

ELIJAH

FADE IN

INT. CITY BAR - BACK COUNTER - NIGHT

MAX (30's) attractive and affable, hustles behind the counter.

DAVIS (60's) rumpled businessman, sits mid-way down the bar.

MAX

Last call, Davis. What say you?

DAVIS

Hit me.

Max snags a bottle off the backbar, fills Davis' glass.

Davis raises it to Max--

DAVIS (CONT'D)

You're a good man, Max.

He downs the liquid in one gulp, then sets it down with a satisfied smack of his lips.

DAVIS (CONT'D)

Definitely too good for this place.

Max smiles good-naturedly. He's heard this before.

DAVIS (CONT'D)

What the hell are you still doin'  
in this place? You should be out  
there...

Davis waves a hand in the general direction of the outside, then brings it back and wobbles a finger at Max--

DAVIS (CONT'D)

I'm telling ya, if I had a face  
like that, I'd...

He pauses, his mouth trying to form words his brain can't process. He finally gives up.

DAVIS (CONT'D)

...Well, I wouldn't be slummin' in  
here, that's for damn sure.

MAX

I'm flattered, Davis, really. But  
you're still paying for that drink.

Davis chuckles, fishing some money out of his pocket. He stands, slaps it clumsily on the bar.

DAVIS  
See you tomorrow, Max.

MAX  
See you tomorrow, Davis.

Davis turns and heads for the door.

INT. BACK COUNTER - LATER

The lights are up, the bar is empty. Max stands at the till counting out tips.

BOBBY (25) a sassy waitress with curves to match, sashays from the kitchen holding several takeout containers.

She sets them on the counter.

BOBBY  
Here you go, handsome,  
Mac'n'Cheese, bean soup, lots of  
bread, two cannoli's...

Her admiring eyes give him the once over.

BOBBY (CONT'D)  
...That sure is a lot of food.  
Maybe I should come over and help  
you eat it?

She gives him a wicked grin.

Max smiles good-naturedly. He's heard this before too.

MAX  
Settle down, cowgirl.

Bobby laughs, heads back to the kitchen.

EXT. RED LIGHT DISTRICT - NIGHT

Max slips past the drunks and addicts stumbling around in the night.

The food containers are tucked safely under his arm. His knit cap is down low, his jacket collar just high enough to obscure his features.

Not that anyone's paying attention in this part of town.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

A dimly lit hollow bordered by vacant buildings.

Max shoots a cautious glance over his shoulder, then ducks inside.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

A trash-littered alley. Quiet and dark.

Max's footsteps make little sound as he moves toward the back shadows. He stops near a cluster of trash bins and dumpsters.

He peers into the darkness--

MAX  
(whispers)  
Elijah?

Rustling near the back wall. A familiar cough, sharp and dry.

MAX (CONT'D)  
Elijah?

A grumpy voice shouts a response, but the words are too feeble and hoarse to sting--

ELIJAH (O.S.)  
Christ, can't an old man get any  
sleep around here? You're gonna  
wake the whole damn neighborhood!

The voice is overcome by another fit of coughing.

Max waits patiently for the hacking to subside.

Ever so slowly, a small, bent form separates itself from the shadows, scooting into a tiny sliver of moonlight.

ELIJAH peers out at Max. His face is craggy and haggard, ravaged by a lifetime of booze and drugs. He looks to be in his 90's, but his age is anyone's guess.

MAX  
Elijah, it's Max. Do you remember  
me?

Elijah frowns, wary. His eyes travel over the young man's face, struggling to find recognition.

Max indicates the containers at his side.

MAX (CONT'D)  
I brought you dinner.

Elijah eyes the containers suspiciously.

Max moves slowly toward the old man, careful not to startle him. He sits down beside him, setting the containers on the ground between them.

The two men sit in silence, finding their pace.

MAX (CONT'D)  
It's nice here in the moonlight.  
It's been over a week since we had  
any rain. You must be enjoying the  
dry nights.

ELIJAH  
What the hell are you yammerin'  
about? This ain't no fuckin' date!

Max chuckles, ignores the old man's outburst. He indicates the containers on the ground--

MAX  
I brought your favorites tonight,  
hot soup, bread...

He points to one of the containers--

MAX (CONT'D)  
Don't go crazy with the cannoli's.  
One of those are mine.

Elijah takes his time examining the food. He doesn't make any attempt to eat. He finally settles back against the wall.

MAX (CONT'D)  
Elijah?

ELIJAH  
Quit yellin' at me! Can't even  
hear myself think!

The sting is lost as another fit of coughing hammers his body. It's a while before Elijah can catch his breath.

In the dim light, Max can see the blood on the old man's lips. He reaches out a comforting hand...

...Elijah reacts instantly, cringing away. His eyes are wide with fear...and recognition.

He points a shaking finger at Max--

ELIJAH (CONT'D)  
 You! I remember!  
 (shakes head desperately)  
 No touching! No touching!

Max holds both hands up so Elijah can see.

MAX  
 Okay, okay. It's all right, Elijah.

Elijah curls into a tight ball, rocking back and forth.

ELIJAH  
 No more touching. No more touching!  
 Time to go! Time to go!

The rocking stops abruptly as Elijah's frail body shakes with another fit of coughing.

When it finally subsides, Elijah leans wearily against the dumpster. His breathing is heavy and labored. He turns his head to look at Max with considerable effort. The fear in his cloudy, bloodshot eyes is gone. He stares at Max now with a strange curiosity.

ELIJAH (CONT'D)  
 I remember you...  
 (whispers)  
 ...Are you an angel?

Max's face is pained.

MAX  
 No, I'm no angel...

He stares down at his hands, looking for an answer.

MAX (CONT'D)  
 ...I've just got the touch, I  
 guess.

ELIJAH  
 Well, I don't want that touch of  
 yours, whatever it is!

Elijah struggles to sit up. His eyes are desperate. He pleads hoarsely--

ELIJAH (CONT'D)  
 Don't save me, Angel. It's my time.  
 My time to go!

Max goes to speak but Elijah cuts him off. There's a surprising strength in his voice--

ELIJAH (CONT'D)  
You got to promise!

Max looks deep into the weathered old face.

MAX  
I promise, Elijah. No more  
touching.

Elijah slumps against the wall, his energy spent.

ELIJAH  
Will you stay with me, Angel? I  
don't want to be alone.

Max nods, his face tight with emotion.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FLASHBACK - THE FAMILY HOME - DAY

SUPER: Ipswich, Massachusetts, 1793

A large three-story home surrounded by wooded greenbelts and rolling pastures. Scaffolding wraps around the chimney and one side of the house.

EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY

A young MAX (10) and ELIJAH (7) engage in a game of swordplay. Leaping and maneuvering skillfully across the rooftop, the boys swing around bars and jump across boards, their game bringing them closer to the roof's edge.

EXT. SCAFFOLDING

Max smiles victoriously as he backs Elijah up against the scaffolding.

Elijah peers over the edge at the ground far below. He looks around, searching for an escape. Then he sees it!

Turning on his heel, he leaps out, grabbing hold of a scaffold rope hanging behind them. As his body spins outward, he shoots Max a triumphant smile...

...The cable snaps!

Max realizes too late. He reaches out, desperate to catch his brother--

MAX  
(screams)  
Elijah!

Elijah disappears from view, plunging to the ground below.

Max races to the edge, watching in horror as his brother's body slams into the ground.

CUT TO:

EXT. GRASS LAWN

Elijah is sprawled on the grass, his body skewed in an unnatural angle.

Max leans over his brother, sobbing uncontrollably--

MAX  
Elijah...please don't be  
dead...please don't be dead...

Clasping Elijah's hand against his heart, he leans down, head pressed against his brother's forehead, tears falling onto his cheeks.

Elijah moans.

Max jerks upright, rocks back on his heels. He stares at Elijah, wide-eyed and fearful, as his brother slowly, awkwardly, adjusts his arms and legs.

Elijah turns his head, sees Max's tear-stained face.

ELIJAH  
Max?

Max can only stare in shocked disbelief.

ELIJAH (CONT'D)  
Did I fall?

MAX  
Yeah, you fell.

DISSOLVE BACK TO  
SCENE:

Max stares into the cloudy eyes of the frail old man.

Elijah meets his gaze. For one brief, lucid moment, Max sees a spark of recognition.

ELIJAH

I know you...

Elijah smiles in all his toothless glory.

ELIJAH (CONT'D)

...Brother...

Max' face convulses with grief. He stares into the weathered old face.

But Elijah's eyes are empty now. No more pain. No more fear.

Max reaches out to close the unseeing eyes, then stops, just in time, his fingers hovering...

...Max's hand drops to his side.

MAX

Love you, baby brother.

FADE OUT.