

Oh Dear Monty

Written By

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Inspired by True Events

Drama/Mystery

Second Draft

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FADE IN:

EXT. COLD, WET, DREARY NEIGHBORHOOD-AFTERNOON

SUB: December 18th, 1996 3:42pm.

We see a diagonal angle of a long neighborhood street with moderately old looking houses on both sides. It is a grey, melancholic day with rain somewhat dripping down from above.

The shot also has a key color of faint sepia mixed in with the grey overcast sky.

We switch to an upward pointed shot of the tops of some dead trees, local to the current location.

Different shots of the area are shown to give off a dejected vibe of emptiness.

The key color is now more grey than sepia.

We then see a car driving up the highway.

Inside the car we meet Jennifer Harris (33) and her mute son, Monty (13) heading home from Monty's middle school.

JENNIFER

Your teachers tell me things are  
improving in your school work.  
That's awesome, Monty!

With out any response or eye contact, Monty looks out the car window at the dreary sky.

JENNIFER

Monty? ... Sweet heart?

Monty suddenly turns to look in her direction.

JENNIFER

I'm really proud of you. We could  
go out for pizza later if you want  
to celebrate. Would you like that?  
... It doesn't have to be that,  
though... Anything you want to do  
is fine. As long as you're happy.

Monty gives her a courtesy smile and nods, After which, he slowly turns his head back at the car window and resumes his melancholic gaze. His mother then turned her eyes back to the road and sighed quietly to herself.

CUT TO:

EXT. HARRIS HOME DRIVEWAY.

They pull into the driveway of their home. Monty get's out of the car immediately and runs into the house.

His father, Joseph Harris (35) is sitting at the table reading a magazine when he walks in. Hearing him come in, Joe puts down the magazine and then walks up to greet him.

JOSEPH

Hey sport!

After taking off his shoes in the entryway, Monty slightly waves at his dad in response and then walks to his room. Joe attempted to run his fingers through his hair to connect with him better but Monty ignored him and went into his room and shut the door. At that moment, Jennifer walks in.

JOSEPH

Does he want to go out for  
pizza?

JENNIFER

...I don't know what he wants.

A long insecure period of silence goes by which allows Joe to feel the uneasiness of his wife.

Immediately, he beckons her to his side and wraps his arm around her waist and rests his forehead up against hers.

They stand there with each other quietly.

CUT TO:

INT. MONTY'S BEDROOM.

Cuts to Monty's room, Monty sits on his bed with the lights off, looking back out his window, once again in the abyss of the dreary sky.

He stood motionless in that spot until he got tired and then he laid back and fell asleep, right there on his bed.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. PARENTS BEDROOM-NIGHT

Jennifer is in the bathroom staring into the mirror While her husband slept. She thinks back to when this all started with Monty.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SCHOOL YARD-AFTERNOON.

SUB: JUNE 14TH, 1991

We then suddenly flash back to when Monty was eight. Monty is playing tether ball with his friend, smiling having a good time like any other kid that week, Since it was the last week of school.

Monty's parents were just off to the side visiting with some of the other kid's parents. Jennifer was holding a polaroid camera and talking to Joseph about how to get better lighting in a shot.

Monty saw them and waved back at them.

Their conversations could not be picked up by the commotion of the children playing.

It was an end of the year festival being held at the elementary school. It was a long day, around 4:33pm.

Right around the time everything was wrapping up, Jennifer had to use the restroom.

CUT TO:

INT. WOMAN'S RESTROOM.

Cuts to a shot of the bathroom mirror. From the reflection, we see Jennifer walk out of the stall and walk up to the sink to wash her hands.

After finishing, she stares into the mirror to check out the way she looked. She fixed her hair and then quickly pulled some eyeliner from her purse to touch up on some spots.

Her pager then beeped.

JENNIFER

I'll send you the pictures later...  
First, I'm going to enjoy some time  
off with my family.

She then gathered her things and left Bathroom.

CUT TO:

EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL.

On her way back to rejoin everybody else, she suddenly heard  
a frantic voice in the distance.

JOSEPH

Jenn!? Jenn!!

Jennifer looked around in sudden curiosity, for she thought  
for sure that she had heard her husband's voice calling out  
to her. She wasn't alarmed because even if that were the  
case, she was going to rendezvous with him momentarily and  
find out what was going on. But then suddenly, Joe runs up  
in a state of distress.

JOSEPH

Jenn!! Jenn!!!

JENNIFER

What!? What is it!?

JOSEPH

Is Monty with you?

She paused in alarmed confusion.

JENNIFER

...No? The last thing I remember  
was you were watching him while I  
was gone. What Happened!?

JOSEPH

(Rambling in Panic.) I-I I don't  
know honey, he was playing with  
that kid by the tether ball court,

(MORE)

JOSEPH (CONT'D)

I was having a conversation with one of the parents and the next thing I know, he's gone! The kid didn't know and neither did the adults--It's like he just vanished!

JENNIFER

It's okay, It's okay. Let's just split up and try to find him!

JOSEPH

I'll go ask those people for help.

They frantically searched the entire school property in pursuit of Monty.

They searched the entire block calling out his name, But no luck.

All of the adults still there at the school lent as much aid as they could. After an hour of futility, the worry became unbearable.

JENNIFER

I can't take this anymore, I'm calling the cops.

JOSEPH

Okay, I'm going to check across the street again.

As Joe ran off, She started dialing "911" in a very distressed manner. Tears started streaking down her face as she nervously and hopelessly waited for someone to answer the phone.

911 OPERATOR

Hello? 911? What is your emergency?

JOSEPH

(In the Distance.)--Jenn!! I found him!!

JENNIFER

What!?! hold on please. Joe!?

911 OPERATOR

Hello? Ma'am??

Without hanging up the phone, Jennifer ran to where she thought her husband's voice was beckoning her.

JOSEPH

Over here!

She was led up a street where Joe was calling from. He was kneeling down beside a motionless boy under a neighbor's tree. The boy's hands were on his knees. When Jennifer got closer, she was finally able to recognize her son and sighed in relief.

JENNIFER

Monty!? You had me worried sick!  
Why did you leave without telling  
anybody where you were going!?

JOSEPH

He can't speak.

JENNIFER

... What do you mean?

JOSEPH

He hasn't been answering me this  
entire time. We need to call  
somebody. I'm not an expert in  
these sort of things, But I think  
he's in shock. He won't even look  
at me.

JENNIFER

Monty? ... Monty, answer me! You  
had us worried sick, and you're  
going be in a lot of trouble if you  
don't answer us, right now!

Nothing but silence.

JENNIFER

Monty, Look at me and tell your  
mother what happened to you!

Jennifer tried to turn his head to face her, but Monty refused to comply and remained in the same position.

JENNIFER

What's going on?

JOSEPH

I don't know.

Jennifer became truly frightened as this started to sink in.

911 OPERATOR

Ma'am, are you in trouble? I can still hear you on the line. Is there anything we could do for you?... Ma'am?

JENNIFER

Yes, I-I-I'm still here um... My son was lost... We found him... I think we need an ambulance.

CUT TO:

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE.

Fast-forwarding a tad into the future, Monty is seeing a health physician about his new issue. The doctor examines his throat and breathing rate.

DOCTOR

Did something scare you, Monty?

Not a word was muttered from Monty. He stayed motionless, staring into space with a lost look on his face.

DOCTOR

I want you to know that I'm your friend. I want to help you. Your parents are very worried about you, and they just want to know if their son is okay.

Monty then gave eye contact to the doctor in response to what he said, and then retracted into his previous position.

DOCTOR

Why are you choosing not to talk Monty?

Monty remained unresponsive with the same contemplative expression. The Doctor then leaves the office to inform the parents on the current situation.

JENNIFER

What's wrong with him?



DOCTOR

Nothing.

JENNIFER

Is he talking again?

DOCTOR

He could if he wanted to... But he just... Doesn't. He's not letting me know why. But I'm just a doctor. You're his parents, I'm sure if you just give this whole situation sometime I'm sure he'll snap out of the phase.

JENNIFER

Have you ever heard of this kind of a phase before?

DOCTOR

Phases aren't really classified. People create new ones all the time. It's kind of hard to keep track. Phases are unique to one's self... My advice is to have faith and to not worry about it...No matter how long it takes, just keep in mind. This is probably just something personal he has to work out on his own... And I promise He will.

JENNIFER

Maybe I could take him to a child psychologist or something.

DOCTOR

Rushing is not the way to look at this. Trust me, I saw it in his eyes. He's... Working something out in his head, he just needs your support. You guy's just need to act like nothing's wrong and go about your lives. Resume everything as if this never happened and I'm sure everything will return. Every once in a while you could lightly bring up the subject of what scared him or caused him to act like this. If

(MORE)

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

he chooses not to respond, respect that and move on to something else. Just be there for him and I'm sure your son will eventually return to the way he was.

JENNIFER

I don't mean to question your expertise... and there's no reason we wouldn't do that we're great parents but... it's just... I can't help feeling that in the meantime he should be talking to a professional about this so we know what to do if things don't get better.

DOCTOR

Mrs. Harris. I've spent about 30 minutes with your son asking him questions and trying to get him to respond to me. The tactics I used were no different than what any other child psychologist would do. You would be wasting money to get the same result. Trust me.

JENNIFER

Would if he doesn't get better?

DOCTOR

Have faith... He will. And if you have any questions, you and your husband can come by anytime I'm available. You know where to find me. let sometime go by. As for your son however. I have already given him the most treatment from a professional he'll ever need in this case. I'm going to go get him now.

JENNIFER

...Okay.

The Doctor then turned back into the office to get Monty. Joseph got up from his seat in the lobby and embraced his

wife to comfort her. A moment later, The doctor comes back out with their son.

DOCTOR

Okay, thanks for coming to see me,  
Monty... You guy's are going to be  
just fine.

Monty, still in a catatonic daze, walks out beside the doctor to rejoin his parents. Jennifer kneeled down to hug Monty as soon as she saw him. A single tear streaked down her face as she held him into her arms. His head pressed against her shoulder. The boy was unresponsive and did not hug back. He just stood there, once again motionless.

JENNIFER

Oh my dear sweet Monty...

INT. PARENTS BEDROOM-NIGHT

We cut back to the present with Jennifer staring into the mirror back at herself.

We then cut to a shot of the hall with us staring at Monty's closed bedroom door. After which we transition to the inside of the room where Monty is no longer laying in his bed but instead reading a book at his desk that he checked out from the school library about past lives.

He is reading it intently as if he was trying to regain something he lost.

He looked up from his book with a contemplative expression and stared over into the black abyss of his room. Suddenly we flashback to the same day in 1991, Only this time, it is from Monty's perspective.

Monty was there with his friend playing tether ball completely carefree when all of a sudden, he caught a glimpse of a child bonding with his father.

Just a moment later, an image appeared in Monty's head. It seemed to have been a forgotten memory. He was playing basketball with his own son. He was having a wonderful, loving and bonding experience with his own flesh and blood and that glimpse reminded him of that.

After feeling the warmth of that memory, he realized that he was an 8-year old boy and not a 30 year old man like in the memory. The earth shaking realization brought him to a shock

and he went completely catatonic. He remembered a piece of his past life. A life that he had mostly forgotten, which made him feel like a traitor to his own self.

He was confused and frightened, and it made him flee from the playground. The other kid didn't know what the deal was so he just let him go. He ran across the street to find a quiet place to calm himself.

Cuts back to the present, Monty sat there in his desk chair staring out in the middle of his almost completely blackened room. Quietly, he whispered one word to himself. A name.

MONTY  
...Braden...

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. HARRIS HOME-NOON

SUB: March 23rd, 1997

A few months have passed. Monty still refuses to speak to his parents or anyone else.

A montage was shown to express his day to day activity. All Monty does is stay in his room and read. He only comes out to eat and occasionally watch a movie with the family.

Other than that, there is no normal human interaction from him to this day.

Joseph is reading a camping magazine trying to find out what to do for Monty's spring break.

He thinks this would be an ironically good time for them to bond and get some fresh air. Jennifer is washing the dishes when her husband comes across the perfect spot.

JOSEPH  
Hey, Jenn? What do you think of  
this?

Jennifer shuts off the sink to have a look at the catalog.

JENNIFER  
Wow, it looks beautiful. Why don't  
you go tell him about it?

JOSEPH

Okay...

Joseph walks over to Monty's room and knocks gently on the closed door.

JOSEPH

Hey, Sport? is it okay if I come in?

In response to his father's Knocking. Monty swiftly and quietly hid the book he was reading and turned to face the direction of the door. After a few seconds of silence, Joseph let himself in.

JOSEPH

Hey, man... I was looking at this magazine catalog about outdoor activities and fun places to hike in the spring time. And I found a place no more than 10 miles from here. It's a place called Spectacle Lake. It's nice and secluded and I think we would have a really good time bonding over there, you and I.

As Monty listened to Joseph proposing this idea, The Image of Monty bonding with his own son playing basketball suddenly flashed before his mind again. The emotion of this conflicting memory made his head bend down in sorrow, breaking eye contact with Joseph.

JOSEPH

We could go fishing... I seem to recall about 5 years ago you telling me that you wanted go fishing sometime. And I told you that you had to wait until you were older. Well... You are older now and I think we should go. Let's have some fun, let's learn something new. And we kind of both would be since I'm not half the outdoorsman I used to be. But we don't have to fish if you don't want to. We could just get out of the house, camp out for a few days, I could teach you how to build a fire. Give you a little more

(MORE)

JOSEPH (CONT'D)

variety of skills in your daily life. It can be anything you want. It just can't be you sitting here in this room, by yourself not talking to anyone, not even your family. We've respected and accepted your choice to not talk, but you need to build upon your life, son. You need get out and get some fresh air and exercise like normal kids your age, and You need to let us know your thoughts one way or another. You need goals for the future!! ...I'm sorry I raised my voice. But do you see where I'm coming from? You have made a lot of progress, Monty. You do communicate with us to a certain extent. But we still need to continue to move forward. Do you really plan to live the rest of your life this way?

In response from hearing the commotion from the other room, Jennifer walks in to check on the two.

JENNIFER

Is everything alright?

JOSEPH

Yeah, we're just talking... I don't want to force you into anything. But It would make me and your mother happy if you went on this trip to get some distance from your usual habits. And if we did go I'd promise we would have the time of our lives.

Monty looked at him and then back down, contemplating all of the stirring thoughts in his mind. He then stood and faced his father.

JOSEPH

You want to go?

Monty nodded.

JOSEPH

Okay then, fantastic! I guess we're going... I'll have everything

(MORE)

JOSEPH (CONT'D)

packed by tomorrow.

Joseph stood up and walked over to Jennifer and left the room with her. They closed the door. Monty then sat back down in his desk chair and looked at the floor in continuing somberness.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

EXT. SNOQALMIE PASS-AFTERNOON.

Monty and Joseph are heading down the highway to Spectacle Lake. We then cut to them inside the car.

Nothing but awkward silence. Joseph would occasionally glance over at his son, who was staring lifelessly out the window. But he found it futile to say anything. He knew he would not answer back. No matter what he said.

When they finally got to the camping grounds, they both got situated to go on a hike around the area. During the hike, Joseph just started monologuing the whole way while they saw all the sights on their trek.

JOSEPH

One time, me and your grandpa used to go hiking around a place a lot like this... Man, I don't remember what the place was called but...sure have a lot of fond memories of us fishing and bird watching. Oh, Monty look! there's a bald eagle in the sky!

Once again, Monty was unresponsive and in his own world. Joseph sighed to himself. Later, back at camp. Joseph was trying yet again to connect to his son.

JOSEPH

Okay, Monty. Would you like to learn how to make a fire?

Monty was staring into space. But when he thought of his own son, he felt bad for not allowing his own father to have his own bonding experience with him. So Monty intervened by responding yes with both a smile and head nod.

JOSEPH

Really? fantastic! I have mostly everything we need set up here. I got the pieces for the hand drill and the ember pan. Now, we just need to gather some sticks. We need to start gathering the driest grass we can find. After which we need twig lengthed sticks and then about up to I'd say pencil thickness, finger thickness and so on. You can help if you want. It sure would make it go faster.

Monty smiled, for he was happy to both participate in the activity and take the focus off of his none responsive manner for the moment.

INT. HARRIS HOME.

We then suddenly transition back to their home. We see no one in the living room.

The camera then has us look out the window.

It's a beautiful sun shiny day with just a few clouds in the sky. Camera then cuts to the bathroom door where we hear Jennifer taking a shower.

Camera cuts to her standing there with her head held back as as the water rinses her hair of all of the soap.

She then lifted her head and turned around to turn off the shower. After which, she stood, prepared to get out. When she turned her head and looked out the bathroom window, noticing the gorgeous day.

It made her think of another early memory of Monty. When he was about 5 years old.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODLAND PARK ZOO-DAY.

They were at the zoo just walking around on a similar gorgeous day, enjoying a pleasant bonding experience of their own. Mother and son.



MONTY

Rawr! Mom look! Do you see the lion?

JENNIFER

No, I don't see him anywhere.  
(Speaking in a playfully sarcastic manner.)

MONTY

Mom, he's right there!

JENNIFER

Oh yeah, there he is! Wow, he sure is big isn't he?

MONTY

Yeah. The one with the mane, He's the leader of them all!

JENNIFER

Wow! It sure seems like it. I Sure wouldn't want to mess with him.

MONTY

He's the leader of all the lions in the entire world! rawr! Beware the king of the jungle rawr! rawr!!

Some by standards giggled at Monty's adorable performance.

Jennifer smiled back.

JENNIFER

Ha Ha! how lucky for us that he happened to be kept at our zoo.

MONTY

Oh no, Mom! He's moving away!

JENNIFER

It's okay, Monty. We can follow him over here. quick, common follow me.

Monty followed his mother's gesture over to the other side of the observing deck.

MONTY

Ah, Mom! I still can't see anything  
and he's moving away!

JENNIFER

Okay, Okay, Don't worry. I'll think  
of something... Come here.

Jennifer brought Monty out of the observing area and looked around on the side of the exhibit where there were tall pine scenic bushes covering all of the left side of the lion habitat.

The bushes weren't any taller than about 7 feet at the most. So she had an idea. They walked up the path a few meters.

JENNIFER

Okay these bushes don't look too tall. I could carry you on my shoulders and give you a boost for a better view. How does that sound?

MONTY

No way! You're not as strong as Dad!

JENNIFER

Hey, little boy. You'd be surprised of what I'm capable of.

Just at that moment, Jennifer swept up little Monty and put him on her shoulders.

MONTY

Whoa! You are strong!

JENNIFER

Told you. Can you see him?

MONTY

Yeah he stopped walking! Rawr!!  
There's nothing a lion won't eat.  
We're lucky he's not hungry. He'd probably jump this fence and come get us.

JENNIFER

Speaking of which, Are you hungry?

MONTY

Oh, yes, yes!, can we get pepperoni  
pizza?

JENNIFER

Ofcourse! It's your day at the zoo.

MONTY

Yeah! my day! I love you, Mom!

We then cut back to Jennifer still standing in the shower, looking out the window. A tear is slowly streaking down her face as she continued to stare out into the sunshine. She then wiped it from her face. She then whispered one thing to herself before getting out of the shower.

JENNIFER

Oh dear Monty...

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

EXT. HARRIS NEIGHBORHOOD.

The next day, the weather was moderate. There were a lot of grey clouds in the sky, implying that it might rain.

But, there were blue gaps in the sky aswell. Jennifer was out for a morning jog through the neighborhood.

When she slowed down to pace herself, her phone coincidently started to ring, right after she was about done with her work out. She pulled it out of her coat pocket to answer it.

JENNIFER

Hello?

JOSEPH

Hey, babe. Just checking up on you.

JENNIFER

Oh hey, you. I was just about to call you after my run. How are you and Monty?

JOSEPH

Pretty good actually. It didn't end up too bad. We started out on a hike the first day and at that time he wasn't really enthused. But then I offered to teach him how to build a fire and suddenly I caught his interest. We went fishing later and I just told him stories about my own camping trips with my dad. He sat and listened and even though he still didn't say a word, I really feel like he's enjoying himself.

JENNIFER

Ah... You have no idea how happy I am to hear that.

JOSEPH

No, I think I have a pretty good idea... No, he's still asleep...

Monty was still in the tent, partly asleep. His eyes kind of fluttered as he was waking up, listening to his Dad's phone conversation with his mother.

He just laid there, feeling happy. He decided to let go of the image in his mind of his possible past life and felt relieved for it.

He then slowly got up and looked through the small opening that was left in the zipper of the tent flap. He peaked through and saw his father sitting by the fire pit, continuing to talk to Jennifer.

He suddenly felt the urge to talk, but nothing came out. The will still wasn't strong enough.

He still really had nothing to say to anyone. But regardless, he and his Dad were in a good place.

He then fell back asleep.

The moment he closed his eyes and relaxed, he started thinking about how much his happiness meant to his parents. The image of him and his own son unintentionally re-appeared in his mind.

He also thought about how much his parents love each other as a married couple. Another memory ensued.

He was sitting by a fire place, embracing his own wife. It was a very warm, comforting and intimate moment. He basked in it's ecstasy. Then suddenly the mood changed with another memory involving a violently stressful yet vague argument.

He was throwing and breaking things aswell as yelling at the top of his lungs. Suddenly, memories of a struggle ensue with another group of people.

He's resisting arrest from a couple of cops who deemed him insane for what he did. Then a memory of him slamming a little boy into a glass window.

These memories scared Monty out of his sleep and threw him into an Anxiety attack. He frantically unzipped the flap and ran out of the tent screaming and crying in hysterical terror.

JOSEPH

What? Whoa! --Monty! What's the matter!? Monty!

Monty struggled to formulate words, but he was hyperventilating too much. Therefore, all he could do was make whining, screaming, whimpering noises.

He then started to pace back and forth on the camp site.

The images of Monty shoving his wife down during the same argument raced through his mind.

As Monty Panicked, tears started streaking down his face.

JOSEPH

Monty! What's wrong!? Monty! Monty, calm down!

Monty fell to his knees, crying and gasping for air. Joseph grabbed him by the face to try to get his attention.

JOSEPH

Monty! You're going to have to tell  
(MORE)

JOSEPH (CONT'D)

me wants going on for me to help you! Monty, you need to talk! Monty, relax it's okay. You're just having panic attack. It's okay. Just listen to me, alright? Take deep slow breaths. In through the nose and out the mouth. Okay? In the nose, out the mouth. Just like me! In the nose, out the mouth.

Monty nodded and tried to do as his father told him. He stopped moving and worked on controlling his breathing.

JOSEPH

You're okay Monty. I'm right here. Just deep...even breaths... In the nose... out the mouth... in the nose... Out the mouth... This is all you. You're in control. In through the nose... Out through the mouth.... Just like me, son... just like me.

After a few minutes of slow breathing. Another image of an entrance to a neighborhood appeared in his mind. After about 10 minutes, the attack subsided and Monty was able to relax.

JOSEPH

Are you okay, son?

Monty started to cough. He then wiped his tears and nodded. Joseph then grabbed his son and held him close.

JOSEPH

I don't know... I don't what we need to do. I know you're suffering. I can feel you suffering... I don't understand why this has happened. But we're here for you. Both I and your mother. We will always be here. We just want you to be happy... I don't know what made everything change. But I promise. We'll be there for you. It's okay.

Monty became disconnected from reality. After regaining these memories. He knows for sure that he did have a past life, and that this must be what it was. He doesn't remember

his name, but he remembers living this life.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

EXT. LOCAL TOWN HIGHWAY-EVENING

The shot fades in on Joe and Monty driving back into town. This time, neither of them spoke the whole way back. Joseph felt like he had completely ran out of options for his son.

Monty catatonically was staring at the floor of the car, more emotionless then ever before. The images of his regained memories repeated in his mind over and over.

Especially the entrance of the neighborhood where he used to live. Aswell as different locations within the neighborhood. He still wondered where it was. Only two questions truly plagued Monty's soul now and he wasn't going to let anything stand in the way of him finding the answers.

Who was he? And how did his past life end? Ironically at the same moment he was thinking about all of this, he looked up and started staring out the window. They were only a few miles away from home at this point.

Everything was rushing past him. He wasn't focusing on anything specific until they quickly drove past the entrance of a long street. After a few seconds, he turned his head back down.

He then thought about the street he saw and then continued to think about the entrance of the neighborhood from his memories.

Staring with his blank like stare towards his feet, he tried his best to think of where in the world that place could be.

Suddenly, the thought of both his memory and the image of the street he just passed juxtaposed into one image, resulting in Monty's realization that the street could in fact have been the same entrance to the neighborhood in his mind.

Adrenaline shot through his body when he realized this causing himself to jump right up and look back at the rear window.

JOSEPH  
Are you okay?

Monty looked back towards his father and nodded. He then faced forward and gazed in awe of his environment as the car continued to drive. He remembered driving his own son home from school. He remembered grocery shopping with his wife.

He remembered what the entire area looked like in the time of his past life. It all came back to him during the ride. It then cut to them pulling up in the driveway and parking.

Monty got out of the car and ran inside like always. He went straight through the front door and into his room.

Jennifer was on the couch, watching t.v and eating a salad when Monty came in. Ever since she heard Monty had been in a good mood from the camping trip, it started making her feel better aswell.

When Monty stormed through the house, she had her suspicions of things not being as cheery as she was hoping they would be. She got up, put her salad bowl down and went to Monty's bedroom door to see what was going on.

JENNIFER

(knocking on the door.) Monty? ...  
how are you doing? I heard you had  
fun on your camping trip... Can I  
come in?

Being polite, she warned him before coming right in. He sat on the ground by his window, holding his knees in his typical lifeless state.

This reminded her of the day they found him on the street. The day everything began. She then approached him to try and interact with him and find out what was wrong.

JENNIFER

Hey... What's wrong... Didn't you  
have fun with Dad? ... What  
happened?...

Not even a single acknowledgement was expressed by Monty. He stayed in the same position, completely unresponsive. She then leaves him be, thinking it was better to leave him alone and closes the door, slowly and gently. She stood there by the door, thinking about what could have happened.



She then walks back in the living room and notices Joseph walking in and slowly closing the front door in a melancholic manner.

JENNIFER

Is everything alright? I thought you guys were having fun... Joe, what happened?

Joseph looked up at her and was hesitant to answer at first. It then cuts back to Monty in his room, in the same position as before.

He suddenly hears his parents yelling in the next room.

A close up shot of his face showed him suddenly looking in the direction of where the shouting was coming from.

He then got up and walked towards his door to listen in on them.

JENNIFER

We have to give him time, Joe. Plus he has shown progress!?

JOSEPH

It's been 5 years, Jenn! 5 years! And not a single word! The moment that doctor observed Monty! He was in the same boat as us!! He had know idea what was going on! He had no idea what to say to us! So he just told us everything was fine and to wait it out!! And looked where that has gotten us. And now the kid is having fucking Panic Attacks!? You had the right instinct from the beginning. He's ill and needs help that we can't give him!

JENNIFER

He's my son and I don't want that kind of label on him!

JOSEPH

He's my son too, Jenn! And I don't  
(MORE)

JOSEPH (CONT'D)

want risk further mental damage  
we're not intending to make. We  
have left him alone for far too  
long. We need to send him away!

Hearing every word, the images of the fight with his own wife returned to haunt him aswell as his struggle with the police.

Hearing them saying he would be sent away put him into another panic, due to life events just repeating themselves through lifetime after lifetime. He decided to run right passed them and out the door.

JENNIFER

What? The door just slammed.

JOSEPH

Did he hear us?

JENNIFER

What do you think? Monty!

They both chased after him through the door and called out his name. They ran all over their neighborhood. But they couldn't find him. He was already gone. The dark overcast clouds started moving in.

It was going to rain to soon. Jennifer got in her car to try and navigate faster around the area. Monty hid in a bush until they were out of sight and then ran for it as fast as he could away from "home".

He no loner had any attachment to his present. He had to answer the rest of the questions in his mind about his past life. The only way he was going to do that was to return to his old neighborhood. It was time to find once and for all who he was and what happened to him.

CUT TO:

EXT. COLD, WET, MELANCHOLIC NEIGHBORHOOD-AFTERNOON

It started to rain very lightly. Only small rain droplets fell down from the now grey monotone sky. Monty journeyed the whole way to this neighborhood approximately 2 miles

away from his present home. He walked down the long street which looked different than from his memory.

However, something still beckoned him to keep moving forward. He knew this was the same place.

But a lot had changed.

As he continued to walk forward, he started to recognize his old home.

Even though this was still a very active community, there was not a soul to be seen anywhere in the neighborhood.

It was an apartment complex with old style architecture, dating back to early 50's to late 40's at most.

The rain started to drop down slightly harder. More memories started to appear of him and his kid.

His son, Braden Davidson (6) running around looking for him and Monty was calling down to him in a tree.

Pretending he was on another planet communicating to him telepathically. After thinking of that, he went straight to the tree where it happened. When he saw it still there as it was before, he couldn't believe his eyes. He approached it and put his hand on it, smiling with an ecstatic grin.

He then looked up and remembered himself jumping from the tree and startling his son on purpose.

Braden was scared and confused. He started crying and ran back home. Monty felt really bad about it. When he remembered his regret of the situation, the smile on his face slowly melted away.

GLENN

Braden!

Braden ignored him and ran inside. He was just too upset. He then sighed.

We see a long shot from far away, watching Glenn Davidson (32 year old past life of Monty) turn around and sit down underneath the tree.

He put his head down and put his hand on his forehead. He then looked and took a deep breath to sigh once more. Superimposed beside Glenn was Monty in the present, looking

where he once sat on that day.

Glenn faded away as we returned to the present. Monty turned his head from where Glenn faded away and looked in the direction of where Braden ran.

Monty remembered where he once lived. He then got up and followed Braden's running path.

We cut to another memory which involved Glenn walking in on Braden crying in his mother, Angela's lap (29 year old wife of Glenn Davidson). They were all in Braden's bedroom.

Before Glenn spoke, we cut back to the present where Monty follows his past son's trail to the entrance of the apartment building he once lived in.

He remembered it well. He then thought back to the moment with his family in his son's bedroom. Monty spoke the words he said that day. After repeating Angela's name twice, Glenn took over with the rest of the sentence.

MONTY

Angela, Angela I'm--

GLENN

--Really sorry for what I did. I didn't mean to make him cry. I thought we were having fun right before this happened... I did not mean any harm on my son.

ANGELA

He's just a 6 year-old boy, Glenn. He just can't play games like that.

GLENN

I played games like that when I was his age all the time. I used to love it when my Dad did that to me and my brothers.

ANGELA

Well he's not you. He's your son. And maybe he's the sort of individual who doesn't like those kind of games. Can you accept that?

GLENN

(In a quite tone of utter

(MORE)

GLENN (CONT'D)

disbelief.)... I never meant that by what I said, Angela... In what way did I imply that I would not accept my son if he did not enjoy being scared?

ANGELA

This is between you two.

Glenn was genuinely shocked about what she was saying about him, and wondered what she really thought deep down.

GLENN

... I would like to speak to Braden alone.

ANGELA

Braden? ... Sweetheart? ... Your father would like to talk to you alone. Is that okay?

Braden made a whiney sound and shook his head. He did not move from his position. Angela looked up at Glenn and gave him a look that said "He's not going to let me move".

Glenn then kneeled down, put one hand on his son's back and told him what he wanted Braden to hear.

GLENN

Braden... I'm so sorry that I scared you... I took it too far... And I'm sorry... you are my son... and I love you more than anything... I will never do anything like that again... I swear my life on it... Do you forgive me?

Braden looked up at his father and dried his eyes.

BRADEN

... Yes.

At the same moment he responded, Braden jumped into his father's arms and hugged him tight.

GLENN

I would never let any harm come to you... I want you to know that, my

(MORE)

GLENN (CONT'D)

son...

BRADEN

I know.

CROSS-DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DAVIDSON APARTMENT BUILDING.

We fade back to Monty in the present who was holding his arms. From a third person perspective, We see Monty standing in front of the old apartment building where he once lived.

Tears streaking down his face, he dares to walk inside the old halls again, just out of curiosity.

It fades into another shot of Monty walking down the hall just a couple of meters away from his old apartment door.

He just stood there, gazing upon it. Another fade brings us back to Glenn holding Braden.

BRADEN

Can we go shoot hoops though?

GLENN

... Yeah, ofcourse we can, buddy.  
You go outside and meet me by the car. I just need to talk to mommy for a second.

BRADEN

Yeah! okay!

Braden did as his father told him. Glenn then turned to face his wife.

GLENN

I meant every word that I said.

ANGELA

... I don't doubt it.

Glenn looked at Angela just slightly perplexed but then relaxed out of it. He then approached her and got down on his knees to get closer to her face.

GLENN

I mean the same for you... I love you more than life itself. You

(MORE)

GLENN (CONT'D)  
still love me, right?

ANGELA  
Ofcourse, don't be melodramatic.

Angela held his head and they kissed for a tender moment. They then gazed into each other's eyes.

GLENN  
Sorry...

ANGELA  
You don't have to be sorry either.  
Just try harder.

Glenn took her words in with stride. He didn't want to start a further confrontation with her so he just accepted what she had to say about his performance as a human being. He nodded and then looked up at her and smiled.

GLENN  
We'll be back.

ANGELA  
Okay... Did you take your  
medication? By the way?

Before Glenn left the bedroom, he stopped and his perplexed expression returned to his face.

Before he turned his head to face Angela again. He swallowed his urge to call her out on her accusation and wiped the expression from his face again.

He turned to face her with a bright smile.

GLENN  
Yes, dear. I did. We'll see you in  
an hour.

EXT. DAVIDSON APARTMENT BUILDING.

Glenn then turned and left the bedroom. It cuts to a far away exterior shot of the apartment building. Braden is waiting for his Father right there as Glenn walks out.

Glenn runs up to Braden and picks him up on his shoulders and walks up to the car. He puts him down and then they both get inside and drive to the local park.

From the same distance, we fade back to a shot of the same exact place. Only we are in the present. Monty is walking out of the apartment building, lost in thought. As soon as he walked down the stairs of the entrance, he stood there on the lawn. We then cut to a closer shot of Monty staring into space. We then resume the moment with Glenn and Braden shooting hoops on the basketball court.

GLENN

And Braden Davidson runs down the court. No one can match his speed. And even when they get close to intercepting him, he swerves to the left!, he swerves to the right! He makes it down the court. He shoots!?

Braden dribbles the ball over to his dad and grabs the ball and then slam dunks for him.

GLENN

He scores!! The fans are going insane!!

BRADEN

Dad, I want to make an actual basket!

GLENN

Pfft! The great Braden Davidson can make a basket whenever he wants! Here, I'll show you.

He gave the ball to Braden and then picked him up to take him closer to the hoop.

GLENN

And he lunges! He lunges across the whole court! No one can believe their eyes! Not even Oscar Robertson himself could execute a play like this! He's approaching the hoop in sloooooow Moooottttiiooon.

Glenn stops just a few feet from the hoop to give Braden room to make an independent shot. Braden throws the ball and



makes it right in the hoop.

GLENN

And he does it again!! Is there anything that Braden Davidson can't do!? No, Charlie I don't think there is. I believe Braden is the greatest basket ball player that this generation has ever seen!!... See, man? I told you could make a basket whenever you wanted.

BRADEN

... I want to be a basket ball player when I grow up.

GLENN

I'm sure you can, buddy. You just got to want it. And what I mean by that is... Don't ever let anything or anyone stop you from achieving your dreams... Even if you want something more than anything in the world... It takes actually doing aswell as wanting. Also... You could be working at something forever and still not have something you want, but if you keep up the desire as well as the action... You just might surprise yourself.

BRADEN

Dad, What are you talking about?

GLENN

... You'll understand better when you're older. But the point is. Do good in school, and your opportunities to be a basketball player will definitely open up to you sometime in the future. Sound good?

BRADEN

What does doing subtraction have to do with being a basketball player?

GLENN

Haha!, You'd be surprised. ugh!

BRADEN

Dad, what's wrong?

Suddenly, Glenn's eyes rolled back into his head and his knees hit the ground. He grimaced in excruciating pain. He held his forehead in agony as we heard a high pitch wailing sound that grew sharper and sharper until he saw his son crying in fear of his well being. He then snapped out of it. The pain went away and he stood back up.

BRADEN

Daddy, Daddy! Are you okay?

GLENN

Ugh... Yeah, yeah I'm fine.

Braden ran up and hugged him, crying out his mixed, contrasting emotions of fear and relief for his father.

While hugging him, Glenn looked around the park to see if anyone was around to see what happened.

There was no one around.

GLENN

I'm sorry about that, Braden... But you're probably going to need to take a break from me for awhile... Could you at least promise not to tell mom about this.

BRADEN

Ofcourse, Dad. I'm so sorry... Can we go home?...

GLENN

Yeah... Let's go.

Cutting back to the present, Monty walks to a stone bench that was there on the front lawn of the apartment building. There he sat and reflected on more of the latest memories of his past life, leading up to the last thing he remembered before his life as Glenn Davidson ended.

CUT TO:

EXT. DAVIDSON APARTMENT BUILDING.

Glenn and Braden pulled back up to their home and walked back into the apartment.

BRADEN

We're home!

ANGELA

Hey! Did you guys have fun?

BRADEN

Yeah! I made a slam dunk!

During their brief conversation, Glenn was at the door suffering from a chronic headache.

He was still kind of grimacing. But for the most part, he was okay. He was still recovering from his minor seizure.

He tried to keep his post symptoms under wraps so his wife wouldn't be able to tell anything was wrong and went straight into the kitchen to get some water.

ANGELA

Really? That's awesome, Braden!

BRADEN

I want to be a basketball player when I grow up. Dad said I could do it!

ANGELA

After making a slam dunk? I don't see why not. I wish I could've seen it.

BRADEN

Yeah! Undefeated!!

Braden runs into his room. Angela looks over at Glenn who was chugging a bottle of water, swishing and spitting the last sip out in the sink.

ANGELA

Do you have a weird taste in your mouth?

GLENN

No... I'm just thirsty.

ANGELA

Why are you spitting it out then?

GLENN

I'm just moistening my mouth. I was just shooting hoops with my kid. It does wind you out. I need to work out more.

He walks past her into the living room to sit down on the couch. Right when he sat down to take off his shoes, she intercepted him with a distressing statement.

ANGELA

I know you didn't take your medication.

Glenn stopped where he was. He held his head as another migraine started to come on.

ANGELA

You can not be around me or my son if this is the path you choose.

GLENN

He's my son too, you fu--!!

Glenn suddenly catches himself before he completely lost control. He put his face in his hand and took a deep breath. He looked down toward Braden's room and then back on Angela.

GLENN

I didn't mean that. I stopped myself. I had an impulsive moment... That wasn't directed at you.

Angela scoffed in agonizing disbelief and then walked into the kitchen to blow off steam.

Glenn slowly sat himself down on the couch. The throbbing in his head continued.

GLENN

I thought you trusted me... I took the medication.

ANGELA

... Despite the fact I found one of your pills on the bathroom floor right next to the toilet, You are showing me all the post-symptoms of a seizure. I'm not an idiot, Glenn!

GLENN

Just because there could be a slight chance that I dropped one of my pills doesn't mean I'm just pouring all my weekly medication down the toilet. I'm not lying, I was really just moistening my mouth in there!

Angela walks back out of the kitchen to face Glenn.

ANGELA

Then prove it!

With a sickly expression, he looked up at Angela as the migraine continued to eat at him. He looked up at her as if he was in the presence of someone else, rather than who he married. Angela looked over at the digital clock on the oven.

ANGELA

It's about a quarter to six.

Glenn held his expression of disbelief as he observed the way she was acting towards him. With her head, she gestured towards the bathroom and then continued to look at him with a cold, stern look. He then sighed, shook his head and looked off to the side in a discomfoting manner.

GLENN

... Fine.

Cuts to Braden in his room, playing with his dinosaur toys. We then cut back Glenn and Angela in the bathroom from outside the shower window.

Nothing but music composition is heard. Angela stands by to watch Glenn physically take the medication. Afterwards, Glenn tries to embrace her and apologize. Angela denies him and walks out of the bathroom. Glenn stood there for a

moment. He then walked over to the door and slowly closed it.

He rests his head on the door. We cut to a right profile shot and notice him weeping. Nothing but music composition is heard. He slowly got down on his knees and continued to weep, keeping one hand on the door.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. DAVIDSON APARTMENT.

Outside the apartment living room window, we see Braden, playing with his neighborhood friends.

Cuts to Glenn, drugged and in a very drained, absent minded state, Laying in his bed. Then cuts to a direct close up of his face. He didn't go into work at all. He just lied there in the same position the entire day. With a blank lifeless stare.

Cuts to a close up shot of the door frame. Angela walks by and then notices Glenn in the bed. Cuts to her perspective and then back to a long shot of the entire room with the shot focused on Glenn in the same position, and Angela blurred in the background.

ANGELA  
How many days do you plan on  
missing?

GLENN  
... I just called in for today.

Without another word, Angela moved on and walked down the hall, leaving him as he was.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LOCAL TOWN COMMUNITY CENTER-AFTERNOON

Glenn is at work, cleaning the outside windows. He was focused on the task at hand, but his behavior was quite monotone in comparison to what we had seen before. As soon as he was done with one window, he moved on to the other.

Cuts to a shot from behind the building. It pans slowly to

the left to reveal a long asphalt walkway. On the far end of the walkway, we see Glenn, continuing down the row of windows. Cuts back behind him, where he was rubbing a stain out with his wash rag.

Cuts to the interior of the ballet rehearsal room, behind the window Glenn was cleaning. The lights were off and it was currently uninhabited. It was a slow day at the community center. The blinds were open and we could see Glenn on the other side continuing his daily routine.

As he continued to clean, the camera panned around the dark, empty room that was lit up by the sunlight shining through the window. We then cut back to Glenn from the perspective of the room. He was drying the last spot on the window and then stood back to give it a good last look before moving on to the next one.

After approving the way it looked, he nodded in satisfaction and moved on down to the next one. Before he started, he stopped for a moment. Turned around and looked at the beautiful view behind him.

The community center overlooked a beautiful Lake, full of humanity and the essence of modern life. Glenn took a deep breath and then looked up into the gorgeous blue sky. Cuts to the Giant, white, fluffy clouds that inhabited the heavenly void over head. They were so magnificent. They were lit up by the sun and glided over the lowly land below.

Glenn sort of lost himself in their greatness and stopped cleaning for a moment. Even though his medication maintained his monotone behavior. The whole day still captivated him.

He then thought of Angela. A flashback of the last time they kissed went through his mind. Then the memory of her refusing to let him touch her, followed after it.

He then looked down on the ground as he thought one thing to himself.

GLENN (V.O.)

Does my Angela still love me?

As he stood there, staring into space, a super-imposed shot of Monty, sitting on an old swing set in a different part of the neighborhood appeared.

He looked down at the ground, motionless and in very concerned contemplative state of mind. It started raining harder.

MONTY (V.O.)  
Is she still alive? ...

Cuts to a long shot of the entire swing set. Then cross-fades back to the alluring clouds in the past.

Glenn's face was still tranced by his own inferiority complex.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOCAL STRIP-MALL-EVENING

Later that day, Glenn slowly walked home. On his depressive stroll, he came across a strip-mall.

He glanced over at the windows of the stores and then faced forward. He suddenly comes across a vitamin shop. He stopped and gazed at it. And became curious about something.

He decides to walk in and look around. He starts reading supplement bottles until suddenly, one of the herbal supplement bottles showed the image of a capsule that looked identical to his own medication. He was shocked as he stared at the picture. An Idea started to form in his head.

He decided to purchase the supplements. He quickly walked over to the counter and placed the bottle on top at moderate impact, slightly taking the clerk by surprise.

GLENN  
--That's all.

CUT TO:

INT. DAVIDSON APARTMENT-MORNING.

Glenn was in the bathroom, dropping pills from his medicine case into the toilet. But only the ones from every other day.

He then replaced those individual pills with the supplements he bought. He decided to risk an experiment for the sake of his own happiness.

He took his pill for the morning and then put the case back



in the cabinet.

Glenn felt if he lowered his dosage of the actual medication, he would be able interact better with his family and lower the chances of himself having another seizure.

He cut the difference in half.

He took a deep breathe and then sighed, hoping this would work. He even felt more at peace after he let out the sigh.

A slight smile even came over him as he thought about the action that he was taking to save his life.

He then left the bathroom in a better mood.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DAVIDSON LIVING ROOM-AFTERNOON.

SUB: 2 weeks later.

It was once again a beautiful, sunny afternoon. The sunlight was shining through the living room windows of the Davidson apartment.

Glenn was sitting on the couch reading a book. He felt more at peace.

We hear the sound of the front door shutting. Angela walks in. She is exhausted. She walks into the dinning room to put her purse on the table.

Glenn looks up in response.

GLENN

Back from dropping off Braden?

ANGELA

Yeah... then I had lunch with a friend afterward. Man, I got a lot to do today.

She sat down on one of the chairs at the dinning room table and let out a big sigh, hanging her head off the back of the chair.

Angela then looked over at Glenn and noticed that he was in a better mood. She smiled as she watched him reading his book.

She then got up and sat next to him on the couch and looked at him.

After a moment, Glenn slowly glanced over and met Angela's eyes.

GLENN  
...What?

ANGELA  
..Hi..

GLENN  
... Hey.

ANGELA  
You look a lot happier.

GLENN  
... I feel better.

ANGELA  
... I'm really sorry about how rough I've been towards you lately... I'm really just trying to do what's best for all of us. I love you and I worry about you... Just give it time and persistence and I'm sure you'll see the greatness of the overall result. And you know I'm right because you're already feeling it.

GLENN  
...I am.

Angela laied her head into Glenn's lap and wrapped her arms around him. She let out another, more gentle sigh.

GLENN  
I love you too... And I'm sorry.

Glenn started rubbing her shoulders. He leaned his head down and kissed the top of her head.

GLENN  
Is there anything you'd like me to help you with today? ... I could run some of your errands.

ANGELA

It's okay... It gives me something to do. I'm fine with it. Really.

GLENN

Well...Would you like to go out later? Ahh!

Phone suddenly rings, interrupting them. The high pitch tone startled Glenn.

ANGELA

Whoa, you okay?

GLENN

Yeah, the phone just startled me.

ANGELA

Hey, would you mind getting that actually?

The ringing started to affect Glenn's brain in a hypnotizing yet irritating way. The tone kept growing louder in his head.

All of a sudden, a sense of dark aggravation internally overtook Glenn.

GLENN

... Sure.

Glenn then got up out of his position on the couch and walked over to answer the phone.

GLENN

Davidson residence...yes, I'm his father.

Angela sat up on the couch and looked over at Glenn, slightly concerned about what might be going on.

GLENN

What?... What started it?...  
Okay... yeah... are the other kid's parents there?... well, what's the situation as you see it... yeah?...  
How convenient... yeah, sure...  
I'll be right over...

Glenn hangs up the phone. He then just stood there with his

back facing Angela.

GLENN

They want us both down there to meet with Braden's principal but... I think I can handle it.

ANGELA

What? Wait! What happened?

GLENN

Some kid threw a baseball at his head. That principal was telling me that Braden could be making it up based off what the other kid was saying. Why would our kid make up something like a another kid deliberately throwing a rock at at his head!?

ANGELA

Oh my god...

Angela stood up and let out a stressed sigh. She put her hands on her head and shook her head side to side.

ANGELA

Alright, I'll go see so what's up.

Glenn stopped her by stepping in her way.

GLENN

Wait. Where are you going?

ANGELA

... Um, The school.

GLENN

I really want to take care of this myself.

ANGELA

Well, the principal wanted us both there, didn't he? So let's just both go. I'm worried--

GLENN

--Angie! Seriously. I got this. I want to do this. For you. You just worry about your original errands. I owe you. I've been selfish all

(MORE)

GLENN (CONT'D)

week just moping around. I promise  
I can do this. I'll tell you  
everything. I promise. I'm going  
now. I'll be right back with  
Braden.

As he spoke, Glenn walked right out the front door and went on his way. Angela stood there confused about Glenn's urgency to do this independently.

Cuts to the apartment hallway, Glenn is walking down the hall to exit the apartment building when all of a sudden, Glenn fell to his knees.

He became immobilized.

For the longest time he was trying to figure out how to get himself up but his legs, no matter what would not budge.

He didn't want to cry for help because this was obviously a side-effect from not taking the full dosage of his medication. He couldn't let Angela find out about this. He stayed absolutely silent.

Cuts back to Angela who moved on from the confusion and started cleaning up the living room.

Glenn stayed in the same exact place and focused. He stared at his legs for about a straight minute.

Suddenly, finally able to slowly bend them and then eventually with in the next 15 seconds, was able to regain movement entirely. He quietly stood up in the hall and then looked back at his apartment door. He then looked straight up at the ceiling.

GLENN

Thanks...

Cuts to an exterior long-shot of the apartment complex. Glenn walks down the small steps and spits into the grass lawn just off the cement courtyard. Cuts to a close-up of the wad of spit and we see that it is red, enveloped in blood.

He knew there was something wrong with him. He tasted the blood in his mouth. He was worried, but decided to deal with the problem later and move on to his car. His behavior began expressing subtle irritation. And it was slowly building.

He got into his car, put the key into the ignition and started it up. He then pulled out of the parking lot and sped up the street.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY.

We cut to a long shot of Glenn and Braden sitting on a bench out in the hall, just outside the school nurse's office. Braden was very upset and crying while Glenn held him.

BRADEN

I'm not making it up! Me, Marcus and a group of his friends were playing baseball. I was batting and Marcus threw the baseball right at my head on purpose. He said I wasn't standing in the right place. So I moved where he told me to go and he just hit me again and started laughing at me and calling me stupid. Every one did! He made fun of me and wasn't even aiming for the strike zone.

As Glenn heard his son's heart breaking words, the aggravation inside him only worsened. His eyes flared with rage. Something inside him magnified his emotions.

GLENN

It's okay, man. It's okay. Kids are cruel. They are for most of your school life. And sometimes even after. There are some people who just... feed on other kids pain... They like to make other kids cry, there are mean kids in life, Braden. Lots of people deal with this and the best you can do is not associate with them and look for better friends.

BRADEN

I wanted Marcus to be my friend! Why did he do that? I didn't do anything to him! and he just turned against me! He was my friend!

GLENN

I'm sorry this happened to you,

(MORE)

GLENN (CONT'D)

son. That was a messed up thing for that kid to do. But we need to dry those tears. I promise you more things like this are going to happen in your life. And you have to promise me that when those times come, that you will be strong enough to withstand everything that comes your way. To keep your heart towards your values and what you know is right, and eventually everything will work itself out. I promise.

Glenn looked into the eyes of his son with much assurance. He wiped Braden's tears as he spoke to him. Braden held his dad and put his face down, looking to the side as he pressed against his chest.

BRADEN

I love you, Dad.

GLENN

You're going to be alright. I need to talk to your principal now... okay? ... Just wait right here. I'll be back.

Cuts down the hall, right next to the principal's office door. Glenn gets up and walks toward the door. He knocked on it.

Cuts back to Monty, climbing on the nearby chrome jungle gym, beside the Swing-set he was at before. Still deep in thought about the events of his past life.

We then cut back to the past. Glenn is in an enraged argument with Braden's Principal.

GLENN

My son is a victim!! His retaliation was due to the fact that none of you adults would stand up for him!! Are you trying to say that ganged up bullying is a justified resolution for a lone child trying to defend himself!! I'm trying to give my kid an education here, and you guys suspend him for one occurrence of

(MORE)

GLENN (CONT'D)

this ever happening!? How is that fair for my son!?

PRINCIPAL

Sir, please calm down. We cannot tolerate any of our students retaliating in any harmful way towards any of our other students, and I had to suspend him as well. It's only fair. I have to think of the well being of over 300 of the communities kids, not just your own.

GLENN

My kid doesn't have any past history of violence or harming anyone!

PRINCIPAL

Do you? You're not giving me real confidence to believe anything you say. You're not being a real example as someone who has no history of violence.

Glenn then sat down in the guest chair and tried to collect himself.

GLENN

Braden is my son. But he isn't me. He's just a kid, man. He was just protecting himself, I promise. He didn't start this.

PRINCIPAL

I don't believe either of us were there when this happened. So unless either one of us is able to bring some evidence of what exactly happened, I have no choice but to do my job. The law requires me to think of the well being of every student on this campus and that is exactly what I am going to do.

At this moment, Glenn's migraine's started up again. He put his hand on his forehead and grimaced in pain. His internal aggravation started to swell in response. He then stood up.



GLENN

My son was distraught when I came here to see him. He's six years old! A couple of the other kids involved with this, including his friend were like-- 2 years older! He came to you first! Right after it happened! Could you not see who the victim was in this scenario? And could you not sympathize with the terror that this defenseless child was experiencing!?

PRINCIPAL

Mr. Davidson--

GLENN

--And did he not tell you what exactly happened with tears running down his face, pleading for help!?!?

PRINCIPAL

I'm not his teacher or his father!!

GLENN

No, but you run this school!! And he trusted you!!

In a fit of rage, Glenn knocked over a bunch of items and papers that were on the principal's desk.

PRINCIPAL

...Are you ill? ...

GLENN

When you're six years old and your parents aren't around you for six hours. You're the adult that child depends on.

PRINCIPAL

I am feeling threatened... This is over now or I'm calling the cops.

The migraine started to throb and flare with intense pain. The stress was not helping Glenn's situation.

GLENN

I might be different than some people but are you telling me that this is how you deal with every single dilemma with a kid, when

(MORE)

GLENN (CONT'D)

their parents have to be called  
in?... think about a different line  
of work, man.

PRINCIPAL

Just leave, Sir.

Glenn was walking out by the time the Principal had his last word, with one hand on his forehead. As he walked out, he muttered something to himself.

GLENN

Fuck... I might be... I might be.

As the principal got up to pick up everything pushed on the ground, Glenn walked out of the office.

All of a sudden, Glenn saw Marcus in the hall, taunting Braden about his suspension. The migraine coincidentally flared in pain in that moment. The same high pitch sound from the previous seizure sounded and made Glenn grab his head with both of his hands.

MARCUS

No one's going to believe you  
because you're a stupid little kid.

BRADEN

Why did I ever do to you? I thought  
you were my friend? I would never  
do that to you.

MARCUS

That's one of the many things that  
makes us different, Braden. I am  
willing to to take risks and fight  
for the friends I want. You could  
never do that.

BRADEN

I wanted you as a friend. Why did  
you turn on me?

MARCUS

You only thought of me as a friend  
because I wanted you to. You don't  
have any friends. Nobody in this  
school likes you. Nobody likes you  
and never will.

Glenn saw all of this while he was trying to fight off another incoming seizure. Marcus was shoving Braden around

while taunting him. Braden fought back. Glenn struggled to walk over and break the two up.

BRADEN

Hey, Stop it! Get way from me!

Braden shoved Marcus back and got a good left hook into his face before Glenn was able to finally struggle over to them.

GLENN

Hey! Guys! Guys! Break it up! Kid, take a break for once in your life. Braden get in the car we're going, right now!

BRADEN

Dad, get the principal! you can prove what he was doing! Right now! And I can go back school!

GLENN

You're causing just as much trouble as he is so I'm not at liberty to be taking sides right now. Get in the car!!

BRADEN

But Dad, it's not my fault!

GLENN

I'm not in the mood, Braden. Are you going or do I have to carry you!!

Glenn grabbed Braden mid sentence to try and force him out the door.

BRADEN

No, no, I'm going, I'm going, I'm going!!

GLENN

Get in the car now!!

Braden ran out of the school, crying. Glenn stood there, flared with rage and still grimacing in pain. The high pitch sound was still sustaining through all of this to imply the pain that Glenn was feeling.

MARCUS

I'm going, I'm going Hahahaha!

In one freakish instance, Glenn snaps again and grabs Marcus.

GLENN

Stay. Away!! From! my!! son!!!

Glenn took the eight year old boy and ran down the hall with him. Shouting those words in his face.

He then slammed him on the ground, grabbing him by the neck and then threw his body into the window of the school computer lab. Shattering the glass.

The boy died instantly.

Glenn then fell down on the ground beside the kid's corpse and started to convulse.

Cuts to a diagonal, aerial shot, down the hall from the occurrence.

The shot started to blur.

We then cut to Glenn's blurry perspective. The high pitch sound kept growing higher and higher until it couldn't even be heard.

Glenn's mouth was open as if he was trying to scream. He struggled to bring his hands back up to his head to deal with the pain, but he couldn't fight off the convulsions. He started to foam. He got to point where it seemed like he himself was going to die.

All of a sudden, it ceased. Like before. Glenn regained consciousness, but was very delirious this time. He held his head as he got up slowly. A terrified woman was knocking on the principals door.

Glenn was still coming to. He had blacked out and had completely forgotten where he was. Six people came out to check out the horrible incident that happened in the school hall.

They looked at the scene in horror.

FEMALE TEACHER

Someone call the police!!

After hearing the woman, he looked in her direction and noticed all of the people around him. He then remembered

where he was. He looked down on his hands and saw them drenched in Marcus's blood.

He then saw the child's bloody corpse on the ground. He was in shock. He turned around and saw the principal talking with the woman knocking on his door.

PRINCIPAL

He's mentally ill. I knew it. I'm calling the police, I know this guy's address.

The principal went back into his office to get the number. Glenn was at a complete loss.

MALE TEACHER

What did you do?

Glenn rambled around the area in panic and then all of a sudden ran out of the school. While running over to his car. He noticed a blissfully unaware couple, standing by their car and talking. Glenn was looking with a sustained look until the father met his eyes. Glenn quickly looked away and tried not to look back at the couple or the school.

He got his keys, unlocked the door and got into the car.

BRADEN

What happened?

Still in shock, Glenn ignored him and put the key in the ignition. He nervously peeled out of the parking lot and drove home as fast as he could.

BRADEN

Dad? ... Dad?... Dad! you're bleeding... You're scaring me! What happened!? Dad!

GLENN

Braden! ... it's... It's going to be okay... Alright?... It's going-it's going to be okay... It's going to be okay... ...

Braden turned and faced the road. Nervous and very scared about what was going on.

There was a long unnerving silence.

Glenn remained in a petrified state the entire time. Braden looked to try and avoid looking at him. But he kept lifting his head to glance back at him to see if he was okay.

Glenn was catatonic for the longest time, just trying to get home. He then spoke.

GLENN

... Braden... No matter what happens to me... I want you to know... you'll make it... You're going to make it... Don't let anyone push you around... And you'll make it... Most of my life has been good because my father... Your grandfather, told me the same thing... and even if I don't make it... It doesn't mean he was wrong... You're not me, Braden... you're nothing like me... So you'll make it...

BRADEN

I'm scared... What did you, Dad...

Nothing but silence, followed the question.

EXT. DAVIDSON APARTMENT BUILDING.

Glenn pulled into the parking lot and stopped the car.

GLENN

Just remember this before you get out of the car... Nothing I ever told you was a lie... And I'm sorry about what you had to see... and I'm sorry I yelled at you...

BRADEN

... It's okay, Daddy.

Glenn smiled at his son.

GLENN

... I love you, son

BRADEN

You say that too much.

GLENN

Well... It's only cause I want to remind you.

BRADEN

Can I go inside now?

GLENN

...Sure...

Braden stormed out of the car and ran up the hill to the apartment building. We cut to a long exterior shot of Braden running up the sidewalk and then up the stair case.

The shot then slowly pans left to the parking lot. From the view, we see Glenn's car.

For the longest time, Glenn just sits there with his hands on his face.

He slowly then opens his door and get's out of the car.

He stood himself up, closed the car door behind him, and then like a child, stumbled on the ground and profusely vomited all over the ground.

He dry heaved at a loud enough volume to be heard from our perspective. It happened for about the next 15 seconds of the shot before we cut closer to him from behind.

He groaned in pain and delirium. He could barely get himself off the ground. He slowly got his body up into a sitting position and then slowly crawled backwards against the car.

He looked up into the grey sky, the weight of his mistake, crushed him mercilessly.

CUT TO:

INT. DAVIDSON APARTMENT.

Glenn walked into the apartment and then went straight into the kitchen to attempt to vigorously wash the blood off his hands.

He was able to get most of it off, but some of it still stained on his skin. His face was still in shock. Cuts outside the kitchen. Glenn pours himself a tall glass of water and chugs the whole glass. He then fills it up a little more to swish his mouth again. Glenn turns around and

notices his supplement bottle spilled all over the ground in the middle of the living room.

Angela sat on the floor by the couch, 5 paces away.

Glenn was startled by her sudden presence. He did not utter a word. He just stood there and looked at her, still shell shocked by everything that has happened.

ANGELA

You thirsty? ... Here, take a vitamin while you're in the mood to drink some water. It should be easy to swallow since in you're in such a mood to drink some water. You would hardly even notice yourself swallowing the supplement. It would be no harder than swallowing a pill... You know, Glenn... If you just had little patience with things... If you just had a little faith... If you ever saw things through to the end... you would probably find the answers to your problems. But no, you didn't even have the strength to hold out. Even for me...

Tears started streaking down her face. She refused to make eye contact with Glenn.

Glenn just stood where he was, looking down on the ground as she continued her slowly building rant. He was powerless to say anything that could possibly defend his situation.

He remained silent.

ANGELA

You are so beyond help. If anything, the worst side-effect you could've gotten was a slight case of minor depression.

GLENN

It wasn't minor...

ANGELA

You'd rather risk your health than your happiness!? You'd rather risk

(MORE)



ANGELA (CONT'D)

having seizures and take in unhealthy imbalanced doses of this strict medication into your body, just for the chance of not being a little frowny!? of not being a little sad sometimes!? What was the point, Glenn!? ... You ever hear the expression "And the truth shall set you free?". This applies to everyone and all cases. And you... You couldn't even level with your own wife. Like I was some monster trying to ruin you. I was just trying to do what was best for you, and you go behind my back to help yourself alone. And what good is that doing you? Look at you, Glenn. You're standing there with your own blood, stained on your hands. Your choices are killing you!

GLENN

... This isn't my blood...

ANGELA

...what does that -- What?

Tears started welling up in Glenn's eyes. He looked up and off to the side, away from Angela's gaze.

GLENN

I have dug myself... In such a deep crevice... That the very thought of asking for forgiveness is just... Insane... I have done the unforgiveable... But I can't help but say that I have tried, every day. For every second of my life to try and prevent something like this from ever happening. And also that... I love you. And I always will...

Glenn started balling out tears of sorrow and anguish. He began to bend down and crawl on the ground towards her. He rest his head against her shoulder.

GLENN

I'm so sorry, baby. I'm so sorry.  
This is not the life that I wanted

(MORE)

GLENN (CONT'D)

for myself. It just came out of nowhere and brought me down with it. Every year it got worse.

ANGELA

Glenn?--

GLENN

I love you, I wanted to and still want to spend the best moments of my life with you--

ANGELA

Glenn?--

GLENN

We can run away! All three of us. They don't ever have to know--

ANGELA

Glenn!! Get to the fucking point!!

GLENN

... I killed a child!! Angela, I killed a child!! This is the blood of a child on my hand. The blood of Braden's friend Marcus!! He was taunting him in the hall and I tried to break them up, but Braden kept resisting my demands and that kid kept taunting him behind his back!! I-I... Must have snapped so hard I lost my memory... I must've had a seizure, and then I got up and saw all of these people looking at me like something horrible happened... And then I saw the kid's body, covered in blood and then I saw my hands drenched in it... Please, Angela please. Don't let them take me. Don't let them take me! Wake me up from this demonic nightmare!! It wasn't my intention!!

ANGELA

Stay away from me...

Angela moved away from him and stood up, disturbed and speechless. She slowly backed away, over to the dining room table. Glenn watched her in tears. He then threw his face down as he continued to weep.

ANGELA

You're ill, honey... please get help... if you go quietly, I'm sure this could be your chance to save yourself.

GLENN

... Would you be there when I got out?...

There was nothing but silence on Angela's end. There was then a knock at the door.

GLENN

Please...

ANGELA

What do you expect me to do? Try to think rationally... You have to go... remember what I said...

POLICEMAN

Open up! This is the police!

GLENN

You at least still love me, right?

Angela took in a deep breath and sighed. Without uttering a single word, she walked over to the front door to let the officers in.

Glenn then shot up at that moment and walked over to her.

GLENN

Angela?... Angela? Do you still love me?

Angela ignored him and opened the door for the two officers.

ANGELA

Hi, sorry about the delay, guys. He's not really cooperating, so you should really just take him.

She stood out of the way of the door frame as the cops walked in and grabbed Glenn.

GLENN

Angela!? Answer the question!-- No!  
Angela!! Why won't you answer me!  
Angela!!

ANGELA

No!! I don't love you anymore!! You  
have wasted my life, having me help  
you, watch over you, day by day and  
I can't fucking take it anymore!!  
You may have a chance to save  
yourself and get the help you need  
finally, but i don't want any part  
of it!! Get out of my life!!

GLENN

You can't just throw me away!--  
what about our son!--uh--Braden!!  
Don't do this,  
Angela!--Ah!--Braden!!

The officer tasered Glenn to stun him long enough to put him  
in handcuffs.

ANGELA

Get out of my life!! Get out of my  
life! Get out of my life!!

POLICEMAN

Ma'am, calm down. We're taking care  
of it. You need to sit down and  
relax.

GLENN

Don't do this to me!! We have a  
life!! This was not my intention!!

Glenn attempted to struggle, but couldn't summon the  
strength to even put up a challenge for the officer dragging  
him away.

CUT TO:

EXT. DAVIDSON APARTMENT BUILDING.

The camera followed the two officers as they took Glenn to  
their police car.

Glenn was completely unresisting and let the cop put him in  
the back of the car. As soon as the cop shut the car door, a  
sudden, blaring flash of white enveloped the screen.

TRANSITION TO:

EXT. COLD, WET, DREARY NEIGHBORHOOD.

The white transition slowly fades away and brings us back to Monty, who was laying on his back in the wood chips of the playground.

He was looking straight up at the dreary sky above him.

His face was very contemplative. He got back up on his feet and brushed the wood chips off his jeans.

He then looked back over at the old Davidson apartment building.

He looked at in wonder, sadness and terror.

Cross-fades back over to the front lawn of the building.

Monty walked back up to the stoop of the building entrance but before he got there, he heard an apartment door slam.

It startled him and caused him to run down the hill on the left side of the complex and hide.

An elderly man with a moustache, wearing a hat was coming out to walk his scottish terrier.

Monty hid behind a tree, down the hill until the dog was done sniffing around. They then walked down the stairs and out of sight.

Cuts to a long shot of Monty from the other side of the lawn, coming out from his hiding place.

He cautiously entered the building.

CUT TO:

INT. DAVIDSON APARTMENT BUILDING.

He slowly walked down the halls, back to his old Apartment door.

He pondered knocking on the door to see who lived there now.

To see if his family still resided there. He stood there for the longest time, eyeing the knocker.

He then slowly reached for it. But before he could touch it, he stopped. He took his hand back and looked down the hall.

Cuts to a shot from his perspective.

He wondered if the elderly man he saw was in fact the one who lived here now.

Then he turned his face back to the door. He reached back towards the knocker.

By the time his arm was fully extended, he stopped once more and had his hand hover over it for a moment.

He was still hesitant.

Monty once again recoiled his arm and checked his surroundings. After looking side to side, he took a deep breath in and out. He then finally put his hand on the knocker.

As soon as he touched it, a memory of his dead body flashed before his eyes. It startled him so bad he accidentally flung the knocker and had it rap loudly against the door.

He stumbled on his side, but then got up immediately and ran out of the building as fast as he could.

We cut to his perspective as he ran through the hall and out the door frame of the entrance.

When he got back out on the front lawn, he stopped to catch his breath, panting. He then booked it across the property, down the stairs and across the entire neighborhood.

As he ran, he thought about his ride in the police car. At that moment, we return to the past.

CROSS-DISOLVE TO:

INT. POLICE CAR.

As Monty ran through the neighborhood, the screen cross-dissolved back to Glenn in the back of the cop car.

It was completely silent in the car. Nothing but the sound of the engine running.

Glenn sat there with his head down. The silent drive continued until they came across a bridge heading over Lake Washington.

Glenn kept his head down until they were half-way across the bridge and then revealed to us that his hands were no longer handcuffed.

Without giving the cops a single glance, Glenn threw off the

cuffs, grabbed the passenger door, unlocked it and flung himself out on the Highway.

POLICEMAN

Hey!!

He rolled into the barrier on the far side of the road. After smacking into it, he grimaced in pain from the impact.

The police hit the breaks and turned sharply back around as soon as they could and drove back after Glenn.

Cuts back to Glenn who was struggling as fast he could to get up. We see him open his left hand to reveal the bobby pin he used to free himself from the cuffs.

He dropped it on the dirty pavement ground of the freeway.

POLICEMAN

Stop or you will be shot!!

Seeing the car stop right in front of him, he didn't give his next action a second thought.

He climbed up on the barrier and jumped off the bridge.

The cops shot at him, but Glenn had already made it over the barrier. He plummeted into the lake below.

Cuts to a faraway view shot of the east channel bridge.

From the view, we hear a siren go off. We also see the cops flashing their lights and driving ahead to find the next turn off to get down to the boat unloading dock, underneath the bridge.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. EAST CHANNEL BRIDGE-NIGHT

When night descended, cops were swarming the lake, looking for a body. But alas, they did not find anything.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PUBLIC BEACH SHORE.

Glenn laid there on the beach of a public park, on his back, completely drenched and exhausted. We could hear him whimpering under the gentle sound of the water gliding over the shoreline.

We time lapse through a cross-dissolve transition, to a side shot of Glenn, struggling to get up. He slowly walked over to the changing hut, meters up the hill.

From outside the hut, we see him turn on the flickery, florescent light.

Cuts then into the interior of the hut. He took off his soaked sweatshirt.

He had a white t-shirt underneath.

After taking off his sweatshirt, he just stood there, shivering. Completely catatonic.

We see him stand there from the reflection of the mirror. He stood there for a long time, breathing rapidly.

After a brief moment, the camera starts to slowly zoom in on Glenn. During the zoom, he glanced over at the mirror and stared back at himself.

GLENN (V.O.)

I have no choice... But to go  
back... Even if it kills me.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DAVIDSON NEIGHBORHOOD.

Glenn stayed in the darkness of the neighborhood trees as he trekked all the way back to his "Previous" home.

We follow Glenn, who was limping up the grass hill, behind their building. He checked his surroundings and then entered through the storage door.

CUT TO:

EXT. COLD, WET, DREARY NEIGHBORHOOD.

Cuts back to a faraway shot of Monty, continuing to run across the neighborhood.

CUT TO:

INT. DAVIDSON APARTMENT BUILDING.

Glenn limped up the stairs of the basement. Cuts to his perspective, walking up the steps all the way to the apartment door.



Simultaneously, we were cutting back to Monty, continuing to run. This continued until both Glenn arrived at the front door and Monty found himself in a marshy, grassy area at the bottom of the neighborhood.

Monty stopped to catch his breath.

Cuts back to Glenn, who turns the knob of the apartment door and walks straight into the apartment.

Monty walks deeper into the marshy area, seen from a long shot.

CUT TO:

INT. DAVIDSON APARTMENT.

Glenn limped into the dark living room. There was no one in sight. He looked around the apartment, knowing he would never see this place again.

He then limped over to the couch and sat himself down. He laid his head back and let out a sigh of anguish.

BRADEN

Dad?...

Glenn all of a sudden heard his son's voice. He opened his eyes and barely lifted his head to look in the direction of where the voice came from.

His son stood at the entrance of his own bedroom door.

BRADEN

Dad!

He ran straight over to Glenn and jumped on his lap to hug him. Glenn slowly wrapped his arms around Braden to return his embrace.

BRADEN

I thought you died!

GLENN

No, I just got away. I can't leave my family, you and your mother were the only sane things in my life... I have to fight for that... as a matter of fact, why don't you come with me? Let's just get out of here

(MORE)

GLENN (CONT'D)

and do something fun. Want to shoot some hoops?

BRADEN

It's night, Dad.

GLENN

... Yeah it is, isn't it? What about a movie? let's go see "Return of the Jedi!" Would you like that? Yeah! Let's go right now!

Glenn carefully got up and grabbed his son's hand to try and pull Braden out the door with him.

BRADEN

It's midnight! No, I don't want to!

The living room light suddenly turns on.

ANGELA

Braden! come here!

GLENN

No...

Braden ran over to his mother.

ANGELA

I thought you were dead...

GLENN

... I might be close to it... But I can change that... I want to pretend none of this ever happened. I want to take the pills no matter what happens. If you think it will save me and bring things back to normal then I trust--... I trust you... I didn't mean for any of this to happen and if I could have somehow foreseen this, I would have prevented it... I swear to God I would have... It just snuck up on me... I really had plans to change everything in my life...I wanted to be a car salesman... I've always loved cars... And It seems like I

(MORE)

GLENN (CONT'D)

made one independent choice and it just to led me to do something... that completely ruined every facet of my life. It went from depressing and boring... To damned... In a matter of hours... Did you ever love me... did you miss me when you heard I jumped... It seemed like something changed in you... when you told me just now, that you thought I was dead... If you still have feelings for me, let's forget all of this. Let's move to another state, I can take the pills and I promise nothing like this will ever happen again... I just want to be with my family... I just want my life back.

ANGELA

Braden, wait in your room. We need to talk alone.

BRADEN

...Okay, Mom.

GLENN

This wasn't supposed to happen. Just let me take the pills.

ANGELA

I threw them away, everything. After the cops took you, I erased you from my life... I already told you, Glenn... you are beyond my power to help you. I don't want to play nurse maid anymore, I need a husband. I need a clean slate. I can't mentally deal with what you've done and I don't want you around either one of us. It's over.

Angela walked over to the phone and dialed a number.

GLENN

Don't call the cops.

Angela scoffed as she put the phone to hear. Glenn walked over and pressed the switch hook, hanging up the phone.

GLENN

I'm sorry, I'm not ending my life  
this way. Braden!

Angela intercepted Glenn and shoved him away.

ANGELA

What are you trying to do? Take my  
son away!?

GLENN

He's my son too! And I deserve to  
at least talk to him before I go!

ANGELA

I'm not letting you near my son!  
You're ill, if you love us you'll  
just go!

Angela kept resisting. Glenn tried to push through her but  
couldn't, due to his great fatigue. Thus, she was able to  
shove him on the ground.

Glenn started coughing up blood.

ANGELA

You don't even have the strength to  
do this. Just let me call the cops  
and they can take you to a  
hospital. Where they can save you!

BRADEN

Daddy?

ANGELA

Braden, get in your room! I'm not  
going to say it again!

GLENN

No, wait! Braden! Let me talk to  
him!

ANGELA

You need to calm down. You're  
basically stressing yourself to  
death.

GLENN

You can see that I'm dying. And you  
won't let me see my son? As a final  
request. What was the point of our  
marriage and every moment we spent

(MORE)

GLENN (CONT'D)

together if you can't even show  
enough sympathy by letting me talk  
to my son--

Mid sentence, she sprinted over to the phone. Glenn ran straight after her and got into a struggle.

GLENN

No! I'm not letting you do this to  
me!!

ANGELA

You don't have the strength to make  
a difference! You're fatigued--

GLENN

Oh yeah? How about this, you  
fucking cunt!!

He used as much strength as he had left to grab the phone, rip it out of her hands and smack her in the skull with it and then punched her as hard as could in the face.

She fell to the ground with a broken nose, bent in a contorted and gruesome fashion. Her face was covered in her own blood.

Glenn pounded the phone into fragments with his foot. He himself then fell down upon the his back.

Angela was in shock, and slowly tried to get up. She tried to feel her face but it was completely numb. She got in sitting position and quickly backed up into the wall, cowering in fear.

Glenn kept coughing up blood. His eyes were glossy and his breathing became wheezy.

Angela leaned up against the wall, breathing rapidly.

Glenn struggled to get up one last time. His fight for redemption had completely left him. Like a zombie, he stared down at his fearful, wounded wife and uttered only one word before leaving the apartment.

GLENN

... Sorry.

Braden stood there in front of his bedroom door with a

mono-tone expression on his face as he watched his father sub-humanely exit the apartment.

CROSS-DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MARSHY AREA.

A slow Cross-Dissolve brings us back to Monty. He was walking toward a wall of tall pine trees on the opposite side of the muddy, marshy area.

He was slowly approaching a small, hidden pathway that lead into a dark, isolated area behind the trees.

His face became filled with terror.

His breathing became more rapid as he was drawn to the area.

His eyes moved from side as the memories continued to race through his head.

Sounds of sirens overlapped the sound of Monty's breathing.

CUT TO:

EXT. DAVIDSON NEIGHBORHOOD.

Cuts back to Glenn who once again clung to the shadows of the lower neighborhood as he heard the sirens grow louder in the distance.

With the last of his energy, he struggled to make sure he didn't end up in the hands of the cops.

He was coughing and yaking while limping in discomfort down to the lower half of the neighborhood.

He eventually found himself in a small forest.

Glenn slowly entered it's muddy void and staggered through the bushes and trees in his way.

While he continued to struggle onward, he came across a sudden hill.

As soon as he walked over it, he slipped on the mud.

He had no more will left in order to grab a hold of the small trees around him, in order to support himself.

He just let himself slide painfully down the hill.

When he reached the bottom, he accidently fell on the

butcher's knife he stole from his kitchen.

Stabbing him in the abdomen.

He yelled in pain. He then dared to struggle himself back on his feet and pulled the knife out of his stomach. In one quick motion.

He grunted in pain again. Another seizure was then randomly ignited. The High pitch tone sounded once more.

Glenn dropped the knife and once again, grabbed his head with both hands, and fell back on the ground.

GLENN

Ahh!! Help Me!! Ahh!!

He rolled around on the ground in agony. While trying to fight it off, he struggled to reach for the knife. Once he was able to grab it, he stabbed himself in the chest.

The combination of the pain and adrenaline, miraculously snapped Glenn out of it.

He coughed and hacked more blood. He slowly got up holding his stomach wound and walked out of the other side of the forest to find himself in the same marshy clearing where Monty resided.

With knife in hand, he kept stumbling upon himself, profusely hacking and coughing up more blood.

He turned himself back to the wall of trees.

He staggered up the same, small stair case that Monty was drawn to.

Cuts back to Monty slowly walking up the same staircase and entering the void of these eerily familiar trees.

Cuts back to Glenn who kept limping deeper into the darkness. He kept limping until he entered a ravine that was just to the right of a stone, picnic area.

Cuts back to Monty, who was just walking up to the picnic area.

Tears were once more, streaking down his face.

Back to Glenn who started to slow his pace down beside a maple tree that stood in the middle of the void.

He yelled out in the dark, quiet of the small forest.

GLENN

You've taken everything from  
me!!... I loved them!! ... How  
could you take them from me...

Glenn's air was running out.

He sat himself up against the maple tree with knife in hand.

His breathing rate was fast, uneven and wheezy.

He continued to cough.

GLENN

... Deliver me.

In series of fluid motions, Glenn took the butcher knife and slit both his wrists, vertically and then his own throat.

This was all seen from a diagonal long shot, behind the maple tree.

Cuts back to a front angle of Glenn, drenched in his own blood. Gaspig for air.

His wheezing noises got worse.

He looked down on the blood stained knife and weakly raised it to his right eye.

Cuts back to Monty who was panicking and grabbing his head.

Balling out tears.

He was bent down in the middle of the stone courtyard. He slowly turned and fearfully looked in the direction of the very same maple tree.

The camera slowly zoomed on it. Monty was whimpering.

The camera kept cutting from his face back to the tree.

All of the sudden the image of his past life's dead body, flashed before him.

All covered in blood, his mouth wide open with the knife, driven into his skull through his right eye socket.

In that moment, Monty screamed and ran out of the area as fast as he could, back in the direction he came. He wailed and cried in panic, just like before at spectacle lake.



Slipped down the hill, and then got up and started running in the middle of the marsh.

He then stopped. He kneeled down and grabbed his head again.

Everything went slow motion.

All of his past memories as Glenn Davidson, raced through his mind in one sped up montage.

The memory of Marcus's murder, his own suicide. His struggle with Angela. Apologizing to his son for scaring him.

And all other memories in his life flashed before him.

Went it was all over, Monty stood there in the marshy clearing, on his knees with his hands in the grass.

His panic attack soothed away. But he continued to cry and whimper with his head down, facing the ground.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

EXT. TOWN ROADWAY-EVENING.

The sun was setting, but there was still a few hours before dark. The dreary sky cleared up a bit.

Jennifer was driving everywhere around town, looking for Monty.

JENNIFER (V.O.)

Oh, my dear sweet Monty. My only child. Please tell me you're alright.

As Jennifer was driving down the road and looking from side to side out her windows, The memory of her and her son at the zoo, once again popped in her head.

Then the memory of his school graduation. When her and Joseph first found him, completely catatonic.

And aswell as his doctor visit. The moment she hugged him.

JENNIFER (V.O.)

We've been through a lot, my son. I accept you as you are. Which is however you want to be. Please don't leave me. I just want you to be happy.

JENNIFER

I'm so sorry, Monty.

Jennifer found a parking-lot where she decided to pull her car over to. She got out and decided ask people walking down the side walk if they by chance have seen a boy, matching Monty's description.

There were a couple of kids just walking down the sidewalk. Jennifer flagged them down and jogged right over to talk to them.

JENNIFER

Hey, sorry to bother you guys but, have you seen a brown haired kid, about 4, 11. Wearing a hoodie and kind of seemed quiet.

KID

Uh, nope. Sorry, ma'am.

JENNIFER

Oh, no problem. Thanks anyway!

Jennifer decided to jog around the area and ask all sorts of people. In the meantime she called out his name.

JENNIFER

Monty!! ... please be alright.  
Please Lord, let me find him.

CROSS-DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MARSHY AREA.

We cross-dissolve back to Monty, still whimpering. After a few seconds, the whimpering silenced, and Monty just stayed there in the same position.

He snorted and then slowly stood himself up.

He raised his head and revealed his eyes, filled with hatred. With his blood-shot eyes, he looked up into the dreary sky.

He was still in the Glenn Davidson mind-frame.

MONTY

What was the point... What was the fucking point of showing me all of that, if I couldn't do a damn thing to change it!? ... Why bring me back?... Why bring me back when I can't have them back!? ... They were my life!! I slit my throat to get away from a world without them. And now that you brought me back as someone else, I'm right back where I started!!... what's the fucking point!!

Cuts to a shot of the dreary sky.

MONTY

Without Angela... without Braden. What I'm a supposed to live for... What's the point?... was this supposed to be my deliverance? ... I'm only free from my illness... ...Not my sorrow...

Monty was about to hopelessly walk back up the street when all of sudden, something caught his eye. Farther down the marshy clearing, there was a flickering golden light.

It caught Monty's attention. He slowly walked all the way over the other side of the marshy area. When his eyes were able to focus and he finally got close enough, he saw a small, catholic candle, flickering in the breeze.

He just stood there and gazed for a moment. And then he kneeled down beside it. He looked back over at the wall of pines. And then back on the candle.

He sat there for a long moment, perplexed.

CUT TO:

EXT. COLD, WET, DREARY NEIGHBORHOOD.

Jennifer kept jogging around the area, asking strangers the

same question. Looking everywhere for Monty. After interrupting a young couple going out on an evening walk, she continued to call out his name.

JENNIFER

Monty! ... Monty!

OLD MAN

Perhaps, I can help you?

The old man with the scottish terrier, just so happened to still be out on his walk and run into Monty's Mother.

JENNIFER

Well, I don't know. I sure would appreciate it but, I haven't been having too much luck. I'm calling out to my son who can't even talk. But I don't know what else to do. He actually can talk, he just chooses not to.

After Jennifer's stressed out rambling, the old man intervened.

OLD MAN

You're looking for your son?

JENNIFER

Yes, have you happened to have seen a brown haired 13 year old boy, with blue eyes. He's basically a mute, he doesn't talk. and he's also about 4,11.

OLD MAN

...Hmm... I'm not going to guarantee anything. But about a half hour ago, when I was walking old Bruno here, I saw a boy who I've never seen in the neighborhood before run on passed me. And I live just down that street. I know it isn't much. But it is something.

JENNIFER

Best thing I've heard in a while. Thanks, sir.

OLD MAN  
My pleasure, Young lady.

The old man smiled and resumed walking his dog. Jennifer jogged down the street, leading to the neighborhood.

Cuts back to Monty, walking through the neighborhood, Still sulking about all that has happened. Cross fades to him sitting at the same chrome jungle gym as before.

Inside at the center of it.

MONTY (V.O)  
What do I do now? ... What am  
supposed to live for?

He thought about intimate moments with Angela. Waking her up after falling asleep after a movie.

He kissed her lightly on the forehead and she opened her eyes. She smiled back at him.

The tears in Monty's eyes started to build up. He threw his face into his knees.

MONTY  
Why take her away from me and then  
keep me here alive to endure the  
torture?...

After a short cry, Monty unveiled his face. Another memory than appeared in his mind. Only it wasn't from his past life.

It was the memory of his father, teaching him how to make a fire. Talking to his mother on the phone.

Then the memory of Monty at the Zoo with Jennifer, appeared in his mind.

She lifted him up on her shoulders to look over the observatory and see the lion.

Ecstasy all of a sudden overtook Monty. He remembered playing tether ball with his friend.

And finally there was a memory of all of the harris's at a baseball game. Eating pizza and enjoying themselves like the happiest family in the world.

Monty then started to cry for a completely different reason.

He looked up into the sky.

MONTY (V.O.)  
I'm torn between two families...  
Two lives...

The memory of him laughing, blissfully as an 8 year-old at the baseball game, flashed through his head once more.

MONTY (V.O.)  
I remember... my life... my life...

Another memory of him as a little boy, playing with his Ninja turtle toys, flashed before him.

MONTY  
Monty Harris... I am Monty Harris.

Cuts back to a memory of his mother walking in on him playing to tell him that lunch was ready. He ran out with her, excited to eat.

It then cross faded into one final memory of him, when he was sick. He was laying in bed, with his mother sitting next to him on the bed.

She put a cold, wet rag on his forehead. She looked down on him with a concerned expression. He remembered feeling comforted.

MONTY (V.O.)  
This family is just as important to  
me... they are my home... And I  
want to go back...

Monty climbed out of the chrome jungle gym and began his trek home.

Before he got a move on, something else stopped him. He lingered in the neighborhood for just a bit longer.

He walked around as if he was trying to listen to something.

He looked up into the tops of the trees around him. On the winds breath, he heard a familiar woman's voice.

There was nothing but silence for a moment, and then he was able to hear it again.

JENNIFER

Monty!!

He heard his name, But he didn't know if he was imagining things or not. But then he heard it again. It woke up his senses.

MONTY

... Mom?

His Monty mind set had returned and he started to run out through the neighborhood once more, searching for the source of the voice.

MONTY

Mom!!

JENNIFER

Monty!!

MONTY

Mom!!

Cuts from Monty over to Jennifer's location. She was jogging around, calling his name out.

When she took a break to catch her breath. She heard a voice reply to her.

It was the voice of a young boy.

MONTY

Mom!!

JENNIFER

... what are the odds?

After disbelieving the idea that the voice was Monty. She continued on her way down the sidewalk.

She then heard the voice again.

She tried to listen. Then out of sheer hope, she responded

back.

JENNIFER

Monty!!

All of sudden he came around the corner, looking from left to right for her. Jennifer couldn't believe her eyes when she finally saw him.

JENNIFER

Monty??

MONTY

Mom!!

JENNIFER

Monty!!

They ran for each other and embraced. They were so relieved to have found each other.

MONTY

I missed you so much, Mom!

JENNIFER

Monty! You're talking!

MONTY

Mom, I'm so sorry about everything the past 5 years. Please don't send me away, I promise i'll do better in school I'll always answer you and dad I'll never cause problems again! I'll make up for everything. Just let me come home!

JENNIFER

Monty... I-I Don't know what to say I haven't heard your sweet voice in 5 years...

She kissed him on the forehead.

JENNIFER

Well that was really the only problem. If you're talking, that basically buries the hatchet... we were just worried about your health, honey... Granted, I would not have ever let your father make a decision like that but... We were

(MORE)



JENNIFER (CONT'D)

just worried about your health. Do you mind telling me what happened? Can you tell me why all of this happened?

MONTY

I really can't believe it did... I was scared.. I needed to go take a walk and think about things and... I really didn't want my life to change just because of something I did... I'm tired of being the center of all the problems.

Cuts back to a quick glimpse of when Braden was crying after being scared by him.

JENNIFER

You were never the center of any problems. You were my life, and if things didn't change I would have truly accepted that, cause I love you... you don't have to tell me if you don't want to but... Why did it happen?

MONTY

I don't know... I guess I just needed to work something out.

As Monty looked up at his mother, she looked down on him and smiled at him with acceptance.

JENNIFER

Does it ever really have to be more complicated than that? ... Oh, I'm just glad you're okay... I went to look for you, and I hoped I would find you... But I didn't think I would find you whole again... It's great to have you back... I love you so much, Monty...

MONTY

I love you too, Mom

They stayed where they were and hugged for a moment. Cuts to a faraway shot of the two.

Then Cross-dissolves to them walking up to their car in the parking-lot, just outside the neighborhood.

Monty climbed into the passenger seat. Cuts to the interior of the car as Jennifer walked around the other side.

We see a front on angle of Monty looking out the windshield, straight down the street that lead to the somber neighborhood.

MONTY (V.O)

I am... And will always be Glenn Davidson... But... I will always be Monty Harris aswell... I will live my life... And do it right this time.

Jennifer backed out of the parking space and then pulled up to the exit. After checking both sides of the road, they pulled out of the parking-lot and went on home.

As they were driving, Monty had a smile of relief on his face. He looked out his passenger window for the first time in 5 years with an honest smile on his face.

As they kept driving, there were three young adolescent males walking down the street, one of them dribbling a basket ball. Monty caught a glimpse of him as they passed with the car.

Afterwards, he looked back in their direction and noticed that group was heading towards the neighborhood.

He then turned forward in his seat.

FADE OUT.

THE END.



