

EXT. HOME - NIGHT

Everything on the residential street is covered with snow. The houses, trees, cars, and the manicured shrubs. A blanket of fresh, white snow glows under the dim streetlights that line the sidewalks.

Snow continues to fall from the night sky, landing gently on top of the car that pulls into the driveway.

The driver side door opens and MAX steps out of the car. He stands beside the car looking at the front door of the house for a moment.

He takes a deep breath and exhales, causing a thick plume of steam that billows from his mouth. His coat is only zipped halfway up so he grabs the zipper and pulls it the rest of the way up.

He glances one more time at the front door of the house before turning around and slowly making his way down the driveway towards the street.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Max looks back at the house from the middle of the street. The tire tracks from his car are already covered with a fresh layer of snow. He looks up and down the quiet street.

He's the only one out except for Mr. Butler, five houses down, shoveling off his walkway. Max smirks and shakes his head.

MAX

He's going to be so pissed in the morning.

Max turns back at the house. The porch light is on and the lights are on downstairs. He sees the silhouettes of people walking around in the living room.

He stares at the house and wipes a mixture of snowflakes and tears from his cheek. He clears his throat and looks up at the stars that are shining bright in the clear sky.

MAX (CONT'D)

I've been through enough shit in my life to know better than to expect you to get involved so I won't even bother. But I just want you to listen for a second. Cause I have something I've been wanting to say to you since all of this started.

He lowers his head again, to give his a reprieve from the soft barrage of snowflakes in the face. While his eyes are trained on the snow covered pavement, it's so quiet that he can hear the snow as it snuggles into the earth.

MAX (CONT'D)

That saying that people have about you not giving them more than they can handle? Yeah, that's bullshit. I get that. An I bet you're up there laughing your ass off watching people bust their asses trying to persevere and overcome all of the shit you throw at 'em. Like at what point do they start to wonder why you put them through so much. People are strong, people are resilient. They don't need you to fuck up their lives just so they can prove it. Prove it to who? You? Why should they prove anything to you? It's not like you're jumping through any hoops to prove anything to anybody down here. Right?

He looks up towards the sky again.

MAX (CONT'D)

(yells)  
Right?!

He wipes his tears away again and blows into his hands to warm them up before putting them back into his coat pockets.

MAX (CONT'D)

But here we are, always letting the world how thankful we are for everything you do for us. And...and what about that? Why is it that everything good we have and everything good that happens to us, we have you to thank. But all the bad shit...all the bad shit is....

He struggles to finish his thought as he's overwhelmed by his emotions and starts to cry, in the middle of the street.

The front door of the house opens.

GABBY (O.S.)

Max?

He looks up and sees Gabby standing at the front door with her arms folded, trying to contain as much body heat as possible.

GABBY (CONT'D)  
Baby, what's going on? You okay?

MAX  
(clears throat)  
Yeah babe, I'm good. I'll be there in a minute.

GABBY  
You on the phone?

MAX  
Huh? No, I uh, I'm just thinking about something.

Gabby stands at the door and looks at him with a curious look on her face.

GABBY  
You...

MAX  
Babe, I'm good. I'll be in in a minute. Can I just...can you give me a minute? Please?

GABBY  
(confused)  
Okay. Alright.

She slowly walks back inside and shuts the door. Max looks back to the sky.

MAX  
Well if you get the credit for the good shit, you better believe I'm giving you the credit for this too.

He angrily points towards the stars.

MAX (CONT'D)  
This is on you. Whatever happens after tonight, is on you!

He wipes his face one last time and starts walking towards the house.

FADE OUT.