

Montage - Various

A) EXT. OCEAN SHORE BEACH - DAY

FRANK MOORE, 6, is playing with his mom, Debra, in the water, while his brother, MATTHEW MOORE, 4, is building a sandcastle with their dad, Alan.

B) EXT. FOREST - DAY

Frank, 8, and Matthew, 6, are playing tag as their parents set up a campsite.

C) INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Standing by their mom's bed in the hospital, Frank, 12, is holding her hand as their dad is holding Matthew, 10.

End Montage

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - DAY

Frank is laying in his bed when he hears a buzz at his door. Groaning, he walks to the door, dark circles can be seen under his eyes. Under the door's mail slot are bills labeled overdue. On top of the pile is a letter, which Frank picks up and reads.

EXT. ALAN'S HOUSE - DAY

Frank at the front door of a house. As he prepares to knock, Matthew opens the door.

MATTHEW

Frank? What're you doing here?

FRANK

(holding up the letter)

Dad invited me back for the reading.

MATTHEW

You'd come to his will reading, but not to his funeral? That sounds about right.

FRANK

I come to what I know about.

MATTHEW

After 32 years?

Frank shrugs and pushes past Matthew as he walks inside.

INT. ALAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Matthew leads Frank inside. Frank notices the LAWYER standing by the desk with an envelope in hand. Matthew sits down, but Frank chooses to stand towards the back of the room.

FRANK

You haven't opened it yet?

MATTHEW

We were about to, but you showed up.

Clearing his throat the lawyer begins to read Alan's will.

LAWYER

In a previous meeting, Alan determined the home and the majority of his possessions would go to Matthew--

FRANK

Of course, he did.

LAWYER

However, before he died he made a few additions. Alan saved roughly \$100,000 that should be split amongst both of you equally after you scatter his ashes at Ocean Shore Beach.

FRANK

Bullshit!

MATTHEW

Frank, calm down.

He turns to look at the lawyer.

MATTHEW

A trip to the beach wasn't really in mind--

LAWYER

I can assure you that your father was persistent about this.

FRANK

The old man loved playing these dumbass games.

MATTHEW

It's one trip, Frank. I'm sure we could both use the money.

FRANK

I need the money, but I'd rather not waste a day with you trying to get it.

MATTHEW

Come on, it doesn't have to be that bad... Maybe we could even--

FRANK

We're not using his sick jokes to bond, it's too late for that.

They stare at each other for a moment before Frank grunts and leaves the room.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Frank walks into the kitchen rubbing his head. He slams his fist against the table before seating down. Leaning back he pulls crumpled papers from his jacket.

FRANK

You're being stupid, this is easy money.

He sorts through the papers, along with his latest overdue bill is a bank notice threatening to foreclosure his business due to his unpaid debts.

FRANK

50,000 would make a decent dent in what I owe.

MATTHEW

Frank?

Frank stuffs the papers back in his jacket bore turning to his brother.

MATTHEW

We can think more about the trip. I think it'd do some good even without the added bonus.

FRANK

Nah. I thought about it some, we'll take my truck, but we're leaving now.

MATTHEW
But it's already getting late.

FRANK
Yeah, so hurry up. Grab the old man
and meet me outside.

INT. FRANK'S CAR - NIGHT

Frank is driving. Matthew sits next to him holding Alan's urn
and is rambling, but Frank remains quiet.

MATTHEW
I got married a couple years ago, her
name's Jennifer, but I call her Jen...
We have a couple kids, Lucas and
Amber...We live not far from dad...
got a house in Kelso.

Matthew glances at his brother, who hasn't said anything.

MATTHEW
Are you even listening?

FRANK
Not really.

MATTHEW
Are you serious right now? We haven't
seen each other in years, and you
wanna spend this time brooding?

FRANK
I told you this isn't a bonding trip.

MATTHEW
Why are you even here?

FRANK
The same reason as you... 50,000.

MATTHEW
I'm not just here for the money.

FRANK
Sure you aren't.

MATTHEW
(beat)
Pullover Frank.

FRANK
What?

MATTHEW
Pullover! I'm not gonna do this with
you.

EXT. DINER PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Frank pulls the truck into a dinner parking lot. Matthew storms out, leaving Frank alone with the urn. After a moment Frank rushes inside after him.

INT. DINER - NIGHT

Frank enters the diner and finds Matthew already sitting in a booth looking at a menu.

FRANK
Really? You told me to stop cuz you
wanted a snack? We're halfway there;
you're cutting into our time.

MATTHEW
No, Frank, I didn't tell you to stop
cuz I was hungry. I wanted to get away
from your shitty attitude.

FRANK
What's your problem?

MATTHEW
Seriously, we've only been on the road
for an hour and we're just now asking
what's wrong? In the car you didn't
even wanna talk to me.

FRANK
I don't see what's there to talk about--

MATTHEW
You've been like this ever since mom
died. I honestly shouldn't be
surprised you're still this selfish.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Like you and dad didn't hold grudges.
I leave for a couple years, but I
didn't cut you two out like you did.

MATTHEW

No one cut you out. I tried to you to the wedding, I called when dad died, multiple times. You never answered. I never knew how to reach you.

FRANK

You didn't--

MATTHEW

We did Frank, but you left this family a long time ago. Even before you moved out me and dad could never get through to you.

FRANK

You two were always close.

MATTHEW

But we were always there.

FRANK

No... you weren't. Everything change after mom, Matthew. You were always dad's favorite; that didn't change once she died. Sure, you tried to call, but how long was that? 10 years after us not speaking? After mom died, I lost my support, but you and dad were there for each other.

MATTHEW

I'm not gonna pretend I had a good reason for waiting so long, but I don't want this to drag on. I'm sorry.

FRANK

Never said it was your fault.

MATTHEW

But you've been holding this onto--

FRANK

Years, I know... probably why I'm still in this shitty situation... listen let's just get back on the road... we'll figure it out.

INT. FRANK'S CAR - NIGHT

FRANK

So... you got kids...

MATTHEW

Yep, 9 and 6.

FRANK

Maybe I could meet them eventually.

MATTHEW

I'll talk to Jen, but I'm sure we can set it up.

The truck suddenly makes noise before it stops in the middle of an empty road on top of a hill.

FRANK

What the hell?

Frank and Matthew get out and round the car, leaving the urn in the passenger seat.

MATTHEW

It doesn't look like anythings wrong, but it's so dark--

The truck begins to roll.

MATTHEW

Frank!

FRANK

Shit!

The truck quickly rolls down the hill, tilting before it hits a tree, landing on its side. Frank and Matthew run after it. As he approaches the truck, Frank sees Alan's urn on the ground. The wind picks up and scatters the ashes further into the trees.

MATTHEW

What the hell, Frank?

FRANK

How was I supposed to know that what gonna happen?

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

Common sense would tell you to let the

break down.

They rush to try to scoop for what little is left, but their efforts are pointless.

MATTHEW

What now?

FRANK

I don't have money to fix this...
We're not too far from the diner. We
can walk back there and get some help.

INT. DINER - NIGHT

Walking into the diner, its few patrons eye the two who look worse for wear. Frank is carrying the urn as he approaches the waitress behind the counter.

FRANK

Hey! We had an accident just up the street, you know anyone around here who could help us?

WAITRESS

You'd probably wait all night for a tow service--

FRANK

We're low on cash.

WAITRESS

Then there's a motel not far and it's cheap if you're only staying one tonight.

INT. MOTEL - NIGHT

Frank and Matthew walk into a dingy motel room. Matthew lays on the bed, while Frank sits at a chair.

FRANK

Thanks for covering the room.

MATTHEW

It wasn't much just be lucky I still had money left.

They both sign out of frustration from the situation.

MATTHEW

We're not getting to Ocean Shore.

FRANK

We can still make it.

MATTHEW

Frank, the beach is an hour away,
longer since we don't have a car. We
don't even have dad!

FRANK

We can hitch a ride or scrounge what
we have left.

MATTHEW

And dad? We can't really take him if
his urn is empty.

FRANK

We'll just tell the lawyer that we did
it. His urn can be a stand-in.

MATTHEW

It won't be the same.

FRANK

(standing up)

The most we can now is figure out how
we'll get there.

Frank pulls a few crumpled bills from his wallet.

FRANK

Do you have anything left?

Matthew points to his own wallet, laying on a table and Frank
goes to open it.

FRANK

Hey Matt? Do you always carry the
picture of dad around?

MATTHEW

Yeah, we took it when he came to visit
the kids. It was one of the few
pictures he'd stop to take.

FRANK

Huh? You know, I think I've got a way
that we can still get dad to the

beach. Just rest up, we'll have to leave early.

EXT. OCEAN SHORE BEACH - DAY

Frank and Matthew sit on the beach, Alan's picture is in a cheap frame between them.

MATTHEW

I was worried about coming back here with you.

FRANK

I was worried about it too.

(beat)

You can have my share of the money.

MATTHEW

I thought you needed it?

FRANK

I do. The business isn't doing well, but you've got your wife and kids, I figure you can use it more.

MATTHEW

I don't want your share, Frank. Use it to fix-up your business. When we get home I'd rather we not drift apart.

FRANK

Don't worry, Matt I'll do my best to be there more.

FADE TO BLACK.