

HEALING RAIN

22-DE05-W30

Just freed from prison, Tyler rediscovers old patterns of violent anger toward his mother and the temptation of easy money. As his mother faces her own troubled history, will they find freedom from their past?

EXT. DILAPIDATED HOUSE - NIGHT

TYLER (27), a young man with lifeless eyes, wearing a hood and a chain hanging off his belt, takes a deep breath in pouring RAIN.

INT. DILAPIDATED HOUSE - NIGHT

Tyler's silhouette appears at the door. And SHARON (58) freezes, looking fearfully toward the door, holding buckets in her hands.

WATER TRICKLES from the ceiling, SPLATTERING onto the floor.

SHARON

Who's there?

Tyler closes the door behind him.

TYLER

I haven't felt rain in a long time.

Sharon switches on the light.

SHARON

What does it feel like... for you?

Tyler shrugs.

TYLER

It feels like the good ol' days...
when I'd go out in it for fun.

Sharon smiles big:

SHARON

The 'good ol' days'...

Tyler looks at her; somber. Sharon's smile fades.

SHARON (CONT'D)

I want you to know... that I
forgive you.

TYLER

What does that mean?

SHARON

That I don't hold it against you,
what you did.

TYLER

You mean shaking you, hitting you?
Why did you have to bring that up
now? The one moment I have to
feel... I can remember without any
help.

Sharon's lips quiver. She looks away -- down at the buckets --
sets one below the trickling water.

SHARON

I just wanted you to know--

TYLER

ALRIGHT!

Sharon positions the other bucket beneath a trickle.

TYLER (CONT'D)

(watching Sharon)

This is pathetic!

She turns and studies him sadly. Then:

SHARON

There's something else--

He marches out of the room.

EXT. MECHANIC'S SHOP - DAY

Tyler embraces BRANDON (28), who is covered in leather and
bling.

BRANDON

Good to see you back here, Tee-tee.

Brandon steps back and looks him over.

TYLER

Been thinking of the day I'd make
it back here, since day 1.

BRANDON

9 years... No cellmates to jack you
up out here. How long since you
been out?

TYLER

Tuesday, my Ma drove up to the
prison...

BRANDON
What's next for you, little man?

TYLER
Going to lie low for awhile. Try to make some cash.

BRANDON
Well, you know if you ever need the income, I'll take care of you--no trouble jobs.

TYLER
Not that kind of cash, Brando.

BRANDON
Aw, I don't deal much these days or nothin'--don't get me wrong. I haven't dropped in a few weeks, actually.

Tyler stares at him; dead set.

BRANDON (CONT'D)
No worries if you ain't up for it, Tee. But I've got an errand I gotta do on the south side. Why don't you go for me--I'll get you some dough for it to start you off. And you'd be doing me a favor.

Brandon pulls a baggie of white powder halfway out of his pocket.

TYLER
C'mon, man... I can't mess with that stuff--PAROLE...

BRANDON
Right, right.

TYLER
Look, if you can get me some decent money--enough to get me started with my own place--I'll think about it...

BRANDON
Okay. Okay--

EXT. DIRTY ALLEYWAY - DAY

Tyler checks the baggie of white powder in his pocket. He looks around nervously.

A HAGGARD LADY (60s), bent low under a large backpack, approaches.

Tyler waits.

The Haggard Lady sets down the heavy backpack. She pulls cash out of her pocket and hands it over--

Somewhere FOOTSTEPS on cement can be heard. Tyler's head whirls around to see a HOODED MAN approaching them.

HOODED MAN

Hey, dude--what's the good word?
What you got there?

Tyler bolts between two garages, out onto the

STREET

He turns over his shoulder to see the HOODED MAN sprinting after him, gun waving in his hand as he runs.

Tyler flies around a corner, leaps up the steps of a

EXT. GRUNGY HOUSE - DAY

He turns the doorknob, goes through the door, as the Hooded Man rounds the corner.

Tyler closes the door behind him.

A LADY SHOUTS:

LADY (O.S.)

What do you think you're doing
coming up in my house!

Tyler passes through the kitchen, where the Lady waves her arms at him:

LADY (CONT'D)

Hey--white trash! GET OUT OF MY
HOUSE!

Tyler turns back as the front DOOR OPENS.

HOODED MAN
Police department! Announce
yourself!

EXT. GRUNGY HOUSE - DAY

Tyler leaps off of the back stoop. He ducks beneath the windows, doubling back around the corner of the same house.

Staying low... he scurries beneath the windows along the side of the house...

Peering around the front corner of the house... sprinting down the street in the direction he came from.

EXT. EMPTY STREET - DAY

Tyler walks down the street, checking over his shoulder every other step.

A CAR ROARS past--

Tyler turns to spot it. It's gone. He walks on.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

Sharon steps up to a bedroom door to knock -- it's open partway:

A baggie with white powder in it sits on the dresser.

Sharon raises a shaky hand over her mouth, gasping. RUNNING WATER turns her attention to the bathroom door:

There is a light on. And Sharon walks quietly away down the stairs.

INT. DILAPIDATED HOUSE - DAY

Sharon and Tyler eat together. Tyler holds a napkin between his thumb and finger, rubbing his thumb over it in circles.

His eyes are distant.

Sharon searches his eyes, then shuts her eyes tight. Her lips seem to move, as if murmuring something.

Then:

SHARON

(nervous)

Tyler... there's something that I
need to get off of my chest.

Tyler takes a bite of his food, avoiding eye contact.

SHARON (CONT'D)

I want you to know... it wasn't
just your Dad that drank...

(nervously sucking in some
air)

I never imagined it could have
happened to us... we were well off!
You know the hot wheel sets we used
to buy you...

(beat)

Tyler?

Tyler looks up, as if noticing her for the first time.

TYLER

Yeah. Hot wheels.

SHARON

Well... then the money ran out.

(shaking, with silent
sobs)

And I decided to leave your Dad.

Tyler's head turns on her like a rifle he's about to fire.

SHARON (CONT'D)

I told... I told him you didn't
want to see him, because I blamed
him for losing the house, and all
our money. But Tyler, I'm the one
who got him into his drinking habit
in the first place...

(managing to make eye
contact)

Just like I got you into it. And I
know because of the way I was he
drank and drank... the poor man...
and so that's what you learned from
us... to try to drink it all away.

Tyler covers his face with his hands.

TYLER

Ma... I get you're big on the
forgiveness thing now, but enough
with the

(MORE)

TYLER (CONT'D)
(waving his hands
melodramatically)
'I'm a terrible person' act...

SHARON
It's true! I was an idiot... it was
before I started praying and asking
God what to do with my life. You
can blame me just as much as
yourself for going to jail,
sweetie.

Tyler stands up, shoveling forkfuls of food into his mouth.

SHARON (CONT'D)
It's my fault. Blame me.

Tyler chews; furious. He holds his fork up to his mouth,
ready--

SHARON (CONT'D)
Say something!

Tyler glares at her. Then he swallows--

He shoves the chair aside as he storms off.

SHARON (CONT'D)
Don't you do this!

The DOOR CLOSES hard.

SHARON (CONT'D)
Don't leave me alone NOW!

Sharon's eyes fill with tears. Her countenance is weary, as
she lowers her head.

SHARON (CONT'D)
(rapid, whispering)
Have mercy on me, oh God, according
to your unfailing love... though I
walk through the valley of death, I
will fear no evil...

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Sharon fills her cupped hands with RUNNING WATER, and
splashes her face... Water drips from her face, as she stands
bent over the sink...

SHARON

Father, wash me... I fail him over and over... And right now when he NEEDS me, God... won't you help me to change?

She splashes her face again... Holds her hands under the RUNNING WATER...

SHARON (CONT'D)

Won't you answer me?

EXT. MECHANIC'S SHOP - DAY

Tyler holds out the baggie to Brandon.

BRANDON

You can keep this--how about that? We'll find another one for--

TYLER

I think I'm done.

BRANDON

Sorry, my man. Take it easy. Until next time, alright?

Brandon embraces Tyler, who only clasps Brandon's hand, his body statue-like.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

I'll hit you up... party at my crib tomorrow. I'll have some dope for you.

TYLER

No... I'm not doing dope anymore. I'm not going to see you anymore.

Brandon scowls at him; hurt.

Then he laughs:

BRANDON

Alright, alright--we'll give you some time, little man.

Tyler pushes the baggie against Brandon's chest--

Brandon takes it, and Tyler marches away.

BRANDON (CONT'D)
 You never knew much about honor,
 I've always thought that about
 you...

Tyler rolls his eyes in disgust.

BRANDON (CONT'D)
 Look at you, man! All SENSITIVE!
 You'll never get where you want to
 be, if you won't trust anyone...

EXT. EMPTY STREET - DAY

Tyler takes a deep breath, hits a button on his phone...

TYLER
 Hi Dad... it's been a long time...
 Yea, I wanted to talk to you and
 see what your life is like these
 days... Because I think about you
 all the time... so what's good with
 you?

Tyler walks, listening. He sucks in air...

Lets out a deep breath, rubbing his hand over his head; non-
 chalant.

TYLER (CONT'D)
 That's cool. What's that been like?
 Yea...

INT. DILAPIDATED HOUSE - NIGHT

Tyler walks in, and marches up the stairs past
 WATER that DRIPS from the ceiling into the buckets below.

INT. SHARON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Tyler peers in, as Sharon sits up; embarrassed. She is on the
 floor next to her bed, her sheets pulled down next to her.

TYLER
 Hi, Mom.

Sharon wipes her face beneath her eyes.

SHARON

I didn't have the faith that you'd
come back.

Tyler sinks down against the wall, sitting on the floor.
Sharon studies him:

There is a brightness in his eyes.

TYLER

I'm home now.

SHARON

You're staying?

TYLER

I talked to Dad...

Sharon's fearful expression.

TYLER (CONT'D)

We had a good talk.

SHARON

I'm sorry, Tyler... I didn't know
what I was doing...

TYLER

We didn't talk about you... We just
talked...

Sharon searches his eyes; scared.

Tyler reaches out his hand to touch her arm--

She recoils suddenly--freezes--in a defensive position
against the bed.

Tyler grimaces in misery, folding his arms close to himself.
Then he looks at her; ashamed.

Finally:

TYLER (CONT'D)

Thanks for all that forgiveness...
I hope to God I won't need it like
that again.

Sharon watches him, her breathing calm.

Tyler uncoils himself, stands... He gently helps Sharon to
her feet.

EXT. DILAPIDATED HOUSE - DAY

Tyler hammers new tiles onto the roof, pausing to turn toward Sharon: working in a garden below.

TYLER
I've been thinking of going back to school.

Sharon looks up with eyes bright.

SHARON
That would keep you busy... what would you study?

TYLER
I don't know...

He twirls the hammer in his hands...

TYLER (CONT'D)
(to Sharon)
Maybe roofing.

He laughs. HAMMERS away at the roof.

INT. DILAPIDATED HOUSE - NIGHT

Tyler stands by the window, watching the RAIN fall. He takes a deep breath...

Somewhere BUCKETS CLATTER together. And Sharon appears on the stairs, carrying buckets.

SHARON
Tyler, are you still up...? I just don't want this floor to get ruined again...

Tyler watches her with a faint smile on his face.

TYLER
Mom, what are you doing?

Sharon -- about to set the second bucket down -- stops. She looks up at him.

Then she laughs. She laughs long, loud, and clear.

Tyler chuckles along with her.

SHARON
I got so used to setting these
buckets out...

She laughs.

TYLER
That's funny.

SHARON
Well... good night.

TYLER
Good night.

Tyler watches as Sharon walks up the stairs.

INT. CREAKING STAIRWAY - NIGHT

Sharon whispers aloud:

SHARON
Thank you, Lord, that you're
changing him. I can't make him
whole, Father...

INT. DILAPIDATED HOUSE - NIGHT

Tyler stares out the window at falling RAIN on the glass.

SHARON (V.O.)
But you can... Please heal him,
Lord... his heart, his mind, his
SOUL...

PULL IN on the falling rain...

INT. CHURCH BAPTISMAL - DAY

Tyler rises up out of the water, his face and hair
dripping... He takes a deep breath, eyes closed, reveling in
the moment.