

FADE IN

INT. MR. SILVER'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - MORNING

MR. SILVER, 40, is a short, thick white man. He stands in front of the vanity mirror to check out his clothes one quick time. He wears an orange polo shirt and khakis.

He reaches for a lanyard that is draped over the corner of the mirror. He puts it around his neck. On it, we see a couple keys and an attached ID with his picture and "Henderson High School" written on it.

Mr. Silver takes a deep breath. He looks like he dreads going to work another day.

ELAINE, 40, is in bed. He didn't know she was watching him.

ELAINE

You keep saying you like your
job, but that face says otherwise.

Mr. Silver laughs a little.

MR. SILVER

I do like my job, but I'm just
tired.

ELAINE

It's a tough school. You can
always try for somewhere easier.

MR. SILVER

(playfully)

Well if it were easier, would it
mean as much?

Elaine rolls over to go back to sleep.

ELAINE

You're so weird. Don't forget to
get me up before you walk out.

MR. SILVER

Ok.

A beat.

MR. SILVER

You know what Ghandi said.

Elaine GROANS.

MR. SILVER
Nobody can hurt me without my
permission.

ELAINE
(grumbly)
I don't even know what you're
talking about right now. I'm
sleeping.

MR. SILVER
Exactly.

He quietly laughs at himself.

EXT. SEAN'S HOUSE - MORNING

A loud yellow school bus slows down in front of an unassuming house. BRAKES SQUEEL. The bus stops. WHOOSH as the stop sign pivots from the side of the bus, red lights flashing. Nobody is there. HONK HONK. A beat. VROOM! The bus zooms on.

INT. SEAN'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - MORNING

The bedroom is small and cluttered with laundry. The room is decorated with penciled images on the walls here and there. Most have the frilly edges from when they were torn from a notebook. The images are hip-hop.

SEAN, 17, is a tall and muscular black young man. He gets dressed in his usual garb: tight, wife-beater t-shirt, an unbuttoned dress shirt over that, jeans, belt, and a gold chain around his neck.

He looks in the mirror, which is hanging on his closed bedroom door. He slouches and makes gang signs like he's posing for the cover of a hip-hop album.

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK

The knocks startle Sean. For a moment, he seems confused and panicked. He looks around his room. He sees his backpack on the floor, and he grabs it before opening the door.

In the doorway is TIM, 60. He is tall, muscular, and imposing, with a thick goatee and moustache. His hands are always in fists.

TIM
You up?

SEAN
I am.

TIM
Bus just passed.

SEAN
Felt like walking today. It's
quicker anyway.

Tim is agitated.

TIM
Uh-huh. You felt like walking or
you felt like skipping?

SEAN
I don't skip, Tim.

Without hesitation, Tim backhand slaps Sean in the face.
Sean nearly falls over, but manages to catch his balance.

TIM
Don't you sass-mouth me you little
motherfucker.

Sean looks down. He is afraid.

TIM
Teachers are calling here telling
us about how you aren't getting
your school work done...

SEAN
(meekly)
I do my work.

Tim punches Sean in the gut. Sean doubles over, coughing
and groaning.

TIM
We're interrupting and talking
back now? You think you're grown?
You think you can do this world
all by yourself? You ain't nothing
but a damn dumb orphan. Now get
your ass to school.

Sean coughs one more time. Then he grabs the backpack and stands
up tall. He's nervous and angry as he leaves the room.

EXT. HENDERSON HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

The brick school building is old. It's across the street
from project housing. This morning, the busses roll up and

let STUDENTS out. Some students walk. Friends converse. Hip-hop music plays. Groups dance. All the students are black.

A fight breaks out. SECURITY GUARDS intervene. As the mob disperses, Sean walks to the front door

INT. HENDERSON HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Sean walks through the metal detector.

We hear a BEEEEEEEEEP.

He looks at the SECURITY GUARD, a 40-year-old woman, who motions him to go back through.

SEAN
Man, fuck this.

He pats his pockets as he goes around to walk through again.

SEAN
I ain't got nothin'.

He walks through. BEEEEEEP.

SECURITY GUARD
Take off your belt this time.

Sean is fuming. He walks back around, takes off his belt, and hands it to the guard.

He walks through. It doesn't beep.

SEAN
Thank God.

Sean swipes his belt from her hand and disappears into the crowded hallways.

THE BELL RINGS. The crowded hallways get even louder as students scurry to their classrooms.

INT. PRE-K SCHOOL - DAY

Elaine hugs Gavin. Gavin tries to hold on when Elaine pulls away. Elaine half-smiles.

ELAINE
I gotta go to work, baby. I'll get you later today.

Gavin lets her go. Then he sees his friends and leaves his mama.

INT. MR. SILVER'S CLASSROOM - DAY

The walls are decorated with typical bulletin board paper and borders. Green, blue, and orange are the colors Mr. Silver has chosen. There's a whiteboard on one side of the room, a whiteboard on another side, and everywhere else, there's an array of posters meant to inspire or educate. Behind the posters and whiteboards are the cold, stacked cinderblock walls, the same kind used in government housing and prisons. Tables are arranged in a 'U' shape with chairs on the inside and out. Mr. Silver's desk is near the door.

Mr. Silver walks around the class as students work at the tables. Most of them are indulging in side conversations as they work. Some of them have their earbuds in. Most have a phone on, or at least nearby.

KATIJAHA, 14, is skinny and pretty with long, thick braids.

KATIJAHA

Mr. Silver, why we got to do so much work? It's almost Thanksgiving. Can't we watch a movie?

MR. SILVER

We can watch a movie ... one day. But we gotta learn this.

KATIJAHA

Ok. You right.

They turn towards the assignment - a worksheet on some grammar issue such as direct and indirect objects or whatnot.

KATIJAHA

I don't understand this, Mr. Silver.

MR. SILVER

It was hard for me too. Let's take a look.

Mr. Silver pulls a chair beside Katijah.

Sean stands and walks to Mr. Silver.

SEAN

Yo Silver, I gotta go to the bathroom.

Mr. Silver is in the middle of a sentence with Katijah and ignores Sean to finish what he's showing her. Sean grows impatient.

SEAN
(yelling)
Silver!

Mr. Silver turns toward Sean and makes a gesture. One finger, indicating one minute, then he points to Katijah.

SEAN
Man, fuck your finger. 'Tijah
don't give a fuck if you stop
and talk to me.

Mr. Silver sets his pencil down and turns again to Sean. He speaks sternly.

MR. SILVER
I'll be with you in a second.

Sean stands there and smiles slowly. It's a disturbing smile.

SEAN
Oh you gonna get loud now?

Mr. Silver stops and stands in front of Sean. Both are angry.

MR. SILVER
What have you done today?

SEAN
I do my work.

Mr. Silver steps towards Sean's seat, swipes up his paper, agitated, and looks at it.

WE SEE A WORKSHEET WITH NO WORK DONE

MR. SILVER
Sean, we've been in class for 30
minutes. What have you been doing?

SEAN
I been waiting on you, man.

MR. SILVER
No, you can't go to the bathroom.

SEAN
Why not?

Mr. Silver ignores Sean and sits back down beside Katijah.

SEAN
Man, fuck this school.

Sean heads towards the door.

MR. SILVER
Don't leave, please.

Sean gives Mr. Silver the middle finger without even looking.

SEAN
Fuck you.

He intends to leave.

MR. SILVER
How old are you?

This odd question stops Sean in his tracks. The rest of the class is silent at the exchange.

SEAN
What?

MR. SILVER
How old are you?

SEAN
What the fuck does it matter?

Mr. Silver looks at him and shrugs; he's waiting for a response.

SEAN
Seventeen.

MR. SILVER
This is English 9, Sean. Do
you ever think about why you're
still in English 9?

The other students in the class start to snicker.

SEAN
They just put me in here. I'm
about to get it switched...

MR. SILVER
You're not going to get it
switched because it's not a
mistake, Sean. You haven't passed
English in a while, and it's
because of your behavior.

KATIJA
Sean, just sit down before Mr.
Silver has to wet yo ass
some more.

The other kids laugh.

Sean is obviously angry. He picks up Mr. Silver's wooden hall pass and slams it against the wall, breaking it, before he walks out of the classroom.

Out the door, we see Sean storm past MS. MINES, 50. Mr. Silver and Ms. Mines share a look before Mr. Silver shuts his door and gets back to work.

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

Mr. Silver sits across the desk from Ms. Mines, the school's principal. They are in the middle of a conversation.

MS. MINES

It's not that simple, really. I know the temptation is to say something back to the kid, but they are just children.

MR. SILVER

I know they are children, but this is how I talk to some of them. I have that relationship with some of them.

MS. MINES

Well I don't think you have that relationship with Sean. He said you pretty much called him stupid in front of the whole class.

MR. SILVER

Yeah, well, I was angry too. I mean, the kid was rude and cussing and it just got under my skin. And besides, it's not like what I said wasn't true. I mean, he's in English 9, and he will be forever.

MS. MINES

As the adult in the room, you have to be bigger than all that. You have to deal with it in a more productive way.

MR. SILVER

I know what you mean, but I sure am tired of everyone just throwing up their hands and saying teachers have to put up with this kind of

behavior. There's obviously some deep-rooted problems with so many of these kids and our culture expects education and the schools to fix social and economic issues..

Ms. Mines puts up her hand, interrupting Mr. Silver's tirade.

MS. MINES

I get it and I'm with you. But we've got a million things to do right now. I don't have time to hear one of your speeches. Just be aware and do better next time.

Mr. Silver, now deflated, stands up.

MR. SILVER

Point taken.

He makes a zipper motion across his lips, then motions like he locks the zipper.

EXT. MR. SILVER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The house is in a rural, wooded area. It's at least three acres of land - enough to see the neighbors' lights and houses through the trees, but not enough to see inside the neighbors' windows. It's a far cry from Sean's urban housing.

INT. MR. SILVER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mr. Silver helps his wife, ELAINE, 40, fold laundry on their bed.

MR. SILVER

I don't know what it is about this kid.

ELAINE

Just be careful. Some of these kids probably have it tougher at home than you can imagine.

MR. SILVER

Your future clientele, huh miss probation officer?

ELAINE

Unfortunately you're right. But don't forget I go to their homes. I have to see where they live, and some of it just can't be explained. It's just awful.

MR. SILVER

That's just it. I don't know how to make them see that paying attention and learning are ways to avoid being just another statistic in the system.

ELAINE

I'm not sure you can make them *want* an education.

MR. SILVER

I guess. Sometimes, I feel like I spend *all* my time trying to make them *want* an education.

ELAINE

That's not really your job you know.

MR. SILVER

It shouldn't be. They should learn to want an education at home, but it ain't happening.

ELAINE

It's a tough thing. You have to teach your subject - language arts. But you also have to teach teenagers that the subject is valuable.

MR. SILVER

It just frustrates me to no end to see intelligent kids wasting away. I don't know if it's laziness or what.

ELAINE

Have you told this kid that you think he's intelligent?

MR. SILVER

What do you mean?

ELAINE

Well the way you told me about him,

you kind of made him sound dumb.
Do you really think he has potential?

MR. SILVER
Well, yes. I do.

Mr. Silver pauses.

MR. SILVER
I should tell him, huh?

GAVIN (OS)
Mama!

Elaine and Mr. Silver stop and look at each other for just a second.

MR. SILVER
He's calling you. Sorry.

ELAINE
It's ok with me. Just means you
have to keep working on the
laundry.

MR. SILVER
Touché.

INT. MR. SILVER'S FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT

The lights are out except for one lamp beside Mr. Silver's head. Mr. Silver, in nighttime sweats, sits in his recliner, his laptop on his lap. He types.

MR. SILVER (VO)
Dear Sean,
I'm writing this letter because I
don't know how to get through to
you any other way. I'm not even sure
this will work.

Mr. Silver pauses and takes a breath. Then he continues typing.

MR. SILVER (VO)
One of the most frustrating parts
of my job is to watch intelligent
young men and women get bad
grades. I don't know what it is.
Maybe it's laziness. Maybe it's
machismo. School isn't cool? Maybe
that's it. But it frustrates me to
no end to see you in class,
sitting there, being creative and

witty, but not applying those elements of intelligence to the work we're doing in class.

When I look at you, I see a confident, intelligent, creative young man with so much potential. And I also see a cocky boy who will not reach his potential unless he reprioritizes his life.

I want to help you do well, but you have to put in the effort. You have to work a little. Even when it's hard. Or boring. You just have to get it done. When you get on board with that, then I'm there man. Let's do it.
Sincerely,
Mr. Silver

Mr. Silver reads over the letter on the computer screen.

MR. SILVER
Kind of cheesy. Short and to-the-point. Perfect.

He clicks the mouse.

MR. SILVER
And print.

INT. MR. SILVER'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Mr. Silver folds his letter and stuffs it into an envelope. He gets a stamp from the basket and puts it on the envelope. Then he puts a return address label on the envelope. He sets the envelope down so he won't forget to mail it the next day.

INT. MR. SILVER'S CLASSROOM - DAY

The students are mildly interested as Mr. Silver reads a short story aloud. It is "Thank You Ma'am," by Langston Hughes.

MR. SILVER

The boy wanted to say something other than, "Thank you, m'am," to Mrs. Luella Bates Washington Jones, but although his lips moved, he couldn't even say that as he turned at the foot of the barren stoop and looked up at the large woman in the door. Then she shut the door.

He sets his copy of the story down.

MR. SILVER

So we have this kid who tried to steal the woman's purse. She didn't get mad and tell the cops. She showed compassion and gave the boy some food and money. What do you guys think about that?

KATIJAH

Mr. Silver, I don't understand.

MR. SILVER

What don't you understand about it?

KATIJAH

Why didn't the boy just run out her house when he got there?

MR. SILVER

Good question.

(to the rest of the class)

What do you think?

Most of the kids don't say anything for a minute. They turn to each other, put their heads down, play on their phones, talk quietly ... anything except listen and engage.

Mr. Silver notices Sean's empty chair.

MR. SILVER

Come on ya'll. Give me a few minutes of your attention. I know it's Friday, but let's get through this.

There's a beat.

JABARI, 14, has been mostly quiet, and he sits up a little straighter in his chair.

JABARI

He didn't have nowhere to go.

The kids quiet down and turn towards him. He scoots lower in his chair.

MR. SILVER

What do you mean?

JABARI

He probably got kicked out of his house or something.

MARIO, 14, leans forward.

MARIO

Yeah, Mr. Silver. He probably got, like, all his shit in his house but he got that note on the door. My cuz J-man had that happen to him and his two kids.

MR. SILVER

I think you guys are on to something. I wonder what his home life is like. What if it's better with Ms. Jones?

KATIJAH

You mean, like, she got it better in her little ass apartment? That's dead, bruh. I wouldn't be staying in no bummy ass apartment after I try to steal the lady's purse.

Katijah's friends laugh.

MR. SILVER

Well think about it. What do I always say? It's all about what?

THE CLASS

Perspective.

MR. SILVER

That's right. Perspective. I mean, if you couldn't take a shower, didn't have any clothes or food. Don't you think staying with this old lady for a minute would be better?

KATIJAH

I guess. She only giving him
a piece of ham to eat though. I
bet he be hungry.

MARIO

She need to get some McDonald's
up in that bitch.

The class laughs. Mr. Silver laughs too. He looks again at
Sean's empty seat before moving on with the material.

MR. SILVER

So let's talk ...

STATIC on the PA system interrupts Mr. Silver.

ANNOUNCEMENT (VO)

Teachers, please pardon the interruption ...

Mr. Silver lets out a downtrodden sigh.

ANNOUNCEMENT (VO)

Would the following students please
report to the main office: Ladasia
Shicks, Lynnasia Stoker, Eunique
Jones, and Tayana Good.

Mr. Silver looks around and sees that the class is
less attentive than ever.

MR. SILVER

Hey guys! Like I was saying ...

The class ignores him.

MR. SILVER

(yelling)

Yo!

The class gets a little quieter and students look at Mr. Silver.

MR. SILVER

(in a normal voice)

Like I was saying, let's talk about
the plot and your expectations.
When the boy was going for her
purse, did you think it would end
up like it did?

The class GROANS collectively.

MR. SILVER

After this, I'll put something on the screen. A short movie or something if you give me good answers.

KATIJA

Bet.

Mr. Silver turns to the whiteboard and begins writing...

EXT. WALMART PARKING LOT - DAY

Sean exits the store wearing bulky and baggy clothes. He walks past the muttering customers, the sputtering cars, and the clanking carts to the far end of the parking lot, where only a few Winnebago-type RVs are parked.

He finds a shady spot near some trees. He pulls a plastic-wrapped sub and a can of soda from various pockets. After unwrapping the sandwich and taking a big bite, he covers it back up with plastic and reaches into the inside pocket of his jacket. He pulls out a bottle of cough medicine.

SEAN

DXM. Nasty shit.

Sean opens the bottle and chugs the medicine in one swoop. At the end of the bottle ...

SEAN

Agh! Uhh!

He spits and coughs. He gags.

SEAN

Fuck, that's bad!

He clears his throat, coughs, gags, and spits a few more times. Then he opens the soda and takes a drink before eating more from the sandwich. The sun fades.

INT. MR. SILVER'S KITCHEN - DAY

Mr. Silver is fixing dinner on the stove. He hears the DOOR OPEN before GAVIN, 4, runs in. Elaine soon follows, her arms full of her and Gavin's things.

MR. SILVER

Hey.

ELAINE

Hey.

They quickly kiss. Elaine sets her stuff down in various places. Gavin plays in the den. Mr. Silver goes back to cooking.

ELAINE
Need help?

MR. SILVER
Sure. Here, stir this.

He hands her a wooden spoon.

ELAINE
What is it?

MR. SILVER
It's a spoon, duh.

Elaine rolls her eyes. Mr. Silver looks at her for a beat, like he's waiting for her to laugh. Then he goes back to cooking before he says,

MR. SILVER
Remember when you used to think
I was funny?

ELAINE
Barely.

They both laugh.

MR. SILVER
It's ol' reliable. Spaghetti.

ELAINE
Yum.

Mr. Silver cuts vegetables for a salad.

MR. SILVER
So I have a couple things to
confess.

ELAINE
Uh oh. What happened?

MR. SILVER
No, no. It's not that bad. One
thing's good actually.

Mr. Silver doesn't look up from his chopping.

MR. SILVER
I wrote a letter to Sean. That
kid I was telling you about.

ELAINE
(worried)
Ok. Good for you. And?

Mr. Silver stops chopping and looks at her.

MR. SILVER
That's it. I just took your advice.
I wanted to see if I could get through
to him a little.

ELAINE
Ok. That's not bad. That's actually
good. I think it is probably the right
thing to do.

MR. SILVER
I hope so.

He goes back to looking at the vegetables as he chops.
Elaine waits for a beat.

ELAINE
And?

MR. SILVER
(playfully nervous)
And what?

Elaine grows frustrated.

ELAINE
Come on. What about the second
thing you have to tell me?

MR. SILVER
Oh that.

He stops chopping and looks at her.

MR. SILVER
Try not to be mad, but I
accidentally may have used our home
address return label by mistake. On
accident. Mistakenly.

ELAINE
You didn't.

MR. SILVER
Did I mention it was an accident?
I just ...

Elaine waves her hands in front of her. Mr. Silver stops talking immediately. After a quick beat, he tries again ...

MR. SILVER

It was ...

She waves her hands again. He stops again.

He tries again...

MR. SILVER

I ...

Elaine is angry.

ELAINE

I don't want to hear it. I don't.
It's dangerous. No matter what you
put in the letter. No matter how
much you like this kid. You don't
really know him, you have your
family to think about, and you
fucked up.

GAVIN (O.S.)

Mommy?

They turn to see Gavin in the doorway, listening and upset.
Elaine rushes to him and hugs him.

ELAINE

What is it, baby?

GAVIN

What's "fucked up"?

Elaine and Mr. Silver snicker. The mood lightens.

ELAINE

That's a bad thing to say. I
know I said it to daddy, but
it's just something adults
say to each other. Unfortunately,
your father needs to hear it a
little more than most people.

MR. SILVER

Very funny, honey.

He walks over and hugs them both.

MR. SILVER

Luckily, daddy's sorry and

mommy will forgive him. And
really, don't say it.

GAVIN
I won't.

ELAINE
Off to bed everybody.

They exit the room.

EXT. ROADSIDE - EVENING

Sean walks on the sidewalk, dangerously close to the passing cars on the road. His eyes are half-closed from the effects of DXM.

A sedan pulls over near Sean. The passenger window rolls down to reveal a YOUNG THUG, 17.

YOUNG THUG
Yo, Sean...

Sean daps up Young Thug through the window.

YOUNG THUG
... you need a ride or something?

SEAN
(slurring)
I'll take a ride.

Young Thug laughs.

YOUNG THUG
Well hop in, homie.

Sean gets in the back.

INT. SEAN'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Tim smokes a cigarette on the couch as he watches TV. He calls to JILL, 50s, who is in another room.

TIM
You fix me anything to eat?

INT. SEAN'S HOUSE, BATHROOM - NIGHT

Jill has on a blue work jumper with her name sewn into it below her left shoulder. She applies makeup to a red mark on her left cheek. She ignores Tim.

TIM (OS)

Don't you ignore me Jill.

JILL

(to herself)

Fix your own food.

(to Tim)

There's leftovers in the fridge.

INT. SEAN'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

TIM

Leftovers in the fridge? What the hell you talkin' about woman? I'm the man of this mother...

The front door opens, interrupting Tim. Sean comes in.

TIM

Ah. Where you been boy?

SEAN

I stayed back at school. Missed the bus.

TIM

School ain't open this late. You walk here?

SEAN

I got a ride with ...

Tim looks at Sean suspiciously before interrupting.

TIM

You on drugs?

SEAN

... a friend from school.

TIM

You look like you on something.

SEAN

What do you mean?

TIM

Your eyes are red and you're talking just a little funny.

SEAN

I don't do drugs, Tim.

Tim looks at Sean for a beat. Sean looks him in the eye.

TIM
You expect me to believe that
bullshit?

SEAN
It's the truth.

Jill comes in.

JILL
Sean, you got a letter from
your teacher.

Tim seems surprised.

TIM
What letter?

Jill ignores Tim again, which makes him mad.

JILL
(to Sean)
I gotta go to work now, but you
know I don't like no teachers
comin' around here or anything.

She heads for the door. Tim, now standing, grabs her arm as she
passes. She stops.

TIM
I said, what letter?

Jill jerks her arm away.

JILL
I have to read letters to you
now too? It's on the table. Read
it your damn self.

She leaves. Tim sees the letter on the corner of the end table.
Sean reaches for it, but Tim swipes it first and reads it.

SEAN
It's my letter.

Tim gives Sean eyes before looking at the letter.

TIM
Looks like this Mr. Silver thinks
you have some sort of potential.

SEAN
(surprised)
He said I have potential?

Tim recognizes the glint of self-confidence in Sean.

TIM

He also says you're fucking up
in class and that you won't
amount to anything. Guess he
knows you pretty well.

Anger builds in Sean's face and body. Sean grabs for the letter.
Tim pulls it away just in time.

TIM

You want your letter? Too bad.

Tim folds it and puts it in his pocket. Sean steps towards him.
His fists are clenched, ready.

TIM

There we go. Come on.

Sean punches. It lands on Tim's face, knocking Tim back a step.

Tim rubs his face and smiles at Sean.

TIM

Good to see the fight in you boy.

Tim punches Sean in the face, then again in the stomach.
Sean doubles over. Tim hammer fists Sean on the back.

Sean falls to the ground, knocking against the end table as
he does. Some items fall off the table.

Tim kicks him in the stomach. Sean groans and coughs. Tim walks
towards the kitchen.

TIM

Clean this shit up.

Sean is coughing on the floor. He sees the items that fell. One
of them is the envelope of the letter. Sean crumples the
envelope in his hand.

Slowly, he stands up, injured. Then he walks towards his room.

TIM

Boy. Don't test me again. I
said clean this shit up.

Sean ignores Tim, speeds up, and storms to his room. He
slams the door.

INT. SEAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sean storms back and forth. Tim BANGS on the door.

TIM (OS)
You let me in there boy. Don't
you ignore me.

Sean sits on the edge of his bed. His body is full of rage.

Tim bangs on the door as he talks.

TIM (OS)
Sean, I will beat you clear back
to that ratty orphanage when I
get the chance.

Sean puts the crumpled envelope in his pocket. The tears
pour from his eyes. His breaths are heavy.

The sound changes to Tim SLAMMING HIS SHOULDER INTO THE DOOR.
Then again. Then again.

Sean looks at the door, angry, ready.

The door gives way, slams open, and Tim stumbles in,
off balance.

In one explosive motion, Sean gets off the bed and throws a
haymaker that clocks Tim on the jaw. Tim goes down hard,
unconscious.

SEAN
Yeah. Now what? I'm the
motherfucker now. Fuck you.

Sean steps over Tim's body and exits.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - EVENING

There is no sidewalk on this street. Sean walks on the narrow
edge of road between the road line and the ditch. Sean has his
hood on, his shoulders hunched, and his hands in his pockets. He
stares at the road as he walks. His face is wet with tears.

A car approaches. It barely misses Sean as it passes. Sean
checks for more cars and crosses the street to walk down an even
more rural road.

He looks around suspiciously.

INT. SEAN'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Tim is on the couch, blood on his face and ear. He dials a
number on his phone and puts it to his non-bloody ear.

TIM
Yes, I'd like to report a
domestic disturbance... Yes, it's
about my foster kid, Sean. He
turned violent. I've never seen
him like this. And now he's gone.
There's no telling what he might
be capable of.

Tim sets the phone down and wipes his face with a paper towel.
Blood.

INT. MR. SILVER'S HOUSE, FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT

Mr. Silver is on the couch; Elaine is in the recliner. The TV is
on, but the house is quiet.

RING. The doorbell.

Mr. Silver and Elaine jump from their seats.

ELAINE
What the ...?

MR. SILVER
It's pretty late.

ELAINE
Right?

The doorbell rings again.

MR. SILVER
Coming!

Mr. Silver looks out the window first. He doesn't see anything.

Finally, he opens the front door. Silence but for the background
noise of crickets in the nighttime. Nobody's there. Mr. Silver
takes a step out.

EXT. MR. SILVER'S HOUSE, FRONT PORCH - (CONTINUOUS)

Mr. Silver looks around. All is still. He turns to go back in.

He's almost in when he hears a rustling behind him. He stops for
a beat. Then he takes a couple steps outside. A little farther
this time.

Suddenly, from behind, Sean puts his hand over Mr. Silver's
mouth, and he shoves the barrel of a gun into Mr. Silver's
cheek.

SEAN

Don't make a fucking sound.

Mr. Silver is wide-eyed scared.

ELAINE (OS)

Everything ok babe?

They head inside, the gun firmly pressed against Mr. Silver's head.

INT. MR. SILVER'S FAMILY ROOM (CONTINUOUS)

Sean and Mr. Silver enter. Sean has the gun on Mr. Silver's face and his hand over Mr. Silver's mouth. When Elaine sees them, she lets out a sharp scream.

GAVIN (O.S.)

Daddy?

At this, Mr. Silver makes muffled yells, his mouth still covered by Sean's hand.

Sean kicks the door closed behind him.

Elaine is motionless in the recliner before Gavin enters in his pajamas. He sees Sean holding his dad. His face turns to horror. He looks to mom. He begins to sob loudly.

SEAN

Quiet boy!

Gavin, still crying, struggles to hold in his wails.

SEAN

Get over there with your
mom, now.

Elaine holds out her arms. Gavin dashes to them. She holds him tightly. Both of them are crying. Finally, Elaine is able to speak.

ELAINE

What do you want?

SEAN

Shut the fuck up. I'm the
one who talks here. You don't
say nothing unless I tell
you to talk.

Sean looks around the house.

SEAN

Mr. Silver. I'm going to let you sit with your family. But when I let you go, don't say shit or try anything. You got me?

Mr. Silver nods as best he can. Sean lets him go.

SEAN
Everybody on the couch.

Mr. Silver rushes to his family on the sofa and hugs them tightly.

MR. SILVER
Oh my god. I'm so glad you're ok.

This irritates Sean.

SEAN
Ain't nobody ok in this bitch.
You understand me?

Elaine and Mr. Silver nod, terrified. Gavin's head is still buried in his mother's body.

SEAN
Now don't nobody fucking move.

Sean thinks for a second.

SEAN
Your phones. Where are they?

MR. SILVER
They're all over. Mine's in the bedroom.

He points towards the back room.

MR. SILVER
Hers is right here.

He points to the arm of the sofa where Elaine's cell sits, plugged into the wall.

Sean walks over and grabs her phone. It comes unplugged from the force of his grab. He puts the phone in his pocket. Then he disappears into the bedroom.

SEAN (OS)
I don't fucking see a phone.

He charges back into the family room, pissed.

MR. SILVER
I thought I put it there.

SEAN
You trying to pull some shit?

MR. SILVER
No. I'm just trying to do what
you asked. Uh ... maybe it's
charging in the kitchen.

The kitchen is separated from the family room by a bar
countertop. Sean looks over the bar. He spots it on the counter
by the fridge.

INT. MR. SILVER'S KITCHEN (CONTINUOUS)

Sean swipes the phone.

INT. MR. SILVER'S FAMILY ROOM (CONTINUOUS)

Sean puts the gun in his pocket and pulls the cell phones from
his other pocket. He holds them both in one hand, looks at them
for a second, then drops them on the hardwood floor. Sean stomps
the phones.

Elaine and Mr. Silver jump.

SEAN
Don't move.

Sean heads to the kitchen.

INT. MR. SILVER'S KITCHEN (CONTINUOUS)

Sean rifles through the drawers and cabinets as if he's looking
for something. Plates. Cups. Glasses. Utencils.

When he sees a cabinet full of medicine, he takes a mental note.
Then he shuts the cabinet and continues searching.

Finally he finds a drawer full of junk.

SEAN
(to himself)
Everybody has a junk drawer.

He plows through the drawer.

SEAN
There's gotta be something.

After a bit of searching, he finds duct tape.

INT. MR. SILVER'S FAMILY ROOM (CONTINUOUS)

Sean returns.

SEAN
Hold out your hands.

Mr. Silver complies. Elaine struggles with Gavin.

ELAINE
Gavin, honey. Turn around, sit
up straight, and hold out your
hands like the man said.

Gavin faces front, but keeps his head bowed and his eyes
diverted.

Sean starts with Elaine. He wraps her hands at the wrists.
He then pushes her legs together and wraps her ankles.

He turns towards Gavin and begins the wrapping process. He
is slightly gentler with the boy.

Sean moves on to Mr. Silver. Gavin gets as close to Elaine as he
can and shoves his head into her arm for comfort.

MR. SILVER
Sean, you don't have to do this.

Mr. Silver thinks for a moment.

MR. SILVER
Wait. What are you doing anyway?

SEAN
Right now, I'm tying you up. Now
shut the fuck up before I shut
you up. ... You always got something
to say.

At this, Sean pulls the tape tight around Mr. Silver's ankles.

MR. SILVER
It's my job. I talk to you kids
for a living.

SEAN
Yeah well you ain't no Hillary Swank
and we don't live in Freedom
Writers.

He looks Mr. Silver in the eye.

SEAN

You can't fucking save me so quit
fucking trying. Gangsta's Paradise
is a fucking kids' lullaby if you
look at the shit I've seen.

Mr. Silver, still scared, is also somewhat surprised by
Sean's knowledge of movies.

MR. SILVER

Movies guy, huh?

Sean lets out a frustrated sigh. Mr. Silver gestures to a filled
DVD stand beside the television.

MR. SILVER

I got a ton of movies over ...

Sean points the gun toward a window. BANG. The window shatters.
The Silver family is stunned for a second.

SEAN

I should shoot you right the
fuck now.

Sean quickly looks at Gavin, whose sobbing face is buried in his
mother, then he looks back at Mr. Silver.

SEAN

But I'm not going to yet.

Sean jolts away from the Silver family. He opens cabinets
and rifles through drawers. If something shines or shimmers,
Sean stuffs it in his pockets.

The Silver family is still stunned from the shot. They begin to
breathe and take a moment to look at each other.

Gavin starts crying again. Elaine pulls him to her as best she
can with bound hands. Then she looks at Mr. Silver.

ELAINE

This is too much. What's going to
happen?

MR. SILVER

I don't know. I really don't know.

Sean is loud as he rummages through the house.

INT. MR. SILVER'S BEDROOM (CONTINUOUS)

Sean opens and closes the dresser drawers. He finds Elaine's jewelry and puts it in his pocket. He opens a nightstand drawer and knocks things out as he looks through.

He sees a picture of the family on the wall of the bedroom. The three of them look happy.

Sean's rummaging transitions to raging. He knocks over the nightstand. THUD.

INT. MR. SILVER'S FAMILY ROOM (CONTINUOUS)

The family jumps at the thud and look at each other, terrified.

Things BANG and CLANG.

The family hugs each other. Gavin cries louder. Elaine strokes his head and shushes him as she holds him close.

Sean knocks things over - BANG. THUD. BAM. - as he makes his way towards the family room, the sounds GETTING LOUDER as he gets closer.

Sean yells. His voice grows louder as he enters the room.

SEAN

I didn't want to do this. I don't want to fucking be here. This isn't what I want for me.

MR. SILVER

What?

Elaine and Gavin are confused and startled. They don't know what they are supposed to do. Gavin cries more.

Sean sits on the adjacent recliner, his head in his hands, the gun still in his hand.

He lifts his head.

SEAN

Every day, I come to your class and you are supposed to teach me. Every day. But sometimes you don't want to. You're too tired. Fuck that.

Mr. Silver looks at his family and back at Sean.

MR. SILVER

What are you talking about?

SEAN

Remember the time when I came in a few minutes late and you told me to go get a pass, and when I went to get a pass, then Ms. Mines stopped me and said I needed to be in class?

MR. SILVER

Not really. But that sounds like something that would happen.

Sean laughs a little.

The Silver family members just look at each other awkwardly, scared.

Sean has tears in his eyes.

SEAN

I just don't fucking know what I'm supposed to be doing.

Sean stands and starts walking around as he talks.

SEAN

So I'm not going to do what anybody tells me anymore. Fuck it all! I'm going to take mine and do what I want!

MR. SILVER

Ok. Ok. Please settle down.

SEAN

Yeah, I'll settle down.

Sean charges to Mr. Silver and whacks him on the head with the gun.

Elaine yelps. Gavin does too.

ELAINE

Nooooo!

Mr. Silver slowly comes to consciousness.

Sean takes in deep breaths. He's proud that he's making the rules.

ELAINE

Leave us alone. Please.

Mr. Silver spits blood.

SEAN

That was just a tap.

Mr. Silver spits blood again.

Gavin cries harder.

MR. SILVER
(to Gavin)
It's ok Gavin. I'm ok.

He turns to Sean.

MR. SILVER
Please. I beg you. Sean. Let my
family go. My wife and son.
Please.

Sean looks up, his face tense with anger.

MR. SILVER
It's me you really want to talk to
right? Just me. They don't need to
be here.

Sean shushes Mr. Silver. Mr. Silver stops talking as Sean
visibly thinks. After a beat, his face loosens and he speaks.

SEAN
Yeah. They should go.

Mr. Silver lets out a giant breath.

MR. SILVER
Yes. Thank you.

Sean gets scissors from the table and starts to cut them loose.

Elaine is confused.

ELAINE
Wait. What? Let us all go.

Sean ignores her and continues to cut the duct tape from Elaine
and Gavin only. Gavin cries.

ELAINE
Please. Let him come with us.
We won't tell anyone, I swear.
Take what you want and we won't
tell a soul.

Sean finishes with the tape.

SEAN

Close your mouths. Just stop
talking and go out the back door.

They get up. There's confusion. They both hug Mr. Silver, who is
still taped up.

GAVIN
Daddy.

ELAINE
You don't have to do this. You...

MR. SILVER
It's ok. It'll be ok. It'll all
be ok in the end.

ELAINE
I hate when you say that.

She kisses him.

SEAN
Enough of that shit. Time to move.

INT. MR. SILVER'S KITCHEN (CONTINUOUS)

Sean rustles Elaine and Gavin towards the back door in the
kitchen. He stops them before they leave.

SEAN
Wait here a second.

Sean uses the duct tape and wraps it around their ankles,
leaving some room in the middle so they can walk with shuffling
steps. As he does this, he speaks.

SEAN
Not a word to anyone. I don't
give a fuck where you go, but
not a word about what's going
on or I kill your husband. I
see cops, I blow his fucking
brains out.

Gavin is crying hard.

ELAINE
I get it. Shut the fuck up.

SEAN
I'm letting you go. Be a little
more grateful.

ELAINE

Fuck you. I'm not grateful at all.

Sean steps toward her, angry.

MR. SILVER (O.S.)
Elaine. Please. Do what he says.
Just go. I need you to get our
son out of here.

Sean stops. Elaine turns. She and Gavin shuffle out the door.

INT. MR. SILVER'S FAMILY ROOM (CONTINUOUS)

Sean comes back in.

SEAN
Just you and me now, teach.

MR. SILVER
I guess so. You going to kill me?

SEAN
Be honest with you, I don't fucking
know. I probably am going to kill you.
I know your wife is going to tell
somebody.

MR. SILVER
I don't know, really. If she does,
it probably won't be right away.

SEAN
I know it won't. That's why I did their
legs like that, so it gives me some
time. Plus you live out here in the
middle of nowhere. How fucking long you
think?

Mr. Silver is almost amused.

MR. SILVER
I really don't know.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Elaine is in her nighttime sweats and Gavin is in his pajamas.
It's chilly outside and dry as the two crunch through the twigs
and leaves of the forest bed.

They are scared and Elaine holds Gavin closely. It's dark,
but Elaine can make out a fallen log.

ELAINE

Here. Sit here.

Elaine sets Gavin on the log. She pulls and rips at the duct tape until it comes off his legs. He winces a little. Then she sits beside him and pulls the tape off her own legs. They are bare-footed with their feet now dirty and scratched from the unforgiving ground.

GAVIN

Mama. Is he really going to kill daddy?

ELAINE

I don't know.

GAVIN

What are we going to do?

ELAINE

I don't know, really. I think we have to get help.

Gavin cries.

GAVIN

I don't want him to kill daddy.

Elaine hugs Gavin.

ELAINE

I know, honey. But we can't just sit here. We have to do something.

INT. MR. SILVER'S FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT

Sean and Mr. Silver sit, exhausted.

MR. SILVER

So did you come here to kill me or what?

SEAN

That was the plan. What kind of man would I be if I didn't stick to my own plan?

Mr. Silver looks a little shocked.

MR. SILVER

Good advice.

SEAN

You should think so. You said it in class.

MR. SILVER
I know. I'm just surprised you remember it.

Mr. Silver thinks for a beat.

MR. SILVER
Actually, I'm surprised you were listening at all.

SEAN
I always listen.

MR. SILVER
Yeah, right.

SEAN
(offended)
What, you don't think I'm capable of listening to shit in class? That's fucking dead, bra.

MR. SILVER
Well how the fuck am I supposed to know if you're listening if you never show me that you are? You don't do any work. You barely try on tests. You won't turn in a paper.

SEAN
I don't have to prove anything to you. Fucking teachers trying to make us do their shit all the time. Tupac said, "Real niggas do what they wanna do. Bitch niggas do what they can."

Mr. Silver smiles and shakes his head.

MR. SILVER
If that's all you heard, then you didn't listen. Why am I telling you this? Yes, Tupac said that, but he said you have to know that life is a game, and you have to know the levels and the rules of the game first. Then you can "stare at the world through your rearview."

Sean is surprised. Mr. Silver continues his rant.

MR. SILVER

To take that one line out of context doesn't make any sense. Especially with school. The whole fucking bargain is that we try hard to engage students to get them to learn, and students show teachers and the school - not to mention themselves - that they took in some of the information. Kids take tests and write shit.

SEAN

That's some bitch stuff, though. None of it is going to help me in my life.

MR. SILVER

You don't know that yet. Even Tupac said the game has rules and levels. You want to skip levels, but you can't. That's what you people ...

SEAN

You people!?

Mr. Silver stops abruptly and freezes in place, mouth open, at the interruption.

The room is silent for a beat. Mr. Silver closes his mouth and shakes his head as he lowers it.

MR. SILVER

Yes. You people.

Sean is angry as he stands.

SEAN

You mean black people, don't you?

MR. SILVER

No, Sean, I don't mean black people. I mean people in your situation.

SEAN

What kind of situation is that?

MR. SILVER

Think about the world out there. Then think about where you live.

SEAN

This ain't helping. I live in a black neighborhood.

MR. SILVER

No, you live in a poor neighborhood.
Most of the residents just also
happen to be black.

Sean seems confused.

MR. SILVER

It's about poverty and access to
resources more than it is about race.
Tupac is talking about playing the
game, working hard, and getting money
so you can do something with yourself.

Sean looks like he understands better.

MR. SILVER

Why is the white guy telling you this?

Sean gets angry.

SEAN

Man, fuck you.

MR. SILVER

(angry)

Well that's what you're here for, right?
Some sort of lesson? Otherwise, just
kill me and get this over with.

Sean, still standing, tenses his muscles and makes himself take
deep breaths until he calms himself down. He sits.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Elaine and Gavin crunch the sticks and leaves beneath their
feet, moving slowly but still moving.

INT. MR. SILVER'S FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT

MR. SILVER

What you said before, it's all part
of the game.

SEAN

What'd I say?

MR. SILVER

About teachers wanting you to do the
work. You know that's what school is,
right? Shit, Sean. I know you do your
work in some of your other classes. But
in mine, I can't get you to do anything
at all.

SEAN

So the fuck what?

MR. SILVER

Yeah, I guess, if you don't want to do anything, then you don't have to. But when you start distracting the kids who do give a shit, that's what pisses teachers off. Like all those times you put your earbuds in and started rapping while I was reading a story to the class.

Mr. Silver gets more agitated as he speaks.

SEAN

Fuck you. I do my work in some classes because there's something to do. In your fucking class we don't have work to do all the time.

MR. SILVER

What world do you live in? Sometimes just sitting there and listening is part of the work. Just using your brain *is* work. Us thinking about something - having a discussion about it - *is* doing work.

Sean stands up and faces away.

MR. SILVER

It doesn't fucking matter though. Are you really here to talk about education?

Sean spins towards him and spits out ...

SEAN

I don't fucking know why I'm here. I just came here because you wrote that fucking letter.

MR. SILVER

The letter? So what about the letter? I was just trying to reach you. I didn't know if it would work or not. I'd never done it before.

SEAN

What do you mean, reach me?

MR. SILVER

I mean I was trying to get you to give a shit about your education. I just wanted you to do something in class.

SEAN

Why didn't you just make me, you know? Just tell me I had to do it.

MR. SILVER

I did. That doesn't fucking work.

SEAN

You have to make us do it. We don't do shit just because you ask. There has to be a reason. Something in it for us.

MR. SILVER

You get to learn. That's what you fucking kids don't get. There is something in it for you. It's called knowledge.

Sean is getting irritated. He speaks with his arms and body.

SEAN

That's bullshit. I can *learn* without going to fucking school. I learn everyday on the streets. That's where I get my real fucking education.

Mr. Silver is calmer, somewhat taken aback by Sean's impassioned logic.

MR. SILVER

I know you learn from the streets. That's something I don't know much about.

SEAN

Yeah, you don't know what it's like to have to live hard every fucking day.

MR. SILVER

You're right. I don't.

As Sean speaks, he motions like he won something.

SEAN

That's right.

MR. SILVER

I've never been there, in the hood. But I'm smart enough to imagine different perspectives. I'm intelligent enough to know when I don't know something, and savvy enough to learn about it, or to get someone who does know to explain it to me. Or to read about it. And I know how to do all that shit because I sat in classrooms and just listened.

SEAN

What do you mean?

MR. SILVER

I mean, why limit yourself to only learning from the streets? I mean, even if your goal in life is to be a drug dealer or pimp or something, learning shit in school, from people not like you, can help you be a better drug dealer or pimp. It's about learning so you can make better decisions when you get a little older.

SEAN

I guess.

MR. SILVER

The payoff isn't immediate. I'm not *uploading* knowledge into your brain. It takes effort and time.

SEAN

Time.

The two sit there, thinking.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

As Elaine and Gavin move through the woods, Elaine falls to her bottom.

ELAINE

Ouch.

She grabs her foot.

GAVIN

What is it, Mommy?

He sees her foot, which has a gash with blood and a small twig poking out. He hugs her, crying.

ELAINE

Sit here beside me for a second.

Gavin sits.

Elaine pulls the twig out, releasing more blood. She rips off a piece of her shirt and ties it around her foot, and wipes the sweat and dirt from her face with the back of her hand after she finishes.

Gavin is in awe.

GAVIN

That looks kind of cool.

Elaine manages to laugh, just a little.

ELAINE

Thanks. How are you?

GAVIN

Not as bad as you.

ELAINE

Well let's keep moving, then.

They stand up and hustle, this time a little slower and with a bit more care.

Elaine limps. Gavin holds her hand.

INT. MR. SILVER'S FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT

SEAN

So what's up with this letter?

MR. SILVER

What? It's a letter?

Sean doesn't understand.

MR. SILVER

I see potential in you, Sean. But you have to want an education, just a little. The letter was supposed to make you want to learn, I write a letter.

A beat.

MR. Silver

I guess it didn't work.

SEAN

Well, I'm here.

Mr. Silver laughs.

MR. SILVER

You're here. I kind of wanted you to put more effort into class, but I guess this is another way to do things.

Sean smiles a little.

MR. SILVER

The thing is, I shouldn't have to make you want to learn, but I've been in this game long enough to accept that part of my job is making kids want to learn. And so I wrote you a letter.

Mr. Silver waits for Sean to say something else about the letter, but Sean just looks back at Mr. Silver. Then Mr. Silver is suspicious.

MR. SILVER

Wait a second. Did you even read the letter?

Sean turns away.

MR. SILVER

You didn't read it, did you?

SEAN

So fucking what? I didn't read it.

MR. SILVER

You're here because of that letter. I would have thought you would've read it.

Sean begins pacing.

SEAN

I didn't need to read it. My life ain't about reading things. I can live a full fucking life without reading letters.

Mr. Silver, again, is confused and upset. He rolls his eyes.

SEAN

And fuck school, too. Fuck it.

MR. SILVER

Well, you might be right about that.

Sean is sort of taken aback. Mr. Silver notices Sean's reaction.

MR. SILVER

Don't get me wrong. I believe education is probably the one thing that can help you ... or you people. That's why I'm a teacher. But education and school aren't always the same.

SEAN

What the fuck do you mean?

Sean sits down on the floor. Mr. Silver notices that Sean is more relaxed.

MR. SILVER

Look, you're just a kid. A messed up kid, but you're just a kid. So you don't see behind the scenes in the school. You don't see all the lesson planning. You don't see me grading your work. You don't see me making phone calls home. You don't see me pulling my hair out, going crazy.

SEAN

Going crazy?

MR. SILVER

For example, the principal - my boss - says I have to call parents. I have to make contact and form relationships and shit. Ok?

SEAN

Ok.

MR. SILVER

Ok. But deep down in my soul, I believe it should be on the parents to call the kids' teachers. Why the fuck am I calling parents to make contact? Why am I not flooded with emails and phone calls from parents? I sent out my email address and it should be on every parent's fucking refrigerator, but there's something about your poverty-fucking-stricken culture that

puts all that shit on the teachers.

SEAN

Isn't that what a teacher does?

MR. SILVER

I mean, no. Not really. I guess it is, but it shouldn't be.

SEAN

I don't understand. Explain it.

MR. SILVER

I guess, what I mean is, that's not really what teachers want to be doing. They don't usually want to be making phone calls to parents at dinnertime. They really want to focus on student learning.

SEAN

What do you mean?

MR. SILVER

Our education system is so fucked up that most people don't see it. It's not about teachers teaching and kids soaking in info. It's about schools and teachers. And fucking parents making their kids love to learn stuff. That's how it's supposed to work. By the time you're in high school, you should want to learn shit, but too many of you don't.

SEAN

We do. We do. It's just hard to see the value when you're getting home as your foster mom's going to work. Or as your dad - your dad for a little while, anyway - is hitting your arm with the football helmet he used in his fucking glory days.

MR. SILVER

Does that shit really happen?

Sean rolls up his sleeve and shows Mr. Silver the fading bruise.

SEAN

That was two weeks ago.

MR. SILVER

Damn. I didn't realize. I'm sorry.

Sean rolls his sleeve down.

SEAN

Yeah, well, it ain't always easy to tell people about that stuff.

Sean's eyes fill with tears. Mr. Silver sees this and his eyes water as well.

SEAN

They'll slap a motherfucker in the face, but they only use shit like bats and sticks and fucking helmets on the body.

The tears fall from his eyes.

SEAN

You know why they do that? They never say this, but I know why. It's because leaving marks on the face makes people ask questions. A hit to the face has to be so hard to leave a mark, so they go kind of easy on the face. But they'll go crazy on a motherfucker's body.

Sean turns away from Mr. Silver and wipes his nose and face with his hands.

Mr. Silver gives him a minute to collect himself before chiming in.

MR. SILVER

That's fucked up.

SEAN

It ain't nothin' I can't deal with.

MR. SILVER

Nobody should have to deal with that shit. Especially not a kid.

Sean seems a little agitated.

SEAN

Well, that's my fucking life. School don't change that.

Mr. Silver shrugs.

SEAN

What, you think school will change that shit?

MR. SILVER

Honestly, it's like I said. I don't know if school with change anything, but an education can. In time, at least.

Sean rolls his eyes.

MR. SILVER

I have no way to convince you of it right now, other than to say that time will prove me right. If you put in the effort now, in time, you will see benefits. Effort now for payoff later.

Sean grins.

SEAN

Like some Mr. Miyagi shit.

Mr. Silver's eyes light up.

MR. SILVER

Exactly.

SEAN

Sand-a floor and paint-a fence now, and pretty soon you'll know karate.

MR. SILVER

Yes, Daniel-san.

SEAN

You ain't no Mr. Miyagi.

MR. SILVER

No kidding. But man, I wish I was. Love those tan outfits.

They both laugh. As their laughs fade, both show their exhaustion by melting into their respective seats.

SEAN

I had to get hard or I was gonna fucking die.

MR. SILVER

I don't know about your life.

A beat.

MR. SILVER

I do know a few things. I can tell you that this macho stuff - the stuff you call hard - is your reaction to some fucked up shit that you had to go through. I can also tell you that, in my experience, most macho is bullshit. It doesn't get you anything in life but more pain.

SEAN

Fuck you.

MR. SILVER

I can also say that you're making about a thousand stereotypes true by being here tonight.

Sean looks at the gun in his hand.

EXT. NEIGHBOR'S YARD - NIGHT

Elaine and Gavin make it out of the woods and come upon a fenced-in yard. A dog runs to them and starts barking. Gavin is startled. Elaine grabs his hand.

ELAINE

Come on.

They pick up speed, but back into the woods.

GAVIN

What are we doing?

ELAINE

We just need to give them time.

GAVIN

But you said we were going to get help.

(crying)

What's going to happen to Daddy?

Elaine hugs Gavin.

ELAINE

I wish it made sense. I don't know what I'm doing. I'm just trying to keep you safe for now. I don't want Daddy to get hurt either. I'm afraid if the police show up then that boy will hurt Daddy before the police can get in the house.

Elaine releases the hug and holds Gavin by the arms in front of her, face-to-face.

ELAINE
Do you understand?

Gavin nods. Elaine hugs him again before standing up and looking around.

ELAINE
(aloud to herself)
What now? What now? C'mon. Think.

GAVIN
What about Mason?

Elaine smiles as she picks Gavin up and hugs him tightly. Gavin is surprised.

ELAINE
You're a genius.

GAVIN
Wha ... wha ... huh? What did I do?

She puts him down, grabs his hand, and begins to walk with purpose, barely even limping on the bandaged foot. She talks as she walks.

ELAINE
Remember Mason's party last week?

As Elaine walks, pulling Gavin's hand, Gavin struggles to keep up.

GAVIN
Yeah! With the bouncy house!

ELAINE
Yup.

Gavin looks confused.

ELAINE
Mason's house is just up the road.
We can walk there and hopefully
they can help us out.

INT. MR. SILVER'S FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT

Sean cuts the tape from Mr. Silver's hands.

MR. SILVER

I appreciate that. How about the ankles?

SEAN

No way.

Sean sits on a table by the window.

SEAN

So, Mr. Silver...

He looks around at the house.

SEAN

... nice house. Pretty big. I don't know anybody with a big house like this. Must be nice, white man.

MR. SILVER

We've covered education and some economics, why not racism next? Man you're hitting all the big issues.

SEAN

You're making jokes, but it's real...

MR. SILVER

No shit it's real. You know how I know? Education.

Sean grins.

SEAN

But have you ever experienced racism?

Mr. Silver is tired from the talking. He lets out a big breath, almost as if he doesn't want to answer.

MR. SILVER

I don't know, man.

SEAN

If you were black, you would know.

MR. SILVER

Man, I can't help that I'm white. I just can't. And because I'm white, I can't even really talk about racism because I will offend someone.

SEAN

What do you mean?

MR. SILVER

You really want to do this? Is
this really why you're here?

Sean seems a little agitated.

SEAN

Truth is, I don't really know why
the fuck I'm here. I'm just here.
So we might as well talk about
something.

Mr. Silver shakes his head. There's a beat, which allows Sean to
calm down a little.

MR. SILVER

Racism fucking sucks, ok. It does.
It's one of the most embarrassing
things about America. I fucking
love America, but I hate the part
of it that is about racism, or even
about race. That and the Indians.

SEAN

Fucking Indians.

MR. SILVER

Yeah. But...

Sean rolls his eyes

MR. SILVER

But, I'm an idiot. I mean, what
do I know really? I was brought up
in the middle class. We didn't
have everything, but we had
enough. Sometimes we had more than
enough. When I see you kids living
in the projects, I guess I really
don't know what it's like to be
that poor. To be that needy. And I
don't really want to know what
it's like. But I guess that's not
racism, so, I don't know. There
are some things though.

SEAN

What kinds of things?

MR. SILVER

Well if I say this shit, it makes me
sound like a fucking racist. But we
-

He points to Sean and then his forearm, to emphasize the
skin.

MR. SILVER
- all of us - we can't deny that we
have ethnicity. We have cultures.

SEAN
Ok ... Just tell me. What are the things?

MR. SILVER
You're really going to make me do
this, aren't you?

EXT. MASON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Elaine and Gavin walk past the police car in the driveway. They
look terrible when they knock on the door. DONNA, 35, opens and
is aghast at the sight of the dirty neighbors.

DONNA
Elaine?

Elaine's voice is desperate.

ELAINE
Donna, I know we don't know each other
that well, but I need some help.

Donna ushers them in.

INT. MR. SILVER'S FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT

MR. SILVER
You asked for it, so here goes. From
working in education with many people
of color, I can say that ... and it's
not everybody ... but some people who are
black ... and by that I mean black people ...

SEAN
(irritated)
Just say it, man.

MR. SILVER
Ok ... black people hear music
differently than white people.
That's one thing. And nobody can
see thorough another person's

eyes or hear through their ears ...
but that's one thing for sure. I
mean, black people just have a way
with music....

Sean laughs.

Mr. Silver laughs too.

SEAN

That's it? Everybody knows that.

MR. SILVER

I know, but if I say something
like that, it's a generalization,
and then I'm a racist fucking
redneck.

SEAN

Ok ... what else you got?

MR. SILVER

Well, I envy that rhythm, for sure ...
But there's more. Black people seem to
have more style ... Not that they are
more stylish ... They just have a certain
swagger ... Most ... again, not all ... black
people seem to care more about their
appearance ... to care more about the way
they carry themselves in a public
place.

SEAN

That's a different one.

MR. SILVER

Don't get me wrong ... I mean, I know
some white people with plenty of
their own swagger, but it's just
different. It seems more cultural.
I don't think it's a bad thing,
personally ... I actually envy
y'all.

SEAN

Y'all?

Mr. Silver hesitates. Then he throws up his hands as if
he's giving up.

MR. SILVER

Yeah, you know, you people. What
do you want from me?

Sean laughs.

SEAN

Chill. I was just fucking with you man.

Mr. Silver looks surprised, then he chuckles and relaxes.

MR. SILVER

But you know if I said something
like that in the hood, then I'd get
beat up, right?

Sean laughs.

SEAN

True. True.

Awkward silence.

MR. SILVER

It's a strange world for a white
guy like me.

SEAN

What do you mean?

MR. SILVER

What I mean is, I don't have a racist
bone in my body, but I am white. I
can't help that. My parents are white.
My grandparents. And they were some
racist motherfuckers ...

Sean laughs a little.

MR. SILVER

... I worked for this principal a few
years ago. Dr. Buzz, we called him. A
muscular black man with money. He wore
nice suits. And he could get everybody
going, almost like a preacher at a
black church ... which is another
stereotype slash cultural phenomenon ...
But I digress.

SEAN

So what happened with this guy?

MR. SILVER

This guy kind of hated me from the
start. Which is unusual for me,
because I'm pretty laid back and
likeable. Serves me well in the

classroom ... usually. Except for those rare students who ... well ... are kind of like you I guess. Anyway, this guy was just after me all year ...

SEAN

What do you mean he was after you?

MR. SILVER

Like, he would do walkthrough observations of my class, which is fine. But he did them, like, once a week. Far more than other people on my hallway or in my department. And he would write me up for little things that principals don't usually write people up for.

SEAN

Like what?

MR. SILVER

One time he wrote me up for turning in a lesson plan too early. Too fucking early! Most people turn them in late, but I got a write up for turning it in early. He said it was evidence that I wasn't working well with others ... or some bullshit.

SEAN

So, what about him?

MR. SILVER

Well, I got called into his office after showing a video in class. The video had two people ... a man and a woman ... lying side-by-side, fully clothed, in a bed. They were kissing and talking. The video was about something with writing dialogue or something, I don't really remember. And of course, Buzz comes in for a walkthrough.

SEAN

Doesn't sound so bad.

MR. SILVER

He didn't like that two people were in bed and kissing. He called it inappropriate. We had to meet in his

office later.

SEAN

But they were just kissing?

MR. SILVER

I know. But in his office, I said something like, 'We have to keep these kids entertained.' Then he went off. He said he was offended. He said I was implying that the only way to keep black people entertained was to show them videos that include sex.

SEAN

What the fuck?

MR. SILVER

I know. What a stretch, right? I left that meeting baffled as shit. I tried to explain that I was just talking about teenagers, not about black people. And about these specific teenagers, not about black people. But the more I said that I wasn't talking about black people, the more upset he got.

SEAN

That's pretty weak.

MR. SILVER

Right? It didn't hit me until later that Buzz had miss-assumed my perception. I don't like to use (*making air quotes*) "reverse racism," but that's the best way I can describe it. Then it all made sense. Long before this, he had made up his mind about me. He saw a white man and assumed I had these prejudices that I just don't have. It actually got me thinking about all the interactions I've had with people of color ... and all the interactions I would have after that. Part of me knows that the embarrassing

history of America is responsible for Dr. Buzz's presumptions, and I guess I can understand that. But part of me also knows that we have to get past that because I don't think racist things. I don't have these deeply rooted beliefs about people from different races and how they all do this, that, or the other. I'm smarter than that.

SEAN

Shit. That's fucked up.

MR. SILVER

I guess. I mean, it's like anything. Race. Politics. Fucking sexual orientation. We just have to drop preconceived notions and let people prove themselves. We are individuals, man. We need to have our own beliefs and come together with people with similar beliefs, but also talk to people with different beliefs ... and fucking listen ... but I'm talking too damn much as it is.

SEAN

You always got something to say.

MR. SILVER

I got something else to say.

SEAN

What's that?

MR. SILVER

We talked a lot about irony in class. The irony is that I probably know more about your race's history and I respect it more ... than you do.

Sean seems a little offended.

SEAN

Fuck that. You don't live with black skin, white man.

MR. SILVER

You're right. But I've heard you say the n-word many times in the halls of our school. You say it to your buddies, like it's nothing. I hate that word and I hate that you use it.

SEAN

Yeah right! You know you use it.

MR. SILVER

You're just like the other kids at school and Dr. Buzz. I have news for you - white people that I know don't ever use the n-word. We don't even think it.

SEAN

You don't know what people think.

MR. SILVER

I do know that I don't think it. I don't like the word. I don't like what it stands for. And it drives me crazy that you and your peers use it so damn much.

There's a beat.

SEAN

Well maybe I use the word, but I look around at your nice house and I'm reminded that white people get all the good shit. Get all the money. Get the good jobs. Get the banks. Get the big fucking houses. Get everything. Because they're white.

MR. SILVER

Alright, smartass. Tell me about white people. Tell me what you know. Or what you think you know.

SEAN

Man, white people have all the shit, but still they afraid of something. All these white people ... for some reason ... are embarrassed to put themselves out there. To dance. To say what they really mean. Anything. They're always afraid to look foolish. Even if it's honest. Maybe especially if it's honest. It comes across as

stuck-up. Like thy think they
better than everybody.

A beat.

MR. SILVER

Well ... I guess there's some truth
to that.

Sean raises his hands and shrugs.

SEAN

That's it?

MR. SILVER

What do you want me to say?

SEAN

Say something.

MR. SILVER

Look. You're young. This is new to
you, but it's not really that new.
People have been dealing with this
racism shit for a couple centuries.
Stereotypes suck. They're unfair and we
shouldn't judge anyone based on our
preconceived notions of them. Everybody
fucking knows it, right?

SEAN

Right.

MR. SILVER

But ...

Sean sits back down.

SEAN

Here we go ...

MR. SILVER

But, stereotypes are born out of
truth. It's not right, but it's ok
to accept and embrace some stereotypes.

SEAN

Stereotypes are bad, motherfucker.

MR. SILVER

Stereotypes aren't all bad, dude. It's
not all horrible. Embrace ethnicity.
Love our differences. Otherwise you
just get caught in the cycle of

everyone trying to be the same. It's fucked up how this fucking country is so careful all the time.

SEAN

Man, you think you have all the answers... Always got something to say.

MR. SILVER

You're the one in my house with the fucking gun, telling my wife you're going to kill me, scaring my fucking kid.

Sean stands up and gets a little hyped.

SEAN

That's right, motherfucker.

Mr. Silver rolls his eyes.

MR. SILVER

Man, you don't know the shit I've been through. I'm white, but I never made a lot of money. I've worked all my life. Had a job since I was 15. Made money to put myself through college. Fell in love ...

Sean laughs.

MR. SILVER

You laugh. But you're never going to experience life like I have. You'll be lucky if you make it through tonight alive.

SEAN

Every day is a struggle in my world. Fuck it.

MR. SILVER

(sarcastic)

Fuck it. Who gives a shit? Yeah.

SEAN

(intense)

What the fuck do you want me to do?

MR. SILVER

I want you to get out of my fucking house first of all. Let me go. What

the hell are you doing here? What
do you want from me?

Sean stands up. He puts the palms of his hands on his head
and rubs as he paces the floor.

MR. SILVER
I mean, do you have a plan or something?

Sean stops pacing and looks at Mr. Silver.

SEAN
I had a plan.

MR. SILVER
Well, what's the plan?

SEAN
The plan was to come here and kill
you and your family. That's it. I
wanted to shoot you in the fucking
head.

MR. SILVER
Well thanks - I guess - for not
killing me. Settle down. Settle
down. Why would you want to kill
me?

Sean is calmer.

SEAN
It doesn't fucking matter now,
does it?

MR. SILVER
Guess not.

INT. DONNA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The house is large - similar to Elaine's house. Donna leads
Elaine and Gavin to the kitchen table and tells them they
can have a seat if they like.

BILL (OS)
Who was at the ...

BILL, 35, comes in the kitchen and sees Elaine and Gavin, dirty
and bloodied. He looks at Donna.

BILL
What's going on here?

Donna shrugs. Bill looks at Elaine.

ELAINE
Something happened.

Bill and Donna are eager to hear the story.

DONNA
I can see that. Do you want some
water or something?

Elaine starts crying. So does Gavin.

ELAINE
(through the tears)
I'm so thirsty. So thirsty.

Donna fixes two cups of water for her neighbors. She serves and
sits at the table. Bill is still standing.

DONNA
You're scaring us. Just tell
us, please.

ELAINE
A man came in our house. A boy,
really. He has a gun. If he sees
police, he's gonna shoot ...

She starts crying.

GAVIN
He's going to shoot daddy.

BILL
He's in there now?

Bill pulls out his cell phone. Elaine stops crying and gasps.

ELAINE
No! No. You can't. I don't...

GAVIN
He's going to shoot daddy.

Bill understands. He slowly puts the phone away.

BILL
Elaine, I know you're scared, but
we're trained to deal with this sort
of thing. If you have an intruder in
your home, we need to get help.
There are ways we can approach it
quietly.

Elaine is panicky and unsure.

ELAINE
I don't know.

BILL
We have to do it. Time is everything.

ELAINE
Ok. Please approach quietly.

BILL
I will.

Bill pulls out his phone and begins to dial. He looks at Gavin while he speaks.

BILL
Hey, I've got a situation here ...

INT. MR. SILVER'S FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT

Sean is on the floor by the window. Mr. Silver is still on the couch. Sean gets up.

SEAN
I'm thirsty. You thirsty?

MR. SILVER
Yes.

Sean heads to the kitchen. Mr. Silver pulls at the tape that is around his ankles. He tries and tries, but it's too tight, or he's too frantic.

Sean comes back to the room with two cups of water. He sees Mr. Silver struggling with the tape.

SEAN
No use. I got that shit on there good.

Mr. Silver startles because Sean caught him.

MR. SILVER
Yeah. I see that. Thought I could slip one by you.

He laughs a nervous laugh.

SEAN
Fucking fail.

MR. SILVER

Yeah.

Sean sets the water in front of Mr. Silver. Mr. Silver drinks. Sean sits in the recliner beside the sofa and drinks. They seem uncomfortable.

MR. SILVER

So what's the play here?

Sean sets his cup down and folds his hands in front of him. He looks at his hands.

SEAN

Yeah. What's the play?

INT. DONNA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Police officers are milling about quietly. One talks to Bill, but we can't hear what they say. They keep looking at Elaine. Bill approaches Elaine, who is cuddling with Gavin on the sofa.

BILL

Elaine. Gavin. Tell me again what happened. He knocked and entered, and then he just let you two go?

GAVIN

He said it wasn't about us. He said he just wanted to talk to Daddy.

Elaine pulls him close.

ELAINE

That's right. He just said he didn't need us there. He said if cops showed up then he was going to start shooting.

BILL

I know you don't want to lose your husband, but we've got men trained for this sort of thing. SWAT team and everything. We've got them near. If we need to do it quietly, then we can.

GAVIN

What about Daddy?

BILL

I'll do everything I can to save your Daddy, son. But I will be

honest with you. There's a chance
something could go wrong.

Gavin cries.

INT. MR. SILVER'S FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT

They're sitting.

MR. SILVER
Elaine's smart. She's going to
figure something out. She'll do
what's best for Gavin and her
family. That's who she is.

He leans forward.

MR. SILVER
Do you know who you are?

Sean is agitated. He gets up to speak.

SEAN
Enough of this bullshit. I don't
have a master plan. I don't know.
I'm just some fucked up kid.

MR. SILVER
But you're a kid. How fucked up
can you be?

SEAN
Fucking people putting their hands
on me since I was born. Only thing
I can remember is being beat. Touched.
Harassed. Picked on. Laughed at.
Motherfuckers putting cigarettes out
on my arm. Burned. All I know
is blood, motherfucker. And you
think going to school is going to save
me? Who gives a fuck about school?

Mr. Silver is at a loss for words for a beat. He closes his eyes
and takes a deep breath.

MR. SILVER
I can't pretend to know how any
of that affected you. I can't
even fathom it, really.

SEAN
That's right, motherfucker. So
shut the fuck up.

Sean sits back down.

EXT. MR. SILVER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

POLICE OFFICERS in SWAT gear surround the house. They creep, trying not to make noise. Bill now dons a vest over his clothes. He has a shotgun.

INT. DONNA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Elaine cuddles with Gavin on the sofa. Donna sits next to them, rubbing Gavin's back as well.

DONNA
You guys need anything?

ELAINE
Could we have some more water?

DONNA
Absolutely.

Donna goes to the kitchen and returns with water for the three of them.

DONNA
I don't know what I'd do if I were you. I can't even imagine something like this happening.

Elaine and Gavin drink.

ELAINE
I really appreciate you getting involved. I know it's your husband's job, but you didn't have to do anything. It means a lot.

DONNA
His job is part of our life. I used to try to separate the two, but as I got older, I realized that my husband has a job that means he may not come home one day.

ELAINE
I see where you're coming from.

INT. MR. SILVER'S FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT

We see Mr. Silver on the sofa and Sean sitting near him on the floor. Mr. Silver looks at Sean, who is looking at the window as we hear ...

DONNA (VO)
Bill's just a man and a man
becomes what he does, good
or bad...

Mr. Silver notices the gun in Sean's belt...

DONNA (VO)
And one way or another, his work
finds its way home. It makes
things interesting and unexpected
...

INT. DONNA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

DONNA
It can be scary, but that's part
of what I love about Bill.

INT. MR. SMITH'S FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT

MR. SILVER
So you had a rough upbringing,
huh. Maybe "rough" isn't the right
word. I can see how it's made you
tough and angry.

Sean closes his eyes for a long time. He opens them again.

MR. SILVER
What if it was different? The opposite?
What if you took all your harsh
experiences and realized they made
you stronger in some way. Maybe even
exceptional. Instead of flunking and
trying to show off, or whatever, maybe
you would just do what you gotta do to
get out of this shithole childhood you
have.

SEAN
Sounds pretty fucking simple.

MR. SILVER
Yeah. I guess it's easier said than
done. I know when I'm feeling
shitty, I write. I just write what's
going on in my life. Sometimes I
write poetry. Sometimes I make stuff

up and write a story. It gets all the crazies out. You ever try anything like that?

SEAN

You write poetry and shit? I ain't into that dorky shit.

MR. SILVER

Dorky? I have three words for you: rhythm-assisted poetry. I've heard your earbuds, dude. I know you like rap. You think all of it is off the dome?

SEAN

I dunno. I guess not.

MR. SILVER

Yeah. You guess not. Most entertainment, media, whatever you want to call it, is written first.

Mr. Silver waits for Sean to say something. Sean just sits there.

MR. SILVER

Anyway, the point is, you need some sort of outlet, man. Besides unhealthy stuff like drugs.

SEAN

I used to like to draw. Was pretty good at it too.

Mr. Silver lights up.

MR. SILVER

There you go. That's a thing. Why did you stop?

SEAN

Tim, the guy I'm staying with, said it was for pussies. Said I should spend my time doing something else.

MR. SILVER

Fuck Tim...

Sean smiles.

MR. SILVER

... he sounds like a complete loser.

Draw, if it makes you feel better.

SEAN

I don't know. Maybe.

MR. SILVER

You know, everybody is crazy. You've had a messed up life, that's for sure. But everybody ... even you ... need to get the crazies out of their heads. Some people paint. Some people sew. I write. I guess you draw.

Sean chuckles.

SEAN

The crazies, huh?

Mr. Silver laughs.

MR. SILVER

Yes. The crazies. Got to get them out. If you don't, they'll take over and you'll become some sort of serial killer or something.

They both laugh.

EXT. MR. SILVER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Officers silently mill about, making military-like gestures to each other to make sure each area is secure.

One officer stumbles against shrubbery, which grazes the house below a window.

INT. MR. SMITH'S FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT

Sean hears the noise and startles out of his seat. Mr. Silver is startled as well.

SEAN

What the fuck?

Mr. Silver reacts with instinct like he's going to get up, but stops when he remembers his ankles are taped. He settles back in.

MR. SILVER

That was a weird sound, but we have animals and crap around here all the time. Probably just a raccoon or opossum or something.

SEAN
Or your bitch-ass wife called
the police.

Sean creeps towards the window.

EXT. MR. SILVER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Near the same window, officers stand still in the shadows, like ninjas. They try to see in, but can't get a visual.

INT. MR. SILVER'S FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT

Sean barely bends the curtains to peek out. He looks for a moment.

MR. SILVER
See anything?

Sean drops the curtain and thinks for a beat.

MR. SILVER
Sean?

SEAN
We're almost done here.

Sean gently rubs his belt where his gun is.

MR. SILVER
What the hell does that mean?
You gonna kill me now? What
the fuck?

SEAN
(intensifying)
Shut up. Yeah, I came here to
kill you, but I don't know what I
want to do. I don't know why I'm
here. So chill the fuck out. If I
was going to kill you, I probably
would've done it by now.

MR. SILVER
Chill out ... right. You're not the
one who has his ankles taped together.
You're not the one who can't fucking
move. You've got a gun. So don't tell
me to chill out...

Sean sits down, contemplative. Mr. Silver calms a little.

MR. SILVER

I mean, I don't want to die. I have a family and still a lot of life to live, but if you're going to fucking kill me, I wish you'd do it already...

In frustration, Sean pulls the gun from his belt. Mr. Silver flinches. Sean, angry, slams the gun down on the coffee table. He pulls his hand away, leaving the gun there between them.

SEAN
I ain't no fucking killer.

Mr. Silver looks at the gun. Sean notices Mr. Silver looking at the gun.

SEAN
What? Now you a fucking killer?
Go ahead and go for it.

Mr. Silver looks at the gun some more, like he's going to go for it. Then he stops.

MR. SILVER
I'm a teacher, not a killer.

Sean chuckles, then laughs. Mr. Silver joins in on the laugh. The laughter soon fades, like they both realize something.

EXT. MR. SILVER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Officers still get into position around the house. Cars pull up with headlights off; they're trying to be silent.

INT. MR. SILVER'S FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT

The two sit, quietly looking into the distance until Mr. Silver breaks it.

MR. SILVER
So we're not killers. What do we do now?

SEAN
Yeah.

MR. SILVER
I mean, it's a pretty fucked up situation you got us into.

SEAN
Guess I really messed up.

MR. SILVER
Well, that's an understatement if
I've ever heard one.

They both smile.

MR. SILVER
Can I give you a ride somewhere
tonight?

Sean looks at the gun.

SEAN
What about the gun though?

EXT. MR. SILVER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Stealthily, AN OFFICER peers into the window. He uses hand signals to motion to the other officers that he has a visual on the perpetrator.

INT. MR. SILVER'S FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT

Sean picks the gun up off the table.

SEAN
I'll just take it to ...

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!.

Mr. Silver sees Sean get shot, then Sean falls. He dies.

Mr. Silver rushes to Sean as officers breach the house.

The officers surround Sean and Mr. Silver. Mr. Silver is on top of Sean, gasping and crying. Sean is motionless. Mr. Silver grabs Sean's shoulders.

The officers pull Mr. Silver away. They turn him over, cuff him, and tend to Sean.

EXT. MR. SILVER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Police cars, news vans, and neighbors are all around. Red and blue lights illuminate the scene. Sounds of POLICE CHATTER and JOURNALISTS BARKING QUESTIONS blend into chaotic noise.

Police officers escort Mr. Silver out of the house. The sound disappears. Mr. Silver is uncuffed now, with a blanket around his shoulders. His face looks distraught. His clothes are stained with blood.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAWN

Elaine and Gavin wait nervously. The door opens.

Gavin is the first to see Mr. Silver enter.

GAVIN

Daddy!

Gavin runs to Mr. Silver. They embrace. Mr. Silver's eyes are closed as he hugs his son close.

Elaine isn't far behind. A bittersweet family hug.

POLICE OFFICER (OS)

Mr. Silver?

Mr. Silver releases his family and turns around to see a uniformed OFFICER with a clipboard and pen.

MR. SILVER

Yes?

POLICE OFFICER

Just a few questions before you leave.

MR. SILVER

Ok.

POLICE OFFICER

You gave us your name already. Age?

MR. SILVER

I'm 41.

The officer writes on the clipboard.

POLICE OFFICER

And what do you do for a living?

MR. SILVER

I ...

Mr. Silver stops himself. Then he looks bewildered. He doesn't answer.

POLICE OFFICER

Mr. Silver?

His bewildered face just stares into the distance.

FADE OUT