

**INT. HOPE'S HOME - OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER**

CLOSE ON A FAMILY PHOTO: Hope, her wife, and a SIX-YEAR-OLD BOY wearing a baseball uniform.

JOSHUA stares at the photo, which sits on the desk in Hope's well-appointed home office. It's uncomfortably obvious that he has no clue who the kid in the photo is.

HOPE

That's your *nephew*. Jason.

Joshua tries to mask his reaction: *I have a nephew?*

HOPE (CONT'D)

Just started first grade. Loves T-ball. Hits a lot better than you did.

JOSHUA

That's... great.  
(looks back at photo)  
You have a beautiful family.

HOPE

For someone living a "deviant" life.

JOSHUA

Dad called it that. Not me.

HOPE

But you didn't say anything in my defense.

JOSHUA

Look, it wasn't easy for me to come here.

He's really struggling, and she can see it.

HOPE

I'm sure it wasn't. Judging by the news, you've joined the Pariah Club.

JOSHUA

That's why I'm here. I've been having these... dreams... about Dad. Disturbing images--

HOPE

Wait-- you're only here because I'm  
a shrink? 'Cause we have this  
thing, it's called "ethics?" I  
know that word isn't exactly in the  
Silburn family dictionary--  
(starts jotting on a pad)  
But if you really need some help,  
lemme refer you to another--

JOSHUA

I'm here because you're my sister!

That was said with so much anguish in Joshua's voice, it  
freezes Hope. She looks at him. He's practically shaking,  
near tears. Once again a little boy. Her baby brother.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)

And I need your help.

Off Hope, Joshua's desperation finally chipping the ice...

**INT. HOPE'S HOME - OFFICE - DAY**

Joshua sits in silence. He's told Hope what he saw in his vision, and now waits nervously for her interpretation.

HOPE

Remember that haunted house on the way home from school? The demon you swore you saw in the window? How it turned out to be an old coat rack?

The memory still embarrasses him.

HOPE (CONT'D)

My point is, you always had an over-active imagination.

(beat, softening)

The thing about dreams is, they're often symbolic. Death isn't always about an end-- sometimes it's a transition. The dead bodies you saw might represent your split from the church.

JOSHUA

And the blood on my chest?

HOPE

You said Dad yelled at you in the dream.

JOSHUA

Said I've lost my mind. Even God can't help me.

HOPE

Ouch. That hurts, coming from the man you idolized your whole life. Tough to heal that deep a wound. God knows it took me years of therapy.

Joshua's quiet for a beat. The guilt gnawing deeper.

JOSHUA

I'm sorry for what I did... For turning my back on you.

These words stun Hope. Clearly, apologizing is something Joshua has rarely-- if ever-- done before.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)

I hope some day I can earn  
your forgiveness.

She considers for a beat, then--

HOPE

Coming here was a start.

He nods, relieved to feel the chill between them dissipate,  
if only a little.

JOSHUA

What if they're not dreams, Hope?  
I'm having them at all times of the  
day, even when I'm wide awake.  
What if I'm going crazy?

She looks at him for a beat. Then...

HOPE

(pointedly)

Are you using again?

He looks back at her. There's a story here for later. But  
right now, he means what he says.

JOSHUA

No. I swear I'm clean.

HOPE

Then in my professional opinion?  
The only thing wrong with you is  
that you were born into the same  
family I was. Don't let Dad's  
cruel words distract you. You  
wanna get rid of that pain? Focus  
less on him, and more on yourself.

As Joshua takes these words in-- QUICK FLASHES FROM HIS  
VISION: His father shouting--

JOSHUA SENIOR

*You've lost your mind, Joshua!  
Even God can't help you!*

HOPE weeping beside him-- Then JOSHUA touching his hand to his bloody chest-- ONLY THIS TIME HE'S ABLE TO LOOK DOWN AND SEE SOMETHING HE DIDN'T SEE BEFORE... WE FOCUS more closely on his hand to reveal: A SINGLE BULLET IN HIS PALM.

BACK TO JOSHUA IN THE PRESENT-- Struck by an urgent epiphany. He stands and hugs his sister--

JOSHUA

I gotta go. But before I do...

(off her wary look)

Can I come to Jason's next T-Ball game?

Hope smiles... then nods. Off their inspired reconnection--