

**"THE LEAVES THAT FALL"**

Written by  
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EXT. SKY - DAY

It's a beautiful FALL DAY. We're looking straight up into blue sky through a cluster of trees filled with brightly colored foliage. Leaves break away and slowly cascade down. It's serene as can be, you can hear a pin drop.

ERIC (V.O.)

It's funny how certain memories can stay with you for a lifetime. There doesn't have to be pomp and circumstance, deep meaning or really any significance behind it. It's just a moment, but it's what's in that moment that lingers and never lets you go. To most people these would just be leaves falling, a natural sign of Autumn's end and Winter's inevitable arrival, but to me it will always mean something much, much, more. You see each leaf is unique, not one is the same and they all have a story to tell.

EXT. GROUND - DAY - CONTINUOUS

We're looking down from the trees. Two teen boys lay in a giant pile of leaves. They are making SNOW ANGEL motions and laughing.

Like the leaves, we slowly float down to them.

ERIC BEAUMONT, looks as happy as a fifteen year old could be, as he swats leaves onto the face of his older brother BRAEDEN. The two go back and forth. They've done this before.

BRAEDEN

Keep it up man. You're gonna get a beating.

ERIC

Really? I'm scared.

Eric is quick to his feet. He stands above his bro and kicks the leaves into his face and laughs up a storm.

IT'S ON!

BRAEDEN

I warned you!

Braeden's hand reaches up, hooks his brother's leg and in one fell swoop yanks him into the pile.

They both disappear for a second, till Braeden emerges on top. It's our first real look at this fit, good looking kid.

BRAEDEN (CONT'D)  
Way to easy little bro! I thought  
by now you would have learned.

Eric struggles too get free, but his arms are pinned by Braeden's legs.

BUTCH an older GOLDEN RETRIEVER comes running over and BARKS at the boys.

INT. BEAUMONT KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

DENISE BEAUMONT is doing dishes, her brown hair pulled back exposing her plain yet pretty features. You'd never know she's in her early forties.

The boys screaming in the yard catches her attention. She pauses scrubbing dishes, peers through the window above the sink and watches them wrestle in the leaves. A slight smile forms.

JEAN (O.C.)  
Denise, have you seen my hat?

The smile is gone.

DENISE  
It's on the counter Jean. Right  
where you left it.

JEAN BEAUMONT (Like Jean Claude) mid fifties, walks into the kitchen, his salt and pepper hair slicked back, stern jaw and steely blue eyes dart about. He grabs the BLACK BOSTON BRUINS CAP, pulls back his hair and puts it on.

Denise continues to watch the boys as Jean comes up behind her.

DENISE (CONT'D)  
Look at them Jean. It's like when  
they were little boys.

Jean seems unimpressed.

JEAN  
Jesus, they're supposed to be  
raking those damn leaves not  
spreading them all over the place!

Jean looks at his watch.

JEAN (CONT'D)  
We've got to get to practice.  
Can't be late.

Jean raises his right hand, reaches around Denise then raps on the glass quickly with his knuckles. Denise cringes slightly from the sound.

EXT. BEAUMONT BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Braeden looks down at Eric and laughs. Eric has basically given up. Butch continues bounce around and bark.

BRAEDEN  
Say the words man. I give...

The sound of the glass rattling stops him. He turns to the window and sees his father waving him in.

BRAEDEN (CONT'D)  
Saved by the bell.

As Braeden goes to get up, Eric pushes him over. They both laugh.

ERIC  
You're lucky. I was just about to  
make my move.

The glass rattles again. Eric looks over his face changes like a balloon running out of air. He gets to his feet clutching a BRIGHT GOLDEN RED LEAF. He looks at it, then slips it into his jacket POCKET.

INT. BEAUMONT KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Jean shakes his head and moves away from the window, as Denise goes back to washing the dishes.

JEAN  
Hey, can you make sure that dinner  
is ready by seven? We'll all be  
starving after this one. Lots of  
conditioning. Going to work their  
asses hard tonight!

DENISE

Sure Jean. Not sure working their asses hard is what you wanted to say, might have used a better choice of words.

JEAN

You know what I'm saying.

Jean grabs an apple from a fruit basket on the kitchen table. He rubs it on his shirt, walks up behind Denise, squeezes her right arm, and kisses her on the head.

JEAN (CONT'D)

That's my girl.

She turns for a kiss on the lips, but he's already gone.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - SLIGHTLY LATER

The back hatch to a SILVER PILOT SUV is open we see a hockey bag and two sticks. Braeden is sitting in the front passenger seat. Eric throws in his hockey bag and two sticks then closes the hatch. We see the license plate with a frame that reads "I'd rather be playing hockey." Jean comes walking out.

JEAN

You got everything?

ERIC

Yeah.

Eric goes to get in, but Jean grabs his arm.

JEAN

Listen, you need to pick it up this season if you want to play on the third line. You gotta show me you want it. Just because you're my son doesn't give you a pass. Push it like your brother... You understand?

You can tell that Eric's heard this before.

ERIC

Yeah, I know. I'll push it.

Jean lets his arm go.

JEAN

That's what I want to hear. Get in.

Eric climbs in the back seat. The SUV pulls up the long driveway and then onto the road.

EXT. ADAMS ICE ARENA - LATER

A large steel grey barn like building, appears fairly new. A big sign across the front reads "ADAMS ICE ARENA." We see various people walking in with hockey bags strewn over their shoulders and carrying hockey sticks.

INT. ADAMS ICE ARENA - SAME

A ZAMBONI is about three quarters finished cleaning the ice. The driver pumps the handle which releases water onto the surface. On the wall by the scoreboard we see a banner that says "HOME OF THE LEAFS." There are two other banners below one reads "STATE CHAMPS 2017" the other reads "STATE CHAMPS 2018." Safe to say they are pretty good.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - SAME

There are fifteen boys all getting geared up. Skates are being laced. Shoulder and elbow pads are being put on and then jersey's pulled over them. Braeden sits next to CHRIS THOMAS, a big kid with a shaved head. He starts sniffing the air.

BRAEDEN

What is that smell?

Everyone else chimes in. They are all appalled.

CHRIS

I think it's my bag man. I forgot to air it out the other day.

BRAEDEN

There's no way that's one day dude.

Chris leans down and takes a BIG WHIFF.

CHRIS

Yeah, it might be a couple.

BRAEDEN

It literally smells like ass.

The boys erupt in laughter including Eric as he finishes taping up his pads. The door opens and in walks FRED TAYLOR, mid thirties, hair receding, funky mustache and chewing gum. He's dressed in black and wearing skates.

FRED

All right listen up fuck nuts!  
Coach wants you all to get out  
there loosen up and get ready to  
skate your asses off! We are two  
days from our first game of the  
season verse Central. We need to  
start amping things up a little bit  
around here.

He pauses for a couple gum chews. Looks around at everyone and shakes his head in utter disgust.

FRED (CONT'D)

For the life of me what is that  
smell?

Everyone looks toward Chris.

CHRIS

I'm sorry coach. It's my bag.

FRED

Thomas make sure you get that thing  
fumigated. This whole locker  
smells like ass!

Braeden nods and gives the I told you so look.

FRED (CONT'D)

Look, the Zam has two passes left.  
I advise you all to be on the ice  
once the doors close behind it. You  
don't want to be that guy. I gotta  
get out of here.

Coach Fred exits the locker and you hear him GAG as he walks down the hall.

FRED (O.C.) (CONT'D)

Jesus!

Eric straps his helmet and gets up.

INT. MAIN RINK - CONTINUOUS

The Zamboni makes its way off the ice. Eric is first to get to the door. Standing there is LORI FALLON, a 16 year old, blonde, blue eyed poster child for every teen boys dream, with a smile that could melt an iceberg.

LORI  
Hi Eric.

Eric stops, no doubt smitten by her.

ERIC  
Hey Lori, how are you doing?

LORI  
Why is your brother always the last  
one out of the locker room?

The driver of the Zamboni starts to close the doors.  
Everyone is walking past Eric and stepping onto the ice.

ERIC  
He should be out any second.

Braeden comes up from behind and pushes Eric toward the gate.

BRAEDEN  
You better get out there. You  
don't want to piss off Dad.

Eric gets to the gate and looks back to see Braeden, as Lori lights up. He skates onto the ice.

BRAEDEN (CONT'D)  
Hey girl what are you doing here?

LORI  
Just thought I'd stop by and give  
you a little inspiration.

Braeden lifts up his mask and Lori moves in for a kiss, just as his father walks up from behind and slaps him in the ass with his stick.

JEAN  
Let's go lover boy.

Braeden cuts the kiss short.

LORI  
Hi Mr. Beaumont.



Jean nods and skates onto the ice. The Zamboni GATE DOORS CLOSE.

BRAEDEN

Gotta go.

Braeden pulls down his mask and turns revealing his NUMBER 3 jersey as he skates away. Lori blows him KISSES.

INT. ICE - CONTINUOUS

The players are doing a light skate loosening up around the rink. Jean skates up behind Braeden and grabs his arm. They face each other at center ice.

JEAN

What are you doing having her come to practice?

BRAEDEN

I had no idea she was coming?

JEAN

These are closed sessions. I don't even let the parents in here. You know that.

Players skate by as the two of them get into it. Eric knows it's not good.

BRAEDEN

I'm sorry, Dad.

JEAN

What did you call me?

BRAEDEN

I meant Coach. I'm sorry coach.

JEAN

You know how important this season is for you. You can't be fucking it up by letting your dick lead you around.

Jean puts the WHISTLE to his mouth and BLOWS it.

JEAN (CONT'D)

Everyone against the boards take a knee!

Braeden shakes his head and starts to make his way.

JEAN (CONT'D)  
Except for you.

The players all slowly congregate at the boards below the scoreboard. Coach Fred as well.

BRAEDEN  
What?

JEAN  
Coach Fred, what did you tell the boys in the locker room about being the last to step on the ice.

All eyes on Fred. A couple gum chews.

FRED  
Um, I said you don't want to be that guy.

JEAN  
You don't want to be that guy...Braeden give me 25 laps.

A gasp goes out from the players. Braeden doesn't blink an eye.

BRAEDEN  
Sure thing, Coach.

Eric's about to say something, but Braeden cuts him off.

BRAEDEN (CONT'D)  
Don't. It's not worth it. I was last man.

JEAN  
On my whistle.

Jean puts the whistle to his lips and blows. Braeden takes off. He's fast! Real fast! He makes it look easy. Lap by lap he goes, his speed never wavers. Number 3 is a BLUR.

JEAN (CONT'D)  
That's five!

The players are in awe of Braeden's skill and endurance.

JEAN (CONT'D)  
That's ten!

Braeden picks up speed.

CHRIS  
Your brother is such a beast.

ERIC  
He is.

JEAN  
Fifteen, ten more.

A couple of the players offer encouragement, but Coach Jean shuts it down.

JEAN (CONT'D)  
This is a punishment not a race!  
Next person who cheers can join  
him.

Crickets.

JEAN (CONT'D)  
That's twenty!

Braeden is tired, his lungs are burning, but he pushes it even harder. His eyes fixate on his father. He's in the home stretch. He pushes even harder on the final lap.

JEAN (CONT'D)  
Twenty Five!

Jean blows the whistle.

Braeden pulls off his helmet, his breathing heavy. He bends his knees and coasts a lap around and then falls back in with the rest of the team. He takes a knee next to his brother.

Jean summons his inner HERB BROOKS.

JEAN (CONT'D)  
Everyone look above. You see those banners. We are two time defending state champs. Everyone is looking to take us down this season, everyone. We need to be stronger than ever. We need to be more disciplined and we need to be focused.

Jean looks hard at Braeden.

JEAN (CONT'D)  
For you seniors this is it. This could be your last season of hockey. A few will go on and play college, but for some, this is it.  
(MORE)

JEAN (CONT'D)

And for you younger guys, you all need to step it up. There's no guarantee you'll even make this team next year. What I'm saying to you is this. You all have to want it! Not just in here, but here.

Coach Jean points to his head and then his heart.

JEAN (CONT'D)

So, do you want it?

TEAM

We want it.

Coach skates back and forth in front of the team. Locking eyes with all of them. He stops dead center and stares them down.

JEAN

I don't feel it!

Like programmed robots they all stand up on their skates.

TEAM

We want it! We want it! We want it!

The sound echoes throughout the entire arena.

SLAM CUT:

INT. HONDA SUV - NIGHT

Lights from the street filter through the SUV. Braeden's head is tilted against the passenger side window, he looks pretty beat. The BOSTON BRUINS GAME is pumping through the RADIO speakers.

BRUINS BROADCAST

Krug pushes the puck up ice. He dishes to Bergeron who cuts through the center, fakes the shot and passes to Pastranak who unloads and scores!!!

Jean smacks the steering wheel!

JEAN

Nice!! There we go, back in the lead.

Braeden comes to and sits up.

JEAN (CONT'D)  
I'm telling ya, Pastranak is the  
real deal. The Bruins finally have  
a legit scorer.

He gives Braeden's left leg a little smack.

JEAN (CONT'D)  
You know. He reminds me of you.  
The way you get open and release  
quick. You got a Pasta vibe about  
you. What do you think Eric? You  
think your brother's game is a  
little like Pasta's?

Eric fishes for what to say.

ERIC  
Ah, actually I think Pastranak's  
game is a little like Braeden's.

Braeden turns his head back slightly and smiles to his  
brother.

JEAN  
I didn't want to tell you this, but  
Notre Dame called me about coming  
up to see our first game. They're  
really interested in you. Imagine  
the Fighting Irish.

BRAEDEN  
I thought we wanted to do BC?  
That's what we talked about.

JEAN  
Notre Dame has a strong program.  
It's a good school.

BRAEDEN  
I want to be in Boston.

ERIC  
Dad if Braeden goes to BC we can go  
to a lot more games than if he  
played at Notre Dame.

Jean shakes his head absorbing what Eric said.

JEAN  
Just need to keep the options open.  
That's all I'm saying. It's good  
to be wanted. Hey, you guys up for  
some pizza?

ERIC

I thought Mom was making dinner?

JEAN

I'm feeling Papa Gino's. You guys worked hard tonight. We can have a little carbo load. We can eat what she makes tomorrow. Save her from cooking. Everybody wins.

We see a sign for "PAPA GINOS." The SUV turns into the parking lot. Out of nowhere an AFRICAN AMERICAN TEEN on a BIKE cuts in front of them. Jean hits the brakes! Then slams the horn!

JEAN (CONT'D)

Jesus Christ! I almost hit that little Black bastard.

Braeden CHUCKLES. Eric recognizes him. The kid puts his hand up and keeps on going.

ERIC

That kid goes to our school Dad.  
It's Ricky Peters.

JEAN

So?

ERIC

Watch what you say.

JEAN

What? I didn't call him anything bad. It's not like he could hear me anyways. The windows are up.

Eric shakes his head as they pull into a parking spot.

INT. BEAUMONT DINING ROOM - LATER

The table is all set up with vegetables and a pork roast. Denise is pouring water into the glasses. She steps back and checks out her spread. Butch is walking around his TAIL wagging. The TV is on. MSNBC RACHEL MADDOW SHOW is playing. Denise walks over into the living room to watch.

INT. BEAUMONT DINING/LIVING ROOM - LATER

The table is all set up with vegetables and the pork roast. There are four place settings.

We pull back to reveal Denise sitting in the living room. In her hands appears to be a PHOTO ALBUM. She's smiling as she thumbs through it.

Denise's POV; There are photos of a much younger Jean. His hockey photo, his hair in a MULLET, but handsome. There are photos of the two of them SMILING. They look YOUNG and HAPPY. There is a photo of Jean KISSING her on the lips.

Denise is really transfixed on this photo, but snaps back to reality. She hears the SUV pull up and the doors slam. She closes the book and puts it onto the shelf.

Braeden walks through with two pizza boxes in his hands.

DENISE

Where have you guys been? Your father said seven it's almost eight.

She sees the pizza.

DENISE (CONT'D)

Pizza?

Jean walks up and takes the boxes from Braeden.

JEAN

Go wash up with your brother.

DENISE

You could have called me?

JEAN

It was spur of the moment. Kids felt like pizza.

They make their way into the dining room.

INT. BEAUMONT DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jean finds some space on the table and puts the boxes down. He pulls out a slice.

DENISE

I made a nice roast. You said seven.

JEAN

Look at it this way. You don't have to cook tomorrow.

He takes a bite of the pizza. Denise is speechless.

DENISE  
I just don't get it.

Eric comes walking up. The expression on his mother's face, he's seen many times before.

JEAN  
Look, I'm sorry. I didn't think it was a big deal. It's Pizza. I'm going up to take a shower. When I come down we can talk about it.

Jean looks at Eric as he walks past.

JEAN (CONT'D)  
You and your brother better leave me some slices. You animals.

Braeden comes walking down from upstairs as Jean goes up. Denise puts on a fake smile for the boys and starts the job of putting away the dinner she slaved over.

DENISE  
Come and sit down. I'll get all this out of your way.

Braeden takes a seat. He's clueless.

BRAEDEN  
I am starving.

ERIC  
Do you need any help?

DENISE  
No, I'm fine. You guys eat.

Denise wipes her eye and shuffles off into the kitchen carrying the Pot Roast. Eric sits down at the table. He can feel her pain.

BRAEDEN  
Pass the pie bro. Let's go.

Eric hands the box to Braeden. His eyes sadly look to his mom in the kitchen.

INT. BEAUMONT MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jean is sitting on the edge of the BED. He pulls off his sweat pants. His RIGHT KNEE is covered by a BLACK BRACE. He unbuckles it to reveal a knee that looks like some sort of FRANKENSTEIN experiment. SCARS everywhere.



No doubt many surgeries have been done to it. He slowly extends it and GRIMACES in pain. He takes both hands and massages all around the knee cap. He then extends it again. He takes a deep breath, exhales then gets up and makes his way to the bathroom.

INT. BROTHER'S BEDROOM - LATER

Braeden is lying in bed TEXTING with Lori. Butch is lying on the floor below licking his PAWS.

Braeden's POV: of phone conversation.

BRAEDEN  
Thinking about you.

LORI  
Thinking what?

BRAEDEN  
How hot you are.

LORI  
Really.

Braeden smiles. He looks up and over to Eric who sits at his desk, typing away on his computer. Upon a closer look he appears to be working on some sort of ENGLISH PAPER about THE GRAPES OF WRAITH.

Back to Braeden's texting.

BRAEDEN  
Send me a pic.

LORI  
What pic?

BRAEDEN  
You know what I like.

LORI  
You're such a perv.

BRAEDEN  
You know it.

Eric stops typing.

ERIC  
There you go. It's done.

Braeden puts his phone down on the night stand. He gets up and walks over to Eric.

BRAEDEN

Already?

The infamous E-MAIL FLYING SOUND is heard.

ERIC

Just sent it to you.

BRAEDEN

I don't know how you do it? So fast. That would have taken me like four days. You knocked it out in like two hours.

ERIC

It's really a great book. You should actually try reading it. I think you'd like it.

Braeden squeezes his brother's shoulder.

BRAEDEN

Yeah probably, but then I'd have to read. I owe you big time little brother.

Braeden walks to the edge of his bed sits and pulls off his socks. Eric turns in his chair to face him.

ERIC

Mom was pretty upset tonight.

BRAEDEN

Really, I didn't notice. To me, she always seems the same.

ERIC

We shouldn't have gotten that pizza.

BRAEDEN

Probably not, but it hit the spot. Better than pot roast. Besides he owed us for beating us into the ground.

ERIC

More like beat you into the ground.

BRAEDEN

Dad's, dad. You know the rules. He's always going to be harder on us in front of the team. Besides, it wasn't that bad. Would have been different if it was the end of practice. It warmed me up. Got me going. I think it got the guys going to.

ERIC

It baffles me, how you don't see anything wrong with it? He humiliated you for nothing.

BRAEDEN

I'm not saying I think he's right by what he does all the time, but there's a method to his madness.

ERIC

There's madness all right, but I don't see any method and he's getting worse.

BRAEDEN

Look, you can't fight it because if he sees you fight, he'll only make it harder. He wants to break me, but he can't and that's because I don't fight him.

ERIC

SO you are basically saying just go along with what ever he wants and everything is fine. Let Dad win.

BRAEDEN

No Eric, let Dad think that he wins by doing what he wants and not complaining about it. The second you argue or disagree. Then it only gets worse. Then he wins because he got under your skin.

Eric can't digest what he just heard, he shakes his head in disbelief.

ERIC

That's the most fucked up psychology I've ever heard. It makes no sense. It's like you are excusing him for how he acts.

(MORE)

ERIC (CONT'D)  
It's acceptance and enabling at the same time.

BRAEDEN  
It's Beaumont Family 101 and if you want to survive you better learn it. Besides I have two years on you. I think that gives me a little more insight. I gotta take a shower. Don't worry bro. I've always got your back no matter how bad it gets.

Braeden walks to the bathroom. He then turns, FLEXES and slaps his chest. He's pretty ripped.

BRAEDEN (CONT'D)  
Look at me man. I'm a steel fortress. RRRRRRR!!

Butch BARKS.

BRAEDEN (CONT'D)  
See, even the dog agrees.

Eric laughs. Braeden heads into the bathroom and closes the door behind. Butch walks over and drops right in front of it.

ERIC  
Legend in your own mind.

Eric reaches into his desk drawer and pulls out an 8x11 BLACK BOOK and puts it on the desk.

His POV: The cover of the book says "ALL MY LEAVES." He opens it and we see various leaves of all colors and shapes. He THUMBS through the pages quickly. Each page contains a leaf. Each has as a caption and is dated. He comes to a blank page. The leaf we saw Eric pocket earlier comes into view. He inserts it into a clear sleeve and takes a beat. With a sharpie he writes "BIG BROTHER TAKE DOWN" then dates it 10/12/19. He takes another beat to look at it.

ERIC (TO HIMSELF) (CONT'D)  
That sums it up.

Eric closes the book and gently pushes down on it.

Buzz! Buzz!

Eric's attention diverts to Braeden's dresser where his phone is calling out.

He puts the book back inside the drawer gets up and walks over to the dresser. He looks down at it and his eyes nearly pop out of his head.

His POV: A SEXY SELFIE of LORI pops up. She's in a bra and panties her head tilted seductively to the camera and she's biting her lower lip.

Eric's jaw drops. He hears the shower going. He pulls out his phone and takes a pic of the selfie. He then lays down on his bed and looks at the pic on his phone. Butch is staring at him

His POV: as he expands the image with his fingers, tracing his finger around the image as if caressing it. In a strange way it's like Golem with the ring.

CLOSE ON PHOTO

EXT. WESTMORE HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

We fly above like a leaf and slowly descend onto a beautiful high school campus that's nestled amongst a cluster of trees with gold, red and yellow leaves. Kids with backpacks are talking with one another as they walk into the school.

INT. SCHOOL LOCKERS - MORNING

Braeden is putting books into his locker. He closes the door and there's Lori out of the blue.

LORI

Boo!

BRAEDEN

Whoa!

LORI

I got you! I got you!

Braeden leans in and grabs her, pulls her towards him.

BRAEDEN

Now I got you.

They share a nice kiss.

LORI

Did you like what I sent you last night?

BRAEDEN

Oh yeah.

She hits him in the chest.

BRAEDEN (CONT'D)

What?

LORI

You never responded. What were you to busy sexting with other girls?

BRAEDEN

You're the only girl for me. You know that.

LORI

I better be. Listen, I just saw your dad. I think he hates me.

BRAEDEN

He hates everybody.

LORI

No, I'm serious. I said hello and he walked right past me like I wasn't there. And the other day at the rink?

BRAEDEN

Don't let it bother you. He's focused on the game coming up. He gets in his own head. He likes you. How can he not? Look at you.

Braeden runs his hand across her cheek. She pushes him back into the locker and it rattles, as two of her friends pass by.

LORI

No more pics for you. Carrie, Regina wait up.

Braeden smiles as he watches her scurry to catch up to her gal pals.

EXT. COACH BEAUMONT'S OFFICE - LATER

A glass door with a placard in the middle which reads "PHYSICAL EDUCATION and below it JEAN BEAUMONT." We push through it.

INT. COACH BEAUMONT'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Jean is sitting at his desk, there are various hockey trophies, awards and newspaper clippings framed on the wall promoting Jean's accomplishments. We get the point he's good and has no problem letting others know it. The only thing not here are FAMILY PHOTOS of any kind. He's talking with a HEAVY SET student sitting across from him.

STUDENT

I just can't come to PE this week  
Coach Beaumont. I sprained my foot  
pretty bad. Here's a note from my  
mother.

He struggles out of the small chair to hand the note to Jean.

JEAN

How'd you do it?

Jean looks over the note.

STUDENT

Huh?

JEAN

Your foot, how'd you sprain it?

STUDENT

Oh, I was doing Cosplay with my  
friends over the week-end and it  
got a little rough. We really get  
into it.

JEAN

You were in a play?

STUDENT

No, Cos-play it's where you dress  
up and pretend to be different  
characters. We were doing Dead  
Pool and I was D-Piddy and I  
accidentally tripped on a rock.

Jean WTF look.

JEAN

P-Diddy? I thought he was a  
rapper.

STUDENT

No, D-Piddy. He's Deadpool. He's  
a superhero.

JEAN

Look, this is like the third time this year you've had your mother write a letter excusing you from class. I think you should go to the doctor and get it looked at. See what he says. Bring me back a note from him.

Jean extends the letter back.

STUDENT

My mother's not going to be happy.

The student struggles to get out of the chair.

JEAN

She can call me and we can discuss it. Just some words of advice. Maybe you should lay off the Cos-play and hit the gym a little more. Build up your endurance. That Cos-play sounds pretty hard core.

The student snatches the letter from Jean's hand.

STUDENT

Whatever.

As he walks out, CAM SPENCER, looks like a lawyer, mid thirties, slightly balding, wearing a suit brushes past into the office.

CAM

Hey Coach, you got a second?

JEAN

Of course, have a seat Cam.

CAM

You must be getting excited just two days away.

JEAN

(dead pan)  
For what?

There's an awkward pause, then Jean gives a little smile.

CAM

Ah, you had me for a second. The whole school is buzzing right now.  
(MORE)



CAM (CONT'D)  
So much excitement especially  
because football sucked so bad this  
season. So are we getting the  
three-peat?

JEAN  
Listen, you ever hear of Cos-play?

CAM  
Huh? Yeah, it's where people dress  
up as superheros and anime stuff  
like that. Why?

CAM (CONT'D)  
Kid who was just in here hurt  
himself doing it. All sounds  
ridiculous.

CAM (CONT'D)  
I have a couple buddies who do it.

JEAN  
Really? Adults do it to? Do you?

CAM  
No, no, no. Only dress up I do is  
putting on this suit.

JEAN  
What a world. So it's not like you  
to come over this way. What's  
going on?

Cam squirms a little in his chair, you can tell he's  
uncomfortable.

CAM  
Well, we got a couple calls from  
parents the other day. They are a  
little upset that they were not  
allowed to attend a couple of their  
sons practices recently.

Jean picks up a pen and contorts his lip.

CAM (CONT'D)  
They really enjoy being a part of  
the whole process and watching  
their kids play. As we all do as  
parents. I said, I'd talk to you  
about it to see what the reasoning  
was to get a better understanding  
of what's going on.

There's silence. Jean let's out a slight breath of irritation. He clicks the pen a few times.

JEAN

It's the freshman's parents right?  
Peterson and Crazinski?

CAM

I don't really want to say who they  
are. I just want to know why?  
It's never happened before.

JEN

Well, that's the thing Cam. It has  
happened before. I've been doing  
it for over fifteen years. This is  
the first time anyone's ever  
complained.

Cam is surprised.

CAM

I did not know that.

JEAN

Let me tell you something. Parents  
are the worst thing about youth  
sports. They're obsessed with  
being involved in every part. These  
kids can't take a shit without them  
being involved. They think they  
know what's best. They don't.  
Over the last five years it's  
gotten worse and worse. I like to  
call it the pussification of  
America.

CAM

The pussification of America?

Jean gets intense.

JEAN

Yeah, that's right. I could see it  
when I coached my sons' little  
league baseball team. They all  
thought their kids should be  
starting or playing a specific  
position. Some of these kids  
couldn't catch a ball if their life  
depended on it, but in Mommy and  
Daddy's eyes they were the best.

(MORE)

JEAN (CONT'D)

So what happens is these kids start believing all the shit their parents are telling them and it warps them. Our team went two and thirteen. We were terrible. End of the season the mothers are all wanting me to order trophies. I'm like trophies? Trophies for what, sucking? This is the problem, not just in sports, but in life with the way these kids are being raised today. They don't have to earn anything anymore, they're just given it and told how good they are. It's a total travesty.

Cam looks overwhelmed.

CAM

Wow, yeah, you raise a lot of good points there.

JEAN

I'm sorry to go off. As a coach, I need to get that bond with all my players without any outside feedback or distractions. This school pays me to win. This is how I do it. You know what I'm saying?

CAM

Yeah, no doubt, Coach. I'll talk to them and smooth it over. I'm sure they'll understand.

Cam gets up and shakes Jean's hand. He turns to go, but stops short of the doorway and turns back.

CAM (CONT'D)

Hey Jean, let's keep the whole pussification of America thing between us. I'm not sure how some people might handle that.

JEAN

I get it. Everyone is a little overly sensitive these days. They don't like to hear the truth like you and I.

CAM

Yeah... cool. Good luck this season.

Cam walks out of the office.

EXT. BEAUMONT HOME - DAY

We float down onto a nice grey/blue medium sized two story east coast home. Wind blows through the trees in the front yard sending leaves into the sky then cascading down around it.

INT. BEAUMONT LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The room is immaculate. You could eat off the hardwood floors. All the sofa cushions are perfectly poofed. It's as if it's a show room.

INT. BEAUMONT KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The kitchen is much the same. The marble counter tops look as if MR. CLEAN himself was here. There's no dishes or pans in the sink. The appliances all seem new.

INT. BEAUMONT DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The dining room table has a white table cloth across it. A bowl of mixed fruit in the center that looks as if it was all just picked.

INT. BEAUMONT STAIRCASE/SECOND FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

We start our way up the staircase. Pictures of Eric and Braeden from various stages of their life along with one FAMILY photo adorn the wall.

As we get to the top of the stairs and head down the hall, a clicking sound can be heard.

We pass the boys bedroom.

The clicking grows louder as we come upon the master suite. We hear "OH GOD!"

INT. BEAUMONT MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

We see Denise. A far cry from the woman we met earlier. She's wearing nothing but a long T-shirt, propped slightly up in bed, she's trying to CATCH her BREATH. Her eyes are closed. They open wide. She's TREMBLING.

DENISE

Wow.

She looks to her LAPTOP COMPUTER sitting next to her.

Her POV: On a computer screen. It's some sort of CHAT ROOM. It's called "ROMANTIC ENCOUNTERS" but it appears to be much more than that. There is a picture of dark haired gentleman in his thirties, he's shirtless and kind of buff. His screen name is ROBERT384U.

ROBERT

I can't even tell you how much I  
look forward to our time on here.

DENISE

I feel the same.

Denise reaches over to the night stand for a glass of wine. She takes a big sip of nectar.

ROBERT

You really understand me. You know  
what I want. You know what I need.  
My wife hasn't got a clue.

Denise smiles and types back.

DENISE

We definitely know each other  
pretty well.

ROBERT

Look, it's been two months now. I'd  
really like for us to meet.

Denise stares at the last text a beat. It THROWS HER.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

What do you think?

Denise thinks about responding. She wants to, but closes the laptop down. She lays back on the pillow and takes another sip of wine.

INT. ENGLISH LIT CLASS - CONTINUOUS

ANITA HARRIS, An attractive African American woman in her mid forties is up at the front of a classroom talking. A black board with the words HEROES & VILLAINS written in chalk is behind her. She is very animated and expressive in her demeanor.

ANITA

We all know what a hero is and what they do. Does anyone know what an antihero is?

We see a class of about twenty or so students. All very typical, mix of boys and girls. We rest upon Eric who is looking around at his classmates, then raises his hand. Anita sees him, but looks for someone else, but no one is biting. She gives in.

ANITA (CONT'D)

Mr. Beaumont, please indulge us with your wisdom. Explain to all your fellow brain dead students what an antihero is.

Anita starts to slowly walk about the classroom.

ERIC

An antihero is a character in a story that lacks heroic attributes. They might do the right thing at times, but it's more for themselves and less for the greater good of all. They're more flawed than anything.

ANITA

What do you mean by flawed?

ERIC

They have faults. They don't always make the right choice.

A Boy has his head down on the desk. Anita stops in front of it and kicks the leg. The kid, pops up, eyes wide open. Other students around chuckle.

ANITA

We all know about making the wrong choice.

Anita gives him a dirty look and moves on. She stops right at Eric's desk.

ANITA (CONT'D)

Does that make them bad?

ERIC

No, not all. They can be bad or good. It just depends on the situation they're in and how they react.

Anita smiles and gives Eric a nod of appreciation.

ANITA

Very good Eric. This is a perfect segue way because tonight I would like you all to choose an antihero from any book, movie, TV show, or even a comic book. Yes, you'll find many anti heros there as well. I'd like you to write up a one page essay on what makes them antiheroes.

The BELL rings and all the kids pop up like toast and filter out into the hallway. Eric trails behind, and Anita stops him.

ANITA (CONT'D)

Eric do you have a second?

Eric stops at the her desk.

ERIC

Sure Mrs. Harris.

ANITA

Listen, I'm not sure if you know this or not but I run a creative writing class two nights a week here at the school. It's made up mainly of seniors and a couple juniors. I was wondering if you might want to be a part. You really have such strong grasp of English. I'd like to see how you would be letting your creative juices flow. I bet you'd really be able to come up with some good stories. Would you be interested in something like this?

Eric is surprised.

ERIC

Wow, I um...I don't know if I can you know with hockey and practice. Coach has us on a really tight schedule.

ANITA

You mean your Dad?

ERIC

Yeah, yeah my Dad.

Anita seems a bit dejected.

ANITA

No, I understand, but listen if you want to check it out we have a class happening tonight.

ERIC

I'll see. I don't know. Last practice before our first game.

ANITA

It's at seven thirty in the Library conference room. If your practice ends early come by. Just check it out, there's no pressure.

Eric pulls the backpack nervously up onto his shoulder.

ERIC

Okay, thanks Mrs. Harris.

He turns and exits the class as others file in.

INT. ADAM'S ICE ARENA - NIGHT

The Leafs are practicing. The First line is playing the second line. It's fast and furious. Eric is on the bench watching as his brother picks the puck up in the corner and starts to move with it. Jean is on the ice, whistle in his hand skating up behind the play.

JEAN

Let's go! Let's go! Push it up!

Braeden is a truly gifted skater as he cuts through center and dekes past a player leaving him in his dust.

JEAN (CONT'D)

C'mon Jensen! He made you look foolish!

Braeden crosses the blue line and gets the edge on the defensemen, he loses his balance and falls. Braeden cuts around and now it's just him and the goalie.

JEAN (CONT'D)

That's pathetic!

Braeden does a little head fake. The goalie goes for it and slides forward to jar the puck free, but Braeden is too quick. He skates right around him and flips the puck into the open net.



JEAN (CONT'D)  
Way to easy. You guys have to be  
better than that.

Jean skates over to Jensen who got burned and gets in his  
face.

JEAN (CONT'D)  
You have to be looking here at his  
chest and shoulders.

Jean points to his upper torso.

JENSEN  
Coach I was, he just beat me.

JEAN  
Bullshit! You had your head down  
you were looking at the puck. You  
do that tomorrow. The Swanson kid  
will eat you up.

Jean smacks him on the back of the helmet. He then blows the  
whistle.

JEAN (CONT'D)  
Give me the third line out here.  
Second line you stay. First line  
take a breather.

Eric hops over the boards as Braeden skates by.

ERIC  
Nice moves Brae.

They hit gloves then Braeden gets onto the bench. Coach Fred  
brings the puck to center ice.

FRED  
All right, face off right here.  
Let's go!

Eric is lined up at right wing. Coach Fred drops the puck.  
The centermen lock up and it pops free. Eric moves in and  
picks it up. He pulls it out and starts to skate up ice.

JEAN  
All right, you have Phillips open.  
Give it to him.

Eric looks up and sends the puck cross ice. It's PICKED OFF.  
The defensemen steals it and is off to the races by himself.

JEAN (CONT'D)  
Are you kidding me! Did you really  
just do that? Put some mustard on  
it! That was the weakest pass  
ever.

He skates alone on the goalie, takes a shot and scores. Eric  
is humiliated. He shakes his head in disgust.

JEAN (CONT'D)  
Get off!

ERIC  
What?

JEAN  
Just get off! Crazinski get out  
here.

Eric is pissed. He skates toward his father.

ERIC  
You're taking me off for passing a  
puck you told me to pass.

JEAN  
I told you to pass it, not kiss it  
to him.

ERIC  
That's bullshit!

The whole arena goes quiet. Jean and Eric lock eyes.

JEAN  
That's it your done tonight. Get  
out of my sight.

Jean points for him to leave. Braeden tries to stop it from  
escalating.

BRAEDEN  
Eric, just do what Coach wants.

Eric laughs.

ERIC  
Yeah, Beaumont one on one, right?

Eric skates by Braeden on the bench.

ERIC (CONT'D)  
I'm not buying into it. You can  
have it.

Eric skates off the ice.

INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Eric is walking down the rubber mat to the locker room. We hear the whistle blow.

JEAN (O.C.)  
All right let's get back to  
business.

Eric is ready to burst. He takes his stick, winds up and SMASHES it into the WALL. It breaks nearly in two. He tosses it into the trash can and walks into the locker room.

EXT. ADAM'S ICE ARENA PARKING LOT - LATER

Eric is sitting on his hockey bag. His back up against the side of a black MUSTANG. It's cold, we see his breath. He's looking at his phone. Upon a closer look we see it's the LORI SELFIE. Once again he's fixated by it.

BRAEDEN (O.C.)  
I guess you're not going home with  
Dad?

Eric quickly turns off his phone, looks up and smiles as Braeden opens his trunk.

ERIC  
How was the rest of practice?

Braeden extends his hand and helps his brother get to his feet.

BRAEDEN  
Typical. Didn't have us do any  
skating at the end. Wants the legs  
fresh for tomorrow.

Braeden takes his bag and puts it into his trunk. Eric hands him his bag and he squeezes it in.

ERIC  
I probably won't even play.

Eric takes the sticks and slides them through into the backseat

BRAEDEN  
Let him calm down. See what  
happens.

They both get into the car.

INT. MUSTANG - CONTINUOUS

Braeden hits the button and the car comes alive. AWOLNATION blasts through the speakers and it's loud. Braeden turns down the tunes. The time comes up on the dash 7:50pm. It catches Eric's eye.

ERIC

Can you do me a favor and drop me off at school?

BRAEDEN

Huh?

ERIC

There's an English project that I need to work on with a couple other students. I didn't think I'd be able to make it because of practice.

BRAEDEN

Sure, if that's what you want. What about dinner?

ERIC

Just tell them I have a project. I'll eat when I get home.

BRAEDEN

Hey, you're not missing much. I think it's the pot roast from last night.

Braeden puts the car in drive, the engine revs and the car powers off.

INT. WESTMORE LIBRARY - LATER

We're focused on CHRIS FETTERS dark hair and glasses who stands reading from a paper in his hand

CHRIS

I loved my mother. She was the center of my life. The fact that she just up and left was something I'll never understand.

We see the conference room, a group of about ten students circled around a table. Anita is watching intently as Chris tells his story.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

I thought that I would see her again. That smile, that laugh, but it was not to be.

The door opens and Eric enters quietly enough not to distract. Anita sees him and smiles.

Eric looks around as Chris continues to tell his very sad story. His eyes fall upon one particular student, Lori Fallon. Lori appears very caught up in what she's hearing.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Every night I'd hope that she would come walking through that door, but it never happened. My mother never came home and to this day... I still don't know why.

Chris takes a breath and wipes his eye.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, it still hurts.

People clap for him. Anita gets up and gives him a hug.

ANITA

This is what the exercise was all about. Tapping into a very deep and personal moment that truly affected you. You did an amazing job, Chris.

Chris takes a seat. Lori wipes her eye and turns to see Eric. He gives her a little wave, she smiles and waves back.

ANITA (CONT'D)

To be a good writer you have to be able to find your voice. Your voice allows you to tap into those emotions that run deep and express them. I looked around here and I saw a lot of you with your eyes welling up. There is no greater gift for a writer than when what they write affects and move people. When a writer finds their voice they can reach into their soul and put it down on the page.

Anita's words strike a chord with Eric.

ANITA (CONT'D)

I am going to have a few more of  
you read your stories, but for the  
moment let's examine Chris's story  
and write down five emotions that  
he conveyed within it.

Eric stares at Lori. He just got inspired to be a part of  
the group.

EXT. WESTMORE LIBRARY - LATER

The students are saying their good-byes out on the steps of  
the library. Eric waits to talk with Anita, but keeps his  
eye on Lori who is talking amongst a few. He gets his  
chance.

ANITA

So Mr. Beaumont you made it.

ERIC

I did, thanks for having me. It  
was very cathartic.

ANITA

Such a good word. Part of why I  
invited you. The key now is will  
you be back?

ERIC

I think I might. I'm going to try.

ANITA

Try hard, I'd like to hear a  
personal story from you.

ERIC

It might be pretty boring. I don't  
have a lot of turmoil. It's all  
pretty vanilla.

ANITA

I'm sure if you look hard enough  
there is something you will find.  
We all have something inside that  
we bury.

Anita pulls her jacket closed.

ANITA (CONT'D)

Whew! It got cold. You have a good night Eric.

ERIC

You too Mrs. Harris, and thanks again.

Anita walks down the stairs toward the parking lot. Eric scans the area, but Lori is gone. He looks dejected till. BEEP! BEEP! A silver SENTRA pulls up. The window rolls down.

LORI

You need a ride?

ERIC

Ah, yeah I could use one.

LORI

Then get in.

Eric opens the door gets in and they pull away.

INT. LORI'S SENTRA - CONTINUOUS

Lori jumps right in on Eric.

LORI

So what are you doing in there?

ERIC

Mrs. Harris invited me to come.

LORI

Wow, that's big you know. She doesn't invite just anyone. Especially underclassmen. I had no idea you were into writing.

ERIC

I had no idea you were either.

LORI

I'm trying. I had to basically beg her to let me in. It's a good extracurricular for the college app. She really must see something in you.

ERIC

I guess, I do well in her class,  
but then everyone in there is  
pretty much an idiot.

LORI

That guy Chris. Nearly had me  
balling my eyes out. Such a fucked  
up childhood. Made my story about  
my cat Tinkle dying seem pretty  
trivial. I'm just glad I didn't  
have to read it tonight.

ERIC

You had a cat named Tinkle?

LORI

Yeah, I named him that when I was  
kid because he would tinkle all  
over the house.

Eric laughs.

ERIC

Tinkle, that's a good one. You  
probably would have had a few wet  
eyes in there from laughter.

LORI

Hey, you can suck it! That cat  
meant a lot to me.

They both laugh. Eric just looks at her. The smile, the  
hair, the laugh. She's perfect.

ERIC

I'm only kidding.

LORI

So did practice end early?

ERIC

Yeah you could say that, earlier  
for me than everyone else. My  
father threw me out for making a  
bad pass and arguing with him.

LORI

No offense, but I don't get your  
Dad. He can really be an ass.  
Please don't tell your brother I  
said that.



ERIC  
An ass is being kind. He's more of  
a prick.

LORI  
I didn't want to say that, but he  
does have that reputation.

ERIC  
Braeden handles it a whole lot  
better than me.

LORI  
Your brother tolerates it better.  
Trust me, I've heard the stories.

They arrive at the Beaumont home and Lori pulls the car over  
and puts it in park.

ERIC  
Yeah, that's a good word for it.

LORI  
Hey, there's your first story. How  
your Dad is such a prick. I'm sure  
there is plenty there to draw from.

Eric laughs.

ERIC  
Oh yeah, that there is. Hey,  
thanks for the ride.

LORI  
Tell your brother I'll call him.

Eric gets out of the car and closes the door, he taps on the  
window and Lori lowers it.

ERIC  
By the way, I really look forward  
to hearing about Tinkle next week.

LORI  
Get out of here.

ERIC  
No, I'm serious.

Lori smiles, rolls up the window and drives off. Eric  
watches the car disappear down the road. A LEAF floats down  
from above. It grazes his head and lands on the ground at  
his feet. Eric reaches down and picks it up.

It's full of color deep rich reds and oranges. He smiles and walks down the driveway to the house.

INT. BEAUMONT LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Eric walks through the front door and into the living room. Braeden and Jean are sitting on the couch watching the BOSTON BRUINS GAME.

JEAN

And there he is. The back talking give away machine has arrived.

ERIC

Have you been thinking of that one all night?

JEAN

Nope, it just came to me so I thought I'd pass it along to you.

Jean takes a swig from a BUD LIGHT bottle. Then lets out a chuckle. Even Braeden can't help but smile on that one. Denise waves Eric into the kitchen.

INT. BEAUMONT DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Denise puts a plate down onto the dining room table.

DENISE

Ignore him. Sit, you must be starving.

ERIC

I'm sorry, I didn't call.

DENISE

It's okay your brother told us you had a school project. How'd it go?

Eric sort of collapses into the chair.

ERIC

It's a creative writing class actually. It was pretty cool. I think I might want to do it.

DENISE

That sounds great. Since you were a little boy you were always making up stories. You have a good mind for it.

Eric starts to dig into the pot roast. He's hungry.

ERIC

This is really good Mom.

DENISE

Even though it's a day old?

ERIC

It's actually better I think.

Denise's phone BUZZES as a text comes through. She picks it up off the counter and looks at it. She smiles and quickly puts the phone into her pocket.

DENISE

If you want more let me know. I'll heat it up for you. I'll be upstairs.

ERIC

Thanks, I might.

Denise kisses her son on the head, she looks through into the living room at Jean and then abruptly heads upstairs.

INT. BEAUMONT MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Denise pulls her phone out. We look at the text. It's from a random phone number.

TEXT

I really enjoyed this afternoon.

Denise sits on the bed and then responds.

DENISE

Me to, I'm sorry I cut it short, but you surprised me. Not sure if it's really a good idea for us to meet.

TEXT

We've been doing a lot of texting here and online for awhile now. I'd really like to meet for coffee, that's all.

Denise takes a breath, not sure how to respond.

DENISE

It might ruin what we have going.  
We both might be totally different  
in person.

TEXT

I'm willing to take the chance.

A RAUCOUS EXPLOSION from downstairs.

JEAN (O.C.)

Score!!!!

Denise looks down at the phone and types.

DENISE

Ok.

We hear HIGH FIVES slapped.

JEAN (O.C.)

Yes!

Close on Denise who looks unsure of what she just did.

INT. BEAUMONT LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jean and Braeden finish their high fives and then sit back down. Jean looks over into the kitchen and sees Eric eating. He's not done SCREWING with him. He takes a big sip of beer then starts to speak really LOUD.

JEAN

So Braeden, what did you think of  
Crazinski out there tonight?

BRAEDEN

He's not bad.

Braeden is oblivious to what's going on.

INT. BEAUMONT DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Eric is about to finish off the last bite of pot roast when he stops. He can hear his father.

JEAN

Not bad? I think he really adds a  
lot to that third line. The  
freshman might be just what we need  
to give them a spark.

(MORE)

JEAN (CONT'D)  
They really played well without  
your brother in there.

Eric drops his fork onto the plate. He's heard enough. He picks them up and drops them into the sink. Then heads upstairs.

INT. BEAUMONT LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jean looks and sees Eric walking up the steps. He turns his attention back to the TV. Mission accomplished in his mind.

BRAEDEN  
That's Eric's spot. You can't put  
him in there. Eric's a better  
player.

JEAN  
Nothing is cast in stone. We'll  
have to wait and see what tomorrow  
brings us. Gotta go with what will  
help us win.

Jean takes a sip of his beer. He appears proud of pissing off his own son.

INT. BROTHER'S BEDROOM - LATER

Braeden walks into the bedroom. It's dark. The only light filtering in is from the moon. He pulls off his shirt and pants and quietly slips into bed. Eric is awake.

ERIC  
I'm done.

BRAEDEN  
Done what?

ERIC  
I'm done playing. I don't enjoy  
it. The only reason I still play  
is because of you and we don't even  
get to play together.

BRAEDEN  
What are you talking about? You  
love playing.

ERIC  
You love playing, I don't. I  
haven't in a long time. It used to  
be fun. Now it's a chore.

(MORE)

ERIC (CONT'D)

He's sucked any sense of enjoyment  
I had left out of it.

BRAEDEN

The team needs you.

ERIC

That's a joke and you know it.  
Besides it would make it a lot  
easier for him not having to play  
me just because I'm his son.

BRAEDEN

He was just fucking with you.  
You're much better than that  
freshman. He just wanted to get  
you back for standing up to him. I  
told you what to do.

ERIC

I'm tired of being fucked with.  
We're his sons. He treats us like  
toys he can beat on when ever he's  
in a bad mood. I'm quitting.

BRAEDEN

Get some sleep. You'll feel better  
in the morning. Let the pep rally  
pick you up.

ERIC

It's not going to change how I  
feel.

BRAEDEN

Good night bro.

Braeden pulls the covers up and turns over. CLOSE on Eric  
looking up at the ceiling.

INT. SUV - MORNING

Through an SUV window we see "CUP O JOE" coffee shop sign.  
We pull back to see Denise sitting in the driver's seat. She  
looks different, hair is down, make up on, very sexy. Her  
hands grip the steering wheel, her eyes look out towards the  
coffee shop.

DENISE

(Talking to herself)

What are you doing? What are you  
doing?

We see the GUY we saw from the Online Chat Room. He's handsome. He stops outside Cup O Joe, looks around then goes inside.

DENISE (CONT'D)

Oh God.

Denise puts her hand on the keys in the ignition, but stops. She looks into the rearview mirror. Her eyes are all we see.

EXT. WESTMORE HIGH SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - LATE MORNING

It's totally peaceful scene as we slowly trek towards a large OAK TREE which stands colorful and tall in front of a brick building. A sign on the front reads "Westmore Gymnasium Home of the Leaf's." As we get closer we hear drums getting louder by the second.

INT. WESTMORE HIGH SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - CONTINUOUS

Start in on red and white POM POMS reveal cheerleaders, and a marching band. The bleachers are filled with students. It's a PEP RALLY. Lori stands in front of a group of ten girls as they gyrate and pump up the crowd.

CHEERLEADERS

We we are the best! We we are the  
best! Go Leaf's go! Go Leaf's go!

The students start getting into it echoing the cheerleaders.

STUDENTS

Go Leaf's go! Go Leaf's go! Go  
Leaf's go!

Standing at Center Court is Cam. Once again dressed in a suit. A microphone in his hand.

CAM

Let's hear it for your Westmore  
Leaf's!

The team comes walking out from the locker room area led by Braeden. They are all wearing their team jerseys white with a large red leaf emblazoned on the front of it. The Students go nuts cheering. The players wave as they move to center court. Coach Jean and Coach Frank are in the back.

CAM (CONT'D)

The Leaf's are two time defending  
Div 1 state champs.

(MORE)

CAM (CONT'D)  
Tonight they will start their quest  
for a third title.

The players and coaches are all at center court. Eric looks totally bored till he focuses in on Lori. She looks over waves and smiles. He thinks it's to him, but it's actually to Braeden. His smile disappears.

CAM (CONT'D)  
Without further ado. Let's bring  
out the man who steers the ship  
Coach Jean Beaumont.

STUDENTS  
Coach! Coach! Coach! Coach!

Cam hands the microphone to Jean and pats him on the back. The crowd brings it down. Braeden and the team clap, so does Eric half-heartedly.

JEAN  
This is really special all of you  
gathered here today because the  
unity of this school is what drives  
us. All of you here is why we do  
this as coaches and players.

The crowd cheers and Jean sucks it in. He loves it and they love him.

STUDENT  
We love you coach!

He looks around as if searching for something or someone, obviously Denise, but she's not there.

JEAN  
There's never an empty seat at any  
of our games. You students, you  
parents should be cheering  
yourselves today. Without all of  
your support we'd be nothing. Now  
we've been working hard preparing  
for this season and I can tell you  
this. We are ready! We... are  
ready!

Coach Jean hands the mic back to Cam. The student body loves it.

STUDENTS  
We are ready! We are ready!

It's loud, Jean goes up to Eric.



JEAN  
Where is your mother?

ERIC  
I don't know. She's got to be here  
somewhere.

JEAN  
She wasn't with any of the  
boosters. She's always there.

ERIC  
I have no idea, what do you want me  
to say?

Jean gives Eric a pat on the back and walks away, but it  
feels like an empty gesture. Close on Lori and the  
cheerleaders.

EXT. THE SHADY BROOK LODGE - DAY

A small 10 Room Lodge is nestled in a wooded area. There are  
leaves everywhere on the ground, and some still falling from  
the trees.

INT. THE SHADY BROOK LODGE ROOM #3 - SAME

There's a pair of pants, a rolled up dress, mens and women  
shoes littered about on the floor. This place is sort of  
dark. Lying on the bed naked beneath a sheet are Denise and  
Robert, looking up. The Coffee obviously went better than  
expected.

DENISE  
It was supposed to be just coffee.

ROBERT  
Are you disappointed?

They turn and face each other.

DENISE  
No, not at all.

ROBERT  
Me neither.

DENISE  
I haven't felt like this in a  
really long time.

Robert reaches out and caresses her face.

ROBERT  
No regrets?

DENISE  
None.

Robert goes in for a romantic kiss, but she panics.

DENISE (CONT'D)  
Oh my God! What time is it?

She scrambles out of bed and finds her phone it says 11:45.

DENISE (CONT'D)  
The Pep Rally!

ROBERT  
What's going on are you okay?

DENISE  
I have to go! My kids have their  
hockey Pep Rally. I run the  
boosters.

She's naked as she pulls the dress on over her body and steps  
into her heels at the same time.

DENISE (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry. This was really great.

She leans in and gives him a quick kiss. Grabs her purse.  
Heads to the door, then stops.

DENISE (CONT'D)  
By the way. I'm up for doing this  
again.

She heads out the door. A whole new swagger in her step.

EXT. WESTMORE HIGH SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - LATER

Students and faculty are buzzing outside of the gym. The  
Pep Rally appears to be over. Jean is talking with LIZ and  
CRAIG STEVENS, parents of one of his players.

CRAIG  
You've really been doing a great  
job with Tommy. His game has  
really picked up over the last  
couple weeks.

JEAN

Tommy loves to learn that's a big part of it. He's like a sponge he takes it all in and really puts forth the effort in understanding it all. I wish all my players had his work ethic.

Denise comes barreling in. She looks very flustered. The dress a little out of the ordinary for a Pep Rally. Jean notices right away.

LIZ

There she is.

DENISE

Mr. and Mrs. Stevens how are you?

Denise gives a couple of hugs.

CRAIG

We missed you here today.

JEAN

Yeah, we did.

Jean says it with a little spite.

DENISE

There were issues at the printer with the banners for tonight.

LIZ

That's not good.

DENISE

Well, we were able to work it out, but it took longer than expected. I apologize.

LIZ

Please girl what are you apologizing for. I wish I had all your energy to do everything you do.

CRAIG

Well, we will see you guys tonight. Good luck, Coach.

Craig shakes Jean's hand.

JEAN

Thanks, Craig.

The Stevens smile and walk away. Jean goes at her.

JEAN (CONT'D)

You've never missed a pep rally.

DENISE

I know Jean, this morning just got crazy. There were other things besides the banners.

JEAN

What's up with the dress? Not really pep rally appropriate.

Jean becomes self conscious.

DENISE

I wore it for you. I'm sorry. You liked it for our anniversary.

JEAN

Yeah, but you know the way these parents are. They'll all start talking about you and the tight fitting dress.

DENISE

Tight fitting?

JEAN

You know what I'm saying.

Denise has had enough.

DENISE

I know exactly what you are saying. I'll see you at home.

She storms off.

JEAN

Denise, wait?

Another pair of parents come up to Jean distracting him from going after her.

EXT. ADAM'S ICE ARENA - DUSK

A beautiful sunset silhouettes the ice arena. The parking lot is full. Out front is the BOOSTERS BOOTH. Denise and two other women are selling TICKETS and LEAFS SWAG. We see money exchanging hands, smiles and people going inside.

INT. ADAM'S ICE ARENA LEAFS LOCKER - CONTINUOUS

The locker is quiet, accept for sticks being taped. Skates being laced and some players stretching out. Most are dressed. Braeden is ready. Eric snaps his chin strap of his helmet. They look at each other. Jean is standing in front of a small stand up blackboard with chalk. He's going over a play.

JEAN

So this guy is our outlet if the pressure comes from the other side. We push the puck up through here every time. Just like we did in practice. This will free us up and break their pressure. Also, we might catch their D sleeping and get a quick break.

Jean circles the X several times.

JEAN (CONT'D)

You all get that?

TEAM

Yes, Coach!

JEAN

Get the butterflies out now. When you step on that ice I want you all ready to go.

Jean puts the chalk down. We hear the SIREN.

BRAEDEN

Let's do this!!

The players all get up. They are fired up.

INT. ADAM'S ICE ARENA - LATER

We are thrown into the action. The scoreboard reads 0-0 with 8 minutes left in period 1. The place is packed. A SEA of RED & WHITE representing the LEAFS. Coach Jean and Coach Fred are standing behind their players on the bench. Lori and the other CHEERLEADERS pump up the CROWD with a "GO LEAFS GO!"

Braeden has the puck and cuts through center ice. He makes a move, he dangles and shakes a couple skaters. He's in the clear. He comes in on the goalie, winds up and let's it rip! Top shelf goal!!! The crowd goes crazy. Denise shakes her hand in the air.

DENISE  
Way to go Braeden!

Lori is very excited and so are the other cheerleaders. The Leafs bench explodes with excitement.

ERIC  
Braeden!

Braeden skate by the bench and everyone taps his glove.

CROWD  
Leafs! Leafs! Leafs!

JEAN  
Keep it going now. Don't let up on these guys.

The game continues. One of the Leafs players lays a devastating body check into the opposing Wolves player that frees the puck up.

CROWD  
Ohhhhh!

It's a two on one for the Leafs. Braeden and JOHN CONNELL pass the puck back and forth between each other. Braeden fakes the shot and then passes it quick to John who shoots and scores.

FRED  
Nice pass. So unselfish. Your boy is on tonight Coach!

Jean shakes his head in agreement.

JEAN  
Okay, third line Roberts, Stantz and...Cazinski.

Eric looks at his father, who just ignores him. He leans back on the bench totally dejected. Braeden gets off and sits next to him, but he's too caught up in the moment to notice what's going on.

JEAN (CONT'D)  
Let's go now boys.

Denise is watching the game. A HOCKEY MOM next to her leans in.

HOCKEY MOM  
Hey, is Eric okay? I haven't seen him out there tonight.

Denise looks down to the bench. She sees him slumped down in the corner.

DENISE  
I don't know.

Truth is she does.

Montage:

Leafs goalie makes a save.

Leafs player scores a goal.

Braeden skating and scoring again.

Eric sitting on the bench looks up at the scoreboard.

Scoreboard reads 4-0 - the clock is ticking down 7 seconds left in the third period. The crowd is counting and then the SIREN wails.

The crowd cheers.

INT. ADAM'S ICE ARENA LEAFS LOCKER - LATER

It's really raucous. There is rap music blaring. The energy level is high. Players are basically in various stages of undress. It's a big win to start the season. Eric is off in the corner, sullen not having played. Braeden tries to cheer him up.

BRAEDEN  
Hey, Chazinski didn't do shit out there and Dad knows it.

ERIC  
But he played and I didn't. Not even one shift.

BRAEDEN  
Let's go. Get undressed. We're getting out of here.

ERIC  
I don't want to go to a party.

BRAEDEN  
Who said anything about a party?

Jean sticks his head into the locker.

JEAN  
Braeden, come out here.

BRAEDEN  
Meet me out at the car in five  
minutes.

Braeden get up and heads out. Eric looks puzzled.

EXT. LOCKER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jean is standing, talking with a middle aged gentleman, in a green sweater with the ND LOGO on it. Braeden comes out.

JEAN  
Braeden, this is Calvin Frost from  
Notre Dame.

BRAEDEN  
Hi Mr. Frost.

The two shake hands.

CALVIN  
Braeden, I was just telling your  
father here what a pleasure it was  
to watch you skate. You played  
well tonight.

Braeden knows what to say. You can tell he's done this  
before.

BRAEDEN  
Thank you sir. I appreciate that.

CALVIN  
We have a game coming up in a few  
weeks. I'd love for you to come up  
to the campus and check it out as  
my guest. Stay the night and I  
could have a couple of the guys  
show you around. I'd be really  
interested to see what you think.

Jean is smiling.

BRAEDEN  
I'd like that.

Calvin hands Braeden his card.



CALVIN

My email is there. Let me know and I'll have my secretary set it all up.

BRAEDEN

Thank you.

Calvin slaps Braeden on the back and shakes Jean's hand.

CALVIN

Good win. I'll see you soon. Nice meeting you Jean.

JEAN

Same here.

Calvin walks off and Jean spins his fists around at Braeden. Like the Fighting Irish Mascot.

JEAN (CONT'D)

The Fighting Irish.

Jean bobs and weaves and then rubs Braeden's hair.

BRAEDEN

BC?

JEAN

All the cards on the table and then we pick one.

Jean starts to back away down the hall.

BRAEDEN

We?

JEAN

I'll see you at home.

Braeden shakes his head, as Jean walks away.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

It's a beautiful fall night. We slowly descend upon a wooded area, through the trees to reveal Braeden's car. Both he and Eric get out. Braeden is carrying some folded up CARDBOARD under his arm. They both start walking. The moon and the stars filter through the trees as they make their way.

ERIC

Are you going to tell me where we are going?

BRAEDEN  
Patience little brother, you'll see soon enough.

ERIC  
It's getting cold out. Love this time of year.

Braeden's phone buzzes. He looks at it and does a quick text.

ERIC (CONT'D)  
Is that Lori?

BRAEDEN  
Yep, just told her that you and I have plans. I'll see her later.

ERIC  
You seem to have the plan. I'm just going along.

BRAEDEN  
Hey, you didn't tell me that you and Lori were in the same writing class. She said she gave you a ride home the other night. You making a move on her?

Eric reacts defensive.

ERIC  
What? Are you kidding?

Braeden laughs.

BRAEDEN  
Of course I am.

ERIC  
I just didn't want to make a big thing of it. It's just a writing group, not even a class.

BRAEDEN  
She says it's big deal to be a part of it.

ERIC  
I'm not sure about that.

BRAEDEN  
Do me a favor and make sure no dudes try and pick up on her.

ERIC

Yeah, I don't think you have to  
worry about that from what I saw.

Braeden stops dead in his tracks

BRAEDEN

We're here.

Eric looks around. It's pretty dark. Braeden reaches into his jacket pocket and pulls out two cans of BUDWEISER BEER. He hands one to Eric.

ERIC

We came all the way out here to  
drink a beer?

BRAEDEN

Nope, we came for that.

Braeden points over the edge of what appears to be a long downward slope covered in leaves. It descends into complete DARKNESS.

ERIC

What? It's just a big hill.

Braeden holds up the cardboard.

ERIC (CONT'D)

No, you can't be serious?

Eric looks down.

ERIC (CONT'D)

I can't even see where that goes.

BRAEDEN

That's what makes it fun.

ERIC

You're nuts.

BRAEDEN

Drink the beer it will give you  
courage.

Braeden pops open his beer and takes a big sip.

ERIC

I'm assuming you've done this  
before?

Braeden is looking down, he finishes his beer and lets out a loud BURP.

BRAEDEN

Nope, I saw it the other day and thought it looked like a good time.

ERIC

Why don't we just wait till tomorrow when we can see where it goes.

BRAEDEN

I know where it goes. Don't you trust me?

Eric looks at Braeden and then down into the darkness. Eric pops open his beer and takes a big sip.

BRAEDEN (CONT'D)

Look, I'll go first.

Braeden gets his cardboard and sits down on it.

BRAEDEN (CONT'D)

You only live once Eric. Now give me a big push.

Eric puts down his beer and gets behind his brother.

ERIC

Are you sure about this?

BRAEDEN

Let's do it!

Braeden puts his hands on his brother's back, digs in with his legs and pushes his bro hard.

BRAEDEN (CONT'D)

Whew!

Braeden goes flying! The cardboard makes a great sled over the slick path of leaves. He's screaming, but once he disappears into the darkness there's not a peep. Eric is breathing hard from the push. He looks into the darkness.

ERIC

Braeden?

There's no response.

ERIC (CONT'D)  
Braeden! Fuck! Braeden!

Major panic and then.

BRAEDEN (O.C.)  
Get your ass down here! It's  
fricking awesome!

Eric total relief, starts laughing. He gets on the  
cardboard. He's totally pumped.

ERIC  
Here I come.

He launches himself forward.

His POV: as he weaves down through the darkness till he's  
swallowed by a MONSTER PILE of LEAVES at the bottom.

BRAEDEN  
Yeah!

Braeden is clapping off to the side. The moon is shining on  
this massive pile as we see Eric surface.

ERIC  
Oh my God! That was incredible.

BRAEDEN  
I told you!

Eric with his cardboard in his hands wades through a pile of  
leaves up to his waste till he gets to Braeden.

ERIC  
We going again?

Braeden pats him on the back.

BRAEDEN  
Of course we are.

The two make their way up the hill as we rise above and out  
through the trees.

INT. BEAUMONT MASTER BEDROOM

Jean is sitting on the edge of the bed and starts to take off  
his socks. Denise walks in, kicks off her shoes and takes  
off her sweater in front of the mirror above her dresser.

JEAN

That scout from Notre Dame invited  
Braeden up to check out the campus.  
He seemed very interested.

Denise takes off her earrings. Jean looks her way for  
recognition, but there isn't any.

JEAN (CONT'D)

Did you not hear me or are you  
still ignoring me?

DENISE

Both actually.

JEAN

Ah, you're still upset about the  
dress comment.

DENISE

No Jean, I'm over that one.

JEAN

Then what is it now?

DENISE

Really? Like I have to tell you?

Jean knows what it is.

JEAN

Ah, Eric not playing. That's what  
this is about.

DENISE

Yeah, you embarrassed your other  
son on opening night. There was no  
need for you not to play him other  
than spite and you know it.

JEAN

It's to teach him a lesson and send  
a message to the team. No one  
player is bigger than the team. He  
knows that.

Denise turns and faces him. Her face perplexed.

DENISE

Really? Is that how you  
rationalize it all inside your  
little head. That's pretty  
pathetic if you ask me. He's your  
son! Not just a player.

(MORE)

DENISE (CONT'D)

You have to wake up with him in the morning and deal with his feelings, but then you don't seem to really understand what those are when it comes to anyone in this family.

Jean takes a beat before answering.

JEAN

I'm really sorry you feel that way, but it couldn't be farther from the truth.

Denise just gives Jean a WTF look.

DENISE

You truly believe that?

JEAN

Look. Where is all this coming from? What's up with you? You know I care about all of you.

DENISE

Actions speak louder than words Jean. Don't you teach your players that?

Denise walks into the bathroom and closes the door. We hear the shower go on. Jean just shakes his head.

JEAN

Ah, whatever.

Buzz! Buzz! Jean looks over at the dresser and sees Denise's phone. He looks to the bathroom. He gets up, walks over and picks up the phone.

Jean's POV, There's a text from an unknown number that reads "I REALLY HAD A NICE TIME WITH YOU TODAY. LOOK FORWARD TO THE NEXT."

Jean's face tightens. He's mad, but contained. The shower stops. He puts the phone down and walks out of the bedroom.

INT. BEAUMONT KITCHEN - MORNING

A glass is filled with orange juice. It's picked up by Denise and put onto the table in front of a scrambled egg breakfast and toast. Jean is sitting, reading the paper. His eyes peer over the edge and follow Denise as she moves about.

JEAN

Good article here on the game last night. They talk a lot about Braeden.

DENISE

That's great... Boys! Breakfast!

Denise looks at the table her mind set on making sure everything is out there.

DENISE (TO HERSELF) (CONT'D)

The milk.

She strolls into the kitchen.

INT. BROTHER'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Eric is at his desk working on his laptop. Braeden pulls on a PATRIOTS T-SHIRT and starts to make his way to breakfast.

BRAEDEN

You coming?

ERIC

Yeah, one second. Just reading this article.

BRAEDEN

Don't wait to long or all that bacon will be gone. Trust me. I'm hungry.

Braeden exits. Eric immediately opens the drawer, fishes around and pulls out the book. He flips to the next open page.

Eric's POV: of the white page. We see TWO LEAFs appear. One is large and yellow. The other is slightly smaller and red. He places them side by side in the clear sleeve. He pulls out the black sharpie and writes "FALL SLEDDING B & E". He dates it 10/15/19.

INT. BEAUMONT DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Braeden is at the table stuffing his face. Butch is sitting by his side. Braeden sneaks him a piece of BACON. He gobbles it down.

DENISE

I saw that Braeden. Don't feed the dog.



BRAEDEN

What?

DENISE

Where is your brother?

Braeden with his mouth stuffed full.

BRAEDEN

Eric get your ass down here!

Denise is horrified.

DENISE

Really?

We hear the pounding of feet coming down the stairs and there he is.

ERIC

Sorry.

DENISE

If it's cold put it in the microwave.

ERIC

Thanks, Mom.

DENISE

Eat up, there's more eggs, but no more bacon.

She eyes Braeden who shrugs his shoulders.

Buzz! Buzz!

Denise's phone goes off on the counter. She moves quick to pick it up. Jean watches intently as she starts to text.

JEAN

Who's texting you at eight in the morning?

Denise without batting an eye.

DENISE

It's Rebecca letting me know that she has all the school merchandise.

We know it's not. Denise puts the phone down.

JEAN

Really? The way you bounced up to grab that phone I would have thought you were a Mexican Jumping Bean you moved so fast.

Braeden laughs.

BRAEDEN

Mexican jumping bean. That's a good one.

DENISE

I didn't jump.

JEAN

Text, text text. You're like a thirteen year old girl with that phone. Always texting.

Denise is at a lost for a response.

ERIC

That's racist.

JEAN

Huh?

ERIC

Mexican jumping bean is a racist term.

JEAN

It's a bean.

ERIC

It's a derogatory term for a Mexican. I'm just letting you know.

JEAN

That's nonsense. People been saying it for years.

ERIC

What people?

Jean is frustrated.

JEAN

People.

ERIC

You mean white people?

JEAN

Eh, whatever. It's not hurting anybody. I'm sure Mexicans don't care either way.

Eric bites into his toast. He's enjoyed his intellectual sparring.

DENISE

Braeden do you need more?

BRAEDEN

Sure, Mom.

Jean looks at both of them.

JEAN

You two got in late.

Braeden takes a swig of OJ.

BRAEDEN

We went sledding.

JEAN

Sledding?

BRAEDEN

In the woods, down behind the Lassen's farm. That huge hill covered in leaves.

DENISE

That sounds like fun.

ERIC

It was a blast.

Jean isn't happy.

JEAN

You have to watch doing stupid shit like that right now. You could break an arm, a leg. Be done for the season. Kiss BC, Notre Dame, all of them goodbye. Not to mention us.

BRAEDEN

It's not that big of deal. It's just a pile of leaves. Not like they were saw blades we were sliding into.

Eric laughs.

JEAN

To much on the line right now for you. Just use your brain.

ERIC

Probably fine if I do it. Right Dad? Seeing how I don't play any way.

Jean gives Eric a look and then goes back to his paper.

JEAN

You'll play, once you learn respect.

Denise shakes her head, she sees where this is headed. She grabs the pan from the stove walks over and shovels some eggs into his plate. She does the same to Eric.

ERIC

You want respect?

JEAN

Yeah, that's what I want from you. Some. Any.

Eric bolts up from the table. The glassware clatters. It catches everyone by surprise. Eric walks out and heads upstairs.

JEAN (CONT'D)

That's it. Just up and leave. Typical M.O. from you.

Braeden tries to run interference.

BRAEDEN

Dad, just let him go cool off, geez.

DENISE

Well, that went well. You really know how to deal with feelings Jean.

JEAN

You're one to talk?

Jean's eyes laser a hole into Denise. Out of nowhere Eric appears. In his hand is his LEAFS JERSEY. He throws it onto the table in front of Jean.

ERIC

I'm done! Now you don't have to worry about playing me ever again. I made it easy for you. There's your respect!

Complete shock. Pin drop moment. Eric turns and exits.

JEAN

Don't think you can get this back!

We hear the front door SLAM! Braeden looks shocked. Denise gives a look of disgust and walks into the kitchen.

Close on the LEAFS JERSEY.

INT. BROTHER'S BEDROOM - LATER

Braeden is on his bed. Lying next to him is Lori. The two of them are deep in conversation.

LORI

So he just quit?

BRAEDEN

Yep, he'd been wanting to do it any ways. You should have seen my old man's face. It was priceless.

LORI

Is he going to the writing class tonight?

BRAEDEN

I don't know, he hasn't been around.

Braeden runs his hand up along Lori's thigh, he starts to caress her butt cheek. She in turn SMACKS it away.

LORI

Your parents are downstairs.

BRAEDEN

So.

He pulls her on top of him. Lori sits up right and gives him little punches to the chest.

LORI  
So, I'm not in the mood to be felt  
up.

BRAEDEN  
Okay, I won't touch you then.

Braeden gyrates his hips underneath her.

LORI  
You are so bad.

She gives him another punch and pays the price.

LORI (CONT'D)  
Ouch!

BRAEDEN  
What happened?

Lori looks at her hand.

LORI  
I just broke a nail. Do you have  
any glue?

BRAEDEN  
Really? Glue, me?

Lori gets off and stands up.

BRAEDEN (CONT'D)  
Check in Eric's desk. I'm sure he  
has some.

Lori walks over to the desk and starts rummaging through the  
drawers. She stumbles upon THE LEAF BOOK. She pulls it out  
and starts going through it.

LORI  
What's this?

Braeden sits upright on the bed and looks her way.

BRAEDEN  
Oh, that's Eric's leaf book. He's  
been collecting leafs since he was  
a kid. I didn't know he still had  
it.

Lori is smiling as she peruses through it.

LORI  
This is adorable.

BRAEDEN

I guess.

LORI

These really go back pretty far.

Lori POV: there are FOUR LEAVES and it says FAMILY TRIP TO WHITE MOUNTAINS 7/20/2007.

LORI (CONT'D)

He has all these little captions and dates.

Lori POV: she lands on a page with a BEAUTIFUL FULL ELM LEAF with orange and red and yellow mixed. Written below it reads LORI NATURAL BEAUTY 10/25/19.

Her face melts. She touches the leaf through the clear seal.

ERIC (O.C.)

What the Hell!

Lori's focus snaps. Eric walks over and RIPS the book from her hands.

BRAEDEN

Dude chill out.

Braeden stands up.

ERIC

What are you doing going through my stuff?

LORI

I'm sorry. It's my fault. I was looking for some glue and I came across the book.

ERIC

So you just decided to open it? You just go into people's personal stuff.

BRAEDEN

Listen, I know you're pissed at Dad, but don't take it out on my girlfriend.

Braeden walks up to Eric in an intimidating manor.

LORI  
No, he's right. It was wrong of me.  
I'll leave. I'm sorry Eric.

BRAEDEN  
It's just a dumb book filled with  
fucking leaves!

Braeden knocks it out of his hands. It falls to the floor  
and the PAGES SCATTER.

ERIC  
You're an asshole!

Lori walks out.

BRAEDEN  
You and I need to talk when I get  
back.

Braeden follows her out the door. Eric gets down on his  
knees. He's very upset. He collects all the pages and puts  
them back into the book.

INT. SUV - DUSK

Eric is looking out the SUV passenger side window. A slushy  
rain is hitting it. His mother is driving.

DENISE  
This weather is miserable.

ERIC  
I'll be so glad when I can drive.

DENISE  
Yeah, in weather like this it's  
lots of fun.

The ICY RAIN is beating down on the windshield.

ERIC  
I want you to teach me. I don't  
think I could deal with Dad. That  
would be torture.

DENISE  
He taught Braeden, but I do  
remember it being quite a tenuous  
process.



ERIC  
Everything is a tenuous process  
with him.

DENISE  
I'm sorry about what happened  
earlier.

ERIC  
It's not your fault.

DENISE  
I'm sure you and your father will  
work things out and you can rejoin  
the team

ERIC  
No, I'm done. I don't want to play  
anymore. I wanted to quit before  
the game.

DENISE  
But you love hockey.

ERIC  
Not really. Not like Braeden and  
Dad. It's not like it was when I  
was a kid. It used to be fun.  
It's not anymore. Hasn't been for  
awhile.

The light turns red. Denise HITS the BRAKES. The SUV skids  
a little and then stops. Her PURSE flies forward onto Eric's  
side at his feet and things spill out of it.

DENISE  
Sorry about that.

Eric reaches down and starts to shuffle things back inside  
the purse. Her wallet, keys, lip stick. He grabs her phone  
which is lit up. There is a text with just a number above  
and it reads "I HAVE THE SAME ROOM AS LAST TIME. CAN'T WAIT  
TO SEE YOU!" There's a little heart icon at the end. Denise  
rambles on.

DENISE (CONT'D)  
Well, as we get older we all have  
to make tough choices in life.

Eric is stunned, but snaps back. He throws the phone in and  
puts the purse back onto the center console. He's unsure how  
to react.

DENISE (CONT'D)  
I just hope you make a choice  
you're not going to regret later on  
down the line.

Eric's head is processing what he just saw.

DENISE (CONT'D)  
Just think about it. You  
understand what I'm saying?

They pull up to the school library.

ERIC  
Yeah, I get it.

Before they stop, Eric is unbuckled and half way out the door.

DENISE  
Hey, we can talk about this later  
if you want?

ERIC  
Yeah, sure.

Eric closes the door as his mother is talking. He can't get out of there quick enough.

DENISE  
Do you need a ride home? I guess  
not.

The WIPERS slash back across the windshield as she watches him walk up the steps. She looks in the rearview mirror, checks her hair and lipstick, then drives off.

INT. BEAUMONT LIVING ROOM - LATER

The TV is on. It's the Pre-game show for the Boston Bruins. Jean is sitting on the couch. He looks over at Braeden, just sort of stares at him.

JEAN  
Hey, we really didn't get to talk  
much about the game last night. I  
thought you played really well. You  
keep it up I think you'll be all  
conference this year, and possibly  
All State.

BRAEDEN

You think?

JEAN

Yeah, why wouldn't you?

BRAEDEN

I don't know. I just never heard you say that before.

JEAN

Well, I'm saying it now. You gained size from last year. You put the work in. I think you are in the best condition you've ever been in physically

BRAEDEN

I appreciate it.

Jean gets up.

JEAN

I'm feeling nachos. You want me to make some?

BRAEDEN

Yeah, that sounds good.

JEAN

We've got like fifteen minutes before the game starts. You want chili or no?

BRAEDEN

Sure load em up.

Jean walks toward the kitchen, as Braeden leans back on the couch.

EXT. WESTMORE LIBRARY - LATER

It's dark. The rain has turned into SLEET and is coming down hard now on the Westmore Library. The streetlights illuminate it as it falls. Leaves from the trees are plastered all over the ground.

INT. WESTMORE LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

Anita is speaking to the group. Eric is sitting across the table from Lori. He's trying to avoid looking at her, but she's not making it easy.

ANITA

Coming up in early spring there is The Young Writer's Symposium. I'd like to have some of you submit for this. It's a great way to get exposure and get your work in front of some very influential people. It gives us all something to work for. So if you are interested you can let me know.

Buzz! Buzz! Eric looks down at his phone. It's a text from Lori.

LORI

I'm truly sorry for today. Please forgive me.

Eric looks up there eyes meet.

ANITA

Now, I'd like to start tonight off with one of our new writers to the group.

Anita looks about and her eyes land on Eric.

ANITA (CONT'D)

Eric, would you like to read?

ERIC

Sure, I guess.

Eric stands up from where he's sitting.

ERIC (CONT'D)

I call this Looking Up.

Eric clears his throat.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Since I was born, I've always been looking up. That's because I am the youngest in my family. My brother Braeden is two years older than me. He's always been bigger than me and probably always will be. My relationship with Braeden hasn't been easy. We've had our share of fights, which I'd always lose. We don't always see eye to eye on a lot of things. I've pretty much grown up in his shadow.

(MORE)

ERIC (CONT'D)

My brother got the looks, he gets all the girls.

Eric looks at Lori. She's smiling.

ERIC (CONT'D)

He's also an amazing hockey player as many of you know and next year he'll have his choice of what ever college he wants to go to. You'd think that this would make me insecure or make me jealous or envious in some way, but that's not the case because Braeden for having everything never makes me feel like I'm in his shadow. He always makes me feel like I'm his brother like we're equals. That I matter. I can go to him with any problem. He might not always have the best advice, but he listens and in my house that means a lot. So, I've been looking up my whole life. From what I can see that's never going to change and I wouldn't have it any other way.

Eric sits down as people clap. Anita seems impressed.

ANITA

Nice job for your first time Mr. Beaumont. Way to open up.

Eric turns his gaze to Lori. She is looking at her phone. She suddenly gets up and gathers her stuff together. Anita notices.

ANITA (CONT'D)

Is everything okay, Lori?

LORI

I'm sorry, Mrs. Harris. I have a family situation at my house.

ANITA

I hope everything is all right.

LORI

My mother needs her meds picked up before the store closes.

ANITA

Well, good luck with everything and drive safe.

As Lori exits she stops and touches Eric's arm.

LORI  
That was really good.

ERIC  
Thanks.

They share a quick look and then she's out the door.

ANITA  
Okay, let's take a look at Eric's  
story...

Eric looks about as Anita talks.

INT. THE SHADY BROOK LODGE ROOM #3 - CONTINUOUS

Denise's phone in her purse. A text from Eric pops up. "MOM I'LL NEED A RIDE." We pull out to reveal Denise and Robert rolling around in the sheets passionately MAKING LOVE.

INT. BEAUMONT LIVING ROOM - LATER

Bruins game is going. Braeden and Jean are digging into the nachos. Both are glued to the action happening on the screen.

JEAN  
You see how Bergeron reset that whole play. Smartest player in the league. That's what I'm always telling you. If you're able to see the play before it happens it's a huge advantage. No one does it better than him.

Jean's phone BUZZES. It's sitting on the table. He looks over to Braeden.

JEAN (CONT'D)  
Can you see who that is?

Braeden picks it up and reads it.

BRAEDEN  
It's Eric, he needs a ride home.  
Mom's not responding.

JEAN  
Ignore it.

Braeden goes to put the phone back down, but instead RETURNS the TEXT. He then gets up.

BRAEDEN  
I'll go get him.

JEAN  
He can walk. It will do him some good.

BRAEDEN  
Walk? It's like five miles and the weather's terrible.

JEAN  
At least watch the last five minutes. Go at intermission.

BRAEDEN  
I'll listen in the car.

JEAN  
Your choice. I'd go get him, but I've already had a few of these...

Jean shakes the beer can in his hand and smiles. Braeden grabs his jacket and puts it on. He grabs his phone and keys off the counter.

He opens the front door. The SLEET is coming down HARD and ACCUMULATING on the ground. He looks back at Jean who's totally focused back into the game.

BRAEDEN (TO HIMSELF)  
Yeah, let him walk.

He steps out into the misery and closes the door behind.

EXT. THE SHADY BROOK LODGE - LATER

Denise and Robert walk outside the room. Denise can't believe how bad the weather is.

DENISE  
Wow, this is really bad.

Robert grabs her and pulls her close. They share a deep kiss. They are like sexually fueled teens.

ROBERT  
We can always go back inside and warm up.

DENISE  
Love to, but I have to get home.

Robert let's her go.

ROBERT  
Well, till next time.

DENISE  
You think there will be a next  
time?

ROBERT  
I'm hoping.

Denise walks to her car that's parked in front. She opens the door, smiles and steps inside. He walks away to his car.

INT. HONDA SUV - CONTINUOUS

The SLEET is all over her windshield. She puts her purse down and hear's it buzz. She reaches in and pulls out her phone. She sees all the texts and missed calls from Eric. You can tell she feels bad.

EXT. WESTMORE LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

Eric walks outside, it's pretty gnarly. The sleet is wet as it lands in his hair. His phone rings. He looks and sees it's his mother. He puts the phone back into his pocket and zips up his jacket.

INT. MUSTANG - CONTINUOUS

Braeden is driving and talking HANDS FREE. We see the sleet being wiped away by the wipers.

BRAEDEN  
So you left class early?

LORI (O.C.)  
Yeah, had to pick Mom's back pills  
up before seven. Sorry I couldn't  
give Eric a ride.

BRAEDEN  
It's okay, you can make it up to me  
when you see me. Did he talk to  
you?



LORI (O.C.)  
Not really, but he wrote a story  
about you.

BRAEDEN  
Me? I can just imagine.

LORI  
It was beautiful actually. He  
talked about what a great big  
bother you are.

BRAEDEN  
You're joking? Great. Now I do  
feel like an asshole.

LORI  
You should.

BRAEDEN  
Hey!

The conversation starts to become a garbled mess. A word  
here. A word there comes through.

BRAEDEN (CONT'D)  
Lori, you're breaking up. Hey, can  
you hear me? Lori?

The call ENDS. The game kicks on his car. It's between  
periods.

RADIO ANNOUNCER  
It's the Bruins three and the  
Flyers two after two.

Up ahead there's a TRAFFIC LIGHT, it's RED. WET BLACK LEAVES  
are everywhere along the tar surface. Braeden eases up on  
the gas. The light changes to GREEN. He starts to speed up.  
As he gets to the Intersection, out of nowhere a BLUE HONDA  
CIVIC from his right side SKIDS THROUGH their light! It  
slams hard into the MUSTANG. The Mustang slides across the  
ICY ROAD. Braeden tries to steer it, but as he does it  
BARREL ROLLS out of control straight into a UTILITY POLE and  
lands UPSIDE DOWN.

EXT. INTERSECTION - SAME

There are no other cars around. The SLEET continues to FALL.  
The blue Civic is crumpled in the middle. The Mustang is  
upside down against the pole. STEAM rises from the  
undercarriage. A man gets out of the Civic. He falls to his  
knees. His head is bleeding.

He has a phone in his hand, but he's totally out of it. Another SUV pulls up to the intersection. Two people get out and run over.

INT. BEAUMONT LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Denise comes walking through the front door. She does a quick inspection of herself in the hall mirror. Hangs up her coat. Then walks into the main living room. Jean hasn't moved, except to get a fresh beer.

JEAN  
Where have you been?

DENISE  
The mall.

Jean looks at his watch.

DENISE (CONT'D)  
Where are the boys?

JEAN  
Braeden went to pick up Eric because he couldn't get a hold of you. Is your phone not working?

DENISE  
Yes, it's working. Sometimes the reception is bad in that mall you know that.

JEAN  
What did you buy?

DENISE  
Nothing, there were no good sales. What's with the third degree?

Jean takes a sip from his beer.

JEAN  
I'm sure it's hard to do any shopping while your lying on your back.

DENISE  
What did you just say?

JEAN  
You heard me.

Denise looks at the table and sees four empty beer cans.

DENISE  
Have another beer, Jean.

She walks away. Jean takes a sip and then drops the BOMB.

JEAN  
I saw your texts the other night.  
How long have you been fucking this  
one?

She stops in her tracks. He knows. Jean gets up quick. His leg hits the table knocking the bottles into one another.

JEAN (CONT'D)  
Huh, how long has this been going  
on?

Denise turns to see Jean come towards her. He gets right in her face!

JEAN (CONT'D)  
How fucking long?

She scrambles for what to say. Her voice trembles.

DENISE  
I don't know what you think you  
saw.

JEAN  
Don't even try to spin me some of  
your bull shit. Is that why you  
missed the Pep Rally? Is it?

Denise's eyes say it all. She turns to go, but Jean grabs her arm and pulls her back.

DENISE  
Jean that hurts.

JEAN  
You don't get to just walk away  
from me without telling me the  
truth.

DENISE  
What do you want me to say?

JEAN  
I want to know the truth. Are you  
doing this again?

Jean's eyes are popping out of his skull while Denise's are welling up with tears.

JEAN (CONT'D)

Tell me!

DENISE

Yes.

Jean release her arm. He takes a deep breath, exhales and nods his head.

JEAN

Well...At least this time you can't get pregnant. I won't have to raise another man's son as my own.

Tears stream.

DENISE

I can't believe you just said that. You said you'd never say that.

JEAN

And you said you'd never do it again.

Jean's phone rings. He pulls it from his pocket. It's Eric.

JEAN (CONT'D)

You with Braeden? What do you mean he hasn't picked you up? He left forty minutes ago. All right, all right I'm coming.

Jean hangs up the phone. His head is spinning from everything.

DENISE

What?

JEAN

Braeden hasn't showed up.

DENISE

Where could he be? Lori's?

JEAN

I don't know. I'm going to go pick up Eric.

DENISE

You can't drive. You've been drinking and the roads are treacherous. I'll drive.

JEAN  
I'm fine.

DENISE  
Just get in the car.

They both grab their jackets and make their way out the front door.

EXT. WESTMORE LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

Eric is pretty wet from standing outside. He has his cellphone to his ear. It goes straight to voice mail.

BRAEDEN  
This is Braeden you know what to do. (Beep)

Eric pulls the phone down and then texts.

ERIC  
C'mon Braeden what's up with you.

There is no response. He hears SIRENS and sees FLASHING LIGHTS racing down the main street.

ERIC (TO HIMSELF) (CONT'D)  
Screw it.

He zips his jacket closed and starts walking.

EXT. INTERSECTION - CONTINUOUS

The INTERSECTION is all LIT UP. THREE FIRE TRUCKS, an AMBULANCE and TWO COP CARS are there. The guy who caused the accident is off to the side being attended to by a paramedic.

CIVIC DRIVER  
How are they? Are they okay.

PARAMEDIC  
Sir, I just need you to relax.

The guy starts crying.

CIVIC DRIVER  
It was an accident. The road was slick.

Fire and Rescue are trying to extract Braeden from the Mustang, he's pinned inside. There's a firefighter on his knees by the driver's side window.

FIREFIGHTER 1  
Can you hear me?

We see Braeden wedged in, there's no response.

FIREFIGHTER 1 (CONT'D)  
Son, can you hear me?

One of the fire fighters walks over with the JAWS OF LIFE, at which point Firefighter 1 gets to his feet and moves back. The SAW starts cutting through the metal door. Sparks fly everywhere. CHIEF WILSON comes over.

CHIEF WILSON  
Anything?

FIREFIGHTER 1  
Nothing not a peep. He's a young kid.

They both watch as the saw continues to slice its way to Braeden.

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Eric is walking, the sleet pelts him in the face. Lights start to brighten as he rounds the bend. A POLICE CAR rushes past him its lights on and siren blaring. He starts jogging towards the intersection. He sees the fire trucks and ambulance. His jog turns to a full on sprint.

EXT. INTERSECTION - CONTINUOUS

The firefighters gain access to Braeden. They're able to cut him free.

FIREFIGHTER 1  
Hey, can you hear me? Son?

Braeden groans.

FIREFIGHTER 1 (CONT'D)  
He's alive. Let's get a neck and back brace in here asap.

Two Paramedics move in and do their thing. They work to immobilize Braeden breaking out the back brace and C collar.

CHIEF WILSON  
All right, everyone move back let's  
give them some room to work.

Eric arrives on the scene. He looks and sees his BROTHER'S  
CAR.

ERIC  
No, no, no! Braeden!

Eric runs, but a FEMALE POLICE OFFICER steps in his way.

FEMALE POLICE OFFICER  
Stop we need you to stay back.

ERIC  
That's my brother! Braeden!

FEMALE POLICE OFFICER  
There's nothing you can do. They  
are doing everything they can.

Eric pushes her off.

FEMALE POLICE OFFICER (CONT'D)  
Hey, get back here.

She gives chase.

INT. SUV - CONTINUOUS

Denise is driving. Jean is slumped in the passenger's seat.  
It's as silent as can be. All you can hear are the wipers.  
As they approach the intersection, It's lit up like a  
Christmas tree. Flairs litter the road. Blue and red lights  
FLASH.

JEAN  
What the Hell happened here? Some  
idiot probably drunk.

They slow to a crawl. Denise's eye sees it first.

DENISE  
Oh my God! That's Braeden's car.

JEAN  
No, it can't be.

DENISE  
That's his car! That's his car!

Denise slams the car into park. Jean slams into the front dash.

JEAN

Jesus!

She bolts out of the car and leaves the door wide open.

JEAN (CONT'D)

Denise! Wait!

Jean unbuckles the seat belt and follows her.

EXT. INTERSECTION - CONTINUOUS

Braeden is pulled out of the wreckage. His neck immobilized. He's strapped head to toe on a backboard. A paramedic is above him.

PARAMEDIC

Okay, you got to stay with me here.  
C'mon keep fighting kid.

Braeden looks bad. His head is bloodied, his eyes closed. Eric gets up close, but is grabbed by a couple firefighters. The cop catches up.

ERIC

Braeden! That's my brother.

The Chief steps in the way, just as Jean and Denise arrive on the scene.

CHIEF WILSON

They are doing everything they can.  
Your brother's in good hands. Let  
them work.

DENISE

That's my son! Braeden!

CHIEF WILSON

I understand ma'am. Your son has  
been in a terrible accident and we  
need to get him secured safely  
before we can transport him.

JEAN

What's wrong with him? He's going  
to be okay right? That's all  
precautionary. Braeden!



Braeden is lifted up onto the GURNEY and they wheel him to the AMBULANCE.

CHIEF WILSON  
He's being transferred to the  
trauma center.

Eric grabs his Mother who is crying. Jean watches as Braeden rolls past them.

JEAN  
I want to know what happened? Who  
did this?

The Chief remains neutral.

CHIEF WILSON  
We're still working out all the  
details. Go be with your son.  
That's all you can do right now.  
I'm sorry.

Braeden is lifted into the back of the ambulance. The paramedic jumps in, closes the door. The SIRENS Blare. The LIGHTS spin red and the Ambulance takes off.

INT. WESTMORE TRAUMA CENTER - LATER

DOORS OPEN. Braeden is being wheeled into the trauma center by the paramedics. DR. ALVIN SCHMIDT, mid forties dark hair dressed in scrubs. He comes over with a light to check his pupils.

DR. SCHMIDT  
What do we have?

PARAMEDIC  
Male, seventeen, car crash, head  
injuries, possible spinal  
fractures, in and out of  
consciousness. BP one eighty five  
over one twenty three.

The doctor appears very concerned.

DR. SCHMIDT  
Get him to O.R. six.

The doctor pulls back as the gurney is rolls down the hall.

INT. SUV - CONTINUOUS

Eric is in the back seat. He's soaking wet. His mind is spinning. Denise is staring out the passenger window tears streaming down her face. Jean is behind the wheel and driving like a mad man. He takes a sharp left turn cutting off a guy who lays into his HORN. Eric goes flying.

ERIC

Jesus Dad!

Jean's eyes shoot daggers in the rearview mirror.

DENISE

Please Jean. Slow down.

Jean is silent. He doesn't respond. He continues to grip the wheel. It's as if he's in a trance.

Eric falls back into his seat. He looks devastated. The silence continues.

INT. OPERATING ROOM 6 - LATER

There are a group of nurses surrounding Braeden. Dr. Schmidt has his mask on and appears to be operating on Braeden's neck. We see the monitor. He is watching the monitor, as he works.

DR. SCHMIDT

Suction.

The doctor moves back and a nurse moves in to clear the area of blood.

DR. SCHMIDT (CONT'D)

Good.

He goes back in to do more work.

INT. WAITING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The clock on the wall reads eleven thirty. Eric is sitting his head back against the wall looking up at the ceiling. Jean is sitting across from him, arms on his knees head in his hands. Denise is next to him looking completely lost. A TV is on in the corner. The sports report is on. Jean looks up.

SPORTS CASTER

Well, the Bruins blew a two goal lead in the third folks.

(MORE)

SPORTS CASTER (CONT'D)

It wasn't pretty as the Flyers came from behind to beat the B's five to four, snapping the three game win streak.

Eric looks at his father and watches his face. Jean shakes his head.

JEAN

Figures.

ERIC (TO HIMSELF)

Yeah. That it does.

Eric gets up and starts walking.

DENISE

Where are you going?

ERIC

I've got to get some air.

Jean gives him a look as he walks away. As Eric gets down the hall, his phone rings. It's Lori.

LORI (O.C.)

Hey, Eric. I've been trying to get a hold of your brother all night. Do you know where he is?

Eric takes a breath. His voice cracks as he speaks.

ERIC

Braeden's been in a bad accident.

LORI

What? Is he okay?

ERIC

It's not good. He's in surgery right now. We really don't know anything. We're at the Trauma Center.

LORI

I'm on my way.

She hangs up. Eric walks through the front door.

EXT. TRAUMA CENTER - CONTINUOUS

It stopped raining. A mist is coming off the ground. There is a bench. Eric sits down. He stares into the parking lot.

It's pretty empty with exceptions of a few cars. A BREEZE kicks up and blows LEAVES about his feet. One LEAF sticks to his pant leg. He reaches down and picks it up.

Eric's POV, of the leaf. It's DARK PURPLE, with a small BIT OF RED on the inside of it.

Eric with the leaf in his hand breaks down. Tears stream down his face.

INT. WAITING ROOM - LATER

The clock on the wall reads twelve thirty. Jean is getting frustrated. Lori is there now. She sits close to Eric and Denise. Jean stands up and paces.

JEAN

What is going on here? Why haven't we heard anything?

Jean walks over to the NURSES STATION.

JEAN (CONT'D)

Listen, our son's been in surgery for over three hours. Is there anyone that can let us know what's going on here?

The nurse at the desk.

NURSE

As soon as the doctor is available I'll have him speak with you.

Jean shakes his head and walks off.

Lori, tears in her eyes feels guilty and starts mumbling.

LORI

I was talking with him in his car. The call was breaking up, so I hung up. I didn't call him back. Maybe I could have helped him.

She starts to cry. Denise wraps her arm around her.

DENISE

It's okay.

LORI

I should have just given Eric a ride home.

(MORE)

LORI (CONT'D)

This whole thing would have never happened. It's my fault. I caused this.

DENISE

This is not your fault. It's nobody's fault. Braeden will be fine. He's tough, you know that.

Eric looks over at his father. He can see the concern on his face. The typical stoic, tough guy look is not there.

ERIC

Dad do you want a coffee, a water or something?

Jean shakes his head and walks past him. The double doors to the trauma surgery open. Dr. Schmidt and a nurse walk out together. He's carrying a clipboard and pulls down his mask.

JEAN

Finally.

DR. SCHMIDT

I'm doctor Alvin Schmidt. Your son Braeden suffered severe head and spinal injuries from the accident. When he came in here, he was breathing, but unconscious. Over the last few hours we did everything we could to revive him, but the injuries he sustained to his cerebral cortex were far too great. I'm sorry to have to tell you that your son passed away at twelve fifteen this morning.

Denise falls to the floor. Lori bursts into tears.

DENISE

Oh my God! No!

Jean is silent. It's as if he's been hit by a Mack Truck.

JEAN

No. No. There's got to be a mistake. You just said my son is dead. That can be.

DR. SCHMIDT

I'm sorry. I truly am.

JEAN

We were watching a game and eating nachos three hours ago.

Eric's in shock. He's white as a ghost. He leans down and helps his mother to her feet.

JEAN (CONT'D)

No. This is not right. There's no way. I want to see him.

DR. SCHMIDT

They are in the process of cleaning up the O.R. I suggest you...

Jean pushes past the doctor and through the double doors.

DR. SCHMIDT (CONT'D)

Sir!

DENISE

Jean what are you doing? Eric get your father.

Eric gives chase.

INT. TRAUMA CENTER HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jean frantically walks down the main hallway of the trauma center. He appears deranged. Other medical staff give him strange looks.

JEAN

Braeden!

Eric runs up from behind.

ERIC

Dad!

Jean finds Braeden's room. He looks through the window.

His POV: There are tubes all over the place. Braeden looks like a science experiment. Machines surround him. There's bloody gauze on the floor around the bed. Medical staff are working on disconnecting everything. A nurse walks out from the room.

NURSE

Sir, you can't be in here.

Jean's face is emotionless. He's lost.

JEAN  
No, this isn't right.

Jean puts his hand up on the window.

JEAN (CONT'D)  
No, no, no, no.

Jean SLAMS the door with both FISTS. He's enraged.

JEAN (CONT'D)  
That's not my boy in there!

ERIC  
Dad.

Eric puts his hand on his father's shoulder. Jean pushes it away and Eric falls back against the wall.

JEAN  
Don't touch me! You're the reason  
for this.

Eric breaks down.

ERIC  
I'm sorry Dad. I wish it was me in  
there. You know I do. Not him.

Jean locks eyes with Eric.

JEAN  
You know what. So do I.

Eric starts to hyperventilate. Jean walks past. It's a total stab in the heart for him. Eric slides down the wall into a sitting position. Denise and Lori walk up. Jean pushes past them.

JEAN (CONT'D)  
We need to get out of here. Let's  
go.

DENISE  
What did you say to him?

Jean keeps walking. Lori goes to Eric. She kneels down and wraps her arms around him. He whimpers and tries to catch his breath. Denise is drawn to the O.R.

ERIC  
Mom, don't.

DENISE

I have to. I have to see him.

Denise goes to the door. She takes a breath then pushes through.

INT. OPERATING ROOM 6 - CONTINUOUS

Braeden the tubes and the machines. The ventilator is disconnected from Braeden. He's gone. Denise walks up to the side of the bed. Braeden's face is swollen and cut. She reaches in and caresses his face.

DENISE

My boy. My sweet, sweet, Braeden.

She leans in and lays her head upon his chest and just starts WAILING.

INT. TRAUMA CENTER HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Lori is on the floor with Eric. She's clutching him in her arms. Denise's cries echo throughout the hallway.

INT. BROTHER'S BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

Butch is lying on the floor in front of Braeden's bed. Eric is sitting on the edge of his bed still in the same clothes. He's staring out the window into the yard. It's as if he's in a trance.

His POV: Looking through the window into the yard. The leaves are everywhere on the ground. The trees are sparse with very few leaves left.

INT. BEAUMONT MASTER BEDROOM - MORNING

Jean is buttoning his shirt in the mirror. He looks like he hasn't slept. He appears to be on autopilot. Denise is still in the same clothes sitting in bed knees to her chest, back up against the headboard.

DENISE

What did you say to Eric?

Jean doesn't respond.

DENISE (CONT'D)

I know you said something to him.  
I'd never seen him like that.



Jean turns and faces her.

JEAN  
I told him the truth.

Denise's heart skips a beat.

DENISE  
What truth?

JEAN  
Not that.

DENISE  
Then what?

JEAN  
I said that had he not needed a  
ride home. His brother would still  
be alive.

DENISE  
That's horrible. How could you?

Jean brushes his hair quickly.

JEAN  
Because it's the truth. I could  
say the same thing to you. Had you  
not been fucking another man. You  
could have picked Eric up and our  
son would still be alive.

Denise breaks up.

DENISE  
You're despicable.

Jean expressionless turns and walks away.

DENISE (CONT'D)  
That's it just walk away. Where  
are you going?

JEAN  
The school.

DENISE  
You're joking?

JEAN

I need to address this with the faculty and the team before word gets out. They need to hear it from me.

DENISE

It can wait. We need to start planning our son's funeral.

JEAN

I need to do this.

Jean turns and exits. Denise gets out of bed.

DENISE

This is insane. You can call the school.

INT. BEAUMONT LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jean come down the stairs and walks into the kitchen.

INT. BEAUMONT KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Jean pours COFFEE into his thermos. He seals it and walks out.

INT. BEAUMONT LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Eric is standing there, with Denise behind him.

ERIC

Dad, what are you doing? You can't go to work.

DENISE

Listen to your son if you won't listen to me.

Jean walks past them and grabs his coat off the rack.

JEAN

I have to take care of this.

Jean opens the front door and leaves. Both Denise and Eric are stunned.

EXT. WESTMORE HIGH SCHOOL - LATER

There is a lot of hustle and bustle going on in the parking lot. Students are getting off buses. We see Jean sitting in his car. His hands on the wheel staring at nothing. Cam walks up and bangs on the glass. Jean snaps back to reality and gets out of the car.

CAM

Good win the other night.

They both start walking. Jean has his thermos. Cam's in his suit and carrying a briefcase.

JEAN

Yeah, it was.

Two students walk by.

STUDENT

Hi Coach.

Jean nods.

CAM

Your boy looked really good out there. The whole team looked solid...

As they continue to walk, Cam keeps talking, but his voice becomes muffled little by little till it's totally non-existent along with all the other sounds. His lips are moving, but we don't hear anything. As they reach the doors to enter the school, Jean stops and all the sound returns.

CAM (CONT'D)

Jean, are you all right? Jean?  
Earth to Jean.

JEAN

Ah, I need to make an announcement to all the main faculty. Can you help me gather everyone together in the teacher's lounge.

CAM

Yeah, sure. What's going on?

Jean starts walking towards his office.

JEAN

Thanks.

Cam just gives him WTF look.

INT. TEACHER'S LOUNGE - LATER

A group of about twenty or so people are gathered in the teacher's lounge. Many with coffee. They are all engaged various conversations. Cam is talking with Anita and PRINCIPAL HAROLD THOMAS, hair too dark for his age and slicked back. Jean enters and all the talking slowly comes to a halt. He walks into the middle of the room. All eyes on him as he clears his throat.

Straight and to the point delivery.

JEAN

Good morning. The reason why I've gathered you all here is to let you know that last night my son Braeden was in a car accident.

Jaws drop. Lots of gasps are heard.

JEAN (CONT'D)

He suffered a severe brain injury and didn't pull through.

The staff is totally aghast. Cam's face registers complete shock.

JEAN (CONT'D)

I wanted you all to hear it from me. Over the next few days I will be out to take care of the funeral arrangements and to bury my son. I hope all of you can attend. You were all a part of Braeden's life. I do plan to keep teaching PE and coaching the boys hockey team. Please keep my wife and Eric in your prayers during this ordeal. Thank you all.

Jean walks out through the crowd and exits the lounge. You can hear a pin drop. Everyone is stunned. Cam tilts his head back and exhales.

TEACHER

What the fuck was that?

Principal Thomas looks at Cam.

PRINCIPAL THOMAS

Cam did you know about this?

CAM

Not a clue. He was acting weird when we walked in and he asked me to gather you all together. That's it.

Principal Thomas raises his voice so everyone in the room can hear him.

PRINCIPAL THOMAS

Listen up. This is some very shocking and disturbing news and I think we all need to digest it first. If anyone needs counseling we can set that up for both the students and faculty. If everyone could keep this information contained for right now. I'll make an announcement shortly to the students.

Anita perks up.

ANITA

I can speak with Eric. I'm sure he could use the support. I know he loved his brother deeply.

TEACHER

I don't think Jean should be doing any teaching at the moment. He shouldn't even be here. The guy is not right in the head.

CAM

Would you be?

TEACHER

No, but then I wouldn't be here either.

PRINCIPAL THOMAS

Look, I'll talk with him. I can't imagine what he's going through right now.

All the faculty look completely stunned. A few of the female teachers are wiping their eyes.

INT. BEAUMONT KITCHEN - MORNING

Denise is sitting in a chair. She looks like a ZOMBIE as she stares out the window.

Buzz! Buzz! Her phone vibrates on the table in front of her. We see it's the UNKNOWN NUMBER. We know who it is. She doesn't react or flinch. Eric walks in. Her gaze doesn't break.

DENISE

I use to watch the two of you play out there. Wrestling in the leaves. Having snowball fights. Running on the slip and slide. I'd sit here, like a fly on the wall drink my coffee and just enjoy the sights and sounds. The laughing. The fighting. The tears. So many memories from this spot. So many more to come. At least that's what I thought. Now, I look out there and all I see is emptiness. There's nothing. It's as if it's all been erased. Just gone.

Eric looks out the window and then back at her.

ERIC

Those memories aren't gone Mom. They'll never be gone. Braeden will always be a part of us. I'll never let any of those memories go.

Denise loses it.

DENISE

It just feels like a part of me has been ripped away and it's never coming back.

Eric walks over and cradles her in his arms.

ERIC

Me too.

Eric pulls her tight and looks out the window. Tears in his eyes.

INT. JEAN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Jean is putting some PE EQUIPMENT into a storage locker. Coach Fred stands and watches. The two are talking about the team.

FRED

What do you need me to do Jean?

JEAN

Just take care of the team till I'm back.

Jean closes and locks it. He appears to be delusional.

JEAN (CONT'D)

Move Dennis up onto Braeden's line to replace him for now. Next few games won't be a problem, till we get into the league part of the schedule.

FRED

Screw the team Jean! What can I do for you, Denise and Eric. The team isn't important right now.

Fred is emotional. He grabs Jean by the shoulder in a compassionate way. There is a total disconnect in Jean's eyes.

JEAN

It's going to be fine. We'll be fine. Just keep the boys on track till I get back.

Cam and Principal Thomas walk through the open door. Jean sees them.

PRINCIPAL THOMAS

Jean, we need to talk.

JEAN

Sure, what's on your mind?

The Principal looks over at Fred as if to say scram. Fred gets the hint.

FRED

Okay Jean, I'll call you tonight.

Fred makes his way out of the office. Jean grabs a stack of ORANGE CONES and goes back to the storage locker.

JEAN

Sorry. Just tidying up in a here a little. What do you need?

PRINCIPAL THOMAS

You need to stop what you're doing right now and get out of here.

JEAN

Huh?

Cam pipes up.

CAM

C'mon Jean. Go home man. Be with your family. If you want to talk we can go for coffee. What ever you need. This is the last place you should be right now.

JEAN

You guys don't understand. Everything is going to be fine. I just have to work through this.

PRINCIPAL THOMAS

Your son just died. You need to process everything. This isn't where you should be.

JEAN

Are you a doctor now Harold?

PRINCIPAL THOMAS

No, but I know a broken man when I see one. You're not right Jean, and you have every reason in the world not to be.

Jean closes the door and locks it again. He turns back around.

JEAN

What? Is there a certain way a man should act when his son dies? Should I be on the ground crying or lying in bed in a fetal position? Would that be more acceptable for you guys?

PRINCIPAL THOMAS

It would be a much more natural reaction for sure.

JEAN

Not every man is built the same.

CAM

We know how much Braeden meant to you.



Jean gets impassioned. His VOICE takes on a very emotional tone to it.

JEAN

Then you know I have to be strong for him. That's what he'd want from me... That's what he'd expect.

PRINCIPAL THOMAS

Of course he would Jean. But he'd want you to be strong for your whole family, not just him.

JEAN

Look. You want me to leave. I'll leave.

PRINCIPAL THOMAS

We only want what's best for you.

JEAN

That's fine. I get it. I'll go home and crawl into a ball for you.

CAM

Why don't you let me give you a ride.

Jean grabs his thermos.

JEAN

Nope. I'm good. I'll see you at the funeral.

Jean walks past the two of them and into the hall. Both look at each other like WTF.

INT. BEAUMONT HALLWAY - LATER

The door bell RINGS. Eric walks over and opens it to reveal Anita.

ERIC

Mrs. Harris. What are you doing here?

ANITA

I just wanted to see how you are doing. Your Father let us all know what happened. I just feel so horrible.

Eric's eyes are bloodshot.

ERIC

It's pretty devastating for all of us... I'd invite you in, but my mother just fell asleep?

ANITA

No. I totally understand. I just wanted to let you know that I'm here for you. If there's anything you need. Even if it's just to talk. You can call me. Here's my cell.

She hands Eric a card.

ERIC

Thank you.

ANITA

I know what it's like to lose someone you love. I've been there. Use your voice Eric to get out the pain. Write it out. It will help you. Don't keep it bottled up inside. Writing has helped me through a lot in my life. It helps you heal. Trust me.

Eric's eyes well up, he nods. Anita reaches and pulls him in close to her. He starts to cry.

ANITA (CONT'D)

I know how much you loved him. I know.

Eric sees Jean's car pull up. He quickly pulls back and wipes his eyes. Anita sees Jean get out of the car and walk their way.

ANITA (CONT'D)

Remember, I'm here for you.

She turns to go and nearly bumps into Jean.

JEAN

Making house calls now Mrs. Harris?

ANITA

I just came by to see your son. I'm so sorry for your loss.

JEAN

Would have been great if you could have had your class here the other night. Instead of at the school. Things might be a little different huh?

Anita is horrified by what he said.

ANITA

I'm sorry Jean.

She looks at Eric then makes her way to the car. Jean walks past Eric and into the house. Eric closes the door.

JEAN

Where's your mother?

ERIC

Sleeping.

Jean hangs his coat and walks into the living room. Eric follows.

INT. BEAUMONT LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jean puts his wallet and keys on the counter.

JEAN

I spoke to Grandma and Grandpa. They will be here in the morning.

Eric continues to follow him.

ERIC

Why'd you say that to her?

JEAN

Say what?

ERIC

You know what. You basically said she was at fault for what happened.

JEAN

I didn't say that. I gave her a hypothetical. Sort of a what if? She understood. After all she's an English Teacher.

Eric just can't take it.

ERIC  
You're such a fucking hypocrite!

JEAN  
Watch your mouth!

Jean gets in Eric's face.

ERIC  
You are. You'll blame everyone but yourself for what happened! Me, Mom, Mrs. Harris. The truth is. I called you to pick me up and you said you would. What happened? Huh? Was the game on? Maybe you had a few too many? God knows that happens a lot. Or maybe you were just to fucking lazy!

Jean loses it! He grabs Eric by the shoulders and pins him up against the wall with his forearm.

ERIC (CONT'D)  
You know if you came. Braeden would still be here. You know it.

Jean's breathing hard. Eric's words stung. He smacks the wall with his free hand by Eric's face. Denise walks in.

DENISE  
Get your hands off him Jean!

Jean shakes his head slowly. His eyes like saucers as he stares at Eric.

JEAN  
You could never be Braeden.

ERIC  
I never wanted to be.

Jean releases him. Denise moves towards Eric. He storms off and opens the front door.

DENISE  
Eric!

It slams shut.

DENISE (CONT'D)  
You need to pull yourself together for all of us.

JEAN

I need to pull myself together?  
I'm the only one in here who has it  
together.

DENISE

What you just said to him was  
horrible. Did it make you feel  
good?

JEAN

Not as horrible as what I could  
have said. Right Denise?

They both just stare at each other.

DENISE

If you never want anything to do  
with him again. Then tell him. At  
this point, I'm not so sure he  
wants anything to do with you any  
ways. So just tell him you're not  
his father. Make it official. I'm  
tired of you hanging it over my  
head. Then you can bury both your  
sons forever.

Denise brushes past him.

EXT. WOODS - DUSK

The sun is setting. The red and orange glow filters through  
the trees. Eric sits on top of the hill where he leaf  
sledded with Braeden. He's stares down to the bottom.

Flashback to Braeden walking up the hill with the cardboard.

BRAEDEN

This is what it's all about little  
brother. Nothing but you, me and a  
shit load of leaves. What could be  
better.

Eric's eyes well up.

LORI (O.C.)

Eric?

He snaps out of it. He rubs his hand across his face.

ERIC

You found it.

LORI  
Yeah, wasn't easy.

Lori walks over and sits down next to him. She looks as worn out as him.

LORI (CONT'D)  
So this is where you guys came that night?

ERIC  
Yeah... It was a great night.

Lori does a double take of the bottom of the hill.

LORI  
You both went down there. On cardboard?

ERIC  
Yeah.

LORI  
Typical Brea. Always pushing the limits?

ERIC  
I just had to get out of the house. My father's in complete denial and my mother's a train wreck. I didn't know where to go. I didn't know what to do.

LORI  
Eric, it's okay. My parents have become smothering. Do you need this. Do you want food. Do you want to talk. I had to get out myself. I'm glad you texted me.

Eric's voice cracks and he gets emotional.

ERIC  
All that keeps going through my mind is the last thing I said to him. I called him an ass-hole.

Lori puts her arm around him.

LORI  
Listen. That's not the last thing you said to him.

ERIC  
It is. You were there.

LORI  
No. It's not...

Eric looks confused.

LORI (CONT'D)  
I told him about the story you wrote.

ERIC  
Huh?

LORI  
I know you told me not to, but after everything that happened. I wanted him to know just how much his brother thought of him. How much he meant to you.

ERIC  
Are you kidding me?

LORI  
No, I told him and I don't regret it.

Eric takes a breath.

ERIC  
What did he say?

LORI  
His exact words were. Wow! Maybe I am an ass-hole.

Eric bursts in laughter.

ERIC  
You're serious? You're not making this up to make me feel better?

LORI  
I would never do that. That's what he said.

A smile breaks across his face.

ERIC  
Thanks for ignoring my wishes.

Lori gives him a dirty look.

ERIC (CONT'D)

No. I'm being serious. I mean it  
in a good way.

She gives him a friendly push. DING! Lori looks down at her phone.

LORI

My phone's been blowing up from  
everyone at school. Texts, phone  
calls, emails. Sorry this and sorry  
that...My heart just aches. I  
can't take it.

Tears fall. She leans her head into his shoulder. Eric wraps his arm around her.

LORI (CONT'D)

It doesn't make any sense. It's  
like a nightmare and I keep hoping  
to wake up.

ERIC

But that's the problem. You  
can't.

Lori cries into his chest. The sun has all but faded. A BREEZE kicks up a flurry of LEAVES around them.

EXT. ST. ANTHONY'S CEMETERY - MORNING

Focus on a PHOTO OF BRAEDEN wearing his WESTMORE HIGH SCHOOL HOCKEY JERSEY. We slowly pull back to reveal a large CROWD of people dressed in BLACK. It's a CHILLY, GREY DAY. FATHER ARTHUR O'CONNOR, early Seventies, thinning white hair stands next to a beautiful MAHOGANY CASKET. BRAEDEN'S LEAFS JERSEY is on top of it. We see the back of it with B. BEAUMONT and the NUMBER 3.

FATHER O'CONNOR

We learn quickly that life is full  
of good times and bad. These  
verses in Ecclesiastes reminds us  
that there is a time to be born and  
a time to die. There is a time to  
weep and a time to laugh. It is  
part of the natural ebb and flow of  
life.

Jean, Denise and Eric are sitting together in front. Jean reaches for Denise's hand and holds it. Her expression doesn't change. Lori is on the other side of the GRANDPARENTS. She is weeping.



FATHER O'CONNOR (CONT'D)

It's not an easy thing for a parent to bury their child. Father, comfort them. Help them to continue being faithful to you even through the pain. Help them to find the strength to move forward. Lavish them with your love and fill the void left in their hearts with your unconditional love.

It's a solemn affair. All of Braeden's team-mates, Coach Fred, other students and many parents stand behind or off to the side.

FATHER O'CONNOR (CONT'D)

It has been said that God never sees His children die; He only sees them come home. Welcome Braeden to your home O' Lord. Keep him safe till one day when they can all be together again. In the name of the Father, and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit. Amen.

RECORDED ORGAN MUSIC starts to play. The casket is slowly lowered down into the grave.

Montage:

People walk past the Beaumont Family and pay their respects.

They stop by the grave. Some say a quick prayer. Some toss a flower. Some toss dirt. The hockey guys flash three fingers for Braeden's number 3.

Lori has a photo of the two of them. She kisses it and lets it drop.

Coach Fred hands Braeden's Jersey to Denise.

Everyone slowly disappears.

The Music ends.

All that's left are Denise, Jean and Eric. Eric is at the top. Denise is on the left and Jean on the right. They all stare down into the grave. There are no words spoken. There's only silence. Jean is emotionless. Denise had kept it together. Till now. She unleashes a DEEP BUILDING SORROWFUL HOWL. She then walks away. Jean looks at Eric. He turns to go be with her.

Eric's POV: Jean tries to comfort her, but she pushes him away.

DENISE

No! Just let me be.

Eric is standing alone now. He looks down to the Casket below.

ERIC

Hey big brother. This might be the hardest day of my life. Never would I have ever imagined myself standing here. I want you to know. I'm never going to stop looking up to you. Not now. Not ever.

Eric looks up to the sky. He reaches into his COAT and pulls out THE LEAF BOOK. He smiles.

ERIC (CONT'D)

I know. It's my dumb leaf book. Right? But all the memories in this book. So many were because of you. Through out the years they've always given me comfort. I want you to have them. I want you to know. I'll always be with you.

Eric takes the book. He turns it upside down and shakes it. All the LEAVES SPILL OUT from the pages. Various colors slowly cascade down as if falling from a tree. Years of memories just raining down.

Casket POV, of Eric above and the leaves floating down like BEAUTIFUL COLORED BUTTERFLIES.

ERIC (CONT'D)

I love you, Brea.

Eric walks away as the last leaf comes to rest.

EXT. BEAUMONT HOME - LATER

The trees are pretty bare around the Beaumont home. The leaves are scattered all about the yard. Some people get into their cars and drive away.

INT. BEAUMONT KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

We see a PLATE of FOOD being prepped. It's then covered by cellophane. It's handed off to Fred.

Butch the dog is sitting there. His tongue runs across his mouth as he watches Jean.

JEAN  
There you go. Take it home. I  
don't know what to do with all  
this.

We see various food and flowers all over the counters and in the dining room on the table.

FRED  
It was a good ceremony.

Jean nods.

JEAN  
Yeah, it was.

FRED  
You holding up?

JEAN  
Yeah. Yeah. He did you see that?

Jean points to a large GOLD & RED FLOWER ARRANGEMENT.

FRED  
The flowers?

JEAN  
Yeah. It's from Boston College.

FRED  
Wow.

JEAN  
Braeden would have liked that.  
That's where he wanted to go.

Jean raises a beer and takes a sip. There's a beat and then:

JEAN (CONT'D)  
Didn't see anything from Notre  
Dame.

FRED  
Look. I've got to go Jean. If you  
need anything.

JEAN  
Yeah. Get out of here. It's been  
a long day. Hey, get a win  
tomorrow for Braeden.

FRED  
It's not going to be the same. You  
know it.

JEAN  
Get them focused Fred. I'll be  
back next week.

FRED  
All right, Jean.

Eric walks in. He's carrying a bunch half eaten plates. He  
dumps them into the sink. Fred comes over and squeezes his  
shoulder.

FRED (CONT'D)  
Hey Kid. You need anything let me  
know.

ERIC  
Thanks. Coach Fred.

Fred exits.

JEAN  
Your mother upstairs?

ERIC  
Yeah, I think.

The crowd has really thinned out. Jean's parents walk over.  
MARC AND HELEN BEAUMONT, they are in their late seventies.

HELEN  
Eric, my dear. You take care of  
your father. He really needs you.

She gives him a kiss on the cheek.

JEAN  
Ma. Where are you guys going?

MARC  
We're going to the Hotel.

JEAN  
That's crazy we got plenty of room  
here.

Helen walks up to Jean and touches his face.

HELEN  
We will be by tomorrow. You all  
need your space tonight.

MARC  
She likes the bed at that place.

HELEN  
It's good on my back. I wanted to say bye to Denise, but I couldn't find her.

JEAN  
I'll let her know.

Jean gives his mom a hug.

HELEN  
You are such a strong man for your family Jean. Braeden was blessed to have you for a father.

MARC  
We raised him to be strong.

Marc slaps Jean on the back.

JEAN  
Love you guys.

Jean goes back to packing things up. Eric walks them out. He opens the front door and Helen and Marc exit. He walks back into the kitchen.

JEAN (CONT'D)  
You believe all this? We'll never be able to eat it all.

ERIC  
Probably not.

JEAN  
Your brother would have loved it. Kid had a big appetite.

A CLUNKING SOUND is heard.

INT. BEAUMONT LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Denise walks down the stairs. She steps into the living room. A large GREY SUITCASE in her hand. She drops it. Jean walks out of the kitchen and sees her.

JEAN  
What are you doing?

DENISE

I can't be here anymore. In this house. It doesn't feel right.

JEAN

What? Let's talk about this.

Jean walks over to her. Eric stays back and watches.

DENISE

Talk? Really?

JEAN

Look, I know it's been hard. And maybe I might not have been the most supportive, but there are a lot of things going on here besides Braeden that I'm trying to wrap my head around. You know that.

DENISE

It's not always about you, Jean. It's about me. I can't be here.

Denise picks up the suitcase and walks to the door. She passes by Jean.

JEAN

Your head's messed up. I get it. Our son just died for Christ sake!

Denise stops at the door and turns to face Jean. She loses it!

DENISE

Don't you dare throw our son's death in my face. I've been dealing with it non-stop while you've been walking around here as if nothing happened.

JEAN

Everyone has their own way of dealing with grief. Just because I don't wear it on my sleeve. Doesn't mean I don't feel anything.

Beat.

JEAN (CONT'D)

So that's it? You're just going to leave me?

DENISE

You want to know the truth Jean?  
You left me a long time ago. I'm  
just the one who got the guts  
enough to finally go.

Denise looks at Eric. She composes herself before opening the door. Jean throws his BEER against the WALL.

JEAN

Go! Go stay with your new lover.

Jean looks at Eric. He thinks he's enlightening him.

JEAN (CONT'D)

I bet you didn't know your Mom's  
having an affair.

Denise is horrified that Jean brought this up. She looks at Eric.

JEAN (CONT'D)

If she had picked you up that  
night. Instead of spreading her  
legs. Braeden might still be here.

DENISE

There you are Jean. There you are.  
I was wondering how long it would  
take.

Denise opens the door. She turns and looks at Eric.

DENISE (CONT'D)

Are you coming?

He looks hard at Jean.

ERIC

Yeah.

Eric grabs his coat and walks to the door.

JEAN

Go! I don't need either one of you!

Denise walks out the door followed by Eric. It SLAMS shut.  
Butch runs to the door and whimpers. He scratches at it.  
Jean just stares. He's all alone now.

INT. SUV - CONTINUOUS

Denise is in the driver's seat. She looks frazzled by everything that went down. Eric gets in and puts his seat belt on.

DENISE  
I'm sorry you had to hear that.

ERIC  
It doesn't matter.

DENISE  
You don't have to come with me.

ERIC  
I want to.

DENISE  
You sure?

ERIC  
Yeah.

Denise turns the key and the SUV starts up. Eric looks at the house. The life appears sucked out.

ERIC (CONT'D)  
Where are we going?

DENISE  
I don't know. I really haven't figured it out yet.

She puts the SUV into drive. It goes up the driveway and out of view.

INT. BEAUMONT LIVING ROOM - A SHORT TIME LATER

Jean with a beer in his hand sits down on the couch. Butch is lying on the floor snoring.

JEAN  
Looks like just you and me Butch.

Jean grabs the remote and turns on the TV. The BRUINS GAME is on.

BRUINS BROADCAST  
That's the thing about Boston Jim  
they are just relentless at working  
the boards.  
(MORE)



BRUINS BROADCAST (CONT'D)  
Montreal tries to get it out, but  
Chara is just too big and too  
strong...

Jean takes a sip from his beer. He looks to his right.

There is BRAEDEN. He's watching the game. He turns and  
looks at his Dad. He smiles. Then disappears.

Jean totally LOSES IT.

JEAN  
Braeden!

All the pain and all the sorrow he kept hidden rushes to the  
surface. It's as if a dam broke.

JEAN (CONT'D)  
No! No! No! No!

Deep gut wrenching moans escape from him.

JEAN (CONT'D)  
My boy! My boy!

Tears flow. He can't catch his breath. He falls to the  
floor on his knees. His beer spills. Butch awakens and  
tries to LICK the pain away.

Jean's moans are heard throughout the house. The stairway  
with the family pics. The boys bedroom. The master bedroom.

EXT. BEAUMONT HOME - CONTINUOUS

The sun has just about set. The Beaumont home looks DARK and  
COLD amongst a cluster of leafless trees.

All we can hear are the echoing sounds of Jean's pain.

INT. THE BERKLEY THEATER - NIGHT - 4 MONTHS LATER

We push past a sign that reads "THE YOUNG WRITERS SYMPOSIUM."  
We hear Eric's voice as we pass through double doors into a  
theater. We travel up the center aisle and come to rest upon  
Eric on stage reading from a podium. A video screen behind  
him projects "THE LEAVES THAT FALL" by ERIC BEAUMONT.

ERIC  
I guess you could say, we are all  
like leaves in so many ways. The  
trees like our parents give us  
life.

(MORE)

ERIC (CONT'D)

We sprout, we breath, we grow.  
While some get big, others stay  
small. Some get bright and others  
dark. Some are pretty and  
unfortunately some are not.

Montage:

ERIC (V.O.)

But Each leaf like us is unique.  
No two exactly the same. They all  
have their own fingerprint.

Eric is talking with Anita in the group. He starts to laugh  
and so do others in the group.

ERIC (V.O.)

And over time they all show their  
true colors.

Jean is sitting in a chair. He's talking. He stops to wipe  
his eye. There is a man with a beard sitting across from  
him. It's obvious he's a therapist.

ERIC (V.O.)

And though some grow stronger.  
Others eventually wilt. Life is a  
constant battle to survive. There  
are just so many outside forces to  
overcome.

We are at a Leafs game. All the players are standing on the  
ice. Next to them are Jean and Coach Fred. Their heads are  
down. They all look up to where the Championship Banners  
are. BRAEDEN'S #3 JERSEY is revealed. It has been retired.  
All the players each lift a hand with THREE FINGERS extended.  
They cheer out his name.

ERIC (V.O.)

And though the trees do everything  
they can to hold onto them and keep  
them safe. They can't protect them  
forever. No matter how hard they  
try.

The Beaumont Home. The trees are all getting green as new  
life is sprouting. The lawn is perfect. There is a FOR SALE  
SIGN. A NEW FAMILY is walking up to look at it.

ERIC (V.O.)

Eventually all the leaves must  
fall. Some will go gracefully, and  
Some to soon, back to the ground  
from which they came.

It's a beautiful day. Denise is placing FLOWERS at BRAEDEN'S GRAVE. There is a Beautiful HEADSTONE. Eric is there as well.

INT. THE BERKLEY THEATER - NIGHT

Eric is on stage speaking.

ERIC

So the next time you pick up a  
leaf. Think about your life and  
what it means... because you're  
only on the tree for so long. What  
you do with that time is up to you.  
Just realize how precious it is,  
because we all eventually fall.  
Thank you.

Eric finishes and the audience APPLAUDS. We see Lori, Anita and Denise standing together clapping.

LORI

Eric! Whew!

ANGLE ON back of the theater. A MAN stands in the shadow. He's wearing a BASEBALL CAP. He nods his head and then slips through the door into the night. Eric is on stage smiling. The applause gets REAL LOUD. Then CUTS OUT.

EXT. SKY - DAY

It's a beautiful FALL DAY. We're looking straight up into blue sky through a cluster of trees filled with brightly colored foliage. Leaves break away and slowly cascade down. It's serene as can be, you can hear a pin drop.

FADE TO BLACK:

We HEAR the LAUGHTER of two teen boys and the RUSTLING of LEAVES.