INT. MILES' OFFICE—API—NIGHT

Miles enters, sits at his desk, stares at his phone on his desk. Picks up the receiver. Dials a number. Waits and listens. We hear the number ring on the other end. And ring again. Then— it picks up.

Miles sits up. But it's voice mail. We hear A WOMAN'S VOICE on the other end.

MAUREEN (O.C.)
It's Maureen. Please leave me a message.

Miles thinks about leaving a message— but then thinks otherwise. Hangs up.

He looks at the phone. Picks up the receiver. Thinks about calling again. Decides otherwise. Hangs up.

Sits, alone in his office, looking at a photo of his wife and son and daughter.

INT. COFFEEHOUSE—NIGHT

Will enters, spots a young man, mid twenties, with a black watch cap on. Hands around a coffee cup. EVAN HADAS.

Will braces himself. He's not looking forward to this. He approaches.

WILL
Evan.

Evan stands, smiles at Will. But his face is tired, drawn, with hollows under his eyes. Something off about him.

EVAN
Will. Thanks for meeting me.

Will goes in for a handshake, but Evan pulls him into a hug. It's awkward, as Evan pats Will on the back.

They sit.

WILL
How's Vermont?

EVAN
Peaceful. Quiet. No one bothers you, you just live your life.

(CONTINUED)
WILL
Sounds nice.

Evan sips his coffee. The conversation is pained, labored.

WILL (CONT'D)
Your dad was happy you'd settled into something up there.

EVAN
Yeah?

WILL
Yeah. He mentioned it a bunch of times.

Evan considers Will. He's not buying it.

EVAN
Then how come he never came up to visit?

WILL
He was a pretty busy man.

EVAN
He signed and faxed all the paperwork. Talked to my doctors all the time. But wouldn't set foot in the place. Mom came up like half a dozen times. Not Dad.

Will is struggling with Evan's anger.

WILL
Was there a specific reason you wanted to meet up?

EVAN
My mom said that before he died, Dad gave you his bike. The Norton.

WILL
That's right.

EVAN
Well, the thing is, he told me it would be mine someday.

WILL
He did?
INT. KITCHEN - WILL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

WILL enters his apartment. Staring at his Norton motorcycle. Too big to be indoors comfortably. Dirty. He goes over to the bike, moves his hand over the body of the bike, and gets a beer. He looks back at the motorcycle, which is still looking at him.

Will sits on the kitchen floor and leans back against the cabinets. He's now in jeans and an undershirt, dump from his distorted reflection in the chrome. Moves his hand over the body of the bike, and gets up.

WILL goes over to the bike. He sees his distorted reflection in the chrome. Moves his hand over the body of the bike, and gets up. He turns to his son.

Evan, you don't believe me? He was supposed to give it to me. He's just hard to think of letting it go. It's the one thing he gave me before he died.

No, of course I do. It's just hard to think of letting it go. It's the one thing he gave me before he died.

Evan, you don't believe me? He was supposed to give it to me. He's just hard to think of letting it go. It's the one thing he gave me before he died.

WILL

I'm your son. Not you.

Evan, you don't believe me? He was supposed to give it to me. He's just hard to think of letting it go. It's the one thing he gave me before he died.

WILL

He never mentioned that to me.

Evan, you don't believe me? He was supposed to give it to me. He's just hard to think of letting it go. It's the one thing he gave me before he died.

WILL

No, of course I do. It's just hard to think of letting it go. It's the one thing he gave me before he died.