

FADE IN:

EXT. STREET CORNER - DAY

Summer. Low-rent neighborhood.

A group of four black men linger near a decrepit house. One of them is MAURICE SYKES, late 20's.

A run down car pulls up across the street. The driver is CHAVALLE WILSON, mid 20's, wearing hospital scrubs.

She lifts her son, MICHAEL, a toddler, out of his carseat and approaches.

They see her coming.

BUDDY #1

Uh oh.

BUDDY #2

You're in for it now.

MAURICE

Ahh shit! Not this shit again.

Chavalle tromps up holding Michael by the hand.

Maurice takes a stab at parenting.

MAURICE

There's trouble with a capital 'T'! How you doing little man?

Michael hides behind Chavalle's leg.

CHAVALLE

You owe me a thousand dollars Maurice.

MAURICE

I told you last time, you get it when I have it.

CHAVALLE

No no no no! You're two months behind right now.

MAURICE

Hey, what can I say? Business is down. It's that economy.

The other guys whoop and laugh.

CHAVALLE

Give me the money, Maurice. Or M-Dog or whatever you call yourself this week.

MAURICE

You have a job. What do you need my money for?

CHAVALLE

Because I don't make shit. And you do. They're going to evict me if I don't pay the rent today.

MAURICE

I know where you can make a lot more.

CHAVALLE

Oh, that's great Maurice. Is that what you want? Your son growing up like you? Two criminals for parents. What'll that make him?

MAURICE

It'll make him like me. A man. Not a mama's boy.

BUDDY #1

That's right.

BUDDY #2

Tell her, Mo!

MAURICE

Why does it always have to be like this with you? All I ever get from you anymore is 'money money money.' Why does it always have to be a fight?

CHAVALLE

Stop.

MAURICE

Can't you remember how it used to be? I can.

CHAVALLE

That's over.

MAURICE

Come here.

He spreads his arms wide. Beckons her.

MAURICE

Come here. I can make it all go
away for you.

Chavalle hesitates. Smiles. Goes to him.

Maurice PUNCHES her in the face. Knocks her down.

The guys really whoop it up.

MICHAEL

Mama!

MAURICE

You don't get to come down here
and disrespect me. If I want to
help raise my son, I'll decide
when and where and how! Not you!

Chavalle is dazed, bleeding from her mouth. Hauls
herself to her feet.

A cop car cruises through the intersection behind them.

But Chavalle doesn't see it.

She charges Maurice. She fights like a cat, a tigress.
Maurice fends her off easily at first, but her flailing
leaves deep scratches across his face. His sunglasses go
flying.

The cops notice the melee. Hit the lights, speed around.

The buddies scatter leaving Chavalle and Maurice
grappling on the ground.

The cops pile out. Radio traffic crackles.

The cops pull Chavalle off Maurice. She is feral,
enraged.

The cop holds Chavalle. She swings her arms madly.

Her elbow hits him in the face.

COP #1

Hey! God damn it!

He pushes her violently to the ground.

The other cop is on Maurice.

MAURICE

She attacked me! That bitch is
crazy.

The other cop notices a plastic baggie full of drugs on the ground. He picks it up.

MAURICE

That's not mine.

COP #1

(Rubs his chin)

I think I saw her drop it.

Chavalle struggles even harder.

CHAVALLE

My baby--

Michael stands off to the side, crying.

The cops turn. Notice him.

COP #2

(Into his radio)

We need DCFS down here. Minor male child approximately three-years old.

CHAVALLE

No! No! You can't take my boy.
You can't take my boy. I'm sorry.
I'm sorry.

MICHAEL

Mama!

Another cop car rolls up.

EXT. STREET CORNER - LATER

Chavalle and Maurice are handcuffed. They get pushed into squad cars. Maurice gives Chavalle a menacing look.

A woman puts Michael into a car seat in a DCFS minivan.

A tow truck driver attaches a hook to Chavalle's car.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Peaceful suburban house. An elderly asleep.

Credits roll.

The room is neat except for some moving boxes scattered around. The boxes are marked: "MARY'S CLOTHES".

He wakes and immediately reaches for a tattered notebook on the night stand. Scribbles a note we can't see.

When he replaces the book we see it is labeled, "DREAMS".

This is EVAN TOLLERUD, late 50's. A guy playing an extra in his own life's story.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - LATER

Evan rides his racing bike, wearing full Tour De France regalia. Bright jersey, swooped-back helmet, wrap-around amber shades, special pedaling shoes, the works.

His I-pod plays some hokey, folksy 70's music.

He's working up some real speed, and a lot of sweat.

He swings wide to pass a lumbering tractor.

He doesn't see a car coming from the opposite direction. He swerves in front of the tractor just in time.

Powers up a steep incline. Then coasts down the backside.

Speeds by a farm as horses run along the fenceline.

Pedals on and on.

EXT. EVAN'S HOUSE, DRIVEWAY - LATER

Evan coasts to a stop up the driveway and into the garage.

INT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

He hangs the bike on the wall and reaches for another notebook. This one is labeled, "RIDES". He checks his watch and makes an entry. Goes inside.

Credits end.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Showered and changed, he's drinking coffee and reading the newspaper. Scanning. Looking for the obit?

He notices a headline and picture. "TWO ARRESTED ON DRUG CHARGE." The photos are mugshots of Chavalle and Maurice.

He lingers over Chavalle's picture for a moment
Smiles. Shakes his head. Turns the page.

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

Evan grabs arm loads of his wife's clothes from the closet and puts them in the boxes.

He notices a different box buried deep in the closet. It is labeled, "YEARBOOKS".

He drags it into the light. Opens it. Inside is a neat collection of high school yearbooks. He runs a finger over the bindings. The years run from the 1980's to 2007.

He selects one and flips it open. Checks his picture. On the faculty page a caption reads, "EVAN TOLLERUD, ASTRONOMY", and his picture. Numerous inscriptions dot the page.

He flips a few more pages then finds Chavalle's picture. Smiling, happy, so different from the mugshot we've seen.

Her inscription in girlish flair, "DEAR MR. 'T', THANK YOU FOR TEACHING ME HOW TO REACH FOR THE STARS!"

EVAN

What a waste.

EXT. GARAGE - LATER

Evan stacks the boxes of his wife's clothes in the garage. He sees a couple of trays of brightly-colored flowers nearby, waiting to be planted.

He sighs.

EXT. FRONT YARD - LATER

Evan is putting the last of his flowers in a pleasant little bed beneath the front tree.

A Chinese lady approaches him in her walker. This is MRS. LING. Very old, very slow, very thick accent.

MRS. LING

You can't put those flowers there.

EVAN

Mrs. Ling, we've always had flowers here.

MRS. LING

No. That is the wrong flower. We all use marigolds this year. See?

She points down the block. It's a retirement community.

Evan is the only one with pink flowers.

EVAN

I don't think it makes that much difference.

MRS. LING

It makes a huge difference. You can't be the only one with different flowers. Pretty soon the entire neighborhood will be different, different, different. Everybody must be the same.

EVAN

Is anybody really going to notice? I had these already. Mary picked them. I can't just let them...

MRS. LING

No! The association will fine you. Fine you good. Fifty cents for each flower. You should come to the meetings. I go to the meetings all the time. You think it is easy for me to get around?

EVAN

I've been a little busy...my wife.

MRS. LING

My husband died too. But I still plant the right flowers. Meetings are good. They have cookies. Everybody likes cookies.

EVAN

Meetings. Marigolds. Cookies. I got it.

MRS. LING

Yeah, you get it. From the association. When they see what you've done. Fine you good.

Evan looks forlornly at his neatly planted bed.

INT. GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Evan tosses the remains of his flowers in the trash.

The newspaper with Chavalle's picture lays on top.

He dumps the dying flowers on her face.

INT. GOVERNMENT OFFICE - DAY

Grey walls, bureaucrats, and long lines.

Evan is seated on a hard plastic chair clutching a manila folder and a tiny ticket.

BUREAUCRAT

Number twenty-one. Twenty-one?

Evan checks his ticket, stands, walks to the counter.

EVAN

My wife passed on recently, and...

BUREAUCRAT

Oh, I am so sorry to hear that.

She pats his hand.

EVAN

Yes, thank-you. But, I need to get this straightened out I think...

EXT. GOVERNMENT OFFICE - LATER

Evan steps outside and sees the County Courthouse across the street.

As he watches, a Sheriff's Department bus pulls up to let out a load of prisoners.

They file out in orange jumpsuits, manacled at the wrist and ankle. Armed guards keep a close watch.

Evan notices that Chavalle is one of the prisoners.

He watches her shuffle out of sight.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Evan glides up to the school entrance on his racing bike with all of his racing gear.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS

He bounds through the door, and runs down a deserted hallway.

He finds his classroom and enters.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS

The students are all in their seats, silent, looking ahead.

EVAN

Sorry I'm late. I have the results of the quarterly exams here.

He picks up a stack of papers from the desk in front.

EVAN

There were some bright stars and some super novas I'm afraid.

He lays the tests in front of students.

One of them is Chavalle Wilson.

EVAN

Good job, Chavalle. That's an 'A'.

He continues passing out tests.

CHAVALLE

I thought you said it was an 'A'.

Chavalle holds up her paper. It has a 'B' on it.

EVAN

Let me see that. No, that should definitely be an 'A'. I'll change it.

He pulls out a pen and scribbles. He's only made the 'B' darker.

CHAVALLE

But it's supposed to be an 'A'.
You said it was an 'A'!

EVAN

Did I do it again? Here give it
to me.

All the other students have disappeared. It's just Evan
and an increasingly hysterical Chavalle.

CHAVALLE

I did the work, I studied very
hard. You said I got an 'A'. All
I want is the right grade!

EVAN

I'm trying to change it. I'm
changing it right now.

But no matter what he tries he can only make shape of a
'B'.

Chains rattling. Evan looks up to see a bleeding,
monstrous, Chavalle reaching for him in her orange
jumpsuit and manacles.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Evan wakes. Shaking, breathing hard. Reaches across the
bed. No Mary.

Reaches for his 'Dreams' notebook. Scribbles a note.
Tries to calm himself.

INT. JAILHOUSE VISITOR CHECK-IN AREA - DAY

Guards, guns, and bureaucrats behind thick glass.

A long list of rules for visitors is bolted to a concrete
wall. "NO GUNS, NO WEAPONS, YOU WILL BE ARRESTED," etc.

Next to that another sign, "I WAS IN PRISON AND YOU
VISITED ME, MATTHEW 25:36" Underneath that in graffiti
scrawl, "FUCK YOU."

Evan nervously navigates the unfamiliar terrain.

He is in line at the first window.

JAIL CLERK

Next!

Evan steps up.

EVAN
Yes, I'd like to visit an inmate.
Her name is...

JAIL CLERK
Inspection card.

EVAN
I'm sorry. What?

JAIL CLERK
You a lawyer?

EVAN
No, I'm a, ahh, I'm a teacher, I
guess.

JAIL CLERK
Inspection card.

EVAN
I don't have a... What does that
mean?

JAIL CLERK
Other window. Next!

Evan steps away. Scans the room. There is a long line
across the room. He queues up.

INT. JAILHOUSE VISITOR CHECK-IN AREA - LATER

Guards are searching Evan.

GUARD #1
Empty your pockets.

While Evan complies, the guard runs a metal detector over
him. Evan tries to hold still, freezes.

GUARD #1
Empty your pockets.

Evan complies. The guard looks through the contents of
Evan's pockets.

GUARD #2
You a lawyer?

EVAN
No, I'm a teach...

Guard #1 roughly grabs him from behind, starts to pat him down with no preamble.

Evan is surprised, shaken.

GUARD #1

Nothing.

Guard #2 hands him a card.

GUARD #2

Take this to the other window.
Next!

INT. VISITING AREA - MOMENTS LATER

Thick glass partition, plastic chairs, two-way phones.

A guard directs Evan to one of the chairs.

A door opens on the other side and Chavalle enters.

She has tried to make herself presentable but she's still a wreck. She picks up the phone.

CHAVALLE

Where's Michael?

EVAN

I don't know. I...

CHAVALLE

Didn't you bring him? He was supposed to visit today.

EVAN

No, I didn't bring anybody. I just wanted to talk.

CHAVALLE

You can't do this. I need to see Michael. I haven't been allowed to. Is he in the other room?

EVAN

I'm sorry. I, ah. Maybe I shouldn't have come today. I'm sorry.

He pushes his chair back to leave.

CHAVALLE

Where is Michael? Where is my son!

She beats on the glass!

Evan puts the phone down.

CHAVALLE

You were supposed to bring him. I had a visit today!

GUARD

Calm yourself prisoner.

CHAVALLE

He didn't bring him! What did I do? I didn't do anything!

She stands and continues beating the glass.

GUARD

Sit down prisoner!

He unholsters a taser gun.

Evan backs away.

EVAN

It's my fault. I...

CHAVALLE

I didn't do anything. You can't keep my boy away from me!

She's out of control, wailing.

The guard steps up with the taser.

EVAN

No!

The guard tases Chavalle.

She falls in a heap.

Evan backs away terrified.

Whispered murmurs from the guards, visitors, and inmates.

"What happened? What did he do?"

The guards drag her out.

CHAVALLE

Michael...

INT. JAILHOUSE VISITOR CHECK-IN AREA - CONTINUOUS

Evan bursts through the door, shaken, sweating.

He sees Michael and a woman sitting in the chairs waiting to go in.

He's mortified as the full impact of his mistake hits him. He rushes out.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Evan is cycling in all of his gear.

More 70's ballads in the earbuds.

He comes to a stop sign. Thinks. Decides. Turns left.

EXT. VILLAGE STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Evan cruises the main-drag of a quaint small town.

He pulls up outside of a store-front lawyer's office. He dismounts, enters.

INT. LAW OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Evan is talking with SHEILA TETZLAFF, a lawyer, mid 50's.

He paces around. Agitated.

SHEILA

The good news is, based on what you've told me, is you're not in any trouble.

EVAN

It was awful. I mean, you can't imagine it.

SHEILA

Your heart was in the right place. What with Mary and all, it's perfectly understandable.

EVAN

I liked her. She was a good kid. From what I remember. You know?

(MORE)

EVAN (CONT'D)

And I thought, okay, I'll just go down there and give her a little, 'hi, howya doin,' pep talk and.... So stupid.

SHEILA

Some people might call it noble.

EVAN

C'mon. You know what really pisses me off? If I was being totally honest with myself? I was just curious. Wanted to see what it was like. Wanted to see if maybe she'd remember me. See if anything I did made any difference. She was stuck and I took advantage.

SHEILA

It's alright.

EVAN

I can't just leave it like this.

SHEILA

I'm going to give you some advice as an attorney and as your friend. Stay away. It's not a world you understand or belong in.

EVAN

There's got to be something I can do.

SHEILA

Yes. There is. You can take care of yourself for now. You've suffered a terrible loss. You don't need to go getting yourself mixed up in this girl's problems right now.

EVAN

That would have been good advice before I fouled up everything.

SHEILA

Look, if you're feeling guilty, or responsible...throw a few dollars on her house account.

EVAN

What's that?

SHEILA

At County, they have a commissary where inmates can buy things they need. Shampoo, candy bars, phone cards. But they don't use money, they have accounts. Throw a few bucks out there and forget it.

EVAN

Yeah. Yeah, alright.

SHEILA

You can do it online.

INT. JAIL LOBBY - THE NEXT DAY

Evan leans into a cashier's window.

EVAN

Yes, Chavalle Wilson.

Cashier clicks away on a keyboard.

CASHIER

And how much?

EVAN

What's a good amount?

CASHIER

S'all good.

EVAN

Well, how much do most people leave?

CASHIER

Depends on the person. Some folks just five or ten dollars. Sometimes a thousand.

EVAN

Let's say fifty. No, no make it a hundred.

CASHIER

Name?

EVAN

Toll--I was told I could do it anonymously.

CASHIER

Why would you do that? Seems to me if somebody gave me a hundred dollars I'd want to know who it was from.

He thinks.

EVAN

Evan Tollerud.

CASHIER

Fill this out.

She slides him a form.

INT. EVAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Evan is cruising the internet looking at cycling websites.

The phone rings. He peeks at the caller ID. Nods.

He reaches into a drawer near the phone and pulls out yet another notebook. This one is labeled, "TELEMARKETERS".

He picks up the phone.

EVAN

Hello?

He looks surprised.

EVAN

Yes, I'll accept.

He steels himself.

CHAVALLE

Mr. 'T'?

EVAN

Yes, yes, Chavalle. This is Mr. 'T'. I can't believe you're calling me.

INT. JAILHOUSE CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Chavalle is on a jailhouse pay phone. Bored and impatient inmates wait behind her.

CHAVALLE

I know it must be a surprise.

EVAN

Chavalle, I just wanted to tell you how sorry I was about the other day. I've been sick about it. Absolutely sick.

CHAVALLE

That's okay. It was just that I thought you were with DCFS. And, I haven't really been myself since...

EVAN

I can't imagine how difficult this must be for you.

CHAVALLE

Yeah, right. It's unpleasant.

EVAN

Did you get the money I left for you?

CHAVALLE

Yes, I did. Thanks. Uh, I've already put some of it to good use.

EVAN

That's good to know.

CHAVALLE

That was why I wanted to call. To thank you.

EVAN

You're welcome. You're totally welcome. I hope it helps with your...your situation.

CHAVALLE

They don't give us much time on the phone. I was wondering if you could help me with something else.

EVAN

Sure. What, do you need a lawyer? I know a lawyer.

CHAVALLE

No, they gave me a lawyer. She's okay.

EVAN

Okay...

CHAVALLE

I need to get out of here. Can you help me get out of here?

EVAN

Ooh, I...uh.

CHAVALLE

It's twenty-five hundred. Plus some fees.

EVAN

Oh, Chavalle. I don't know.

The phone makes some clicking, beeping, sounds.

CHAVALLE

That's the warning. I'm going to get cut off. I can pay you back. I promise I'll pay you back. I just need to see my...

CLICK. Evan stares at the silent phone.

INT. TRUMAN'S BAILBONDS - THE NEXT DAY

Evan is seated across the desk from a BONDSMAN. Joint looks sort of like a little bank.

The Bondsman slides a piece of paper across the desk to Evan.

BONDSMAN

Now this one is important, and I want you to read it carefully before you sign. Basically, it says that you understand you are financially liable for the entire amount of the bond if Ms. Wilson fails to appear.

EVAN

Twenty-five thousand.

BONDSMAN

Plus the original twenty-five hundred.

Evan sighs, thinks.

INT. JAIL LOBBY - LATER

Evan is waiting. A door opens and a guard escorts Chavalle out carrying a bag of personal belongings and a file of paperwork.

She sees Evan across the room. Goes to him. They stare.

EVAN

Coffee?

CHAVALLE

D.C.F.S.

INT. D.C.F.S. OFFICE - LATER

The Department of Children and Family Services. More harried bureaucrats doing their best to keep good families together and bad ones apart.

Chavalle and Evan are seated across a desk from ROOSELVELT (ROSIE) TITUS, the DCFS investigator. A former linebacker gone to flab.

Rosie thumbs through a file.

ROSIE

Unfortunately, there isn't much I can tell you at this point.

CHAVALLE

Can I see him?

ROSIE

You've already missed two court hearings.

CHAVALLE

I was in jail!

ROSIE

Also not helping your case. Visitation is at the discretion of the courts.

EVAN

But they'll take your advice.

ROSIE

Your criminal case hasn't even been adjudicated yet. So until then we're sort of in limbo.

CHAVALLE

I don't want to visit him. I want to bring him home.

ROSIE

I'm sure you do. But...

His phone rings. He picks it up.

ROSIE

This is Rosie.

(switches to Spanish)

Hey, Alex. Yeah, I got it.

Listen man, let me call you back, I have a client in front of me right now.

Hangs up.

ROSIE

Okay, sorry about that. We'd all like to see kids back where they belong, but you have a drug arrest and an assault charge pending. Assault on a police officer, I might add. We're required by law to examine the best interests of the child.

CHAVALLE

But I didn't do any of that.

ROSIE

The department has found sufficient evidence to remove the child from his custodial home and place him in a safe environment.

CHAVALLE

Without ever asking me a single question?

EVAN

What would the next steps be then?

ROSIE

I'll be honest with you. It's not easy...or cheap. First and foremost is the assault charge. There is no way the department can return the child--

CHAVALLE

His name is Michael. He has a name.

ROSIE

We can't return Michael to you when you're facing an extended prison term. Then there's the drugs. Even if you're found not guilty, you'd still be required to complete a series of drug tests, parenting classes, home inspections, and psych evals. You'd have to have proof of continuous employment.

CHAVALLE

I have a job. At the hospital.

ROSIE

Not with a drug arrest.

EVAN

How would they find out about that?

ROSIE

We're required to tell them. Look, I'm your friend here.

CHAVALLE

Psssh.

ROSIE

If there was more 'family structure' here, maybe we could do something. A mom, or a sister?

CHAVALLE

It's just me.

ROSIE

I can see you're serious. Get your legal problems sorted out and then we'll work on getting Michael back to you. And if it doesn't work out, then at least you know he's safe.

Chavalle glares at him. Off her look.

EVAN

A 'friend' would never say that.

EXT. CHAVALLE'S APARTMENT - LATER

Evan and Chavalle pull up to the curb. Several workmen are lugging the contents of Chavalle's apartment to the front lawn.

Neighbors rummage through it all.

Chavalle is yelling before she even exits the car.

CHAVALLE

Hey! That's my stuff.

(to a rummager)

Hey, get away from there!

(to a workman)

What are you doing? You can't do this.

WORKMAN

Got an eviction order.

Chavalle starts scooping clothes back into a garbage bag that's been ripped open. She wipes away tears, steels herself. Evan leans in to help.

A bunch of kids jeer from a short distance away. "Ooh, you shoulda paid the rent!" "Hope nobody steals your stuff, heh heh," "Nice bra," etc.

Evan picks up a bag and places it in the trunk.

CHAVALLE

What are you doing?

EVAN

Taking you home.

CHAVALLE

No you're not.

Evan freezes.

EVAN

Someplace else then?

CHAVALLE

Look, you've been real nice. You get a gold star, okay? But this isn't any of your business. This is my business. I can take care of myself. Done it all my life. What is it you're looking for anyway?

(MORE)

CHAVALLE (CONT'D)

Want me to move in with you? Be
your house niggah? That it?

EVAN

To be honest, I don't know what
I'm doing. Or why I'm here. But
I am. And I know that driving off
out of here wouldn't be right.
Wouldn't even be human. So get in
the car.

Chavalle stands. She notices a muddied photo album on
the ground. It says, "MICHAEL'S FIRST YEAR".

Chavalle clutches the album and gets in Evan's car.

EXT. EVAN'S HOUSE, DRIVEWAY - LATER

Evan and Chavalle pull up and start unloading some
plastic bags from the car.

Mrs. Ling takes in the sight from across the street.

Evan notices. Smiles, waves.

Mrs. Ling scowls. She doesn't like this...one...bit.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Evan, wearing an apron, stands at the counter tossing a
salad. A glass of wine nearby.

Chavalle, showered and changed, thumbs through his record
collection.

CHAVALLE

Don't go to any trouble on my
account.

EVAN

No trouble. Just dinner.

He checks the oven. Clearly he's going to some trouble.

CHAVALLE

I didn't recognize you. When you
came to see me? Some people you
just associate with one place, I
guess. I did later though.

EVAN

Wow, I can't tell you how sorry I
am...

Chavalle leans on the counter. Watches him.

CHAVALLE

I have an idea. Why don't we just get all the thanking and apologizing out of the way before dinner. I really appreciate everything you're doing for me. Now you.

EVAN

Okay, I'm sorry they...

CHAVALLE

Tased me.

EVAN

Tased you.

In spite of himself, he starts giggling.

CHAVALLE

It's not funny.

She giggles too.

EVAN

You're right, it's not funny.

CHAVALLE

Hurt like hell.

Evan really starts laughing. Chavalle laughs too. It's the first time we've seen her anything but miserable.

INT. DINING ROOM - LATER

Over the remnants of dinner Evan and Chavalle go over assorted court documents and pamphlets. Evan's favorite bad 70's music plays in the background.

EVAN

What we need is a plan.

He pushes back from the table, exits to the kitchen briefly, and returns holding a new notebook.

With a flourish he labels it, "CHAVALLE". Shows her.

EVAN

How about this?

CHAVALLE

Okay?

Evan thinks and writes on the cover again. Holds it up.
Now it reads "CHAVALLE & MICHAEL."

CHAVALLE

Better.

Evan opens the notebook and starts writing.

EVAN

Okay, what worries me is your
lawyer trying to expedite the case
by having you plead guilty to
something DCFS won't allow. Like
assault or something.

Evan looks out the window and notices some neighbors
walking by and looking and pointing in his house.

He draws the curtains on them.

EVAN

It might make the case go away,
but I think it makes it harder to
get Michael back, because it would
still be a conviction.

CHAVALLE

Preach on Clarence Thomas.

EVAN

Twenty-five years as a teacher and
you learn a thing or two about
bureaucrats. Saying 'yes' only
leads to trouble. So they're
favorite word is 'no'.

CHAVALLE

I've been hearing that a lot
lately.

EVAN

First thing in the morning I want
to get on the phone to your lawyer
and find out what her strategy is.
Make sure we're on the same page.

INT. EVAN'S HOUSE - THE NEXT DAY

Chavalle looks around the house for Evan, but can't find
him.

Peeks in his bedroom. Bed made, no Evan.

Walks down the hallways on the main floor, looking around.

Peeks into the garage. No Evan.

She notices Evan's car keys on the counter.

Thinks. Grabs the keys, dashes out.

INT. EVAN'S HOUSE, GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Chavalle is starting Evan's car.

It roars to life. She hits the button for the garage door to lift.

It rises to reveal Evan straddling his bike on the driveway.

EVAN

Going out?

CHAVALLE

I know where I can get some money.

EVAN

We need groceries. Mind if I come with you?

Evan starts to get into the passenger seat.

CHAVALLE

You want me to drive?

EVAN

Yeah.

CHAVALLE

Why don't you drive? It's your car.

EVAN

I don't know where we're going.

Chavalle nods at his funky attire.

CHAVALLE

You going like that?

INT. EVAN'S CAR - LATER

Evan is showered and changed, riding along. Chavalle drives.

Evan's favorite 70's tunes play on the radio.

CHAVALLE

You really like this old-style music don't you?

EVAN

I guess. It's what I grew up with. You want to change it?

CHAVALLE

It's your car.

EVAN

What do you want?

He starts fiddling with the dial.

EVAN

News? Country?

CHAVALLE

God, no.

EVAN

Hmm, how about Rap?

CHAVALLE

Rap's okay.

EVAN

What station is that?

CHAVALLE

I'm not going to make you listen to Rap.

EVAN

What? If you like it, let's put it on. You can teach me for a change.

CHAVALLE

Teach you about Rap? I don't think so.

EVAN

I'm too stupid to learn about it?

CHAVALLE

Too white maybe.

EVAN

White people can't like Rap?

CHAVALLE

It's pretty rare to find sixty
year-old white guys listening to
Rap.

EVAN

Then I'll be unique. Plus I'm
only fifty-nine.

CHAVALLE

Keep telling yourself that.

INT. EVAN'S CAR - LATER

The car is in the hospital parking lot. Evan is waiting
for Chavalle to return. He taps his fingers to a Rap
song on the radio.

Chavalle returns and waves a small envelope at Evan.

CHAVALLE

Last check.

INT. CREDIT UNION - LATER

They enter a small employee bank. Chavalle walks to a
teller window, Evan in tow.

CHAVALLE

I'd like to cash this please.

TELLER

Do you have an account?

CHAVALLE

Yes, but I need to get all the
money out of it today.

TELLER

Okay.

She taps a keyboard.

TELLER

It looks like this account has a
zero balance.

CHAVALLE

You're sure there isn't seventy-
five or eighty bucks in there?

TELLER

No it's zero. In fact it's a little less.

CHAVALLE

Less than zero?

TELLER

What with the fees and all.

CHAVALLE

What about the savings account. How much is in there?

More tapping.

TELLER

Four-hundred and three dollars. And three cents.

CHAVALLE

Can I just have that then?

TELLER

I'd have to take the fees you owe on the checking account from the savings first.

Chavalle is getting mad. Sighs, rolls her eyes.

EVAN

Is there a manager we could talk to possibly?

EXT. CREDIT UNION - LATER

Chavalle and Evan exit and walk toward the car.

Chavalle is happily counting money.

CHAVALLE

How did you do that? That was like a magic trick.

EVAN

I'm very charming.

Chavalle hands Evan all the money.

CHAVALLE

I guess this is for you.

EVAN

No, that's okay. You need some money.

CHAVALLE

There's nothing okay about it. I need to start paying you back. So take this.

EVAN

What were you saving for?

CHAVALLE

None of your business.

EVAN

Okay.

CHAVALLE

It's stupid.

EVAN

I'm not prying. Forget it.

CHAVALLE

College. For Michael. He's smart.

EVAN

I see where he gets it. I tell you what. I'll hold this. For him. We can worry about our business when everything is not so up in the air.

INT. GROCERY STORE - LATER

Evan and Chavalle are pushing a cart down the aisle. Evan is holding another notebook. This one is titled, "PRICES".

Evan holds up a can of peas. Checks his notebook.

EVAN

Look at this. Seventy-five cents. Last time it was sixty-nine cents. Almost a ten-percent increase.

CHAVALLE

Fascinating. Weirdo.

EVAN

What's weird about paying attention to prices?

CHAVALLE

Nothing. Everybody does. What's weird is actually writing it down, and keeping track of it. What good does it do? You writing a book?

EVAN

Maybe I like staying informed.

CHAVALLE

You're paying attention to the wrong things.

INT. GROCERY STORE - MOMENTS LATER

They're in the meat section. Evan is loading the cart with a bunch of steaks and roasts.

CHAVALLE

Your wife let you eat that much red meat?

EVAN

No.

CHAVALLE

Well, I don't either. Here, take the fish.

She hands him a different pack.

EXT. EVAN'S HOUSE, PATIO - NIGHT

Cozy (romantic?) fenced-in patio. Chavalle is clearing the remnants of dinner.

Evan is looking through a telescope at the night sky.

CHAVALLE

What do you see?

EVAN

Why don't you tell me?

CHAVALLE

This a test?

EVAN

C'mon.

Chavalle bends to the eye-piece.

Evan controls the view from his laptop. It's a pretty fancy unit.

Chavalle's P.O.V.: A brilliant star field.

CHAVALLE

Ursa Minor.

EVAN

Good.

He taps the keyboard.

EVAN

How about this one?

Chavalle's P.O.V.: A line of three stars.

CHAVALLE

Orion's belt.

EVAN

That was an easy one. Watch the one on the left.

Chavalle's P.O.V. The image changes into a brilliant nebula formation.

CHAVALLE

Oh, wow! That's beautiful.

EVAN

Remember the name?

Chavalle thinks, stares at him.

CHAVALLE

All night Amtrak.

EVAN

Huh?

CHAVALLE

Alnitak.

EVAN

(visibly impressed)
That's right. A hundred-thousand times brighter than the sun.

CHAVALLE

Me or the star?

EVAN

You never pursued it?

CHAVALLE

Pursue what? Are there a lot of astronomy jobs for people who didn't go to college? Want to know something?

EVAN

Let me guess. You thought it was astrology.

CHAVALLE

How'd you know?

EVAN

Everybody thought that. Every year on the first day of class half the kids would be waiting to hear their horoscope.

CHAVALLE

But you didn't correct them.

EVAN

Why bother? I'm trying to keep my job. That's why it was such a popular class. Plus, astrology, mythology, astronomy. They're all just different ways of describing the same thing.

CHAVALLE

Put it on Cassiopeia. That's my favorite.

Evan taps out the coordinates.

CHAVALLE

If Michael was a girl, I was going to name him Cassie.

INT. PLANETARIUM - DAY

Typical. Basically, an astrology museum. Its centerpiece is a domed theater where a light projector recreates the night sky for visitors.

A group is filing out after the show. Evan and Chavalle enter.

Evan approaches a man at the control console. This is HUNTER VOGEL, late 40's, the director of the facility.

Hunter sees them enter.

HUNTER
Is that Dr. Tollerud?

CHAVALLE
(aside to Evan)
Doctor?

EVAN
Hunt! Good to see you. Good crowd.

Evan and Hunter shake hands.

HUNTER
We've been busy, thank God. A lot of groups.

EVAN
Hunt, I'd like you to meet Chavalle Wilson.

HUNTER
Enchanté mademoiselle.

He bends to gallantly take Chavalle's hand.

CHAVALLE
Okay...

EVAN
French? Still?

HUNTER
Don't count me out. I'm going to get back there, I swear to God.

EVAN
Good. You can cheer for me when I ride the Tour.

HUNTER
Still on that bike? You're going to kill yourself. Look great though. Lucky you. Look at this.

He distends his well-fed gut.

HUNTER
Big mistake. I took a French cooking class too. So, Miss Wilson, Evan tells me you're an astronomy major.

Chavalle shoots Evan a quizzical look.

EVAN

She really knows her stuff, Hunt.

HUNTER

Good. We have a staff opening here. Mrs. Wirtz is retiring at the end of the month.

EVAN

Finally.

HUNTER

Yeah, right?

(to Chavalle)

We have a lot of school groups come through here. And Mrs. Wirtz wasn't exactly popular with the kids. She had a thing about gum.

CHAVALLE

I think I remember her.

HUNTER

Well, anyway. I was hoping to find somebody who the kids could relate to a little better. Especially the little kids. How do you feel about gum?

CHAVALLE

Doesn't bother me. How much?

HUNTER

Alright! We're already in advanced negotiations. Um, why don't we get a coffee and talk about it.

EVAN

You two go ahead. I'll be in here.

He starts examining the star projector machine.

Chavalle gives Evan a pleading look. He shoos her away.

INT. EVAN'S CAR - LATER

Evan and Chavalle are pulling away from the planetarium.

CHAVALLE

Fifteen dollars an hour! I can't believe it. Fifteen! Eighteen when I finish training.

(MORE)

CHAVALLE (CONT'D)

I didn't hear anything he said after that. In my head I was at the store. And I was buying name-brand stuff.

EVAN

Good. You'll be great.

CHAVALLE

I can't do it.

EVAN

What do you mean? Why not?

CHAVALLE

I'm no astronomy major. I don't know anything about this stuff. I took one class...in high school.

EVAN

So what? You're talking to little kids. They're not going to ask you anything you don't know. And if they do...text me.

CHAVALLE

Oooh, I can get a cell phone. An I-phone. But what if you're out riding, Lance? Dr. Lance.

EVAN

It's no big deal. I did most of it online.

Chavalle starts sobbing.

EVAN

Hey, what's wrong?

CHAVALLE

None of this is going to make any difference. I hit that cop. And they're going to put me in jail. I did it. Why'd I do it?

Evan rubs her shoulder while driving.

Chavalle angrily shakes it off.

CHAVALLE

No! You did this to me. Why are you doing any of this? You're making everything worse. All you did is give me more to lose.

Evan thinks for a long time.

EVAN
Let's go see that lawyer.

INT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

Close-up on a stern-looking Judge.

JUDGE
Given your previous arrest record,
and your conduct while
incarcerated I have no choice but
to sentence you to a year and day
at a location to be determined by
the department of corrections. My
sincerest hope is that you use
this time to evaluate your life
and take the necessary steps that
will lead to a productive future.
Next case.

Gavel smashes down.

Pull back to reveal he was speaking to Maurice Sykes.

Guards lead him out.

INT. EVAN'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Evan has fallen asleep with the light on. His "Chavalle & Michael" notebook lays nearby.

INT. EVAN'S HOUSE, BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Chavalle steps out of the shower. Towels her hair.
Regards herself momentarily. Sips a glass of wine.
Starts applying make-up.

INT. EVAN'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - LATER

Evan stirs as the door opens.

Chavalle stands in the doorway. She is no bikini-model
but here she is resplendent. Hair and make-up just so,
and wearing a sexy nightie.

EVAN
Is everything okay?

CHAVALLE
Shhh. Don't say anything.

She slides under the covers.

She snuggles close and nuzzles his neck.

Evan is surprised, speechless.

Her hand gropes under the covers.

Evan gasps.

CHAVALLE

Shhh.

Her head disappears below the covers.

EVAN

Okay, okay. Wait. Honey.

Chavalle pauses, her head hovering over him. Looks at him.

Evan steels himself.

EVAN

I'm gay?

CHAVALLE

What?

No response.

CHAVALLE

What! I get it. I guess I'm supposed to thank you or something.

She slaps him across the face.

CHAVALLE

God damn it!

EVAN

I...hey!

She leaps from the bed.

CHAVALLE

You're a real fucking piece of work, you know that? All I'm doing is, I'm thinking 'what can I do to make him happy?' But you don't like my idea, do you?

EVAN

It's not like I can help it.

CHAVALLE

Shit. You were married for what was it? A hundred years? Now you're gay? Uh uh.

EVAN

I'm not making this up. You think I'd make this up? For what? To blow you off? There'd be a lot easier ways to blow you off than this.

CHAVALLE

You should have picked one.

EVAN

Fine. What do you want to hear? I'm too tired? Too old? It's too late? Pick one. I been using them for years.

She makes for the door. Ready to storm out. Drops her shoulders. Comes back. Sits on the bed.

CHAVALLE

Sorry.

EVAN

You didn't have to hit me.

CHAVALLE

So how'd it work. You have a little something-something on the side?

EVAN

Pssh.

CHAVALLE

Was it that English teacher? Everybody thought he was gay.

EVAN

Never did anything.

CHAVALLE

Nothing? Ever?

Evan shakes his head.

CHAVALLE

And what about in here?

EVAN

Not much more.

CHAVALLE

So wait a minute. You're sitting here torturing your wife because you won't have sex with her...and you're torturing yourself by not having sex with anybody else? Aww, that's a great life.

EVAN

See?

CHAVALLE

Wouldn't it be easier to...call it a day?

EVAN

No. It's not easier. I liked her. I loved her. And she loved me. We had a great life together. Travelled.

CHAVALLE

With no kids, and no sex. I would have thrown your ass out in the first year.

EVAN

She should have. Maybe I wish she had.

INT. PRISON CELL - NIGHT

Typical, two bunks.

Maurice Sykes and his cell-mate, YANCY RULE, 40's, are having a knife fight.

Yancy is stabbing the air in front of Maurice. Maurice dodges from side to side, desperately looking for any advantage.

Yancy charges, gets Maurice in a collar hold. Brings the knife to his throat.

The two men start laughing.

YANCY

So, that's how it happened. Just like that. Took him out, yeah.

MAURICE

Would never get me like that. I'd kill you first.

YANCY

Just did.

More laughing.

YANCY

Say, you look at that book yet?

MAURICE

I looked at it, but--

YANCY

Got to do more than look. That's the truth right there. Find out why you're in here for real.

MAURICE

I know why I'm here.

YANCY

You only know why you think you're in here. 'There are none so blind as those that refuse to see'. Does reading give you trouble?

MAURICE

Fuck you.

YANCY

Okay. Listen, here's the truth. You're in here because you were always meant to be in here. From the day you were born. The entire system was set up by white men, to keep you and me,--

He counts on his fingers.

YANCY

On drugs, in jail, and out of the voting booth.

MAURICE

In case you haven't noticed, the President is black.

YANCY

Barack Obama might as well be President on the moon, man! It don't change nothing here. Read it. Get the truth. And when you're done...read it again.

A guard yells out.

GUARD (O.S.)
Lights out! Bay one!

The lights go out.

INT. EVAN'S HOUSE, DINING ROOM - NIGHT

General revelry at a intimate gathering including: Evan, Chavalle, Hunter, and Sheila the lawyer.

Evan opens a champagne bottle. POP.

Raises his glass.

EVAN
To misdemeanor resisting arrest!

SHEILA
I'd like to say something if I may.

Others, "Here here. Speech. Etc."

SHEILA
(to Chavalle)
Young lady, I owe you an apology. When Evan first came to me about this I advised him to get away as fast as he could. But he didn't take my advice. And I can see now that my best intentions were totally wrong. So really, I'm sorry to you both.

HUNTER
And no more Mrs. Wirtz!

Laughter, glasses tinkling.

A knock at the door.

Evan crosses to answer the door. It's Rosie Titus, the DCFS Investigator.

EVAN
Mr. Titus!
(calling out)
Chavalle, it's Rosie Titus. Why don't you come on in? We're having a little celebratory feast.

HUNTER
No, I can't stay.

Chavalle comes to the door.

ROSIE

I heard what happened in court today. Congratulations.

CHAVALLE

Thanks. When can I get Michael back?

ROSIE

Your case is under review.

EVAN

Under review? What does that mean?

Sheila appears behind them.

SHEILA

It means they're not sure if they want to give Michael back. What's the hold up?

ROSIE

The foster family...wants to adopt him.

Everybody is stunned by the news.

CHAVALLE

We took too long. They fell in love with him.

ROSIE

I brought you this.

He hands Chavalle a snapshot. It shows Michael wearing a birthday party hat, smiling for the camera.

CHAVALLE

I missed his birthday.

SHEILA

We want to see the petition right away.

ROSIE

I can't let you have it.

SHEILA

We'll see about that. We also want visitation during your review.

ROSIE

The department has agreed to supervised visitation.

SHEILA

Supervised! This young lady has never indicated any harm or threat to that child whatsoever.

CHAVALLE

When? When can I see him? I don't care for how long. Tomorrow?

SHEILA

(to Chavalle)

We just have to agree on a time and a place. It'll be soon, don't worry, honey.

EVAN

Thanks, Rosie.

Rosie nods.

CHAVALLE

Don't thank him! Why would you thank him? He's trying to give away my son.

EVAN

(to Rosie)

Maybe you better go.

CHAVALLE

Yeah, don't you have some other families to break up or something?

INT. EVAN'S HOUSE, FOYER - LATER

Sheila is talking to Evan alone as she prepares to leave.

SHEILA

Call my office in the morning. And for God sakes, talk to her about controlling her temper. If she ever acts like that in front of a judge...

EVAN

I will. It'll be okay.

INT. EVAN'S CAR - NIGHT

It's raining. Evan is parked in his car alone, reading "ANTHOLOGY OF RAP MUSIC."

Chavalle runs through the rain and falls into the passenger seat.

EVAN

Storm just came out of nowhere.

CHAVALLE

A gentleman would have pulled up closer.

EVAN

I was going to. Why didn't you text me?

CHAVALLE

This class is a total waste of time. How to change a diaper? Michael doesn't even wear diapers anymore. How to compare prices of Macaroni and Cheese? I already know how to compare prices--I live with you! The man who writes down everything.

EVAN

Umm, anger management?

CHAVALLE

Next week.

INT. PRISON CHAPEL - DAY

Call to prayers at the prison. Rows of men bow in supplication led by a visiting Imam.

Maurice hovers outside the door.

Yancy notices him.

Gets up. Walks over. Leads him inside.

INT. SUPERVISED VISITATION CENTER - DAY

Looks like a high-security day care center.

Chavalle and Evan arrive and look around. Chavalle carries a large wrapped gift.

INT. INNER OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Chavalle and Evan are seated with a staffer going over some paperwork and rules. Yet more bureaucracy.

COORDINATOR

Thanks for coming early. In situations like these we find it helpful to review the specifics of the court order and also go over the rules. I wish you had checked the website.

CHAVALLE

What?

COORDINATOR

There's a whole page about the gift policy.

CHAVALLE

It's just a fire truck.

COORDINATOR

At any rate, we don't allow wrapped presents because we don't know what's inside. Also, the custodial family would be responsible for taking it home and they might not be equipped for that today. It's all on the website.

CHAVALLE

But I missed his birthday.

EVAN

Why don't we keep it for him.

Coordinator eyes Evan.

COORDINATOR

Are you the attorney?

EVAN

No, I'm ah...just a friend.

COORDINATOR

Non-interested parties are not allowed visitation...ever.

EVAN

Oh.

COORDINATOR

They're not even allowed in
building.

He pushes his chair back.

EVAN

I'll just wait outside.

CHAVALLE

Evan.

EVAN

(whispering)
Look Chavalle. No matter what
they say, just nod and say okay.

COORDINATOR

Whispering is not allowed.

EVAN

Lady, come on!

COORDINATOR

I am required, to report all
behaviors I witness, including
'attitude'. You just walked in
and already broken three rules!

EVAN

Okay, okay, okay. I'm leaving.
Chavalle...be cool.

INT. VISITING CUBICLE - MOMENTS LATER

Chavalle is seated on a tiny kid-sized chair, waiting.

The door opens and the Coordinator leads Michael in.

Chavalle falls to her knees. Hugs him tightly.

Michael is wearing a cast on his forearm.

CHAVALLE

Baby, baby, baby.

MICHAEL

It's okay, Mama.

CHAVALLE

Look at you, my big boy. You're
getting so big.

She looks at the cast.

CHAVALLE

What happened to your arm?

MICHAEL

Don't know. It itches.

CHAVALLE

Did you fall down. Did somebody hurt you?

COORDINATOR

Discussions about the custodial family are not allowed.

CHAVALLE

I'm not asking about the family!
I'm asking about my son.

COORDINATOR

I can say only that Michael was involved in an incident on the playground, and that medical treatment was immediately sought and delivered.

CHAVALLE

Incident? Was nobody watching?
Where? At school?

COORDINATOR

That's all I can say.

CHAVALLE

Does it hurt?

MICHAEL

It's okay.

CHAVALLE

You want me to sign in for you?

The cast already has numerous markings on it. One note reads, "GET WELL SOON. MOM & DAD".

COORDINATOR

Passing notes to the child is not allowed.

Chavalle struggles to stay calm.

CHAVALLE

I got a new job. I been working real hard to get you back. You know that, right?

COORDINATOR

Discussion of custodial arrangements is strictly forbidden. Miss Wilson, I must insist you follow the protocol, or I will be forced to terminate the session!

Michael starts to cry.

CHAVALLE

It's okay, Michael. Mama's here. Your mama's here. Don't worry. We're not going to fight anymore. Hey, you want to play with some toys?

There are numerous toys scattered around. Chavalle pulls out a drum and a toy xylophone.

INT. VISITING CUBICLE - LATER

Michael is pounding on the drum with a stick. Chavalle is pounding on the xylophone with gusto.

The coordinator can barely endure the cacophony.

COORDINATOR

(shouting)

It's almost time.

Chavalle and Michael giggle at each other.

CHAVALLE

Come here Michael.

She reaches to hug him again.

CHAVALLE

It's almost time to go. Listen. I think about you everyday. You're the first thing I think of when I wake up and the last thing I think of when I go to sleep. I never stop thinking about you because I love you more than anything in the world.

MICHAEL

Drumming is fun.

CHAVALLE

Yeah, it is. Be a good boy.

MICHAEL

I have to go?

Chavalle nods, barely holding in tears.

The coordinator leads him out.

EXT. SUPERVISED VISITATION CENTER - MOMENTS LATER

Evan is standing by the car as Chavalle comes out.

EVAN

How'd it go?

CHAVALLE

Well he's got a broken arm! How could he get hurt that bad and they don't even bother to call me, to tell my anything. I fucking hate this shit. It's like I don't even exist.

EVAN

Want to know what I do when I'm feeling bad?

CHAVALLE

What?

EVAN

I blow a huge blunt.

CHAVALLE

Really?

EVAN

No. Just kidding. It's from a book I'm reading.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Evan is cycling again. Behind him Chavalle struggles to keep up on her new bicycle.

CHAVALLE

Hey! Slow down. I'm not used to this.

EVAN

Try a higher gear.

CHAVALLE

That just makes it harder.

Evan sits back to coast for awhile, letting her catch up.

EVAN
We're turning left at the next
corner.

CHAVALLE
But the house is that way!

INT. EVAN'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Chavalle is clicking around on the laptop while Evan
cleans up the dinner mess.

CHAVALLE
Hey, you want to take a
personality test?

EVAN
Alright.

CHAVALLE
Okay, name three words that best
describe you.

EVAN
Cowardly--

CHAVALLE
C'mon.

EVAN
Okay, seriously? Like a job
interview or something?
Intelligent, worldly, and--

CHAVALLE
Horny?

EVAN
God, don't put that.

CHAVALLE
How about loving?

EVAN
That's better than horny, I guess.

CHAVALLE
What are you looking for in an
ideal mate?

EVAN
What kind of test is this?

Evan crosses to look at the screen. It's a website called, "GAY CONNECTIONS".

CHAVALLE

Don't look.

Evan looks.

EVAN

What the hell?

CHAVALLE

Aren't you curious? You need a man.

EVAN

(reading)

What in the world is a 'power bottom'?

CHAVALLE

Don't worry about that. It's great see? You put in what you like and if anybody likes you they can write back. It's totally anonymous.

EVAN

I'm sure they'll be beating down the door.

CHAVALLE

You kidding? You're a catch. Nice shape, nice house. Pension. Writing everything down. Who wouldn't like that?

INT. PLANETARIUM - DAY

We see a brilliant night sky.

Chavalle is addressing a school group.

CHAVALLE (O.S.)

(through speakers)

--So as you look to the night sky, remember that you are looking deep into the past. Not at what the stars are like today, but what they were like thousands, even millions, of years ago.

Hunter stands next to Chavalle at the control console.

The dusky house lights come up.

The group gives Chavalle a big round of applause.

CHAVALLE

(off speakers)

We thank you for visiting the planetarium today. Please check around your seat for any personal belongings, and be sure to stop by the gift shop before you leave.

Hunter gives Chavalle and thumbs-up.

INT. PLANETARIUM - LATER

Chavalle and Hunter stand by the exit doors as the audience files out.

Some kid walks by blowing a bubble. It pops as he passes them. They give each other a knowing smile.

HUNTER

I got something for you.

INT. PLANETARIUM, LOBBY - LATER

Chavalle walks out of Hunter's office with pay envelope in her hand.

She peeks inside. Her eyes go wide.

INT. EVAN'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - EVENING

Chavalle enters with grocery bags and a wrapped present.

CHAVALLE

Evan? I have a surprise for you.

Evan enters. He's angry.

EVAN

I'm glad you're home. We have to talk.

CHAVALLE

What is it? Michael?

EVAN

No. This is not working out. I check this idiotic in-box every day and all I get are...freaks and weirdos.

Chavalle laughs, relieved.

CHAVALLE

Yeah, Evan. It's called dating. You're just going to have to kiss a few frogs like the rest of us gals.

EVAN

This is nothing but frogs.

She looks at his computer on the counter.

CHAVALLE

This your profile? What happened to the picture? There's your problem right there.

EVAN

I took it off. I hate that picture. Some people just put pictures of their...thing.

Suddenly she's very interested.

CHAVALLE

Oooh.

EVAN

It's gross.

CHAVALLE

You need something. Let's take a new one.

She hands him the gift.

CHAVALLE

Happy birthday, Mr. Fifty-nine. Open it.

INT. EVAN'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - LATER

The opened box for an I-Phone sits on the counter amid the torn wrapping.

EXT. EVAN'S HOUSE, DRIVEWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Evan is straddling his bike in front of the house as Chavalle snaps some pics with the new I-Phone.

CHAVALLE

Oh yeah, you're going to be a star now.

EVAN

I'm not so sure about this.

CHAVALLE

Give me a little more of that money maker.

EVAN

What's that?

CHAVALLE

That's booty. Go like this.

She poses for him. Evan sticks out his butt as instructed. Chavalle laughs, clicks away.

EVAN

Like this?

Mrs. Ling toddles out of her front door in her walker.

Chavalle doesn't see her coming.

MRS. LING

(to Chavalle)

You stole my paper.

CHAVALLE

Hmm?

MRS. LING

For three days I get no paper. You stole! You stole my paper.

EVAN

Mrs. Ling, I'm sure there is a reasonable explanation--

MRS. LING

No! Explanation is you stole. I go to board, tell them. You can't live here. Board says only family can stay for long time. You live here three months now.

CHAVALLE

You probably forgot to pay the bill.

MRS. LING

No, I didn't forget. You can't live here. Rules are very straight. Only family. You aren't family. People don't want you here.

Understanding dawns.

CHAVALLE

You old racist bitch!

EVAN

Chavalle!

CHAVALLE

No! She doesn't give a shit about her paper. She just wants to get all Klan on me.

EVAN

She's just old.

CHAVALLE

So what?

(to Mrs. Ling)

Listen lady, I didn't touch your stupid paper.

MRS. LING

You stole. I see you. I--

Mrs. Ling crumples on the sidewalk. BAM. Dead? Dying?

Chavalle reaches out to break her fall, but she lands hard anyway.

CHAVALLE

(to Evan)

Call 911!

Chavalle immediately bends to start C.P.R. Very professional because of her previous hospital experience.

Evan rushes inside.

EXT. EVAN'S HOUSE, DRIVEWAY - LATER

Paramedics are loading Mrs. Ling into an ambulance. She's wearing an oxygen mask. Still alive. Barely. The ambulance tears off siren blaring.

Evan and Chavalle watch from the doorway.

A cop strolls over flipping open a notebook.

COP

You call it in?

EVAN

Yes.

COP

Some of the other neighbors said something about a fight?

Evan looks down the block and notices a assembly of senior neighbors.

EVAN

No. She asked if we'd seen her newspaper.

COP

(to Chavalle)
And did you see her fall?

CHAVALLE

Yes.

COP

Was there a fight?

CHAVALLE

Wasn't a fight, I--

COP

Was there an argument?

EVAN

She asked us if we'd seen her paper. We said, 'no,' then she fell.

COP

A neighbor said he heard you say, 'you racist bitch'. Then looked out to see you standing over the body.

EVAN

Officer, this young lady is a trained medical professional. She performed C.P.R. She probably saved her life.

COP

Or assaulted her in the middle of the street and is trying to cover it up.

Another cop car rolls up, driven by a SERGEANT.

The young cop walks over to meet with him. Starts pointing around, telling him the story.

CHAVALLE

I'm sorry.

EVAN

Don't say anything.

The two cops come back to the front door.

SERGEANT

Can you step out here, please?

Evan and Chavalle creep forward.

SERGEANT

Place your hands on the car, please.

EVAN

Now wait just a minute.

The Sergeant unsnaps his holster. He doesn't raise a weapon but his hand hovers just over the butt.

SERGEANT

Place your hands on the car, please.

Evan and Chavalle comply.

The cops start searching them.

SERGEANT

You have the right to remain silent. Anything you say--

The neighbors get really interested in the drama.

Evan tries to turn around but the Sergeant roughly pushes him back around.

EVAN
 Hey, now just wait! She saved her
 life.

SERGEANT
 Didn't save anybody. She was
 D.O.A.

EXT. EVAN'S HOUSE - LATER

Chavalle and Evan are cuffed sitting in the back of
 separate squads.

Sheila the lawyer rolls up on the scene. She approaches
 Evan.

SHEILA
 Evan, what happened?

EVAN
 Lock up my house.

COP
 Step away from the vehicle!

SHEILA
 I'm his lawyer. Their lawyer.
 Why are you arresting them?

SERGEANT
 Murder. At least manslaughter.

SHEILA
 Dear God. Evan?

EVAN
 (yelling out the
 window)
 Sheila!

Evan tries to get Sheila to pay attention to Chavalle in
 the other car.

She is slumped against the window, distraught.

Sheila walks over.

CHAVALLE
 I did it. It's my fault. Let him
 go. Just let him go!

SHEILA
 Honey, listen to me. We're going
 to get this sorted out.

CHAVALLE

No, I did it. It's my fault.

SHEILA

Chavalle, listen to me. Don't say that. Don't say anything! Do you understand? Nothing.

INT. EVAN'S HOUSE - LATER

Sheila is walking through the house alone, turning off lights and locking doors.

She pauses by Evan's laptop, open on the counter. It still shows the 'Gay Connections' website, and his profile.

Sheila seems surprised, worried. Closes it. Exits.

INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM - LATER

Typical. Evan is sitting at a table, still cuffed.

A detective BALCER enters, carrying some papers. Sits.

BALCER

Okay, Mr...

(checks file)

Tollerud? Is that right? I'm Detective Balcer. You can call me Mike. So, looks like we had ourselves a little situation today, eh?

EVAN

I know who you are. Had you in my class.

Balcer looks at Evan with new eyes.

BALCER

Holy shit! Mr. T? I don't believe it. I didn't even recognize you.

EVAN

Didn't recognize you either. You put on a little weight there Mikey.

BALCER

Yeah.

EVAN

So what happened? You ever marry that volleyball player, or what?

BALCER

Sue? Yeah, as a matter of fact. Eighteen years. Three kids. Divorced.

EVAN

Sorry.

BALCER

It's alright. It's the job.

EVAN

Yeah. Detective, huh? Must have learned how to study for a test finally.

BALCER

Why don't you tell me what really happened. And don't leave anything out this time. Anything.

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT, FRONT OFFICE - LATER

Evan shakes hands with Balcer, smiles.

Meets Sheila waiting by the front door.

EVAN

Where's Chavalle?

Sheila points with her chin. Evan turns to see Chavalle making her way to the front door.

She walks toward them with head bowed.

SHEILA

It's alright, honey.

She puts an arm around Chavalle, leads her out.

INT. SHEILA'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Chavalle melts into the backseat. Evan and Sheila share a look of concern.

INT. EVAN'S HOUSE, CHAVALLE'S ROOM - LATER

Evan approaches a closed door.

Listens. Hesitates. Knocks.

EVAN

Chavalle?

No reply.

EVAN

I'm making dinner.

He turns the knob. Opens the door a little.

EVAN

Chavalle?

She's stuffing clothes into bags, trying for a quick getaway.

CHAVALLE

I have to go.

EVAN

No you don't.

CHAVALLE

Yes, I do. I can't stand it.

EVAN

Look, you feel guilty, I get that.

CHAVALLE

No I don't. That's your problem.
You think you know everything.
You don't know shit about me. Or
shit about my son. Or what I
feel.

EVAN

You can do whatever you want. But
don't walk out of here without
knowing that I want you to stay.
I kind of need you to stay.

CHAVALLE

You're crazy.

EVAN

I thought about that. I really
did. But I don't think so.

CHAVALLE

You should think again.

Evan thinks.

EVAN

Mary Beth had cancer. Ovarian.
Spread like...

(shakes his head)

And I was with her everyday. Took her to appointments. Carried her out of the bathroom when she was so weak from throwing up that she couldn't get up. But even then I couldn't bring myself to tell her the truth.

Chavalle stops. Listens.

EVAN

And when I really want to torture myself I say that, maybe if we would've had kids her body would have reacted...differently. I like to make it my fault. So, no. I don't know how you feel. But I know a lot about guilt. And how it can make you want to hurt yourself.

INT. EVAN'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - LATER

Remnants of dinner and a couple of empty wine bottles on the counter.

Chavalle is putting ice in her wine glass.

EVAN

You know, most people don't put ice in wine.

CHAVALLE

Why not?

EVAN

It's hillbilly.

CHAVALLE

Makes it better.

EVAN

I was proud of you today.

CHAVALLE

Yeah, right.

EVAN

No, really. You sprang right into action. Like superman or something.

CHAVALLE

Super woman.

EVAN

I could never do that. Put my face on a stranger. You learn that at the hospital?

CHAVALLE

Yeah. Everybody had to take a class. Even the clean-up crew. I saw it a couple of times though. Never thought I'd be the one doing it. When you see the doctors doing it, it kind of looks like fun. But I was scared shitless. Plus, I probably killed her.

EVAN

Her blood tests are going to show she had a massive heart attack. And we're going to be fine.

CHAVALLE

Myocardial infarction.

EVAN

Whoa! Dr. Wilson is in the house.

CHAVALLE

Pssh, prisoner Wilson, maybe.

EVAN

More wine! I'm celebrating my escape from the jaws of justice.

CHAVALLE

More ice!

EVAN

Yuck. They put me in this cell for a little while. There was already some kid in there. And he goes to me, 'What'd you do?' And I looked at him and said, 'murder.' Real menacing like. You should have seen the look on his face.

Evan giggles at his story.

Chavalle is not amused.

CHAVALLE

That's not funny. That was stupid. You never heard of a jailhouse confession?

EVAN

I, ah, what?

CHAVALLE

(quoting Miranda)
'Everything you say.' That means everything. You don't think they're recording what goes on?

EVAN

I doubt it.

CHAVALLE

Go ahead. You can doubt it all the way to the electric chair.

EVAN

Shit.

CHAVALLE

They told us--my Mama--that when you get arrested, notice 'when', not 'if', never say anything. Nothing. Even if they show you a video tape of you doing something, you just pretend it's not you and ask for a lawyer. That's it.

EVAN

Really? She told you that?

CHAVALLE

Told me? Told me a hundred times. Bet your parents never told you what to do if you get arrested.

EVAN

No.

CHAVALLE

Why would they? Nice white boy from the suburbs. Probably never been in trouble your whole life--til you met me.

EVAN

It's a crime spree, alright.

CHAVALLE

I was sitting there, and--

Hesitates.

EVAN

What?

CHAVALLE

You feel like it would just be so easy to give up. Confess. You know? Like, this is the bottom. What else can they do to me? Take away my kid? Put me in a cell? They have to feed you. It felt like...relief.

EVAN

Wow. That's bad.

CHAVALLE

Yeah, I know. Scarred the shit out of me. Then I got pissed. Because I realized that, that's what they want you to think. Makes it easier on them.

INT. FAMILY COURT, HALLWAY OUTSIDE - DAY

Evan sits on a bench beside closed doors.

Stares straight ahead. Waiting. Taps his foot twice.

INT. FAMILY COURT - CONTINUOUS

This court is smaller, more intimate than a large criminal court.

Chavalle sits at a table with Sheila.

At another table sits a lawyer, BEN STOWER, and a husband and wife, JEFF & PAULA CONNELLY. Presumably the (white) couple trying to adopt Michael.

JUDGE

We are here for oral arguments in the matter of the adoption petition for Michael Wilson, by the Connelly's. Are all parties ready to begin?

SHEILA

We are, your Honor.

BEN STOWER

Petitioners are ready, your Honor.

Suddenly, the courthouse door swings open.

Two men and a woman enter.

One of the men is Maurice Sykes. He is wearing a suit, and wearing a Muslim-style cap.

The other two are similarly attired in black, carrying brief cases. The woman, FATIMA AZIZ, wears a hijab.

Everybody turns at the interruption. Evan peers through the closing doors.

JUDGE

These proceedings are closed to the public.

FATIMA

We have an amicus brief your honor.

She immediately hands copies to Sheila, Ben Stower, and the court clerk.

FATIMA

We represent the father of baby Michael, Farhad Farouk. Mr. Farouk is here today to assert his lawful parental rights which have never been abrogated by the state. The Connelly's petition, therefore, is completely without merit. Mr. Farouk is also suing for sole custody of Baby Michael, on the grounds that the mother is unfit.

SHEILA

Objection, your Honor! My client has diligently followed the court ordered plan for getting--

BEN STOWER

We also object, your Honor. This does nothing to diminish the standing of the Connelly's in this case. It only shows that the family unit is toxic to the best interest of the child, while my clients provide a warm--

SHEILA

Maurice Sykes has never been a part of Michael's life and lending credence to his last minute petition--

FATIMA

Mr. Farouk has always been an active part of Michael's life. To characterize his relationship with Michael as 'toxic' is insulting and racist.

Everybody is standing, shouting at the Judge to be heard as decorum quickly dissolves.

JUDGE

Alright everybody. I am rescheduling this hearing until I've had a time to read the new brief. We'll meet back here at,
(checks schedule)
three o'clock this afternoon.

Taps gavel.

COURT CLERK

All rise.

Which is funny because everybody is already on their feet. They straighten up instead. Judge exits.

Chavalle glares at Maurice/Farouk, and his team.

They return smug smiles, as they file out.

SHEILA

(aside to Chavalle)
Don't do it Chavalle.

Chavalle does it anyway. She bounds through the door after them. Sheila in pursuit.

INT. FAMILY COURT, HALLWAY OUTSIDE - CONTINUOUS

EVAN

(to Sheila)
What happened?

CHAVALLE

(to Maurice/Farouk)
You're dead. You come near my son and I'll kill you!

FATIMA

Thank you for that. We can add that threat to our suit.

SHEILA

Chavalle! Not here.

CHAVALLE

You know I will!

Evan and Sheila get a grip on Chavalle and try to pull her back before the situation escalates to blows.

EVAN

Calm down. You're losing Michael with every word.

(Note: From now on Maurice/Farouk will be just Farouk.)

FAROUK

I'm only a father who loves my son. You can't stop me from bringing him to Allah. You won't.

FATIMA

Forgive her Farhad. She is a unclean. God will guide you to Michael.

SHEILA

Can it lady. I know exactly what's going on here.

FATIMA

Excuse me?

SHEILA

All we have here is a mother fighting for her son. And that's all the judge will see.

EVAN

C'mon, let's go.

The elevator doors open at the far end of the hallway and a camera crew hustles out.

Well-dressed reporter, REGINA PHILLIPS, followed by a grungy cameraman and a harried producer.

The crew approaches Fatima.

FATIMA

You're late.

REGINA

Traffic. Let's get something with
the court seal in the background.

(to cameraman)

Fire up, Gonzo.

Fatima, Farouk and Regina are bathed in camera light.

REGINA

(to camera)

So the question is, 'Will the
courts remove a child from custody
simply because the father is a
Muslim?' At the center of the
controversy is Baby Michael. The
three year-old, seen here, has
bounced around the foster care
system for months, while his
mother has been in and out of
prison on drug and manslaughter
charges. Yet the court is only
now ready to consider the legal
rights of the boy's father.

(to Fatima)

Are Muslims treated unfairly in
U.S. courts?

FATIMA

We're well aware of institutional
bias in cases such as this...

Chavalle, Evan, and Sheila are standing off to the side,
watching in disbelief and horror as the reporter's bias
becomes evident.

CHAVALLE

How'd they find out about that?

Sheila shrugs.

EVAN

Shouldn't we tell them the truth?

Farouk, his eyes welling, is pleading his case for the
camera, but we can't really hear him

SHEILA

I don't think it would matter.

INT. DINER - LATER

Chavalle, Evan, and Sheila sit around the remnants of a
late lunch. The clock on the wall reads 2:30.

Sheila is thumbing through Farouk's brief.

EVAN
 (to Sheila)
 What do you think?

SHEILA
 Chavalle? Look at me.

Morose and defeated. She looks at Sheila.

SHEILA
 We've come too far to give up now.
 We have a strong case. You are
 that boy's mother. That still
 counts for plenty in this country.
 But when we get back in there, you
 are nothing but a compassionate,
 loving mother. Don't you dare let
 the judge see anything else.

CHAVALLE
 I think I knew this would happen.
 Every time I'd try picture myself
 with Michael again...I couldn't do
 it. It would just disappear
 like...like I knew it would never
 happen. I feel sick.

SHEILA
 Evan, let her out.

Evan slides out of the booth, giving Chavalle room.

Chavalle stands there trying to control her roiling guts.

SHEILA
 Do you need to go to the bathroom?

Wide-eyed, Chavalle nods and runs toward the back with
 her hand over her mouth.

Evan and Sheila share a look.

INT. FAMILY COURT - LATER

Everybody is in the same places as before, except now a
 third table has been crammed in for Farouk's team.

JUDGE
 I've read the petitions in this
 case, and I am satisfied that Mr.
 Farouk's argument as to parental
 standing does indeed have merit.

Farouk's lawyers are giddy.

JUDGE

It is, therefore, impossible for the Connelly's petition, noble though it may be, to advance at this time.

Defeat and disbelief at the Connelly's table.

JUDGE

As to the fitness of Chavalle Wilson, I am not persuaded by the merits of Mr. Farouk's arguments against her. She has complied with the court-ordered plan for reinstatement of custody to the letter. And I can see no reason to delay further.

Sheila is gripping Chavalle's hand under the table.

JUDGE

I am therefore ordering that Michael Wilson be returned to Ms. Wilson forthwith.

(to Ben Stower)

Today or tomorrow at the latest, Mr. Stower.

BEN STOWER

Yes, your honor.

JUDGE

I am further ordering that Mr. Farouk be awarded supervised visitation rights on a schedule approved by D.C.F.S.

Chavalle and Sheila are horrified.

Fatima rapidly confers with Farouk.

FATIMA

We would ask for unsupervised visitation so that Michael can attend prayer services with his Father.

Judge scribbles a note.

JUDGE

Additional two hours unsupervised visitation on Sundays then.

FATIMA
Fridays, your honor.

JUDGE
Fridays then.

Judge taps gavel.

INT. FAMILY COURT, HALLWAY OUTSIDE - CONTINUOUS

Chavalle bounds through the door to a waiting Evan.

Hugs all around, tears of joy.

CHAVALLE
(into Evan's shirt)
Thank you thank you thank you.

EVAN
It's okay. You're going to be
fine.
(to Sheila)
I take it you won.

INT. EVAN'S HOUSE, FOYER - THE NEXT MORNING

Evan and Chavalle are decorating the house for Michael's homecoming. Balloons, streamers, a 'WELCOME HOME' sign, and a couple of wrapped presents.

CHAVALLE
What time is it?

EVAN
Don't worry, they'll be here.

Chavalle peeks out the window. Bounces a toy ball a couple of times.

CHAVALLE
This is bullshit. We could have
picked him up last night. Why do
I have to wait?

EVAN
I'm sure they have rules and
procedures. It can't be any fun
over at the Connelly's today, I'm
sure.

Chavalle bounces the ball a few more times, thinking.

CHAVALLE

I keep forgetting to tell you,
Hunter's gay.

EVAN

What? How do you know?

CHAVALLE

I asked him.

EVAN

To his face?

CHAVALLE

Wasn't much of a leap. French
cooking? C'mon.

EVAN

He's too young.

CHAVALLE

He's not young.

EVAN

And he's cool. Don't you think
he's too cool for me?

CHAVALLE

I work with him. He's not cool.
He's a dork. Like you.

EVAN

Hunter's gay? All this time? I
don't believe it.

CHAVALLE

He didn't believe it about you
either.

EVAN

Wh-wait a minute. You told him?

CHAVALLE

I had to have a reason for asking.

EVAN

What'd he say?

CHAVALLE

Said he likes you.

EVAN

He did? That's it?

CHAVALLE

What do you expect? You're a little rusty at the whole dating thing aren't you? He said he likes you and he's coming to the party.

EVAN

Today!

Evan reflexively checks his look in the hallway mirror. Runs a hand through his hair.

CHAVALLE

What's the matter? Nothing to wear, Cinderella? Why don't you wear those bike shorts? I'm sure he'll like those.

Chavalle glances out the window and sees a D.C.F.S. minivan, driven by Rosie Titus.

CHAVALLE

He's here!

EXT. EVAN'S HOUSE, DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Chavalle rushes outside. She barely waits for the car to stop before she flings open the sliding door.

Michael smiles up at her from a car seat.

MICHAEL

Mama!

CHAVALLE

Oooh, Michael! You're here, you're here. You're home, baby. Come here.

She gently lifts him out of the seat. She holds him tightly, as he buries his face against her.

She drops to her knees on the lawn, still clutching him. Rolls onto her back, so that Michael is sitting on her. She holds his face in her hands.

CHAVALLE

Oooh, baby. I'm sorry. I'm sorry I let you get away. I'm never going to let you go again.

Evan and Rosie take in the sight. Evan shakes hands with Rosie.

One of Evan's neighbors, BERNARD STRICKLAND, 70's, walks by with his stupid poodle. The poodle starts yapping as if to warn, "Look out! Black people!"

Strickland tugs the leash, picks up his Poopsie, and huffs off.

EVAN

Let's go in. Michael, we have something for you.

MICHAEL

Who're you?

CHAVALLE

You haven't met, have you? This is Mama's special friend--

A news van pulls up. Regina Phillips is in the passenger seat. She pushes Gonzo to start filming the action.

She gets out and strides up the drive.

REGINA

Ms. Wilson? Regina Phillips, Action 44 news. We'd love to get some shots of the happy reunion.

All saccharine sleaze.

Evan intercepts her.

EVAN

Hey now! This is private property.

MICHAEL

That's the lady from the house.

Chavalle is sitting up now, still holding Michael in her lap. Bits of grass are stuck to her back and hair. She clutches Michael instinctively.

Rosie adds his bulk to Evan's to create a phalanx. Gonzo keeps rolling.

REGINA

Everybody loves Michael, Chavalle. We just want to tell a story.

Rosie grips the camera eye. Tries to push it away.

EVAN

I'm calling the police!

Waves his I-phone.

Chavalle gets up still holding Michael. Makes for the door.

REGINA

Are you still on drugs?

EVAN

Go inside Chavalle!

Gonzo desperately tries to get as much footage as he can before Chavalle and Michael disappear inside.

REGINA

This your boyfriend?

Gonzo trains his lens on Evan. He instinctively holds his hand up to shield himself from the all-seeing eye.

Chavalle slams the door.

Evan backs toward the door, followed by Rosie who is holding some paperwork.

REGINA

Look, it would be better for you to let us tell your side of the story. People just want to know the truth.

Door SLAMS.

Leaving Regina and Gonzo alone on the lawn. They start walking back toward the van.

REGINA

Man, this story has everything. We got the Muslims, and now the addict with the old white boyfriend. He look like a pedophile to you? I bet he is. Sick bastard. Let's get a wrap with the house in the background.

Gonzo doesn't say anything. Gonzo never says anything.

INT. EVAN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Evan draws the curtains and peeks out. He sees Regina talking to the camera.

Michael is tearing off the wrapping of the fire truck. He's elated. Chavalle beams.

Evan turns to watch.

EVAN
He seems traumatized.

CHAVALLE
I know, right? He's bigger.
Heavier too.

ROSIE
I have a little paperwork.

EVAN
Was she at the Connelly's too?

ROSIE
Oh yeah. Before me.
Unbelievable.

CHAVALLE
Why didn't you tell us?

ROSIE
Tried to call. Didn't get no
answer.

Chavalle gets her I-phone from her purse. Looks at it.
Sighs.

CHAVALLE
I didn't plug it in.

EVAN
Mine's on.

ROSIE
How would I have your number?
Plus, I thought I lost them.

CHAVALLE
(to Michael)
Were you driving fast, honey?

MICHAEL
(making truck noise)
Vraaaaahm!

He pushes the fire truck across the floor. It smashes
into the wall.

ROSIE
Wasn't like that. Want to sign
for me? I can still get a half-
day off.

EVAN

You're welcome to stay. We're having a little celebration.

MICHAEL

Is it my birthday?

CHAVALLE

Something like that. You want to blow out candles?

MICHAEL

I'm four. Had a birthday.

CHAVALLE

Well, today is going to be your extra birthday. Would you like that?

EVAN'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - LATER

The gang's all here. Evan, Chavalle, and Michael have been joined by Sheila and Hunter.

Hunter is whipping up some special dish for the event. Evan is helping with the meal, but it's obvious Hunter is in charge.

Chavalle is playing with Michael on the patio while Sheila looks on.

HUNTER

She had it all worked out. I'm surprised she didn't tell you.

EVAN

I know she was working on something.

HUNTER

Yeah, lasers, crank up the volume. Kind of a mix of mythology, astrology, plus the stars. Sort of a late-night thing for the college crowd. It might make money.

Hunter gives Evan a serious look.

HUNTER

But she's not really in college is she?

Evan slumps. Sighs.

HUNTER
I don't like people taking
advantage of me.

EVAN
Hunt, I--

HUNTER
No more lies?

EVAN
I promise. No more lies.

HUNTER
Good. You own me two guest-
speaker engagements. No charge.

Evan chuckles.

EVAN
Fine.

Chavalle enters from the patio. She leads Michael to the
bathroom.

CHAVALLE
It's in there, honey. Can you do
it yourself or do you want me to
help you?

MICHAEL
I do it by myself!

CHAVALLE
Aim for the middle. Ain't no maid
service here.

She listens with her ear pressed against the closed door.

Gives Evan and Hunter a thumbs up when she hears
splashing.

CHAVALLE
Smells amazing in here.

HUNTER
(in French)
Le dîner sera magnifique.

EVAN
That's so cool.

CHAVALLE
Sure is.

But we can tell she doesn't believe it.

EXT. EVAN'S HOUSE, PATIO - LATER

Everybody is sitting around the patio table after dinner.

Michael is dozing on Chavalle's lap.

SHEILA

So she calls the office, and I can tell right away she's itching for a fight.

HUNTER

Bitch.

(to Chavalle because
of Michael.)

Sorry.

SHEILA

It's clear she intends to hold us to the letter of the agreement.

CHAVALLE

Meaning what?

SHEILA

Meaning that if we try to reschedule a visit, or we're unavailable for whatever reason--

CHAVALLE

Ain't going to be any visits.

SHEILA

She'll run straight to the judge, accusing us of 'obstructing the parental dynamic.' What?

CHAVALLE

Ain't going to be any visits.

EVAN

Chavalle.

CHAVALLE

I'm serious. He doesn't care about Michael. He never did. He ain't no Muslim either. He's just trying to get back at me.

SHEILA

At any rate, he's in a position to make your life miserable if we don't cooperate.

CHAVALLE

I don't care. I'll run away. Or I'll kill him.

EVAN

Whoa.

CHAVALLE

He's a drug dealer, a gang member. I know for a fact that he killed a guy.

SHEILA

Good lord.

CHAVALLE

Yeah, and now I'm supposed to give him Michael? Uh uh. No way.

EVAN

(to Sheila)

Is there anything you can do?

SHEILA

I can file an emergency petition. But they'll just turn around and do the exact same thing against you. And you run the risk the judge will decide Michael is better off right back in foster care.

Chavalle holds Michael a little tighter.

CHAVALLE

So what should I do?

SHEILA

You have to at least try to cooperate. And we'll write down everything. Everything he says, if he's late, if he makes a threat.

CHAVALLE

(to Evan)

You ought to be good at that.

Evan taps one of his handy notebooks nearby.

HUNTER

I have a better idea.

The doorbell rings.

EVAN

Hold that thought.

Evan heads for the door.

INT. EVAN'S HOUSE, FOYER - CONTINUOUS

He opens the door to find a group of six or seven angry-looking neighbors led by Bernard Strickland, the guy who was walking his poodle before.

EVAN

What's this?

STRICKLAND

Evan, we've just come from an emergency board meeting.

EVAN

Oh, great.

STRICKLAND

Yes, well I'm sorry to tell you the Board has voted, unanimously in fact, to ask that you vacate your property. To move out.

Hunter saunters up behind Evan.

HUNTER

Hey, gang. What's going on?

EVAN

My narrow-minded...and probably racist neighbors, are kicking me out.

ANGRY NEIGHBOR #1

You killed Mrs. Ling!

Shouts of agreement.

STRICKLAND

Look at it from our point of view, Evan. The situation these past few months has been completely intolerable. Police? Reporters?

ANGRY NEIGHBOR #2

We can't walk outside!

STRICKLAND

You are in gross violation of the homeowners agreement you signed.

He waves a copy of the agreement in Evan's face.

STRICKLAND

Now these rules have been put in place to protect the homeowners--

EVAN

From what? From black people?
You know what you can do with your rules, Strickland?

STRICKLAND

--The board has generously agreed to give you three weeks to--

EVAN

Here's what you can do.

Beat. Everybody is watching Evan expectantly.

Suddenly, he grabs for a surprised-looking Hunter.

Plants a giant steaming kiss on his mouth.

The neighbors are stunned.

ANGRY NEIGHBOR #1

I told you he was queer!

Evan withdraws. Lingers over Hunter. Turns to the neighbors.

EVAN

Now, fuck off.

Door SLAMS.

EXT. EVAN'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Evan is hammering a 'For Sale' sign into the front lawn.

INT. EVAN'S HOUSE, FOYER - DAY

Evan and Chavalle are waiting by the front door.

Chavalle is dressing Michael in his Sunday-best.

CHAVALLE

Don't you look handsome? My big boy. What is your address?

MICHAEL

Don't want to!

CHAVALLE

Michael look at me. This is important. What is your address?

MICHAEL

One, oh, one, nine, Cherry Hill lane.

CHAVALLE

Again.

MICHAEL

One, oh, one, nine, Cherry Hill lane!

CHAVALLE

Good, good. And what do you do if you're scared?

MICHAEL

Find a policeman and tell him my address.

CHAVALLE

That's right, you're a smart boy.

She hugs him.

CHAVALLE

Come home tonight. Come back here to me. Okay?

Doorbell RINGS.

Evan checks his watch. Peers out the etched window on the door.

EVAN

That's him.

Chavalle stands holding Michael by the hand.

Evan opens the door.

Farhad Farouk fills the doorway.

FAROUK

My peace upon this house, praise
Allah. You ready to go, Michael?

Michael hides behind Chavalle's leg.

CHAVALLE

Michael, this is your father. He
just wants to take you to church.

MICHAEL

No!

CHAVALLE

It's okay, baby. It's only for a
little while.

She glares at Farouk.

CHAVALLE

--Then you'll come right back
home.

FAROUK

Chavalle, I'd like to speak with
you.

(looks at Evan)
In private.

CHAVALLE

No, thanks.

FAROUK

I've asked God for guidance.

CHAVALLE

Ah, jeez.

FAROUK

I've prayed for Michael. And I've
prayed for you too, Chavalle.

CHAVALLE

Don't bother.

FAROUK

The mosque is a place of worship.
This is our son and we should be
together as a family. Before God,
Allah be praised.

CHAVALLE

Far as I'm concerned, your clock
is running right now.

(MORE)

CHAVALLE (CONT'D)

You have two hours. That's it.
If you're one minute late, no more
visits.

FAROUK

The Koran says it is a sin for a
mother to turn her child against
his father.

CHAVALLE

Listen, Maurice. Nobody's turning
anybody here, except you. Just
because you swallowed a bunch of
b.s. in prison doesn't mean we
have to. Got me?

Farouk steps closer.

Chavalle is visibly repulsed, quaking.

FAROUK

Your salvation is at stake. Now,
God wants us to be together as a
family. You best get used to it.
Do you want to burn in hell?

CHAVALLE

As long as you're not there I'll
be happy.

Farouk takes Michael by the arm.

FAROUK

(to Michael)
God wants to wash away your sins
today, Michael. Isn't that great?

MICHAEL

I had a bath.

Farouk leads Michael to the door. Turns.

FAROUK

Soon I'll be making my pilgrimage.
To Mecca. Michael will be coming
with me.

CHAVALLE

And I'll make a 'pilgrimage' to
the judge. To tell her you're
insane.

EVAN

And now we have proof...on tape.

He waves his I-phone at Farouk.

EVAN

There's an app for that.

Farouk laughs at them.

FAROUK

You're lost. God has devices of his own, praise Allah. C'mon, son.

They exit.

INT. EVAN'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - LATER

Chavalle and Evan are hunched over a computer on the counter.

EVAN

Okay, there are three mosques in the area.

CHAVALLE

If he's even still in the area.

EVAN

He's probably at one of these.

CHAVALLE

He's lazy. He probably picked the one closest to his house.

Evan's I-phone rings. He checks the caller I.D.

EVAN

(to Chavalle)

It's Hunter.

(answering)

Hey?...About what you'd expect. Plenty of drama. He has him now. We're just waiting...Ooh, uh, I'm not sure. Tonight?

He looks to Chavalle, she shoos him forward.

EVAN

Sounds good. I haven't eaten. Let me get a pen.

He opens a drawer.

EVAN

--No that's fine, I can G.P.S. it.

Evan freezes, surprised.

EVAN

A what?

Chuckles.

EVAN

Okay.

INT. EVAN'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Evan has large suitcase open on the bed. He's rummaging through his closet as Chavalle enters.

CHAVALLE

Going somewhere?

EVAN

He said...uh,uh..I should bring a bag.

CHAVALLE

That's not a bag. That's moving in. A bag is a toothbrush and underwear. Don't you have something smaller?

EVAN

How about this?

He produces an old-fashioned briefcase.

CHAVALLE

Don't you have a gym bag or something?

EVAN

Yeah, I guess. It smells though.

CHAVALLE

You don't show up at the door holding it.

EVAN

Why not?

Chavalle rolls her eyes, astounded at his naiveté.

CHAVALLE

Because it makes you look like a whore? You leave it in the car until you need it.

EVAN

Should I do this?

CHAVALLE

You're not doing anything. You're going to a friend's house for dinner. That's it. But take a shower.

EVAN

I'm not going anywhere til Michael gets back.

INT. EVAN'S HOUSE, FOYER - LATER

Evan and Chavalle pace around waiting near the front door.

Chavalle checks a clock on the wall.

CHAVALLE

That's it. I'm calling the cops.

EVAN

I'll do it.

He pulls out his phone.

Chavalle peeks out the window again.

EVAN

(into phone)

Detective Balcer, please. Yeah, I can hold. Tell him it's an emergency.

INT. EVAN'S HOUSE, FOYER - LATER

Detective Balcer and a couple of uniformed cops crowd Evan's front room.

Balcer is taking notes.

CHAVALLE

He's about, I don't know.

Evan is holding a tape measure against a doorway in the hall.

EVAN

Three-six exactly.

Balcer makes a note.

BALCER

And when did you last see him?

A cop comes up behind Balcer.

COP
Got something.

The cop points outside.

EXT. EVAN'S HOUSE, DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Everybody hurries from the house. Farouk's car glides up the curb.

CHAVALLE
Michael?

BALCER
That him?

The cops rush the driver's side, guns drawn.

COP
Put your hands where I can see them!

Farouk complies.

FAROUK
Hey, what is this!

Chavalle rushes the car.

BALCER
Stay back!

Chavalle ignores him. Yanks the door open and pulls Michael out.

The cop opens Farouk's door.

COP
Outta the car!

FAROUK
I didn't do nothing! That's my son! I'm bringing him back from Mosque.

CHAVALLE
You're late. I warned you not to be late.
(to Michael)
Are you okay, baby?

The cop is frisking Farouk. Slaps the cuffs on.

COP
 (to Balcer)
 He's clean.

BALCER
 (to Evan)
 What do you want us to do?

EVAN
 Whatever you can.

BALCER
 He didn't really do anything.
 Being late is not a crime. What
 is a judge going to say?

EVAN
 I get it.

BALCER
 I mean I can hold him for a few
 hours. Impound his car.
 But...what's your definition of
 harassment?

EVAN
 He's dangerous, Mikey. I know it.

BALCER
 Kid looks okay.

Chavalle walks by cradling Michael. Overhears.

CHAVALLE
 He threatened us. He threatened
 to abduct Michael. You heard him!

BALCER
 Not in so many words. Look, we're
 going to let him know that we
 don't like this. I guarantee he
 won't be late next time. In the
 meantime, get down to the Judge.
 You got a gun?

EVAN
 No!

BALCER
 (to Chavalle)
 How about you?

Chavalle shakes her head.

BALCER

Think about it.

MICHAEL

Bang, bang!

The cops are pushing Farouk into the back of a squad.

FAROUK

(yelling to Michael)
Michael!

Michael turns in Chavalle's arms.

FAROUK

Get your present, son. Outta the car.

CHAVALLE

What?

MICHAEL

Flying carpet! I want my flying carpet.

The cop gets a bag out of Farouk's backseat.

COP

This it?

He holds the bag out to Chavalle. She looks inside.

MICHAEL

It's really real.

She shows Evan the bag.

EVAN

Prayer rug?

CHAVALLE

I don't want that shit in my house.

FAROUK

Use it every day son. And no swine!

MICHAEL

(to Chavalle)
What's swine?

INT. EVAN'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - MORNING

Evan is clicking around on the laptop as Chavalle comes downstairs.

CHAVALLE

Morning.

She heads for the coffee pot.

EVAN

Come look at this.

Chavalle looks at the computer screen.

CHAVALLE

France?

EVAN

For two weeks. I'm going to surprise him.

CHAVALLE

(still reading)

Bike tour? I don't think that guy could bike around the corner.

EVAN

It's not for a few months. I have time to get him in shape.

CHAVALLE

Better hurry.

EVAN

Going to start today. He's just changing.

CHAVALLE

Sounded like he was getting you in shape last night.

Embarrassed chuckle.

EVAN

Sorry.

CHAVALLE

Anybody using the 'L' word yet?

Evan doesn't respond. Just looks guilty.

CHAVALLE

Ooh hoo. Evan's got a boyfriend!

Hunter comes walking downstairs wearing cycling attire. The spandex is riding him a little snug.

HUNTER

These shorts are ridiculous.
Can't I just do a low-carb thing.

EVAN

I'll make it worth your while.
Ready to go?

HUNTER

Don't I have time for coffee?

EVAN

Water is better. C'mon.

He holds out a biking bottle.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - LATER

Evan and Hunter pedal along. Hunter is doing his best to keep up.

EVAN

Having fun?

HUNTER

No.

EVAN

There's a little dip ahead. We
can coast for awhile.

HUNTER

Can I coast home? I'll make
blintzes.

Evan pulls out his phone. He's loaded a cycling app of some kind. Checks the data.

EVAN

Two point three miles so far. How
do you feel?

HUNTER

Better if you could slow down just
a little.

Evan eases off, letting Hunter catch up.

EVAN

I loaded a ten mile route, but it
would be easy enough to change it.

Evan pays too much attention to the tiny screen.

HUNTER

Look out!

Evan turns in time to see a nasty pothole just ahead.

He tries to avoid it but it's too late. He's on the soft gravel shoulder.

The front wheel torques violently back and forth.

Evan is thrown over the handlebars into a drainage ditch.

HUNTER

Evan!

Hunter skids to a stop. Leaps off. Lets his bike fall.

HUNTER

Evan! Are you okay?

Evan gets to his knees.

EVAN

Wow! That was a good one, eh?

HUNTER

You okay?

EVAN

I think so. Let that be a lesson to you. Watch where you're going.

Hunter gives Evan a once-over. Checking for injuries.

EVAN

Am I bleeding?

HUNTER

A little.

Evan starts to get up. He's wobbly.

HUNTER

Let's just rest for a minute.

EVAN

Okay.

Evan spots his phone on the ground. Picks it up. Looks. Shakes it. It sounds like a broken thermos. Shakes it for Hunter.

EVAN

That sound fixable to you?

HUNTER

No. Does that mean our ride is over?

EVAN

On the tour they say, 'If you're afraid to crash, don't get on the bike.'

HUNTER

Good advice.

They laugh with warmth and relief.

Farouk drives by.

He's heading back toward the house.

Farouk and Evan make eye contact as he speeds by.

EVAN

Did you see that?

HUNTER

What?

Evan stares at his phone, suddenly a lot more upset by it's loss.

EVAN

Shit. I'm taking your bike.

Evan limps to the undamaged bike.

EVAN

Find somebody to call the cops.

HUNTER

For what?

EVAN

Send them to my house!

As he's tearing away.

INT. EVAN'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - LATER

Chavalle is wearing earbuds, absorbed in the computer. Putting her planetarium show together.

Michael is playing nearby. Suddenly he's startled.
Freezes. Looks toward Chavalle.

Chavalle notices his petrified stare.

Following his gaze, she turns around.

Farouk lurks behind her.

She pushes away from the table almost falling backward
over the chair--

FAROUK

Peace, Chavalle.

--and scoops Michael into her arms.

CHAVALLE

Get out!

FAROUK

I've given myself to God.

CHAVALLE

Get out! I'm calling the police.
Now you will go to jail.

She heads for the phone.

FAROUK

And God has asked me for
discipline.

He heads her off. She backs away.

CHAVALLE

You're crazy.

FAROUK

You see? That's the problem. You
don't know God. And I don't think
you ever will.

He closes on them.

She looks desperately for something she can use as a
weapon.

FAROUK

Give me the boy.

CHAVALLE

Don't hurt him.

FAROUK

It's you who's hurting him. By
keeping him away from his faith.
But I can still save him.

He starts punching her in the face.

She falls down covering up Michael.

The punches turn into kicks.

Farouk reaches down to pull Michael from her grasp.

He's terrified, screaming.

Chavalle bites down on his hand when it's in range.

Farouk yells out.

Rains blows on her head.

Grabs for Michael again.

Gets a grip and pulls him away.

Michael struggles against the iron grip but can't get
away.

Chavalle hauls herself to her knees. Spits blood.

CHAVALLE

You better kill me.

He reaches under his coat and pulls out a machete.

Chavalle is terrified at the sight of it.

FAROUK

God told me the same thing.

He pushes Michael to the floor.

Brandishes the machete in his face.

FAROUK

See this?

Michael nods.

FAROUK

I'll use this on you if you move.

He leans down to Chavalle.

Grabs a fistful of hair. Swings her around.

FAROUK

Face east! God wants to hear you
beg forgiveness.

Chavalle whimpers as Farouk forces her head down.

FAROUK

Repeat after me. I am a whore.

CHAVALLE

I am not a whore!

FAROUK

You are unclean in the eyes of
God. You deserve death, praise
Allah. Say it!

He forces her head down.

Still holding her by the hair he brings the machete to
her neck.

FAROUK

I will send you to hell.

The phone starts ringing.

Chavalle turns her head. Sees Michael quaking with fear.

CHAVALLE

Run Michael!

Michael hops to his feet. Dashes down the hall.

Farouk runs after him.

CHAVALLE

Run baby!

INT. EVAN'S HOUSE, FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Michael makes it to the front door. Gets it open a
couple of inches.

Farouk slams his bulk against it. Throws the deadbolt.

Grabs Michael. Drags him wailing down the hall.

FAROUK

(to Michael)
Discipline means conquering fear.

MICHAEL

I hate you! I hate you!

He rounds the corner.

Chavalle swings a fireplace poker at him.

He doesn't see it coming.

THWACK! Right across the face.

The flimsy poker is bent nearly in half.

He staggers back, blood forming on his forehead.

Chavalle tries another swing. Misses.

Farouk lets go of Michael, grabs her arms.

EXT. EVAN'S HOUSE - EARLIER

Huffing and sweating, Evan eyes his house.

The front door opens a few inches then slams shut.

He looks up and down the deserted street.

Leaves his bike. Tries the front door. Locked.

Peeks through the window.

INT. EVAN'S HOUSE, FAMILY ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Farouk has Chavalle in a headlock.

Drags her into the family room and forces her down.

FAROUK

I tried. I really did. You
turned your back on God. Don't
you know you can't do that? Don't
you know what the punishment is?

He holds her head down.

Raises the machete high over his head.

A thundering crash of glass.

Everybody turns.

The patio door explodes inward.

A heavy planter pot rolls across the floor.

Evan steps through the wreckage.

Launches himself at Farouk.

Farouk turns the machete to Evan.

Evan tackles him. Heedless of the danger.

The force knocks him off Chavalle.

Free, she scampers toward Michael. Scoops him up.
Turns.

The blade is sticking out of Evan's chest, jammed between ribs.

Evan gapes as the handle wobbles back and forth.

Farouk reaches out and yanks but it won't budge. Evan's body lifts with the pulling.

Farouk puts his foot on Evan, trying for leverage.

Evan screams.

Chavalle and Michael bolt through the wreckage of the patio door.

Farouk finally gets the blade out of Evan's chest.

Farouk chases after them. He slips over broken glass.
Gets up bleeding and limping.

Hauls himself through the door to--

EXT. EVAN'S HOUSE, PATIO - CONTINUOUS

--an empty patio.

The door in the fence bangs shut.

Farouk explodes through it to see--

EXT. EVAN'S HOUSE, YARD - CONTINUOUS

Chavalle and Michael running across the lawn.

Farouk gives chase.

He rounds the corner and--

EXT. EVAN'S HOUSE, DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Halts before a phalanx of police cruisers.

Cops, including Detective Balcer, have weapons drawn and ready.

BALCER

Drop it! On your knees!

Farouk drops to his knees.

Raises his hands, with machete, over his head.

Cops relax a little. Peek up.

FAROUK

Allah, to you I commend my spirit.
I ask you for strength, for it is
in your name that I pray...

The cops advance, guns drawn.

Farouk's intoning drops to a whisper.

BALCER

Drop it!

The machete hovers for a second then crashes down as Farouk tries to cut off his own head.

The cops recoil in horror and disbelief.

Chavalle covers Michael's eyes. Turns him away.

Another cop car pulls up. Hunter dives out.

Starts running toward the house. Sees Chavalle.

HUNTER

Where's Evan?

CHAVALLE

He's in the house.

BALCER

You can't go in there.

Hunter runs anyway. Stops at Farouk's corpse.

BALCER

Get back!

HUNTER

Evan!

Hunter backs away from the gruesome sight.

Evan lurches through the back gate gripping his wounded chest.

Paramedics rush him.

EXT. EVAN'S HOUSE - LATER

Paramedics are loading Evan into an ambulance.

Cops cover up Farouk's remains.

Regina and Gonzo have rolled up on the scene.

REGINA

(on camera)

The case of Baby Michael ended in tragedy today as the boy's father, Farhad Farouk, was shot to death by sheriff's deputies after a lengthy gun battle that rocked this quiet suburban community...

INT. PLANETARIUM -

Chavalle works the control panel as Hunter and Evan enter.

HUNTER

There must be two-hundred people out there. Ready?

CHAVALLE

I didn't think I'd be this nervous. What time is it?

EVAN

Showtime.

CHAVALLE

They seem stoned?

HUNTER

It's not the usual crowd that's for sure.

CHAVALLE

Everybody needs to learn something new once in awhile.

EVAN

You learn all the time. If you pay attention to the right things.

Winks at Chavalle

CHAVALLE
Let them in. Let's get this party
started!

FADE OUT.