT'D)
Come in. I have a fresh pot of
coffee on.

They walk into the house.

INT. GABRIELLA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Constance enters holding Leo's hand.

She sits on the couch with Leo. Timothy remains standing with Gabriella.

GABRIELLA
Let me get the coffee.

Gabriella walks into the kitchen and Timothy sits. Leo is in a talkative mood.

LEO
Mommy said you have to leave soon.

CONSTANCE
Yes sweetie. Uncle Timothy is
leaving tonight, but I'll be
staying for a few days.

LEO
(to Timothy)
Will you come back?

TIMOTHY
You bet. And I'm hoping that you
and your Mommy will come to visit
your Grandma and me.

LEO
Really?

TIMOTHY
If your mother says yes. We'll have
to ask her though.

Gabriella returns with a tray of coffee, muffins and fruit.
Leo jumps up from the couch, excited.

LEO
Can we Mommy? Can we?

GABRIELLA
Can we what, honey?

LEO
Visit Grandma and Uncle Timothy?

Gabriella, Constance and Timothy look at one another.
Gabriella smiles at an excited Leo.

GABRIELLA
I think we could do that, but not
for a while. Now sit quietly and
have your juice and snack while we
talk.

Leo sits down as Gabriella gives him juice and a muffin. She
pours coffee for the three of them.

TIMOTHY
I appreciate you seeing us
Gabriella. I have to fly out
tonight and I have a full day of
meetings ahead of me.

Constance gives Timothy a questioning 'what's up' look.
Timothy responds with an "I'll tell you later" look.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)
I know you must be overwhelmed with
everything, but I think you need to
know a few facts before you read
about them in the press.

He looks at his mother.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)
I had the status of Daniel's Trust
sent to me this morning.

Timothy reaches into his upper coat pocket and removes a
number of folded papers.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)
I don't know how much Daniel told
you about his Trust or the family's
financial interests, but you need
to know what you and Leo are a part
of.

Timothy pauses, looking at his mother and then directly at
Gabriella, who now looks a little worried.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)

The Coleman family is one of the wealthiest families in the country. My father, Daniel's father, established a trust for each of his children quite separate from the family holdings. Daniel's trust fund has grown to over eighty-five million dollars. He hasn't touched it, nor did he seem to have any interest in it. From what I understand, he had all financial statements and correspondence sent to a post office box here in Oakland.

Timothy looks intently at Gabriella, gauging her reaction. She remains quiet, stunned.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)

Our great grandfather made his money in banking and diversified into everything from oil and gas to chemicals and liquor. Our grandfather, and more so our father, expanded the family interests into financial services and real estate, which is the collection of companies I run. More recently, we've moved into technology and pharmaceuticals.

Timothy looks at his mother before continuing.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)

Our grandfather also created the Coleman Foundation, which I Chair. Mother serves on the Board. Last year the Foundation gave away upwards of two hundred million, primarily to medical research, education and the arts.

Gabriella is speechless, looking from Constance to Timothy, and then at Leo, happily eating his muffin.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)

Gabriella, I hope you won't take offense, but I need to ask. Did you and Daniel have a marriage contract of any kind?

GABRIELLA

No. Nothing.

TIMOTHY

I didn't think so. Forgive me, but I had to ask. As Daniel's wife and surviving heir, his Trust transfers to you.

Pausing to let things sink in.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)

Legal documents will eventually need to be signed, but in time. I'll make all the necessary arrangements. Mother and I just wanted you to hear about this from us and not some third party.

LEO

Mommy, can I have another one?

Gabriella looks at Leo. She's in a state of shock.

GABRIELLA

Of course, sweetie.

Leo gleefully grabs another muffin.

GABRIELLA (CONT'D)

I'm not sure what to say. I had no idea. Danny was closed about the past, anything to do with his family and certainly family money was off-limits. Long ago I decided not to push. I didn't need to know.

CONSTANCE

As Timothy said, there is nothing that needs to be done immediately. You have a lot to cope with and a life here. But now, you also have family in New York. We hope you'll let us into your life.

Gabriella looks at Constance and Timothy, trying to absorb everything.

TIMOTHY

Do you have any questions? I know it's a lot.

GABRIELLA

No, not right now. Thank you for telling me.

TIMOTHY

Well then, I'll be on my way. I have a busy day and a plane to catch. I want you to feel free to call me anytime. With any questions.

Timothy stands to leave. Gabriella stands. They hug.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)

Leo, I hope to see you very soon. You help your mother and listen to Mrs. Sanchez.

LEO

Okay, I will.

Timothy picks Leo up and gives him a hug. Leo squeezes back.

Timothy then leaves to a waiting taxi.

EXT. GABRIELLA'S HOUSE, PORCH - CONTINUOUS

Gabriella, holding Leo's hand, stands on the porch, waving as Timothy's taxi pulls away. Constance is at her side.

GABRIELLA

(to Leo))

Why don't we go to the park. Let's show Grandma how high you can swing.

LEO

Let's go, Grandma!

Leo excitedly grabs Constance's hand, leading her down the steps toward the sidewalk.

EXT. PLAYGROUND - DAY

Leo begins to run at the sight of the swings.

LEO

Come on Mommy. Grandma, Hurry!

He jumps on a swing and begins to kick. Gabriella and Constance catch up and standing behind him, Gabriella gives him a push.

LEO (CONT'D)

No, Mommy, let me do it! Swing with me.

Gabriella and Constance each grab a swing and join Leo, who is giggling as he looks at his mother and grandmother. A moment later, he jumps off and runs toward a group of children gathered at a big slide.

Gabriella and Constance follow and sit on a nearby bench.

GABRIELLA

You know, on a beautiful day like today, it's almost as if nothing has changed. Danny and I used to bring Leo here every weekend. He could spend all day here.

Looking off at nothing in particular.

GABRIELLA (CONT'D)

There are always children to play with and he makes friends so easily. Danny and I would sit on this very bench. We'd just talk and catch up.

Gabriella watches as Leo plays with other children.

EXT. PLAYGROUND - **PAST** - DAY

Danny and Gabriella are sitting on the same bench. They're talking and keeping an eye on Leo, who is at the top of the slide, waving to his parents.

GABRIELLA

Leo, be careful!

DANNY

He's alright. I taught him to hold on tight, otherwise Mommy will be mad at Daddy.

GABRIELLA

You didn't tell him that!

Gabriella punches Danny's arm. He rubs it, laughing.

DANNY

We men have to stick together.

She rests her head on his shoulder.

GABRIELLA

Mrs. Sanchez says Leo is doing really well. He loves numbers, music and books. In that order.

DANNY

He definitely gets those talents from his mother. I can't hold a tune and algebra nearly killed me.

GABRIELLA

Well, he got your charm and beautiful eyes.

Gabriella kisses him. They sit quietly watching Leo in the distance.

GABRIELLA (CONT'D)

I received a job offer. The Community College has an Instructor opening for economics starting this Fall.

DANNY

You're kidding! That's fantastic! What did you tell them?

GABRIELLA

I told them I wanted to discuss it with my husband.

DANNY

My God. The campus is five minutes away. Wow.

He looks at her with pride and excitement.

GABRIELLA

So you like the idea?

DANNY

Like it? It's in your field and you've always wanted to teach. I'm so proud of you. Yes! I like!

Gabriella looks at Danny with a big smile, kissing him again.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Okay, Professor Coleman, enough of that. I've been given orders to never take my eyes off my son when he's on the big bad slide. Otherwise, I'm a dead man.

Gabriella smiles and gives him a nudge. They both look in the direction of Leo at the top of the slide, waving.

EXT. PLAYGROUND - **PRESENT** - CONTINUOUS

CONSTANCE

Gabriella, I hope that someday you'll be able to forgive me. I'm not quite sure how everything went so terribly wrong. I---

Gabriella reaches over and holds Constance's hand.

GABRIELLA

---The only thing I know, is that I need to find a way through all this. I know you and Danny had issues that ran very deep. But I want you to know that he never said a bad word about you. I'm just so glad that you're here, Constance. It's been so good for Leo, and me.

Pausing. Thoughtful.

GABRIELLA (CONT'D)

The past few days have been so busy, I haven't had time to think about what's next. I know that Leo doesn't really understand. He and Danny were so close. He'll miss him terribly. I'm sure we'll have many difficult days ahead.

Gabriella pauses, looking into Constance's eyes.

GABRIELLA (CONT'D)

What I do know is that if Danny hadn't left New York, I never would have met him. I wouldn't have Leo and I wouldn't have you in my life now. I don't understand it, but somehow, it gives me peace.

CONSTANCE

(tearing up)

Thank you. I want to help in any way I can and I know Timothy feels the same. We hope you'll spend time with us in New York. When the time is right.

GABRIELLA

We built a wonderful life here, so many friends. I love my home and Leo loves his school.

(MORE)

GABRIELLA (CONT'D)

I don't expect I'll change anything for a while. The news about Danny's Trust is actually more frightening than it is comforting. Danny and I had a normal life. He made enough so that I could stay home with Leo until he was in school full-time. I've seen how money can change good people.

Looking off.

GABRIELLA (CONT'D)

My childhood in Chile taught me that money combined with power changes everything. People turning on their neighbors, unthinkable cruelty.

Constance remains emotional. Gabriella gently touches her cheek.

GABRIELLA (CONT'D)

I'm afraid my scars run deep. Too deep to ever go away.

INT. SANTIAGO, CHILE - **PAST** - APARTMENT - DAY

SUPER: Santiago, Chile - 30 years ago

8-year-old Gabriella and her parents, Leonardo(40), and Chiara(35), are sitting at the breakfast table.

LEONARDO

Gabriella, are you ready for your exams next week?

GABRIELLA

Yes, Papa. I'm studying every day after school.

CHIARA

She is Papa. She's working so hard.
(to Gabriella)
Now let's hurry, you don't want to be late for school.

Suddenly, there's a VIOLENT POUNDING on the door. They all look at one another, STARTLED, FRIGHTENED. Leonardo gets up to answer the door.

LEONARDO
 (to person pounding)
 Stop. Stop. I'm coming.

He opens the door and three soldiers rush in. One hits Leonardo with the butt of his rifle, causing him to fall to the floor.

A soldier stands over him with his rifle pointed at his head. The other soldiers point their guns at Chiara and Gabriella.

SOLDIER
 Against the wall!

Chiara and Gabriella, in a panic, do as they're told, as two soldiers grab Leonardo and begin to remove him from the apartment. Gabriella is SCREAMING. As Chiara moves to help her husband, a soldier KNOCKS HER DOWN with his rifle butt.

Gabriella kneels next to her bleeding mother, holding her head as the soldiers exit the apartment with her father.

Gabriella continues to SCREAM.

EXT. PLAYGROUND - **PRESENT** - CONTINUOUS

Gabriella, eyes closed, is far away.

CONSTANCE
 I'm sorry, Gabriella. I didn't mean to upset you. We don't have to talk about any of this now.

GABRIELLA
 I'm fine. My mind went back to when I was a little girl. At some point, I'd like to know more about Danny's life as a child. It will be important for Leo.

CONSTANCE
 Of course. Just let me know when you're ready.

They both look at Leo at the top of the playground slide waving madly and smiling. They wave back as he slides down, then runs back to climb the stairs for another go.

INT. OAKLAND HERALD NEWSROOM - DAY

Kirk Pope sits in his cubicle staring at his computer screen.

Kirk's POV - On screen is his finished article for the Sunday edition, titled... "An Abundant Life". He sits for a moment, staring, nervous, hesitating, then hits Send.

INT. TIMOTHY'S JET - SUNDAY MORNING

Timothy, the lone passenger, settles in for the flight back to New York. He glances at his watch and let's out a sigh. It reads: 9:00 a.m. A Female Steward (20s), approaches with an assortment of newspapers and periodicals.

She arranges them on a side table with publication names visible: New York Times; Wall Street Journal; Financial Times; Economist and the Oakland Herald.

Timothy grabs the Oakland Herald and scans the sections. From his POV: when he comes to the City section, his eyes lock on the lead article - "An Abundant Life", by Kirk Pope.

On the same page, the headline: "Teen Killers arrested in Coleman Murder". The steward places a coffee before him. He begins to read.

INT. CONSTANCE'S HOTEL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Constance is in her bathrobe eating breakfast and reading the Oakland Herald. She finishes and sets the paper aside. As she sips her coffee, the cell RINGS.

CONSTANCE

Hello?

TIMOTHY

(from phone)

Good morning, Mother.

CONSTANCE

Hello, Dear. Home safely?

INT. TIMOTHY'S JET - CONTINUOUS

INTERCUT

TIMOTHY

Actually, I'm in the air now. The flight was delayed. Just as well, I needed a good night's sleep. I was wondering if you've had a chance to read today's Oakland Herald?

CONSTANCE

As a matter of fact, I have it in front of me. Just finished it.

TIMOTHY

Then you know about the arrest. I spoke with the police last night, so I knew an arrest had been made, but seeing it in print is still a shock.

CONSTANCE

Yes, thank God though. I'm going over to Gabriella's today. I'm sure she'll be relieved, but she may need someone to talk to.

TIMOTHY

What did you think of the other article?

From his POV: he picks up the paper, focusing on the headline...An Abundant Life.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)

By this Kirk Pope person?

CONSTANCE

There's nothing in it that should concern us or Gabriella for that matter. The things he included about your father have been known for some time, so I don't expect anything we can't handle. Actually, I found the piece quite moving.

Glancing at the paper.

CONSTANCE (CONT'D)

You know me, I don't like any press, but Mr. Pope wrote a fair article. I'll have to call and thank him. I forgot to tell you that he called me and we met.

TIMOTHY

Really? What did you tell him?

CONSTANCE

The truth. He was very polite. He wanted details about Daniel's past. Obviously, I didn't go into certain areas. Maybe I shouldn't have said what I did, but it felt good.

(MORE)

CONSTANCE (CONT'D)

Like I'd thrown off a hundred-pound weight. He could have been much harder on me.

TIMOTHY

It's Sunday morning and I've already received calls from The Times, The Journal and CNN. Who would have thought they all read the Oakland Herald?

CONSTANCE

It's perfectly normal that they would call. You're big news and this is a new side to your life. Just speak the truth, Timothy. You can't go wrong if you do that. The article said beautiful things about Daniel and the life he built. Things that I need to think about in the few years that I have left.

TIMOTHY

Mother, don't talk nonsense. You'll outlive me.

Constance pauses, thinking.

CONSTANCE

Timothy, I want you to know that I am so proud of the man you've become. You need to know that.

A thoughtful pause.

TIMOTHY

I appreciate that. I'm not sure I'm the man you think I am, but thank you. See you soon, Mother.

Timothy hangs up, glances at the newspaper on his side table and gazes out the plane window, deep in thought.

INT. COLEMAN STEARNS/TIMOTHY COLEMAN'S OFFICE - **PAST** - DAY

SUPER: 6 months Earlier

Timothy is meeting alone with Ed(50s), a company lawyer and backroom, fixer type.

TIMOTHY

So what do we have?

ED

I'll be honest with you, Timothy.
I'm worried.

TIMOTHY

I've known you for a long time Ed,
and you always think the worst, and
then you find a solution. That's
why I trust you. You never
understate a potential problem.

ED

My contacts at Justice are telling
me they have enough to come after
you and anybody you've shared air
with over the last decade. They're
getting hard at the prospect of
taking you and the firm on.

TIMOTHY

Ed, you know they love to talk
tough. But you also know, ninety-
nine percent of the time, that's
all they do.

Confident, a smile crosses his face.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)

They drag things out for so long,
that nobody remembers who started
it or why the fuck they're doing
it. Strategic inertia and self-
protection. It's brilliant. And
when they get tired of making one-
twenty a year and their wives start
looking at pricey private schools
for the little ones, you know where
they land up?

He flashes a look of disdain, conquest.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)

At Coleman Stearns we have at least
fifteen former tough guys who used
to work at Justice, the SEC and
Treasury. You know how much they're
making today?

(smiling)

Upwards of a million each. It's
worth every penny to us. Most of
them aren't worth a quarter of
that, but it sends a clear message.
The good life is just a decision
away.

(MORE)

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)

They all know they can't stay in government forever. Talking tough is much more lucrative than being tough.

ED

I hear you, but we need to get on top of this. This could get serious.

He looks at Timothy with concern.

ED (CONT'D)

I'll spread the word that Coleman Stearns is looking for fresh talent. But I'm afraid this could be more than a fine and a bad headline.

(a look of concern)

I'm serious Timothy.

TIMOTHY

I hear you.

He gives Ed a comforting, 'don't worry' smile.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)

So, how's the family?

ED

Good. Jason's been accepted at Dartmouth -- thank you again for the recommendation -- and Kimmy just left for a semester at the Sorbonne. Marie went with her to get her settled.

TIMOTHY

That's great, Ed. Keep me posted.

Timothy stands to end the meeting and Ed follows. They shake hands, Ed exits and Timothy moves to his nearby desk and gets to work.

INT. TIMOTHY'S JET - **PRESENT** - CONTINUOUS

Timothy continues to gaze out the window.

INT. TIMOTHY'S CO-OP - MORNING

Timothy is getting ready for work and in a hurry. As he knots his tie at a full length mirror, Catrina, in bathrobe, appears from behind and hugs him.

CATRINA

Sorry we didn't get a chance to talk last night. I was so exhausted I went to bed early. I bet you're glad to be home. Two days of that. Whatever it was.

She kisses his neck.

CATRINA (CONT'D)

Gabriella was certainly born to the role of the sweet, grieving widow wasn't she? I couldn't wait to get back to New York.

TIMOTHY

(a hard look in the mirror)

What are you talking about?

Timothy abruptly shakes her off and finishes knotting his tie in the mirror.

CATRINA

What am I talking about? I felt like I'd spent three days in Walmart.

Facing her.

TIMOTHY

Spending time in Walmart might do you some good. Maybe I should arrange it.

CATRINA

What's gotten into you? Two days mixing with the great unwashed and you've forgotten who you are?

TIMOTHY

I'm late and I know exactly who I am.

Timothy starts to walk away.

CATRINA

Don't play this game with me. And don't you dare turn your back on me. I'm not one of your fucking employees.

Timothy turns and stares angrily at Catrina.

CATRINA (CONT'D)

I'm your wife and you'd better remember that. The position comes with certain privileges and benefits.

TIMOTHY

What the hell does that mean?

CATRINA

It means that I'm here to stay. Unlike your latest mistress...

A malevolent, knowing smile.

CATRINA (CONT'D)

...who will likely receive her 'keep quiet and go away' envelope any day now.

Timothy continues to stare with growing contempt.

CATRINA (CONT'D)

Yes, I know. I always know. Did you honestly think you could keep that from me? You're good at what you do, but so am I. And don't you forget it.

(softer, kittenish)

What we have works, Timothy. We're good for each other. You know that.

Timothy turns away.

TIMOTHY

I need to get to the office.

CATRINA

We have a busy week. I expect you to show up and support me, support us! And enjoy it! I've worked too hard for you to go soft on me.

Timothy puts on his suit jacket and leaves without responding. Catrina watches him leave then sits down at her dressing table and begins to BRUSH her hair, AGGRESSIVELY.

From her POV: tears fill her eyes as she stares at herself in the mirror.

She throws her brush at the mirror.

INT. TIMOTHY'S OFFICE - DAY

Timothy is at his desk. The phone BUZZES. It's his secretary Charlotte.

CHARLOTTE

(from phone)

Mr. Coleman, Gabriella Coleman is on the line.

TIMOTHY

Thank you, Charlotte.

Timothy picks up the phone, smiling.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)

Gabriella, so nice to hear from you. How are you?

GABRIELLA

(from phone)

Hello, Timothy. Better. To be honest, things are just beginning to sink in. But better. I just need some time to regain my balance. I wanted to thank you for coming to the funeral and for your kindness. It meant a lot to me and to Leo. He still doesn't understand, but your being here seemed to soften the blow. He hasn't stopped talking about visiting you.

TIMOTHY

Well, I loved meeting you both. I just wish it had been earlier, with Daniel.

GABRIELLA

(from phone)

Me too. I think I'll take you up on that invitation to visit New York. I was thinking next week, but if that's too soon?

TIMOTHY

No, that's perfect. I'll have Charlotte arrange everything.

GABRIELLA

(from phone)

Thank you. A few days away will do us both good. Goodbye, Timothy.

Timothy hangs up the phone and leans back in his chair, smiling. He looks out the window. It's a beautiful day in Manhattan.

Charlotte BUZZES him again. He picks up the phone.

CHARLOTTE

(through phone)

It's your wife, Mr. Coleman. She said it's important.

Timothy pauses before responding.

TIMOTHY

Tell her I'm in meetings all day. I'll see her tonight.

He hangs up the phone and sits thinking, then BUZZES Charlotte.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)

Charlotte, please, no calls for a while. I need to take care of something.

He puts down the phone, reaches for his cell phone and places a call. It RINGS.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)

Hi, it's me.

Timothy listens. A MUFFLED and ANGRY FEMALE voice can be heard at the other end of the line.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)

Calm down.

He listens calmly before responding.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)

I guess I deserve that.

He listens.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)

No, I had to leave town on a family matter.

Losing patience. Muffled anger in background.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)
 Yes, Catrina was there. I said it
 was a family matter.

Raising his voice, he cuts her off.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)
 Please, listen to me. It's over.

CRYING and PLEADING can be heard.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)
 You've done nothing wrong. Life has
 just changed. I'm sorry.

He Listens.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)
 Go ahead. But Catrina already
 knows.

He listens without emotion.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)
 I'm sorry. I really am. No, there's
 nothing you can do.

He hangs up. Close on a tired, reflective Timothy.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Constance and her Doctor, Olivia Spencer(50s), longtime
 friends, are sitting in Dr. Spencer's office.

DR. SPENCER
 I know it's been a difficult time
 for you Constance, but I'm now
 insisting that you slow down for a
 while and let me do my thing.

CONSTANCE
 I will. I promise.

DR.SPENCER
 We need to run a few more tests and
 consider our options. I understand
 why you had to go to the funeral,
 but that was your last trip or
 excuse. You need to deal with this.

CONSTANCE
 You're right. You're a good friend,
 Olivia. Thank you.

DR.SPENCER

You also need to tell your family. They need to know as soon as possible. You shouldn't be going through this alone.

CONSTANCE

I will...soon. There's just a lot going on right now. Gabriella and Leo are coming for a visit and I don't want this to get in the way. I'll do it right after she leaves. I promise, really.

DR.SPENCER

Get in the way? Constance, you have cancer. I'm going to be on you until you begin to take this more seriously.

She gives Constance a stern look.

DR.SPENCER (CONT'D)

Fortunately, what you have is treatable, but every day we lose is a missed opportunity. I'm not going to lie to you, we have a battle ahead of us. But survival rates for your type of cancer are getting better by the day. You've always been there for me Constance, now, it's my turn.

Constance reaches over and squeezes Dr. Spencer's hand.

DR.SPENCER (CONT'D)

What I need is a full day at Sloan Kettering for a few more tests. Can you give me that?

CONSTANCE

Absolutely. You're the boss.

DR. SPENCER

Now, go directly home and rest. You need to keep up your strength. We're going to beat this.

CONSTANCE

I will. I just have to make one stop on the way home.

Dr. Spencer gives her a scolding look.

CONSTANCE.
Then, right home. I promise.

INT. OLDER APARTMENT BUILDING - STAIRWAY - LATER

Constance is at the top of the stairs and out of breath.

She glances at slip of paper in her hand, then heads down the dimly-lit hallway.

After passing a number of doors, she finds the one she's looking for. She takes a breath and KNOCKS.

Through the closed door a woman's voice CALLS OUT.

OCCUPANT (O.S.)
Just a minute.

The door opens. Joyce Simpson(26), greets Constance. She's dressed in medical scrubs with her hair in a ponytail.

JOYCE
Hello, can I help you?

CONSTANCE
Yes, I hope you can. Are you Joyce Simpson?

JOYCE
Yes, I am.

CONSTANCE
Oh, good. I've found you. My name is Constance Coleman. I'm sure the name doesn't---

JOYCE
---It does, Mrs. Coleman. Please, come in.

INT. JOYCE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Constance enters the simple but cozy apartment. Joyce takes Constance's coat and hangs it in the closet.

JOYCE.
Please sit down, Mrs. Coleman.

Looking at Constance with concern.

JOYCE
Are you alright? You look pale.

Constance sits. Joyce follows.

CONSTANCE
I'm fine. Just a little out of
breath from the stairs.

Studying Constance for a moment.

JOYCE
I always wondered if I would ever
meet you and your son.

CONSTANCE
I hope I'm not intruding.

JOYCE
I'm due at the hospital, but I have
some time.

CONSTANCE
Oh, which hospital?

JOYCE
Memorial Sloane Kettering. I'm in
the final year of my residency.

CONSTANCE
A doctor. That's wonderful.

JOYCE
It's exhausting, but I love it.
You know, I'm quite familiar with
your family. I was curious after my
mother's death.

Pausing. A questioning look.

JOYCE (CONT'D)
I thought it was odd that the
police closed the file so quickly,
until I learned who the Colemans
were. They never determined who was
at fault. Inconclusive, they said.
(brief Beat)
So, how is your son?

CONSTANCE
He's dead. Murdered on his way home
from work. A few weeks ago.

JOYCE
(shocked, truly
sympathetic)
I'm so sorry.

Constance pauses, uncomfortable.

CONSTANCE

After the accident and then his father's death, Daniel was a mess. He left New York and never came back. We lost contact. I know it's ten years late, but I'm so sorry about your mother.

JOYCE

Thank you. I appreciate you saying that, Mrs. Coleman.

CONSTANCE

Constance, please.

JOYCE

It was a long time ago, but you never really get over it. I still miss her every day.

CONSTANCE

I can only imagine. How is your life? Are you happy?

JOYCE

Happy? I'm not really sure what that is. I'm doing what I love. The irony is that I probably wouldn't be a doctor if the accident hadn't happened. We never had any money. My mother and I just got by. The checks you send each month and the college fund changed everything.

CONSTANCE

The money came directly from Daniel. I knew nothing about it until recently.

JOYCE

Oh. I guess Daniel changed my life in a number of ways.

CONSTANCE

Yes, he changed a lot of lives.

Moving to get up.

CONSTANCE (CONT'D)

I won't keep you, Joyce. I just wanted to meet you and express my long overdue condolences.

JOYCE

Thank you for finding me.

CONSTANCE

I'm very proud of you. I hope you don't mind me saying that. I really have no right. You've been through so much and look at you. So accomplished.

JOYCE

Maybe we'll cross paths again.

CONSTANCE

I think we just might.
(smiling)
Well, I won't keep you.

Joyce gets her coat from the closet and hands it to her.

CONSTANCE (CONT'D)

Thank you.

JOYCE

Good-bye, Constance.

Constance leaves and Joyce closes the door. Close on Joyce: she stands for a moment, taking in the moment.

INT. COMMERCIAL JET, FIRST CLASS - DAY

Gabriella and Leo are about to land in New York. Leo occupies the window seat as the plane descends over the City.

GABRIELLA

Look, Leonardo! Look at all the buildings. Uncle Timothy works in one of them.

LEO

Which one? Can you see it?

GABRIELLA

We'll have to ask him when we see him. I think it's one of the tall ones.

Leo looks out the window with excitement as Gabriella smiles.

INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - DAY

Gabriella and Leo make their way through the terminal, holding hands and pulling suitcases. Leo's is a Spiderman suitcase and he's wearing a Warrior's cap.

As they exit the terminal, a limousine comes to an abrupt stop. The back passenger door opens and Timothy jumps out.

TIMOTHY

I'm so sorry I'm late. I wanted to meet you at the gate.

(enthusiastic)

Welcome to New York.

Leo runs into Timothy's arms. Gabriella is right behind, happy.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)

(to Leo)

Did you like the plane ride?

Leo Nods vigorously as Timothy turns to Gabriella.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)

Hello, Gabriella. Great to see you again. I wish you would have let me send the jet.

Gabriella kisses Timothy's cheek.

GABRIELLA

We had a great flight. And thank you for insisting on first class. It was my first time and it was wonderful.

TIMOTHY

Well, I'm just glad you're here. Mother is waiting back home. I haven't seen her this excited about anything in years.

GABRIELLA

Leo absolutely loved the flight, especially the snacks.

Looking around and taking a deep relaxing breath.

GABRIELLA (CONT'D)

It is so good to be here. I really needed to escape for a bit. And this is my very first time in New York.

TIMOTHY

Well then, we'll have to make it memorable.

The driver opens the door and they get in with Leo between them. Leo looks up at Timothy and smiles broadly. Timothy gives Leo's Warriors cap a playful tug.

GABRIELLA

I'll say it again, you're a natural. You need to have one.

TIMOTHY

We'll see. Now, we have a big week planned. But that will all begin tomorrow. I know Mother wants you both all to herself tonight.

The limousine speeds off.

EXT. COLEMAN ESTATE - DAY

The limousine stops before a massive iron gate that begins to slowly open. Gabriella looks out the window, wide-eyed.

The limousine drives through the gate and proceeds down a long tree-lined driveway with lush green lawns on either side.

INT. LIMOUSINE - CONTINUOUS

From Gabriella's POV: a magnificent mansion comes into view.

CLOSE ON GABRIELLA

She takes it all in as the limousine comes to a stop at the front entrance.

EXT. COLEMAN MANSION, FRONT ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Constance is there to greet them.

CONSTANCE

Welcome, Gabriella. So wonderful to see you.

GABRIELLA

Hello, Constance. It's good to be here.

They hug warmly.

CONSTANCE

And Leo, I think you've grown an inch.

She bends down to give him a hug and kiss. Leo puts his arms around her neck and returns the kiss.

LEO

Hi, Grandma. I had snacks on the plane and lunch!

CONSTANCE

I can't wait to hear all about it.

Constance greets Timothy with a kiss on the cheek. They all walk through the front door as a Male Servant(40s), removes the bags from the trunk.

INT. COLEMAN MANSION, ENTRANCE FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Gabriella looks around without saying a word.

CONSTANCE

Gabriella, I want you and Leo to make yourselves at home. I'll show you to your rooms in a minute, but first, I have something to show Leo. Everyone, follow me. Come on Leo!

Constance grabs Leo's hand and leads them all to the back of the house.

INT. COLEMAN MANSION - SUNROOM - CONTINUOUS

They enter a beautiful sunroom where a Black Labrador Retriever and her 6 puppies are playing. Leo lets out a YELP and runs to the puppies.

LEO

Oh, Mommy! Can I have one?

One of the puppies comes over to greet Leo. He bends down to pet it and looks up at his mother and grandmother.

CONSTANCE

You can pick him up. Just be gentle.

TIMOTHY

(to Constance)

I didn't know Gretta was expecting.

CONSTANCE

With everything, I guess I forgot to mention it. Quite unexpected, to say the least. The father has yet to come forward.

Timothy laughs.

TIMOTHY

Well, I have to be off, but I'll see everyone tomorrow. See you, Leo. Welcome to New York, Gabriella.

Timothy touches Gabriella's shoulder as he leaves.

Leo, sitting on the floor, giggles as puppies crawl all over him.

Gabriella walks to a window overlooking a beautiful garden. She takes it in and then looks back into the room. From her POV: Leo and Constance are on the floor joyfully surrounded by puppies.

INT. COLEMAN MANSION - LATER

Gabriella, alone, is wandering through the rooms of the mansion, taking in everything. She's stopped in a large, empty ballroom when Constance catches up with her.

GABRIELLA

I hope you don't mind, I thought I'd give myself a tour while Leo's napping.

CONSTANCE

Not at all. I want you to consider this a second home. This place is much too big and empty for me. I love having the company.

GABRIELLA

My entire house could fit into this room. It takes my breath away.

CONSTANCE

The first time I saw it, it scared me to death.

GABRIELLA

We had homes like this in Santiago. As a child, I remember looking through the gates and thinking that if I could just run on the grass...

CONSTANCE

Well, you don't have to look through the gates any longer. This house has been in the Coleman family for four generations.

Pausing, eyes sweeping the room.

CONSTANCE (CONT'D)

Daniel's Great Grandfather built it in nineteen twenty-three. It will be Timothy's one day.

Constance puts her arm through Gabriella's.

CONSTANCE (CONT'D)

Let me give you the ten-cent tour.

They begin to walk arm-in-arm.

INT. COLEMAN MANSION - BEDROOM - MORNING

As Constance is dressing for the day, the phone RINGS. She answers it. It's her house manager, Carmella.

CONSTANCE

Yes, Carmella.

Constance listens.

CONSTANCE (CONT'D)

She never just drops in. Alright, tell her I'll be right down.

INT. COLEMAN MANSION - CONTINUOUS

Constance descends the stairs and enters the front sitting room. Morgan is standing by the window.

CONSTANCE

Morgan, I had no idea you were coming. Why didn't you call?

MORGAN

Can't I be spontaneous, Mother? I wanted to see you.

CONSTANCE
How nice. How are you, darling?

They exchange air kisses.

MORGAN
I'm wonderful, Mother. How's your guest?

CONSTANCE
Gabriella? She's doing well. It's her first time in New York, so we have a big week planned.

MORGAN
I bet you do. Mother, I hesitate to say anything, but that woman has you eating out of her hand. It worries me.

CONSTANCE
Is that why you decided to drop by? To warn me about Gabriella.

MORGAN
(suddenly aggressive)
I just don't want to see you hurt by that fraud.

CONSTANCE
Keep your voice down.

Constance looks hard at Morgan.

CONSTANCE (CONT'D)
I don't know what's wrong with you. Can't you just let me have this? Gabriella and Leo are here at my invitation. You don't need to be threatened by her.

MORGAN
Don't be ridiculous. There is nothing about her that I find threatening.

She stares at her mother, angry, confused.

MORGAN (CONT'D)
What's wrong with you anyway? Where has my Mother gone? You haven't been yourself in months. I don't know who I'm talking to anymore.
(MORE)

MORGAN (CONT'D)

You're just going to welcome this stranger into our lives?

Constance looks at Morgan with concern.

CONSTANCE

Why are you always so difficult? What happened to that little girl who was so sweet and generous?

MORGAN

She grew up and became her mother. What's with this new, gentle Constance? Did you find God after Daniel's death? Mother, I learned from the very best. The mother with a stare that could freeze hearts and a rolodex that could raise a million in under an hour.

Morgan pauses, locking eyes with Constance.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Is Gabriella your chance to start over? Mother... you can't change who you are and you can't make Daniel into a saint. No wonder he ran as far away from himself as possible. Ask his parole officer about his saintly qualities. Mother, I understand you, even admire you. But unlike Timothy, I don't have you on a pedestal.

Trying to compose herself.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

I like who I am and I love my life. No apologies. If sweet Gabriella wants to be part of our world, she had better learn the rules and know her place.

(smiling)

You know what, I think I'll take her to lunch and introduce her to the girls. Explain how things work around here.

Morgan starts to leave and stops.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

I hope to see my real mother again. I miss her.

Morgan walks out, followed by the SOUND of the front door closing behind her. Constance looks out the window, upset as she watches Morgan get in a waiting limo.

Gabriella enters the room.

GABRIELLA
Good morning, Constance. Was that Morgan I saw leaving?

CONSTANCE
Yes, it was.

GABRIELLA
I'm sorry I missed her.

CONSTANCE
It was a lovely surprise. She asked me to give you her best. Now where's my Grandson, we have a big day ahead of us.

INT. MANAHATTAN, FOUR SEASONS RESTAURANT - LUNCH

Catrina and three Female Friends are sitting at a table for six: Betsy(38), Cleo(45), Krissy(42). Overdressed and too much Botox. They're sipping drinks and gossiping.

KRISSY
So, is she getting Daniel's Trust?

CATRINA
Not if Morgan and I can help it. She lives in Oakland for God's sake...

Pausing to sip her drink.

CATRINA (CONT'D)
..and from what I hear, her house could fit into my closet.

They all laugh at the thought.

CLEO
What does Timothy say?

CATRINA
Timothy thinks she's wonderful. He just doesn't see her for what she is. I can handle Timothy. He'll come around.

BETSY

I hear she's attractive in that Latin sort of way.

CATRINA

I guess so, a bit common for my tastes. You know she once worked as a farm laborer in Mexico. I think she picked fruit or something.

They all look horrified at the thought.

KRISSY

No! Well, she certainly played her cards right. I'll give her that.

Suddenly Krissy spots Morgan and Gabriella, who have just entered the restaurant.

KRISSY (CONT'D)

They're here.

All look as Morgan and Gabriella make their way to the table.

CATRINA

(to Morgan and Gabriella)
I'd almost given up on you two.

MORGAN

Can you believe we were stuck in traffic behind a garbage truck of all things. The smell nearly killed me.

Gabriella is beautifully dressed and stunning. She draws all eyes in the restaurant. As they remain standing, Morgan introduces Gabriella to the ladies.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Gabriella, you already know Catrina.

Catrina and Gabriella smile at one another.

CATRINA

Wonderful to see you again, Gabriella.

GABRIELLA

Wonderful to see you as well, Catrina.

MORGAN

Gabriella, this is Krissy, Cleo and Betsy.

All smile and Nod greetings. Morgan and Gabriella take their seats. A waiter instantly appears.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Champagne, please. Is that alright Gabriella? Or would you prefer something else? Maybe a tropical cocktail?

GABRIELLA

Champagne is fine. Thank you.

The waiter scurries off.

KRISSY

So Gabriella, I understand you're originally from Mexico.

GABRIELLA

Actually I'm from Chile.

Krissy looks at Catrina a bit confused.

KRISSY

And where is that?

GABRIELLA

South America.

Krissy's look of confusion continues. The waiter reappears and begins pouring champagne for Morgan and Gabriella.

GABRIELLA (CONT'D)

Just south of North America.

KRISSY

Oh yes, of course.

Morgan shoots Krissy a 'look'.

CLEO

Did you come in legally or were you smuggled in?

CATRINA

Cleo, what kind of question is that?

CLEO

Personally, I think it would be exciting to be smuggled in.

GABRIELLA

No smuggling was involved. When my parents died, I applied legally and initially arrived on a student visa, then I became a landed immigrant.

She smiles at the ladies.

GABRIELLA (CONT'D)

Now I'm an American citizen, just like you ladies I'm assuming. All legal.

BETSY

Good for you. It must be a relief to be safe.

Betsy looks around the table for agreement.

BETSY (CONT'D)

And what did you study?

GABRIELLA

I have a Masters in Economics and Social Policy.

CLEO

Isn't that wonderful. That's quite something considering your background.

GABRIELLA

My background?

(thoughtful pause)

My mother was a teacher, she had a Masters in Romantic Languages and my father was a prominent labor lawyer.

The women all look at one another and sip their champagne.

GABRIELLA (CONT'D)

(turns to CLEO)

And what do you do Cleo?

CLEO

What do you mean?

GABRIELLA

I mean what type of work do you do?

CLEO

You mean a job?

(she laughs)

My days are so busy as it is. I can't imagine squeezing in any more.

Cleo grabs her drink and uncomfortably looks at Morgan.

MORGAN

I think what Cleo means is that the demands on us don't leave time for what you might call a job. The way it is, I could use another assistant. I really don't know how I do it all.

Gabriella smiles and looks at each woman around the table.

GABRIELLA

I guess I have much to learn.

Morgan and Catrina look at one another with tight smiles. The other ladies sip on their drinks. This is not going as imagined.

CATRINA

I'd like to propose a toast. To Gabriella. Welcome to New York. May it be more than you can imagine.

Catrina locks eyes with Gabriella and the women raise their glasses in toast. Gabriella smiles graciously, looking around the table, taking in the spectacle.

INT. COLEMAN MANSION - EVENING

Timothy is walking through the house looking for his Mother. He finds her sitting alone in a cozy Sitting Room.

TIMOTHY

There you are.

He bends down and kisses her on the cheek.

CONSTANCE

What a pleasant surprise.

TIMOTHY

Where's Gabriella?

CONSTANCE

Hopefully relaxing in the bath. A busy day and a great week. I can't believe they leave in two days. I'll miss them.

Timothy takes a seat. They sit in silence for a moment.

CONSTANCE (CONT'D)

This is my favorite place in the house. I come here when I need to think. Your father never liked to sit and talk, so I knew he wouldn't bother me here.

TIMOTHY

I could use a room like this.

CONSTANCE

Did you hear about Gabriella's luncheon with Catrina and Morgan and the girls?

TIMOTHY

Don't you mean the wolf pack? I would have loved to be a fly on the wall. I'm assuming she survived with just superficial wounds.

Timothy smiles and chuckles then sits quietly in thought. Constance looks at him questioningly.

CONSTANCE

Okay, what's bothering you?

TIMOTHY

Nothing. Really. I'm fine.

CONSTANCE

Come on, you can't fool your mother.

He looks into her eyes before cautiously responding.

TIMOTHY

I don't know. The battles used to excite me. I loved winning, but even more, I loved seeing others lose. Not something I'm terribly proud of.

(beat)

It was easier to put up with Catrina when things mattered more.

CONSTANCE

I remember how I was with your father at the beginning. I became so caught up in this "life", that his behavior didn't matter. I was making my way in a new world and it excited me.

Pausing, looking at Timothy.

CONSTANCE (CONT'D)

Somewhere along the line I changed. I couldn't look the other way any longer. What I used to tolerate, I began to resent.

Timothy looks knowingly, sadly at his Mother.

CONSTANCE (CONT'D)

You're just changing Timothy.

TIMOTHY

This whole Daniel thing. For a man who rarely second guesses himself, it has me questioning everything. A so called 'King of Wall Street' and I'm getting existential.

Smiling, weary.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)

Daniel reinvented himself on his own terms. You have to admire that. And having Gabriella and Leo here, well...

Timothy gathers his thoughts.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)

When Daniel was alive, I didn't care who he was. Now that he's gone, I'm beginning to understand him, even envy him a bit.

Long pause.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)

I can't even be in the same room as Catrina anymore. What I used to find acceptable, even fun, now I just find annoying. I can't see a life with her, but I know ending it will be messy, and very public.

CONSTANCE

Don't worry about the messy part.
We're good at dealing with messy.
Think about yourself, Timothy. I
want to see you happy and hopeful.
I want to see you with children.
You deserve that.

She squeezes his hand.

CONSTANCE (CONT'D)

You've done so much. Be proud of
yourself. Move forward.

TIMOTHY

Thank you, Mother. But there's a
lot you don't know about me.

CONSTANCE

Timothy, I know more than you
think. You need to clean up your
mess with Justice without delay.

Giving him a no nonsense glance.

CONSTANCE (CONT'D)

Settle, clean house and move on.
The world will forget in a week.

Timothy looks at his Mother with surprise.

TIMOTHY

You're right. And as always, you
surprise me. You'd think I'd be
used to it by now. But I didn't
come over to talk about me. You've
been trying to tell me something
for at least a month. So?

Constance tenderly touches Timothy's hand.

CONSTANCE

How did you know that?

TIMOTHY

A son knows his mother.

CONSTANCE

I have been wanting to discuss
something. I was planning to sit
down with you once Gabriella and
Leo had left.

(brief pause)

I have cancer, Timothy.

Timothy looks at his mother, SHOCKED, UPSET.

TIMOTHY

This is what you've been trying to tell me for weeks? My God, how long have you known?

CONSTANCE

I learned a few weeks before Daniel died. There was never a good time to tell you, with everything going on. Olivia has been wonderful and I've been tested to death. The doctors are hopeful and so am I.

Timothy is in shock.

TIMOTHY

What's the diagnosis? What type of cancer?

CONSTANCE

The cancer is in my left lung, but the good news is, it hasn't spread. Olivia says I can live comfortably with one lung. She's scheduled surgery for next Thursday.

Timothy takes his mother's hand. Tears fill his eyes.

TIMOTHY

Whatever you need, just ask. Have you told Morgan?

CONSTANCE

No, not yet. She and I had a bad moment recently. I'll ask her over once Gabriella has left.

TIMOTHY

Do you want me to be here when you tell her?

CONSTANCE

No, we should be alone. I think we'll have a lot to talk about.

TIMOTHY

What about Gabriella? She'll want to stay and be here for you.

CONSTANCE

No, she's had more than enough to deal with. I'll tell her when I'm better.

Constance stands.

CONSTANCE (CONT'D)

Now, I know you have things to do, so off you go.

TIMOTHY

Mother, nothing is more important than this.

CONSTANCE

Don't worry about me. I'll be absolutely fine. I'm going to bed soon anyway. If you could call Olivia tomorrow, she'll fill you in on all the details.

Pausing, looking into Timothy's worried eyes, smiling.

CONSTANCE (CONT'D)

We have a very big day tomorrow and I want to be at my best for Gabriella and Leo.

Timothy gives his Mother a long hug.

TIMOTHY

Anything, Mother. Really. I mean it.

Timothy leaves. Constance resumes sitting. Close on Constance: alone with her thoughts. A peaceful smile crosses her face.

INT. COLEMAN STEARNS - BOARDROOM - DAY

Timothy, Constance, Gabriella and Leo are seated at one end of the large boardroom table. An attorney, Martin(50s), has spread out a number of documents and is in the process of explaining where signatures are needed.

Leo is sitting at the head of the table propped up by a large pillow. On a side table is a bottle of champagne chilling, champagne flutes and a plate of cookies.

MARTIN

Gabriella, we just need your signature here, and here and the same on the next document. This will put your name on the Trust. At a later date we can add provisions for Leo.

Gabriella takes a DEEP BREATH and signs as all watch. She finishes and sets down the pen.

GABRIELLA

I guess that's it.

MARTIN

I'm not sure if congratulations are in order, but congratulations, Gabriella.

GABRIELLA

Thank you, Martin. I'm sure these won't be the last papers I'll need to sign.

Martin and Gabriella shake hands. Both Constance and Timothy hug Gabriella.

TIMOTHY

I think we need a little champagne toast and I know that Leo wants one of those chocolate chip cookies.

Leo smiles and Nods.

A server distributes 4 glasses of champagne and places a cookie and glass of milk in front of Leo.

Timothy Raises his glass.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)

Gabriella, Leo, I want to say how special it's been having you both with us.

Smiling, serious.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)

It's been a wonderful visit and we hope the first of many. If Daniel is watching, I hope that he is pleased. A toast to new beginnings.

GABRIELLA

Thank you, Timothy.

Tears fill her eyes as they CLINK glasses, including Leo. He beams as he drinks his milk.

TIMOTHY

If you'll excuse me for just a minute. I have to make one call and then I'm free for the day. I know that Leo likes pizza, so I thought we'd go to Angelo's for the best pepperoni pizza in New York. How does that sound, Leo?

Leo smiles, his mouth filled with cookie.

Timothy leaves the Board Room. Gabriella and Constance move to the window, taking in Manhattan below.

CONSTANCE

Are you okay?

GABRIELLA

I'm fine. To be honest, I think I'm going through a bit of culture shock. I'm not used to lunch at the Four Seasons, champagne at noon and Trust Funds.

Constance gives her a sympathetic look.

CONSTANCE

Neither was I when I married Daniel's father. I came from a good family, but we certainly weren't what you would call wealthy. What happens over time is that you learn. The comfortable part comes later.

GABRIELLA

You and Timothy have been wonderful, but this kind of wealth and power... my instincts tell me to run. I'm not sure I want any part of it, especially for Leo.

CONSTANCE

Can I make a suggestion.

GABRIELLA

Of course, please.

CONSTANCE

You have an opportunity to do things your way.

Looking into Gabriella's eyes.

CONSTANCE (CONT'D)

Don't let anyone tell you what to do or how to live. Use your wealth in a way that makes you proud, would make Daniel proud.

Constance smiles, squeezes Gabriella's hand and leaves her alone at the window. Gabriella gazes out over Manhattan, overwhelmed by all that has just happened. Timothy joins her and glances over his shoulder at Leo as he speaks.

TIMOTHY

Leo looks as though he was born to sit at that table.

Gabriella turns her head to look at a smiling Leo, happily sitting at the head of the massive Board Room table of Coleman Stearns, enjoying his milk and cookies. As she watches Leo, a serious, concerned look crosses her face.

She turns back to the window to hide her emotions as tears pool in her eyes. Timothy views her out of the corner of his eye, protectively and adoringly.

INT. AIRPLANE INTERIOR, FIRST CLASS - DAY

Gabriella is seated with a sleeping Leo beside her. She looks at him and smiles, then looks out the window at sunshine and the tops of billowing white clouds.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Constance lies alone and motionless as a technician MOUTHS instructions then pushes a button, sending her into an imposing machine for an MRI. Dr. Joyce Simpson, in scrubs, can be seen watching through a glass window.

INT. CATRINA'S CLOSET - DAY

Catrina, in bra and panties, sits in the middle of her enormous closet SOBBING with clothes and shoes scattered around her.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Morgan and 4 Girlfriends are lunching at an upscale restaurant, overdressed and talking a mile a minute. Living their lives to the max.

INT. OFFICE OF COLEMAN STEARNS - DAY

Timothy is at his desk when his phone buzzes. He answers it, JUMPS up and opens his office door, only to see a dozen FBI Agents purposefully fanning out through the office. One strides up to him.

Charlotte and other employees watch in shock as Timothy is handed a SEARCH WARRANT by the LEAD AGENT(Female, 40s) who flashes a 'got ya" smile. Timothy stands stunned, holding the warrant.

INT. GABRIELLA'S HOME - OAKLAND, CA. - EVENING

Gabriella enters with Leo, suitcases in tow. Leo immediately runs to his room as Gabriella removes her coat and lets out a deep sigh. She stands looking at her living room, the same as she left it, but forever different.

She walks over to the sofa and sits.

From her POV - taking in every detail of the home she loves, where she became a wife and mother. She then fixes her eyes on the photo of her, Daniel and Leo above the fireplace.

Close on Gabriella: sadness, tears, confusion.

FADE OUT:

THE END