

RAY

Can I get you anything?

Elias shakes his head, staring at the pitiful water jug in the corner. Leah notices the picture on the mantle, walking up to it curiously.

LEAH PALMER

We're fine!

(beat)

Is it just the two of you?

RAY

Yeah, my wife, uh--

Nathan prances into the room, clutching a dozen tiny cars curled up in his shirt, laying them across the coffee table.

LEAH PALMER

Wow! You've been collecting for a while huh?

Nathan nods aggressively, placing them in neat racing lines.

LEAH PALMER

Elias likes to collect 'em too.

ELIAS PALMER

(shrugs)

I dabble.

Leah wanders around the room, scrutinizing Ray's things like a scientist at a microscope -- the depressingly tiny TV, the decaying backyard, empty jug after jug against the wall.

LEAH PALMER

So...how do know so much about cars if you don't have one?

Leah turns to look at Ray, interested.

RAY

I work in the oil fields--

He pauses, remembering, and glances to Nathan.

RAY (CONT'D)

(lowly)

--worked...before that I was a mechanic. Fixed up old muscle cars.

Leah raises her eyebrows, intrigued, and gives Elias a look. Elias analyzes Ray as though for the first time.

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