

# Envisage

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FADE IN:

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Dark as Hell, and the fog makes it almost impossible to see.

Behind the wheel -- SUSAN, fifties, blond hair -- navigating through the fog. She talks through the wireless bluetooth system in her car.

SUSAN

And how's the little stranger?

LAURA (V.O.)

Lord almighty, mom, would you stop?

SUSAN

What? I never see him.

LAURA (V.O.)

He's in the bed asleep... like you should be.

SUSAN

I know, I know, but these cravings.

In the backseat: two shopping bags full of various ice cream flavors.

LAURA (V.O.)

Mom, you're talking like a pregnant woman.

SUSAN

No, I'm talking like a menopausal woman. You'll see. You've been warned.

LAURA (V.O.)

Are you almost home?

SUSAN

Yes. The market's just up the road.

LAURA (V.O.)

(a beat)

Mom, if you, you know, ever want to come stay with us, I'd completely understand. Mike would be totally fine with it, too. We have the space.

Susan restrains her tears.

SUSAN

Thank you, honey, but I'm okay. I'm ummm, I'm holding on. Things are getting better.

LAURA (V.O.)

You would tell me if they weren't, right?

Susan pulls into her driveway. She smiles.

SUSAN

Of course, dear.

(beat)

I'm home now.

LAURA (V.O.)

Love you.

SUSAN

Love you, too, Laura. And give my grand baby kisses for me.

LAURA (V.O.)

And wake him up this time of night...

They laugh.

SUSAN

Bye, baby.

LAURA (V.O.)

Bye-bye.

EXT. STREET - SAME NIGHT

Metal trash cans sit curbside on these cold city streets. This type of cold makes you angry. Barely any traffic, no passers by; not even stray animals are desperate enough to be out.

Perched on a bus stop bench is LAWRENCE (21). His dry lips are close to splitting. Laboured breathing. Cold sweat. No coat. His raggedy sweat suit has blood on the sleeve. The cold seems to be the last thing on his mind... AND THEN --

Lawrence vomits!! Some of it lands on his shoes.

He wipes his mouth with his sleeve and then wipes the tears that roll down his cheek.

A DEEP CUT

on the side of his thumb.

Lawrence weeps. Coughing and crying...

EXT. VARIOUS STREETS - SAME NIGHT

Lawrence wanders aimlessly down the side of the highway as cars pass by.

LAWRENCE (V.O.)

They say forgiving yourself is the start of freedom... but guilt is what keeps you in check, keeps you human.

INT. DINER - EVENING

Super: 5 years later

Lawrence looks nothing like we last saw him. He's well groomed, cheery -- a sight to behold.

Doing most of the talking is PETER. He's a much older gentleman with a thick accent and gray hair -- no nonsense type. Think Denzel in Training Day. \*

PETER

Successful, young, good looking... why would you want to do that? Throw away your life?

LAWRENCE

Sir, with all due respect, I don't think I'd be throwing away my life.

PETER

Pretty much raised yaself, right?

A tough thing for Lawrence to speak on...

LAWRENCE

Yes, sir. Me and the streets.

PETER

How'd you get out?

A FLASHBACK:

*From behind we see a Woman with the phone to her ear, typing in her ATM pin. She's completely oblivious to Lawrence standing behind her, memorizing the numbers... 0-5-2-2... She takes her cash and exits.*

BACK TO SCENE

LAWRENCE

(solemn)

Had to buy my way out. \*

Peter gives him a look: continue. \*

LAWRENCE (CONT'D) \*

Yeah. And leave town. That's when I \*

came here. \*

Peter looks unimpressed. Disappointed to say the least. \*

PETER \*

What the fuck? That's it? What were \*

you, part of the fuckin' Panda \*

Express gang? \*

LAWRENCE \*

No I was a blo-- \*

PETER

So what you make?

Peter doesn't give him a chance to respond --

PETER (CONT'D)

Your field of work...

(mulling it over)

I'd say eighty, ninety... probably \*

clear a hundred after bonuses. Am I \*

right? \*

Beat. Lawrence goes to speak --

PETER (CONT'D)

Of course I am. And how'd I know \*

this? Because you're me twenty \*

years ago, and that scares me. See \*

my hands...

Peter waves his hands. Wiggles his left ring finger.

PETER (CONT'D)

This is how guys like us -- men of accomplishment -- should be. Free of all attachments.

Lawrence looks on. Can't believe what he's hearing.

PETER (CONT'D)

Too real for you? Not what you'd expect from your girlfriends father right?

Lawrence shakes his head.

PETER (CONT'D)

Listen, she sees me in you. I come from that life, kid. If you decide to ask her -- and I'm fine with that, you have my blessing -- but if you go through with this, you better go ALL THE WAY THROUGH! Don't fuck up her perception of me, because if you do...

Peter smiles, but it's far from friendly -- more threatening than anything.

LAWRENCE

No, sir --

PETER

Enough with the sir shit. Not for a future father-in-law.

Peter flashes a hint of a smile. Something in Peter's eyes says: "you're alright with me... But don't fuck up."

INT. DINER - LATER

They're eating now.

LAWRENCE

Does it ever haunt you?

PETER

Use to. All the time. But I got far away. For my own guilts sake. Now I'm around palm trees. Only time I see "those people" is behind bars on Scared Straight. You watch that shit?

Lawrence is thrown off. Trying to process these comments. Are they racist? And isn't Peter...(a minority too)...

PETER (CONT'D)

She better not be pregnant!

Lawrence almost chokes. Wasn't expecting that.

LAWRENCE

No. Not --

PETER

When I met Mya's mother, I knew in my heart she wasn't the one. As men, we know these things.

(raises a glass of Bourbon)

Kudos to you kid for not letting a good one get away.

Lawrence raises his water. They clink glasses.

PETER (CONT'D)

So when you popping the question?

LAWRENCE

I want to do it on her birthday.

PETER

Hey. Not a bad idea.

LAWRENCE

I figured since we'll already be celebrating her graduation that day...

PETER

(pointing)

The moment you propose, those student loan bills come to you. That's your responsibility. I paid out of my ass these past five years. I feel like that Ph.D. is part mine.

LAWRENCE

(nods)

I was thinking of sending for her mom.

PETER

Never met her yet, huh?

Lawrence shakes: no.

PETER (CONT'D)

You ask me, I don't think Mya's ready for that, but use your own discretion.

CUT TO:

Lawrence staring at himself through a mirror. Reflecting on the man he was, looking at the man he is. He smiles. Pleased. We're in --

INT. FIVE STAR RESTAURANT - BATHROOM - AFTERNOON

Lawrence straightens his tie, gives himself a once-over, smiles.

LAWRENCE (V.O.)

...Once you put on a front, even you can forget who you really are. You train yourself live your lies.

INT. FIVE STAR RESTAURANT - TABLE - CONTINUOUS

MYA, mid-twenties, beautiful, her bubbly personality makes her a joy to be around. Beside her, her brother ALEX, laughs with their dad, Peter.

ALEX

Did Lawrence get lost?

PETER

(to Mya, playful)  
You sure about this guy?

MYA

(laughing)  
Yes, Daddy. I love him very much.

PETER

I'm gonna go pull him out the toilet.

INT. FIVE STAR RESTAURANT - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lawrence paces in front of the mirror. Peter storms in.

PETER

The fuck is wrong with you?!

LAWRENCE  
Just give me a minute. One more  
minute, I promise.

PETER  
(realizing)  
Hey, you're paying.

Peter closes the door. Lawrence exhales.

INT. FIVE STAR RESTAURANT - TABLE - MOMENTS LATER

Lawrence takes a seat at the table. His mind is elsewhere.

MYA  
Honey, this is my mother, Susan.  
And my sister, Laur--

And before they're revealed, Lawrence throws up! Right on  
Alex's shoes. He pushes away from the table. Everyone stands  
excepts Susan.

PETER  
What the fuck?!

MYA  
Daddy!  
(to Lawrence)  
Baby, what's wrong?!

ALEX  
Oh great. My fucking shoes. My God  
damn shoes bro!

Lawrence runs to the door. He bumps into a WAITER carrying  
champagne glasses --

KRSHHHHHHHHHHH!!! The sound of broken glass --

CUT TO:

EXT. DRIVEWAY - OPENING SCENE - CONTINUOUS

5 years ago.

That sound of broken glass is heard exactly when --  
Glass flies into the car --

We hear a woman SCREAM. In a matter of seconds she's yanked  
out the car and tossed onto the pavement by --

Lawrence, in that raggedy sweatsuit and wielding a small baseball bat. He reaches into the car and cuts his thumb on a piece of glass but that doesn't slow him down, it only angers him more.

Susan gasps for air. Can't yell, barely able to breath. Shards of glass stuck in her face. This happened too fast for her to realize what's going on.

Meanwhile, Lawrence riffles through her pocketbook. Tosses some things to the ground: makeup, gum, ASTHMA PUMP.

He pulls out her wallet, a WAD of CASH -- pockets it. He takes her ATM card, ditches the wallet and takes off running.

Susan lies there in her driveway, almost dead --

CUT TO:

IPHONE

*In the corner of the phone is a green dot: GPS... And today's date. It says MAY 22 (0-5-2-2: the ATM pin)...*

We're on the side of a

BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Lawrence stands on a bridge -- shaking. It's a LONG way down. Now's the time to have second thoughts.

A HORN BLARES as a car screeches to a halt --

Mya rushes out; cell phone in hand. She was tracking him.

MYA

Lawrence!

He turns, recognizes the voice --

MYA (CONT'D)

(at the ledge)

What are you doing?! Get down!

LAWRENCE

Leave. I'm sorry! I'm sorry, Mya.

Mya cautiously steps closer.

MYA

Sorry for what? Just come down. Whatever it is -- just come on down... we'll get through this. Talk to me --

Lawrence looks back at her. Sorrow in his eyes. She can tell this is it...

Lawrence throws something to her.

LAWRENCE  
That's for you.

She reaches for it -- her eyes never leaving him. Fingers tickle the ground for it. It's a ring box...

Mya picks it up, glances at it, and just that quick --

Lawrence leaps off the bridge. Mya runs to the guardrail but he's gone, he's just a ripple in the river --

CUT TO:

INT. FIVE STAR RESTAURANT - PRESENT

LAWRENCE POV: *Blurry.*

He uses his palms to massage his eyes.

He was hallucinating... But his reality is worse.

Lawrence's sweaty face: not blinking, breathing heavy --

Lawrence stares at Susan as she laughs along with Mya and the rest of the table. He's in total shock!

He wrecks his brain trying to put this together... will she remember him, did she ever see him, is HE seeing things?

But a slight turn of Susan's head reveals that she can't see anything. She has pitch black lenses inside her frames... And beside her is a guide cane (cane used by the blind)...

PETER  
(waving him over)  
Bring your ass!

MYA  
Daddy.

PETER  
What?

Clearly inappropriate language to yell in a five star restaurant.

Mya turns to Lawrence, flashes him her best smile. She's so in love. Waves him over. Any other time this would be inviting but today it's heart wrenching.

Lawrence pats his pocket -- ring still there. Exhales. He gathers courage, takes a step --

Susan turns in his direction and all Lawrence can see --

Are two eyes staring at him...

FADE OUT.