

I USED TO BE DARKER

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1 INT. BOARDING ROOM - DAY

The curtains are drawn. Two unmade beds sit against the wall. There's a closet, a bureau, a small bedside table, and a chair in one corner piled with clothes. A giant stuffed tiger sits on the floor next to one of the beds.

TARYN enters, digging for something in her backpack.

She's 19, a country girl from Northern Ireland, blonde and fair, wearing an orange blouse with "Playland" printed on the back.

She pulls out a plastic bag and goes into the bathroom, shutting the door behind her.

2 EXT. PLAYLAND ARCADE - DAY

THEA, Taryn's roommate, 18, British, also in her orange work uniform, hurries along the balcony above the arcade.

She opens the door to their room.

3 INT. BOARDING ROOM, BATHROOM - DAY

Taryn is in the shower. There's a KNOCK on the door. Thea enters the steamy bathroom and sits on the toilet.

THEA

It's me. I won't flush.

Thea, peeing, picks up a pregnancy test on the back of the toilet.

THEA

Holy fuck. Is this yours?

TARYN

(calling from the shower)

No.

THEA

Taryn?

Taryn turns off the water. She shoves the curtain aside and wraps herself in a towel.

THEA

(flushing)

Plus means positive.

(CONTINUED)

TARYN

No shit.

THEA

What are you going to do?

TARYN

(leaving the bathroom)

Tell Ben.

Thea puts the test down and washes her hands at the sink.

4 INT. BOARDING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Taryn sits on her bed and applies eyeliner, looking at her reflection in a compact mirror.

TARYN

(calling to Thea)

Okay if I borrow your black halter?

5 INT. CONDOMINIUM - NIGHT

A luxury condo in a high rise, beachfront building. College kids lounge about, sunk in sectional sofas, watching TV, leaning on the kitchen counters, drinking and smoking boom.

A slow, CHOPPED AND SCREWED RAP JAM blasts from the stereo.

The DOORBELL RINGS. A dude lets Taryn and Thea in.

THEA

(spotting Ben)

He's outside.

TARYN

Fix me a drink.

THEA

Are you sure?

TARYN

Please.

Taryn makes a beeline for the balcony, where BEN, 22, is standing surrounded by friends. He gives Taryn a casual, disgusted look and whispers in the ear of a pretty girl next to him.

In the kitchen, Thea mixes a drink, then returns to the living room where she can see Taryn through the glass doors of the balcony.

(CONTINUED)

Outside, Taryn is yelling at Ben. He lights a cigarette and leans on the railing, looking past her at his reflection.

The DOORBELL RINGS again. Without waiting for an invitation, five teenage girls enter the condo noisily. One of the new girls, CANDACE, 17, knocks on the balcony door, then leans and kisses the glass. Ben smiles and walks inside.

BEN

Where you been, shortie?

CANDACE

Kelly had to borrow her dad's car.
Why didn't you answer my texts?

BEN

You look bangin'.

Ben leads Candace down a hallway.

CANDACE (O.S.)

I like your shoes.

Taryn comes in from the balcony. Thea hands her what's left of her drink. Taryn finishes it off.

TARYN

I'm gonna kill him.

THEA

Did you tell him?

TARYN

No.

The girls go into the kitchen. Thea pours Taryn some vodka in a plastic cup.

THEA (CONT'D)

(handing it to Taryn)

Want a mixer?

Taryn swallows the vodka and pulls a knife from a block on the counter. She walks back into the living room, and begins slashing the starving-artist ocean paintings hanging on the walls. To reach better, Taryn climbs on the back of a sofa sectional, over the dudes hanging out. They react with stoned astonishment and lighthearted expletives.

Thea watches, horrified. She finally intercepts Taryn as she sticks the knife in the last painting and ushers her out of the apartment, leaving the knife hanging in the canvas.

6 INT. CONDOMINIUM HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Thea and Taryn burst from the apartment.

THEA
Holy fucking shit, Taryn.

They hit the elevator button. It's on the first floor.

Thea grabs Taryn by the arm. They BANG through a door at the end of the hall and run down the stairs.

7 INT. OCEAN CITY TRANSIT BUS - DAY

The bus shuttles noisily down Coastal Highway. Drunken teenagers looking to party mingle with families heading to the inlet and locals on their way home from work.

The driver slows to a stop and Thea and Taryn board, completely winded from running to catch the bus. They find empty seats near the back.

THEA
Taryn!

TARYN
I hate him.

THEA
The paintings!

TARYN
Well, I'm not a murderer.

Thea starts laughing, hard.

THEA
Those fucking beach scenes.

TARYN
His mum'll buy new ones for a tenner apiece.

THEA
Oh, the look on those boys!

At each stop, more sloppy teenagers get on, adding to the din. Three red-faced bros, RICH, NATE, and DEACON, climb on board and make the bus their stage.

(CONTINUED)

DEACON
Let's get it started!

RICH
(to a tired nurse in scrubs)
What's your name?

DEACON
(singing)
It's a party in the USA!

Nate has a paper party hat on his head. He takes it off, holds it crotch-level, and begins humping the air.

NATE
Ladies. I'm lookin' to meet!

A voice from the rear of the bus calls out...

VOICE (O.S.)
Good luck, asshole.

NATE
Who said that? Say it to my face,
motherfucker.

Nate places his hat on the head of a pre-teen boy riding with his younger sister and walks to the back of the bus to flush out the heckler. On his way, he's distracted by Taryn and Thea. He stops by their seats.

NATE
Found my threesome!
(to the girls)
Your stop is 12th street. We gon'
get kinky with the Ron Ron Juice.

THEA
Do we know you?

NATE
(to Taryn)
You're not a prude like your friend
here. You down to drink my juice?

TARYN
Are you daft, prick? Fuck off.

NATE
(turning back to his friends)
Hey, they're Australian!

Rich and Deacon make their way down the bus to see what Nate's found.

(CONTINUED)

DEACON

I wanna go down under!

Rich smacks Deacon and pushes Nate out of the way. Nate begins butchering "Down Under" by Men at Work.

RICH

Hi, ladies. Don't mind these douchebags. You headed to the inlet? You should party at our place. 12th and Ocean Highway. Best nightlife in town. You like weed?

Taryn stands, suddenly, and pulls the cord.

TARYN

(shoving Rich)

Prick. Get stoned and fuck each other.

She pushes her way past the boys, Thea follows.

RICH

(unfazed)

Where we goin? Can I get your number?

DEACON

(still on a roll in bad Aussie accent, a la Crocodile Dundee)

That's not a knife -- *this* is a knife!

The girls do a double-take as the bus comes to a stop. They disembark, and as the bus pulls away, Taryn flips it the bird.

8

INT. PLAYLAND ARCADE - DAY

Children and their families enter the pavilion from the boardwalk and wind through the old-time rides and games.

SHOUTS mix with BEEPS, CHIMES, BUZZES and BELLS.

Taryn works the bumper cars. She separates pile-ups and buckles children in their seats, while her co-worker, SEBASTIEN, 18, collects tickets. Kids from the previous run wander reluctantly back to their waiting parents.

Ben strides across the arcade. He grabs Taryn by the arm and pulls her away from the gate.

(CONTINUED)

TARYN
Get the fuck off me!

SEBASTIEN
Yo!

BEN
(to Sebastien)
Get back to work.

Ben drags Taryn through the pavilion. She throws a couple punches, but can't shake him off. Families stop to watch them pass.

9 INT. PLAYLAND ARCADE, OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The hallway is narrow and dark, with red rug and wood paneling. Ben pulls Taryn into the first open doorway.

In the office, HELEN, 63, the secretary, looks up from her desk at Ben and Taryn.

BEN
Is my dad here?

HELEN
Yes.

She looks at Taryn, then at Ben. Finally, she pushes out her chair, stands wearily, and walks into the back.

HUSHED VOICES are heard. Helen returns.

HELEN
Go ahead, Ben.

She looks at Taryn, Ben still with his hand on her arm. He pushes Taryn ahead of him into his father's office.

10 INT. BOARDING ROOM - DAY

Thea and her boyfriend, PAOLO, 20, make out on Thea's bed. Thea's still mostly in her bathing suit. Paolo, too.

Taryn enters and begins emptying out drawers and pulling hangers out of the closet.

THEA
(sitting, pulling up her suit)
What's going on?

(CONTINUED)

TARYN
I'm fired.

THEA
What?

TARYN
Ben told his father.

THEA
That you're pregnant?

PAOLO
What?

TARYN
No, the paintings. I have to leave.

THEA
Where will you go?

TARYN
My American cousin's.

THEA
They're not fucking gangsters. He
can't run you out of town.

PAOLO
They own these rooms.

TARYN
Bugger off, Paolo. No one asked.

Paolo finds his shirt and towel and leaves the room.

THEA
Paolo.
(to Taryn)
Just a second, okay?

Thea steps outside to talk to Paolo, shutting the door.

11 EXT. BOARDING ROOM - DAY

THEA
Paolo!

Paolo's already halfway down the stairs. He stops.

(CONTINUED)

THEA
Come back, please.

Paolo returns to Thea.

PAOLO
That bitch is crazy.

Thea leans in for a hug.

THEA
I don't know what to do.

PAOLO
Why do you have to do anything?

They kiss.

Taryn comes out of the room holding the giant stuffed tiger. She tosses it off the balcony. The three of them watch it land on the boardwalk below. Children circle like sharks.

12 INT. BILL'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY

KIM, an attractive, disheveled 38, rifles through kitchen drawers, every so often choosing a utensil and putting it in a cardboard box.

It's a nice kitchen, artistically arranged, with one surprising Nagel poster, framed and featuring a sexy young woman in a strapless gown.

Kim takes a chef's knife from the dish drainer, wraps it in newspaper and puts it in the box.

BILL, 41, stands nearby, watching.

BILL
You're taking the knife?

KIM
It's my knife.

BILL
I bought it.

KIM
What are you going to do, Bill,
dice an onion?

She opens a cabinet and pulls out a serving bowl.

Bill pours himself a bourbon.

(CONTINUED)

KIM
Another?

BILL
You've given up that right.

KIM
Please don't drink all day when
Abby's here.

BILL
Abby's eighteen. I know you wish
she were little so you could wrap
her up and carry her off, too.

KIM
I need to believe she's safe in the
house with you.

BILL
Give me a fucking break.

Kim keeps packing things.

BILL (CONT'D)
Bleed us dry.

KIM
I'm taking my things, Bill, just my
things. I'm leaving the house, the
pool, the furniture, the car,
everything. You get it all.

BILL
That's true, you're the leaver.

KIM
Write a song about it.

BILL
I know you will.

KIM
No, really. Maybe you'll be more
productive when I'm gone.

BILL
I'm productive. I just don't write
songs anymore. I pay bills.

KIM
And it's my fault.

(CONTINUED)

BILL
I pay for our daughter's education.
I pay for your health insurance.

KIM
Well, not for long.

Bill walks to the refrigerator and adds ice to his glass.

BILL
Stay healthy.

KIM
You, too.

Bill hits play on the answering machine. Taryn's voice floats through the room.

TARYN (O.S.)
Hi, Kim. Hi, Bill. Hi, Abby. It's Taryn, your -- niece, and cousin. I'm about to board a bus to Baltimore and I'd love to see you -- actually, I don't have a place to stay. I'm in Ocean City, in Maryland. I'm so sorry for not calling sooner -- I hope you're home -- but I had a sudden change of plans. Shit. I'll try you again from the bus station in a few hours. It's around --

KIM
(in shock)
Fuck.

TARYN (O.S.)
two o'clock now...

Bill sits down.

KIM
Fuck. Is that today?

BILL
Yup.

KIM
When did she call?

BILL
Two o'clock, apparently.

(CONTINUED)

KIM

Holy shit. She's at the bus station by now. You have to pick her up.

BILL

I'm not picking her up. She's your niece.

KIM

I'm in the middle of fucking packing up my life!

BILL

I'm not leaving you alone here.

KIM

It's my house! My stuff! I'm not going to fucking steal it!

BILL

Why should I trust you?

KIM

Bill, I have to do this before Abby gets home tomorrow. We agreed not to do this while she was home.

BILL

I don't have to clean up your messes anymore.

KIM

I had no idea Taryn was coming! I haven't talked to my sister in months. But we can't leave her at the bus station, for Christ's sake.

BILL

Why don't you send one of your boys?

KIM

Bill! It's Taryn! Fucking go get her! Just take her out to dinner. Give me a couple hours.

BILL

Where am I supposed to say you are?

KIM

Tell her I'm on tour or something.

(CONTINUED)

BILL

You want me to bring her here?

KIM

Please, Bill. I promised Abby.
Please don't make this more
difficult than it already is.

Kim sits down on a box with her head in her hands.

13 INT. BALTIMORE TRAVEL PLAZA - EVENING

The bus terminal is dirty, quiet, lit with yellow fluorescent lights. A TV drones high in a corner. Harried passengers line up for buses. Several teens play video games.

Taryn sits on a bench, looking small and lost.

Bill enters, sees Taryn and waves. She jumps up in relief. They meet halfway and hug a little awkwardly.

BILL

Look at you, all grown up.

TARYN

I got worried you might be on
holiday.

BILL

No, no. Just working too much.

TARYN

Where's Kim?

BILL

She's on tour. Abby's in New York,
but she'll be home tomorrow.
(gestures toward the entrance)
You hungry? Car's double-parked out
front.

Bill takes Taryn's largest bag and they walk out.

14 INT. THE PRIME RIB - NIGHT

An upscale steakhouse. Black and gold lacquered wall panels, leopard-printed carpeting. In the corner, an old man plays piano in accompaniment to a young woman in a long gown playing an upright bass. LIGHT JAZZ.

The HOST, 56, greets Bill and Taryn at the door.

(CONTINUED)

HOST
Good evening. Do you have a
reservation with us tonight?

BILL
'Fraid not.

HOST
No problem. Let me see what we
have. Just the two of you?

BILL
Yes.

The host consults his book and takes a quick scan of the
dining room.

HOST
This way, please.

The host guides them to a table.

TARYN
This place is fancy.

BILL
It's like a funeral parlor, but
they make good steaks.

The SERVER, 28, approaches.

SERVER
(placing bread on the table)
Good evening. May I start you off
with something to drink?

BILL
Bourbon and soda, please.

SERVER
Do you have a preference?

BILL
No. Whatever you like.

SERVER
Ma'am?

TARYN
(to Bill)
Wine?

BILL
Go for it.

TARYN
A glass of red wine, please.

BILL
And two rib eyes. Medium rare.

SERVER
Very good. And for your sides?

BILL
Fries.

TARYN
Can I have mashed?

BILL
We'll have both. And something green.

SERVER
Tonight we have asparagus, green beans, and spinach.

BILL
One of each.

SERVER
Excellent. I'll be right back with your drinks.

The server leaves to place the order.

TARYN
He called me Ma'am. Do you think he thinks we're on a date?

BILL
He thinks you're my daughter.

TARYN
But we don't sound alike. And you did pick me up at the bus terminal.

BILL
Do I really look that creepy?

TARYN
(laughing, taking bread)
I'm so hungry, I'm shaking.
(shows him)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TARYN (cont'd)
I haven't eaten anything all day.

BILL
They don't feed you on the
boardwalk?

TARYN
All we eat are chips.

BILL
That's right, you call them chips.

TARYN
I've eaten my weight in them this
summer. And funnel cake. And
deep-fried biscuits. I'm huge.

BILL
You look great. You're almost tan.

The server returns with their drinks.

BILL
Thank you.

TARYN
Thank you.

Bill raises his glass. They toast.

BILL
To surprises.

They drink.

TARYN
So Kim's on tour?

BILL
Yeah.
(sipping his drink)
Actually, no. She's not.

TARYN
What?

BILL
You and Abby haven't talked in a
while, huh?

TARYN

No.

BILL

A lot's happened.

Taryn stares at Bill.

BILL

(rubs his face)

I don't feel like I'm the one that should break this news, Taryn... but Kim and I are in the process of separating.

TARYN

Separating?

BILL

We decided not to live together anymore.

TARYN

What?

BILL

Well. We've been talking about it for a while. We've been trying out different arrangements.

TARYN

I don't know what that means.

BILL

She won't be at the house anymore. She's moving her things out right now. As we speak.

Bill downs his drink.

TARYN

Oh my god.

BILL

Her new place is not too far. We can call her tomorrow. I know she'll want to see you.

The server arrives with warm dinner rolls.

SERVER

I'm afraid we've run out of asparagus. Would you like to choose another side?

(CONTINUED)

BILL

No. No, we'll be fine. Thanks.
(raising his glass)
I'll have another.

TARYN

I can't believe it. I had no idea.

BILL

Well, we didn't include it in the
newsletter this year.

TARYN

I'm such an idiot.

BILL

It's certainly not your fault,
Taryn.
(he stands)
Excuse me for a minute.

Bill leaves the table for the bathroom.

The server brings another bourbon and soda to the table.
When he turns to leave, Taryn takes a quick sip.

15 EXT. BILL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The car pulls into the driveway of a house half hidden in
the surrounding trees. Bill and Taryn get out and gather her
luggage.

16 INT. BILL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Lights come on when they enter the door. They are greeted
enthusiastically by a little white dog.

TARYN

(bending to pet the dog)
Who's this?

BILL

That's Bandit.

TARYN

Hi, Bandit.

Taryn and Bandit follow Bill through a sitting room, into
the kitchen. Kim's left the place clean, but emptier.

Bill opens the back door and lets Bandit into the yard.

(CONTINUED)

BILL
Do your business.

Bill pours Taryn a tall glass of water. He pours himself a bourbon.

TARYN
(looking around)
This is a really nice house.

Bandit jumps at the door, ready to come back in.

17 INT. BILL'S HOUSE, TARYN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Taryn, dressed for bed, enters a small room with a view of the pool and the forest beyond. She walks to the window.

18 EXT. BILL'S HOUSE, BACK YARD - NIGHT

Outside, the moon is high, waxing crescent. The dark trees sway gently in the breeze. The cicadas sing loud and sweet.

Bill, in button-down and boxers, stands in the grass between the pool and the treeline, sipping his bourbon. He watches the trees and the moon.

After he drains his drink, he hurls his glass into the woods.

Turning back toward the house, he unbuttons his shirt and drops it on the ground, then dives smoothly into the water and swims the length of the pool.

He climbs out at the other end and returns to the house.

19 INT. BILL'S HOUSE - DAY

The next morning, the house is quiet, all the windows are open. Bill has gone to work.

Taryn wanders through the rooms. She snoops around Bill's private bath, smelling his cologne and hair products, noting signs of Kim's absence.

She lets herself into Abby's bedroom. Cluttered with found lamps, Victorian furniture and Abby's drawings and photos from high school, it has a warm, if muddled, charm.

Taryn sits down on Abby's bed and picks up a fabric-covered journal from the nightstand, flips curiously through the entries.

20

EXT. BILL'S HOUSE, BACK YARD - DAY

Bill's shirt is where he left it the night before. Taryn is in the water, floating on her back and squinting at the sun.

ABBY, 18, in all of her glory and exhaustion, having just rolled in after an 8-hour drive from Southampton, walks down the hill to the pool.

TARYN

Abby!

ABBY

I am so fucking tired.

Taryn swims to the edge of the pool just as Abby falls in, fully clothed.

ABBY (CONT'D)

What in the hell are you doing here?

TARYN

(splashing her)

I missed you.

ABBY

I didn't even know you were in the States. Nobody tells me anything.

TARYN

I'm sorry I didn't call. It's been a really mad summer.

Abby swims to the far side of the pool and climbs out. She points to her dad's shirt.

ABBY

My dad evaporated?

TARYN

It's been out here all morning.

ABBY

Well, welcome to my personal hell. I'm going to sleep. And then we're going to a party.

She walks back to the house, soaking wet.

21 INT. COPY CAT, MAIN SPACE - NIGHT

A crowd of art kids are gathered in a warehouse apartment to hear Dope Body, a local noise band. The room is cavernous, dim and smoky, the band invisible behind a tangle of bodies. Art hangs on homemade walls that don't reach the ceiling by a long shot. The energy is palpable, the noise is no joke.

Abby seems to know everyone and keeps getting pulled aside by kids she hasn't seen since high school. Everyone that greets her offers whatever they've got: weed, whiskey, beer.

Abby introduces Taryn around. MATT, 20, is especially happy to meet her, and keeps leaning close to talk in her ear.

ANDREW, 23, the band's singer, mumbles into the microphone.

ANDREW

We're Dope Body. Thanks for coming.

As the band plays their last song, Andrew is accosted by a lanky RED-HEADED HIPSTER, 27, wearing sunglasses, who momentarily wrangles the mic.

RED-HEADED HIPSTER

Los Angeles in the house!

Andrew reclaims the microphone and pushes the hipster off the stage. The hipster won't disappear, so Andrew grabs the dude's head and presses it into his crotch. A cheer rises. The band plays on, harder than ever.

22 INT. COPY CAT - NIGHT

Abby pushes through the party, looking for Taryn. She checks the makeshift bedrooms. Out in the hall, she spots Matt.

ABBY

Have you seen Taryn?

MATT

Who?

ABBY

My Irish cousin?

MATT

Oh --

(nodding)

I think she's on the roof. We went up to smoke.

23 EXT. COPY CAT, ROOF - NIGHT

On the edge of the roof, Taryn lies on her stomach, looking down at the Baltimore street below. She's stoned, and drinking whiskey straight from a bottle.

Abby lies down beside her.

ABBY

Whoa.

TARYN

It's so pretty.

ABBY

You should see Manhattan.

TARYN

If this were a pool, we could push off and dive down to the bottom.

ABBY

(taking the bottle)

Do you like Matt?

TARYN

He wants to move to Ireland and be in a band.

ABBY

Every boy in Baltimore is in at least three bands. I can understand why he wants to go someplace else.

TARYN

He didn't know Northern Ireland was a separate country.

ABBY

We're not that big on education.

TARYN

(taking the bottle back)

I asked him to marry me.

ABBY

What'd he say?

TARYN

No.

(CONTINUED)

ABBY
Don't worry about it. Marriage is
for idiots.

TARYN
I think I qualify.

The girls watch a MAN peer into the windows of parked cars.

ABBY
(yelling to the street)
Hide your radios!

TARYN
Is he stealing?

ABBY
Maybe he's just checking his hair.

Taryn kneels and drops the whiskey bottle off the roof.

CRASH! Abby peers over the edge.

ABBY
Fuck, Taryn!

GIRL'S VOICE (O.S.)
(from below)
Asshole! You're gonna fucking kill
somebody!

Abby picks up an empty beer bottle and flings it down toward
the voice.

ABBY
(yelling)
Fuck yourself!

She stands up and reaches for Taryn's hand.

ABBY
Come on. Let's flee the scene.

24 EXT. COPY CAT, FIRE ESCAPE - NIGHT

The girls crawl through a hole in the guard wall, dangle
precariously, and make their way down a treacherous ladder.
More than one screw is loose.

ABBY
Maybe you should drive home.

(CONTINUED)

TARYN

I drive on the wrong side of the road.

25 INT. BILL'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY

Bill sits at the table drinking coffee and reading the New York Times. Abby enters, wearing sunglasses, holding her keys, and stands behind him. She reads over his shoulder.

BILL

I feel like someone's standing over my shoulder.

ABBY

Nope.

BILL

You were out pretty late.

ABBY

Yup.

Bill and Abby look up as Taryn enters.

BILL

Morning, sunshine.

Taryn gives a feeble, hungover wave.

ABBY

(takes a sip from Bill's mug)
Later, papi.

When the girls leave, Bill rubs his face vigorously, yawns, and returns to the paper.

26 INT. ABBY'S CAR - DAY

Abby drives quickly over neighborhood roads, ignoring speedbumps. Taryn, in the passenger seat, clings to the door.

They reach Kim's house, Abby parks behind a van.

ABBY

Range life.

27 EXT. KIM'S HOUSE - DAY

The girls follow a path up to the porch. Abby peers through the screen door and knocks on the door frame.

ABBY

Hello!

FAINT, LIVE MUSIC can be heard from somewhere inside.

ABBY

They can't hear us.

Abby opens the door and the girls enter the house.

28 INT. KIM'S HOUSE, FIRST FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

The girls walk through the front room past stacks of Kim's boxes, an assortment of mismatched furniture and many leafy plants.

ABBY

Hippies.

The music gets louder as they walk into the kitchen. Abby pushes Taryn ahead of her.

ABBY

Go get 'em, tiger.

Taryn opens the door to the sun room. Abby reluctantly follows.

29 INT. KIM'S HOUSE, SUN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A sunny porch-turned-practice space. Kim, Geoff, 37, and NICK, 31, are working through a song.

Kim stops singing when she sees the girls.

KIM

There they are. Hey, Taryn! Hey, Abby honey!

Kim sets her guitar down and gives Taryn a hug. Abby hangs back at the foot of the stairs.

KIM

Boys, this is Taryn, my niece.

(CONTINUED)

TARYN

Hello.

KIM

Taryn, Geoff, Nick. My band.

Nick salutes.

GEOFF

Pleased to meet you. Hi, Abby.

ABBY

I'm going inside.

KIM

We're right behind you. I'll make lunch.

ABBY

(from the door)

I can't stay.

NICK

I gotta hit it, myself. I'll come by later.

GEOFF

Bring the duct tape.

Taryn and Kim follow Abby back into the house.

KIM (O.S.)

It's so good to see you, Taryn.

30 INT. KIM'S HOUSE, FIRST FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

KIM (CONT'D)

You were working in Ocean City?

TARYN

Yeah, believe it or not.

KIM

How did that come about?

TARYN

Long story.

KIM

I want to hear it.

Kim and Taryn find Abby in the kitchen.

(CONTINUED)

KIM
(rubbing Abby's back)
Abby, honey, how was the Hamptons?

ABBY
(shrugging Kim off)
Fine.

KIM
Did you stay with Mitchell's
family?

ABBY
Yeah. They weren't around that
much.

KIM
So you two did a lot of talking?

ABBY
(rolling her eyes)
Excuse me.

Abby leaves the room.

ABBY (O.S.)
Who is this cat?

KIM
That's Geoff's cat, Breezy. Don't
touch her. She's a shelter girl,
real skittish.

ABBY (O.S.)
She looks like a bitch.

Abby's FEET are heard going up the stairs.

Kim, clearly emotional, takes a moment to recover herself,
then begins to prepare lunch.

KIM
You caught us at a hard time.

TARYN
I shouldn't have just shown up.

KIM
That's not what I meant. You're
always welcome here.

Kim stops what she's doing, puts her arm around Taryn and
kisses her on the forehead.

(CONTINUED)

KIM
How's your mom?

TARYN
(shrugs)
You know.

KIM
I should call her. I've just
been...

Kim shrugs apologetically.

The door opens and Nick appears in the doorway. He gives a little wave.

NICK
See you later.

KIM
See you, Nick.

Nick smiles at Taryn and leaves.

31 INT. KIM'S HOUSE, SECOND FLOOR - DAY

Abby exits the bathroom and walks down the hall, peeking in rooms. She enters a room, obviously Kim's. It's spare: a framed photo of Abby on the bedside table, an heirloom quilt folded on the edge of the bed. One of Abby's drawing hangs on the wall.

The SOUND OF PIANO comes from downstairs, a few bars of "Danny Boy".

32 INT. KIM'S HOUSE, FIRST FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Taryn sits at a grand piano in the living room.

TARYN
That's all I can remember.

Kim slides in next to her.

KIM
I bet you know more than you think.

Taryn plays a few notes on the high keys.

Kim starts playing accompaniment.

(CONTINUED)

KIM
Let's keep it slow.

They play "Danny Boy." Kim plays with such feeling and prettiness that even Taryn's mistakes seem hauntingly perfect.

Abby comes back into the living room, holding the drawing from Kim's wall. She stands in the doorway until they finish.

ABBY
(crossing the room)
This is mine.

KIM
But you gave it to me.

ABBY
I want it back.

Kim squeezes Taryn's shoulders and stands.

KIM
Why don't I put lunch on the table?

ABBY
I'm not eating.

KIM
No? I made tabouleh.

ABBY
I told you I wasn't staying. Taryn,
just call me when you're done.

KIM
I can drive Taryn back to the house
if you need to leave, sweetheart.

ABBY
That would be awkward.
(walking out)
See ya.

The screen door bangs shut behind her.

33 EXT. KIM'S HOUSE - DAY

Abby walks to her car.

KIM (O.S.)
(calling out)
Abby!

Abby ignores her and opens the driver's side door. Kim runs to catch her.

KIM
Abby!

ABBY
What?

KIM
Please, honey. I'm sorry. I know
this isn't easy for you.

ABBY
Whatever. I'm fine.

KIM
I wish you'd stay for lunch.

ABBY
I can't.

KIM
How about another day this week?

ABBY
I don't like it here.

KIM
I know it must seem weird.

ABBY
Weird?

KIM
It's weird for me, too.

ABBY
So don't live here.

KIM
I know it's not a perfect
arrangement. But my home is always
your home, baby.

(CONTINUED)

ABBY
Your home is our house!

KIM
Oh, sweetie.

ABBY
(mad at herself for starting
to cry)
Fuck!

Kim puts her arms around Abby.

KIM
Honey. I love you so much.

ABBY
(pulling away)
I don't understand. I fucking hate
this.

KIM
I know. It's okay. We're going to
be okay.

ABBY
How can you even say that?

KIM
Because I believe it.

Abby gets in her car and peels out.

34 EXT. PARK SCHOOL, ATHLETIC FIELD - DAY

Abby, Taryn and a gang of Abby's friends from high school are playing touch football, girls vs. boys. These are drama kids, not athletes. The plays make up for in flourish what they lack in function.

After the boys score a touchdown, the girls steal the ball and run from the field. Some tackling is accomplished as the boys give chase. A boy takes Taryn down. When he helps her up, she shoves him a little too hard.

The kids leave the ball in favor of running around the school, looking for unlocked doors.

35 INT. PARK SCHOOL, THEATER - DAY

The lights go up in the dark theater. The gang runs down the aisle and takes the stage.

LYLE, 18, horses around on a piano, playing "Fur Elise". HILDY and TREVOR, both 18, do the Charleston. ZACH, 19, moonwalks.

Abby takes center stage.

ABBY

One woe doth tread upon another's
heel, So fast they follow. Your
sister's drown'd, Laertes.

LYLE

(from the piano)
Drown'd! O, where?

GARRETT, 19, climbs the catwalk, shines a light on Abby.

ABBY

There is a willow grows aslant a
brook, That shows his hoar leaves
in the glassy stream. There with
fantastic garlands of...various
flowers...she fell in the weeping
brook. Her clothes spread wide And,
mermaid-like, awhile they bore her
up; Which time she chaunted
snatches of old tunes, As one
incapable of her own distress, Or
like a creature native and indued
Unto that element; but long it
could not be Till that her
garments, heavy with their drink,
Pull'd the poor wretch from her
melodious lay To muddy death.

Abby sinks to her knees.

HILDY

How do you still know the words
when it wasn't even your part?

ABBY

(breathing hard)
Because I remember *everything*.

Abby drops her head to the floor. The light goes down.

(CONTINUED)

Taryn sits in the second row, her feet propped on the seat in front of her. She WHISTLES through her teeth. The rest of the kids join in, CHEERING and STOMPING their feet.

Abby rises, takes a bow. The group runs from the theater.

36 INT. BILL'S HOUSE - EARLY EVENING

JAZZ BLASTS from the living room stereo, resonates all through the house.

Abby and Taryn enter the front door, carrying groceries. Bandit greets them and follows them into the kitchen. They drop the bags on the kitchen counter.

37 INT. BILL'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - EARLY EVENING, CONTINUOUS

Abby enters. She looks out the window and walks into the back yard.

38 EXT. BILL'S HOUSE, BACK YARD - EARLY EVENING, CONTINUOUS

Bill floats on a bright plastic raft in the pool, wearing sunglasses, with a book open face down on his chest.

Abby stands at the edge of the pool, watching him.

ABBY

Dad?

Bill drifts.

39 INT. BILL'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - EARLY EVENING, CONTINUOUS

Abby turns the stereo off and heads towards the kitchen.

40 INT. BILL'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - EARLY EVENING, CONTINUOUS

Taryn has unpacked the groceries and washed the vegetables, now in a colander by the sink. Abby comes in, rolling her eyes.

ABBY

My dad is napping in the pool.

TARYN

(peeking out the window)

He's cute.

(CONTINUED)

ABBY
Don't be creepy.

TARYN
I'm just being honest.

ABBY
Well, don't.

TARYN
I put the pasta water on and washed those.

ABBY
Nice.

Abby finds a cutting board and rummages through the drawers.

ABBY
Where the fuck is the knife?

Irritated, she settles on a small, bright knife and begins chopping an onion, then stops.

ABBY
This is, like, the only thing I know how to cook, and I still need the recipe.

Abby opens a cookbook and hops up on the counter.

ABBY
Shit. What kind of mushrooms did we buy?

TARYN
I don't know. Regular.

ABBY
We need morels.
(finding a joke)
Ha! We don't have morals.

TARYN
(chopping the onion, now)
We'll use what we have.

Bill enters, draped in a towel.

BILL
(taking in the scene)
Wow. What's all this?

(CONTINUED)

ABBY
We're making you dinner!

TARYN
After a long, successful day of
mushroom hunting ...

BILL
(heading to his room)
That's what you kids were doing up
at the school, mushrooms?

ABBY
Ha ha.

Abby reads quietly to herself.

TARYN
(on to the other veggies)
Come back to me.

ABBY
I want to hunt for truffles
sometime. You know, with a pig?

TARYN
You'll have to come get a piglet
from Brian's farm.

ABBY
I'd like to bring a piglet home on
a plane. I'd pretend it was my baby
and get really insulted if someone
asked if it was a pig.

TARYN
You could just say it has its
father's nose.

ABBY
Who's the father?

TARYN
Not Mitchell?

ABBY
Mitchell has an aqualine nose.

TARYN
What does that mean?

(CONTINUED)

ABBY

A beak nose. More bird-like than piggish.

TARYN

He's ugly?

ABBY

I think I'm going to date women next year.

TARYN

Really?

ABBY

Why not?

TARYN

I don't believe it.

ABBY

I made out with a girl this year. My scene partner. It was hot.

Bill reappears with a nice bottle of wine from the cellar.

BILL

I'm back now, listening.

Taryn laughs.

ABBY

Classic.

BILL

Red's okay?

ABBY

I recommend pairing this with a ...
(reads the label of the bottle
Bill's holding)
2004 Chateauneuf de Pape.
(excitedly)
Is this that "Baby Jesus" wine?

BILL

(smiles)

No.

ABBY

What's the story?

Bill takes four glasses from the cabinet. He puts one back.

(CONTINUED)

BILL

There's a Burgundy, from Beaune
Grèves -- "Vigne de L'Enfant Jesus"
-- named that because a monk
described it as "slipping down the
throat like the little lord Jesus
in velvet pantaloons."

TARYN

What!

ABBY

So fucked.

Bill opens the wine.

Taryn puts pasta into the pot of boiling water.

ABBY

(swinging her feet)
What can I do, my dear?

TARYN

Just sit there looking lezzy.

Abby laughs. Bill pours three glasses of wine and hands one
to each of the girls.

BILL

Do we want some dinner music?

ABBY

Depends.

Bill stands and walks toward the living room.

41 INT. BILL'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - EARLY EVENING, CONTINUOUS

ABBY (O.S.)

Jazz hour's over!

Bill looks at his records, but nothing appeals. He gazes
outside a moment.

BILL

(calling to the girls)
How 'bout just the music of the
spheres?

Bill nods to himself and returns to the kitchen.

42 INT. BILL'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

All that's left of dinner are empty bowls. Two bottles of wine are nearly finished. Bill sits in repose, enjoying the last of his glass, as the girls hold court.

ABBY

When he turned around and said he needed someone with smaller hands! That's when I fainted!

TARYN

(laughing)

Right there in the mud and shit. And I didn't even notice.

ABBY

Because you were busy delivering a lamb! With your small hands!

Abby lifts Taryn's hand to measure it against her own.

ABBY

I thought he meant me!

TARYN

It's usually mum. I never did that before.

BILL

You were a pro. A cowboy midwife.

TARYN

They're not usually so difficult. She was a really young ewe. Usually the lambs slip out before dad gets there and the hard work is getting the wee things matched up with their mothers so they'll be fed.

ABBY

Oh, my god. I thought it was going to be stillborn. He was pulling so hard! I thought he was tearing it in pieces! I didn't know if I was the one who'd brought bad luck to the lamb or if witnessing its death was going to mean bad luck for me.

Bill absorbs his daughter's logic, pouring the last of the wine in the glasses.

(CONTINUED)

TARYN

It's just life. They don't all make it.

ABBY

But that one *had* to, you know? And then you saved it! You did it! I'm off in the corner, puking, and meanwhile, you have your arms up in this teenage pregnancy sheep!

TARYN

Dad was telling me what to do the whole time.

ABBY

But you did it! And then he gave it mouth to mouth! It was the most beautiful thing I'd ever seen in my whole life.

(moved all over again)

I'm serious.

BILL

It was a really wild thing for city folk to witness.

(to Abby)

Your mother cried all night, worried it wouldn't survive.

ABBY

I cried all night, too!

TARYN

But the wee thing was just fine in the morning.

BILL

That was a good trip.

ABBY

I loved sleeping in your house. I loved the smell of the peat in the stoves at night, and taking a hot water bottle to bed.

TARYN

You'd get tired of it. It's a pain in the arse.

ABBY

I still wear my wellies all the time. In New York City. I get

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ABBY (cont'd)
compliments on them every time it rains.

TARYN
(laughing, shaking her head)
Da' would laugh to hear that.

BILL
Thanks for dinner, you two. I was planning on another night of pretzels.

ABBY
Dad!

BILL
And whiskey.

ABBY
Dad!

BILL
So thanks be to you two.
(lifting his glass)
Taryn, got any Irish toasts?

TARYN
Northern Irish.

ABBY
Don't get it twisted, Dad.

TARYN
Here's to those who wish us well,
all the rest can go to hell.

They drain their glasses. Abby looks sweetly at Bill.

ABBY
(in her best Irish accent)
Da', got anymore of this 2004
Chateau--whatsit? What d'ya think?
Could we grab another bottle from
the cellar?

TARYN
You sound like a pirate!

BILL
(worse Irish accent)
Okay, minnow.

Abby hops up from the table, and pulls Taryn with her.

(CONTINUED)

BILL (CONT'D)
(calling after them)
Look for the same label. New House
of the Pope. On the right-hand side
of the rack.

43 INT. BILL'S HOUSE, BASEMENT - NIGHT

Taryn and Abby enter a dark basement.

ABBY
This basement is sketch.

TARYN
At least it has a floor. Our cellar
is dirt, remember?

ABBY
Your house is a fucking rustic
castle.

Abby pulls the cord on a bare bulb, illuminating the space.
She heads to the wine rack while Taryn snoops around.

ABBY
It's funny, whenever we talk about
that trip, nobody ever mentions the
huge fight Bill and Kim got into.

TARYN
Was I around for that?

ABBY
My dad stopped talking for two
whole days. You didn't notice?

TARYN
Isn't he just kind of like that?

ABBY
Kim hurt his feelings at Giant's
Causeway and he disappeared for
hours. That's why she was crying
all night. Not because of a lamb.

TARYN
Not because my mom was being a
cunt?

ABBY
Damn. Cunt is such a vulgar word.

(CONTINUED)

Taryn opens a closet containing Abby's prom gowns and costumes from various plays. She pulls a dress out and holds it at arm's length.

TARYN
Oh my god.

ABBY
(looking over)
Junior prom.

TARYN
I have to wear this right now.

Abby finds the bottle she's looking for, while Taryn takes off her shorts and T-shirt and puts on the dress.

TARYN
Zip me.

Abby zips Taryn. She finds an old tuxedo jacket, puts it on.

ABBY
(laughing)
Dance with me.

The girls dance around the basement.

Upstairs, the DOORBELL RINGS.

ABBY
What the fuck? Allons-y, Alonso!

They run up the stairs with the wine.

TARYN (O.S.)
Stairway to heaven!

44 INT. BILL'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Bill's friend JACK, 42, leans on the counter, laughing, as Bill does the dinner dishes. The girls emerge from the basement in their costumes, giggling.

ABBY
(presenting the wine)
Voila, papa!

JACK
Nice monkey suit.

(CONTINUED)

ABBY
Nice monkey face.

JACK
This your girlfriend?

ABBY
Yeah.

BILL
Jack, this is Taryn, our
representative from Northern
Ireland.

TARYN
Hello.

JACK
(shaking Taryn's hand)
Nice gown. Abby, you looked a lot
nerdier when you wore that dress.

ABBY
Did someone invite you over?

Bill dries his hands and opens the new bottle.

BILL
(to Jack)
Wine?

JACK
Won't say no to the pope.

Bill pours each of them a glass.

Abby pours a little more in hers and Taryn's.

ABBY
Let's take a walk in the moonlight.

45 EXT. BILL'S HOUSE, BACK YARD - NIGHT

Out by the pool, Abby sets down her wine glass and takes off the suit jacket. She slips off her shorts and jumps in the pool in her T-shirt and underwear.

Taryn sits down at the edge of the pool, sipping her wine, dangling her feet in the water.

(CONTINUED)

ABBY

Get in.

TARYN

I don't feel like putting my suit on.

(lying back)

Unlike you, I'm not into swimming in all my clothes.

ABBY

Take the dress off and swim in your underwear, stupid.

After a moment, Taryn sits up and tries to reach her zipper.

TARYN

I need help.

Abby swims over to help. Taryn eyes the lit windows of the house, then slides out of the prom dress and into the pool.

TARYN

Are you really going to date women next year?

ABBY

Maybe.

TARYN

Sam's gay, you know.

ABBY

I think we all knew that. He's a flight attendant.

TARYN

Well, my parents try their best not to know. And it helps he's never around.

ABBY

I imagine it's a little easier for him in London than Ballymena.

TARYN

Unless you're into cruising the car park opposite the Autochoice.

ABBY

Why don't you move to London? Or Paris? You have a dual passport, and Sam. You can go anywhere.

(CONTINUED)

TARYN

That's such an American thing to say. You can go anywhere. You're smart. I'm not smart.

ABBY

You gotta stow that shit, sailor.

Abby slides under the water and resurfaces in another part of the pool.

ABBY

Taryn!

TARYN

Abby!

Taryn swims over to Abby. Abby takes Taryn's face in her hands.

ABBY

Seriously, wee lass. You can do anything you want.

TARYN

No I can't, Abby. I'm -- stupid. My friends are all stupid. All we do is drink and fool around.

ABBY

That's all anybody does. We're drinking now! Where's my glass?

TARYN

I'm fucked, Abby.

ABBY

Come on, small hands. You're not fucked. You're gonna be great.

Close to the pool lights, Abby notices cuts on Taryn's arm.

ABBY

What the fuck, Taryn?

Taryn shrugs and tries to pull away.

ABBY

(holding on)

You're still doing that?

Taryn breaks free.

(CONTINUED)

ABBY
You can't do that.

TARYN
I thought I could do anything.

ABBY
Not that. That's for jerks.

Suddenly, the sound of AMP FEEDBACK is heard from the house.

TARYN
What is that?

ABBY
Holy shit.

46 INT. BILL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Abby and Taryn, wrapped in towels and carrying their clothes, follow the sound of ELECTRIC GUITARS to the studio.

47 INT. BILL'S HOUSE, STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

Abby and Taryn appear at the doorway and stare in astonishment as Bill and Jack rock out. The men don't notice them. Bill starts riffing lyrics.

BILL
You peeled off your face exposing a death's head... a grinning skull, but you weren't dead yet. Don't wanna fuck you anymore. Don't forgive. Do not forget... No comfort to the Enemy... No hope. No peace... No prisoners. Not in this life...Fuck you, bitch...Never, no release.

48 INT. BILL'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Abby pushes Taryn down the hall, around the corner.

ABBY
I don't want to talk about that, okay?

TARYN
Okay.

(CONTINUED)

ABBY

Ever.

Abby goes into her room and shuts the door. Taryn steadies herself against the wall.

49 INT. BILL'S HOUSE, ABBY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Abby comes out of her bathroom in pajamas. She moves to the dresser and takes a small jewelry box from her top drawer. She opens the box and removes two tiny ceramic Beatrix Potter rabbit figurines.

Taryn enters, also dressed for bed.

TARYN

Can we try to chat my brother?

ABBY

Isn't it, like, 6 AM there?

TARYN

He's a party boy. He's still up, if he's around.

Abby wakes the laptop on her bureau. As Taryn sits in the chair and logs onto the Internet, Abby lies down on her bed and admires the rabbits.

TARYN

Hi, Sam!

Taryn's brother SAM, 24, appears on the computer screen.

SAM

Taryn!

ABBY

(calls from the bed)

Hi, Sam!

Abby gets up and leans over Taryn's shoulder to smile and wave.

SAM

Who is that?

ABBY

It's me, Abby!

(CONTINUED)

SAM

Abby who? Abby our cousin? Where are you?

TARYN

In Baltimore!

SAM

You're in the States? Do mum and dad know that?

TARYN

No.

SAM

Jesus fucking Christ, Taryn. What the fuck's wrong with you?

TARYN

What?

SAM

You haven't told them where you are?

TARYN

No, I haven't talked to them.

SAM

What happened to Wales?

TARYN

I didn't go to Wales.

SAM

What's going on, Taryn? They're out of their fucking minds. Do you know that? Do you have any idea how worried they are? Last thing they heard, you were in Wales, studying rocks or moss or something.

TARYN

Fuck Wales.

SAM

I half agree with you, but fuck, Taryn. What the fuck happened? Why are you in the states?

TARYN

I can't believe you're yelling at me! I just called because I miss you!

(CONTINUED)

Abby sits back down on her bed.

SAM

Taryn. I'm glad to hear from you,
but think about mum and dad for a
minute. They need to know you're
okay. Just check in with them.
Christ! They're calling me nonstop
-- I'm not in the habit of talking
them down ... hang on I'm
surrounded by fucking lunatics.

(calling to someone off
camera)

What! I'm on the phone with my
sister! Just leave me 20 quid for
the cab!

(back to Taryn)

Fuck!

TARYN

(in tears)

Sam!

SAM

What are you doing in Baltimore?

TARYN

I was working at the seashore. Now
I'm visiting Bill and Abby.

SAM

What do you mean, working at the
seashore? What does that mean?

TARYN

It means what you think it means.
Just a job, Sam.

SAM

A job in the bloody States?

TARYN

Yes.

SAM

Well, I'm glad you're not dead in
godforsaken Wales. Fuck me. Why
don't you visit London?

TARYN

You're never even there.

(CONTINUED)

SAM

When are you coming home?

TARYN

When are you coming home?

SAM

Bollocks.

(to the party off camera)

Yes! On the table!

(to Taryn)

I'm sorry, Taryn. I have to go.

It's fucking six in the morning. I

fly out in -- well, it doesn't

matter. Please call mum and dad.

(to Abby)

Abby! Come here! Let me see you!

Abby stands and walks back to the computer.

ABBY

Hi.

SAM

You look fabulous. You're a grown woman! Are you going to bed?

ABBY

Soon.

SAM

Please make my sister call mum and dad. Please. Can I have your word on this?

ABBY

I'll do my best.

SAM

Thank you. You two have fun. Taryn?

TARYN

What?

SAM

I'm glad you're okay.

TARYN

I am.

SAM

Love you very much sweetheart. I wish I could squeeze the air out of you. Thanks for calling.

(CONTINUED)

TARYN
Love you, too.

SAM
Try me again on this chat thing?

TARYN
Yeah.

ABBY
Bye, Sam!

SAM
Bye! Be good!

Sam blows kisses and the connection is lost.

Abby returns to the bed. Taryn sits with her head in her hands.

ABBY
Claire and George think you're in Wales?

TARYN
Yeah.

ABBY
Wow. When's the last time you talked to them?

TARYN
Two months? Longer? I don't know.

ABBY
Shit. You ran away. That's -- what are you going to do?

TARYN
I don't know.

Taryn lies down next to Abby on the bed.

ABBY
Fuck, Taryn.

TARYN
Yeah.

ABBY
Give me your arm.

Abby walks the little bunnies along the cuts on Taryn's forearm.

(CONTINUED)

TARYN

What are you doing?

ABBY

I got these bunnies from my godmother, Carol. She shot herself in the head, but she tried to hang herself twice before that. It was horrible.

Abby closes the bunnies in Taryn's hand.

ABBY

Cut that shit out, okay?

Taryn snuggles into her cousin and closes her eyes, exhausted.

TARYN

Okay.

ABBY

(standing)

Lift up.

Abby pulls the bedding over them and turns out the light.

50

INT. BILL'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY

The next morning, Abby is mixing waffle batter at the kitchen counter. She goes to the cupboard for the waffle iron, which isn't there. She searches the other cupboards. No waffle iron. She calls Bill at work on the house speaker phone.

ABBY

Hey. Where's the waffle iron?

BILL (O.S.)

What?

ABBY

The waffle iron?

BILL

I have no idea. Maybe your mother has it. Am I on speakerphone?

ABBY

I'm looking for it. It's not here.

(CONTINUED)

BILL

Abby, I don't know. I don't make waffles.

Abby hangs up. She looks at the waffle batter.

ABBY

Fuck you people.

She speed dials her mother's cell.

ABBY

Do you have the waffle iron?

KIM

Hi, Abby. Yeah, I do. Do you want to make some waffles?

ABBY

I'm making them right now. Or I was.

She hangs up and pours the batter down the garbage disposal, then throws the dirty bowl in the sink.

51 INT. BILL'S HOUSE, ABBY'S ROOM - DAY, CONTINUOUS

Abby bursts into her bedroom.

ABBY

Taryn.

TARYN

What?

ABBY

Get up.

TARYN

What?

ABBY

Get up. You have to call you parents.

Taryn rolls over.

TARYN

What?

(CONTINUED)

ABBY

I'm serious. Today.

TARYN

(rubbing her eyes)

What are you talking about?

ABBY

You have to tell them where you are.

TARYN

Why are you yelling at me?

ABBY

Because you don't wait till you feel like it to tell people what's going on! You tell them when it happens.

TARYN

I don't need a fucking lecture from you, okay?

ABBY

What are you going to do? You can't come to New York with me. Are you going to live with my dad? Make him dinner in a prom dress every night? Go play piano duets with my mom? Be the new fucked-up daughter for this new fucked-up season in their lives?

TARYN

(sits up)

Fuck you. I'm not asking to live here, Abby. I can take care of myself.

ABBY

I'm sick of people taking care of themselves! It's so selfish! Honestly? Be a fucking runaway if you want, I don't care, but don't lie about it.

Taryn throws the covers off and leaves the room.

52 INT. BILL'S HOUSE, TARYN'S ROOM - DAY

Taryn enters her own room, upset, and dresses quickly.

She hears the FRONT DOOR SLAM and Abby's CAR start and pull out of the driveway.

53 INT. BILL'S HOUSE, ABBY'S ROOM - DAY

Taryn enters and finds on the side table the tiny Beatrix Potter bunnies Abby gave her the night before. She grabs the bunnies and leaves the room.

54 EXT. BILL'S HOUSE, BACK YARD - DAY

Taryn runs out into the yard, throws the bunnies at the woods with all of her might, and goes back inside.

55 EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY

Abby's car swerves into a parking place. She gets out, slams the door, and enters the convenience store.

56 INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - CONTINUOUS

Abby stands in line behind HAROLD, 72, buying lotto tickets. The young CASHIER wears a New York City T-shirt.

HAROLD

Back Pair. Five on 23.

CASHIER

Pick 3?

HAROLD

Pick 4. Box.

CASHIER

4-way?

HAROLD

12. I don't feel so lucky.

The cashier enters numbers into the computer while the old man finds his money, then prints the second ticket and slides it across the counter with the first.

(CONTINUED)

HAROLD
Have a good day.

CASHIER
Thank you.

Abby approaches the counter.

ABBY
Pack of blues.

CASHIER
Soft pack?

ABBY
Hard.

The cashier reaches for the cigarettes.

CASHIER
You like New York?

ABBY
Of course. That's where I'm from.
I'm headed back right now.

CASHIER
Seven ninety-five. What part?

ABBY
(paying)
East Village. You?

CASHIER
Cool. I'm from Queens.

ABBY
Thanks.

Abby takes the cigarettes and leaves.

57 EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY

Abby sits on the trunk of her car and lights a cigarette. She smokes angrily, watching traffic. When she's finished her cigarette, she takes out her cellphone and makes a call.

58 EXT. BILL'S HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

A van pulls into the driveway. Kim, Geoff and Nick get out.

Bill appears at the front door to let them into the house. He's still in his work shirt and tie, carrying a drink.

GEOFF

How ya doin, Bill?

The men shake hands. Kim gives Bill a nod.

59 INT. BILL'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

KIM

Are the girls here?

BILL

No, I don't know where they are.

Bandit jumps to greet Kim, and she bends to pet the dog.

KIM

Hi, girl. Hi, Bandit, sweetie.

BILL

Let's get this over with, okay?

Bill leads the way to the studio, then watches while Kim and the guys start loading out sound equipment. Some pieces are particularly heavy, but Bill doesn't offer to help.

They work quickly and quietly. Bill watches and drinks.

After a couple of trips, Nick goes for a guitar case in the corner.

BILL

That's mine.

NICK

Oh, sorry.

BILL

That amp, too.

KIM

When's the last time you used that amp, Bill?

(CONTINUED)

BILL

Last night, actually. Jack was here.

KIM

Wow.

BILL

Don't worry, we sounded like shit.

60 EXT. BILL'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Bill sees them out. Kim pauses in the door frame.

KIM

Thanks.

Bill nods.

Kim gets in the van. The van backs up the driveway. It stops halfway, and Kim gets out. She runs to the door with a shopping bag. Bill, still standing there, accepts the bag. Kim runs back to the van and they drive away.

Bill closes the door, disappears inside.

61 INT. BILL'S HOUSE, STUDIO - LATE AFTERNOON

Bill stands in the empty studio, looking around.

He opens the guitar case and lifts the guitar out. He strums a few chords, then tunes the guitar and picks out a line of melody. He plays for a few minutes, getting more and more into it. It's beautiful and impressive.

Suddenly, Bill swings the guitar high over his head and brings it down hard on the amp. It doesn't smash into pieces, but it's busted, and the sound lingers.

Bill drops the guitar and lies down on his back.

We hear the FRONT DOOR open and close.

A moment later, an exhausted, disheveled Taryn peeks in.

TARYN

Hi.

Bill nods hello without getting up.

(CONTINUED)

TARYN
You okay?

BILL
I've been better.

Taryn sits on the floor against the wall.

TARYN
Me, too.

Taryn removes a sandal and winces, investigating a blister.

BILL
Where's Abby?

TARYN
She's not here?

BILL
She's not with you?

TARYN
No.

62 INT./EXT. BILL'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Taryn looks around the house: the living room, the kitchen, where the waffle iron now sits on the counter, the pool.

She moves on to the bedrooms. No Abby.

63 EXT. BILL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Kim's van pulls into the dark driveway.

She parks and walks up to the door. The porch light turns on. Bill answers, holding the door open as Kim steps inside.

BILL
Feels like old times.

64 INT. BILL'S HOUSE, TARYN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Taryn is curled up on her bed, Bandit at her feet.

A KNOCK on the door. Bandit BARKS.

(CONTINUED)

KIM (O.S.)
Taryn? It's Kim.

TARYN
(without moving)
Come in.

Kim enters the room and sits on the bed.

KIM
Hey.

TARYN
Hi.

KIM
Bill called. You and Abby had a
fight?

TARYN
She got angry at me.

KIM
Why? Did something happen?

TARYN
She woke me up and started
screaming at me. And then she drove
away.

Kim reaches to pet Bandit.

KIM
I talked to your mom.

TARYN
Fuck.

KIM
She's very upset.

TARYN
You mean angry.

KIM
I don't know what I'd do if I
didn't know where Abby was for two
months.

TARYN
I'm nineteen.

KIM

It doesn't just turn off, Taryn.

Taryn hides her face in her pillow.

KIM

Taryn --

TARYN

(muffled)

I think I'm pregnant.

KIM

What?

TARYN

(looking up)

I think I'm pregnant.

KIM

You're late?

TARYN

I took a test.

KIM

Oh, honey.

Taryn sobs.

65 INT. BILL'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Bill sits at the table wearing reading glasses, paper and pencils spread out in front of him, and a bourbon on the rocks.

Kim enters the room and sits down across the table.

KIM

You're drawing?

Bill removes his glasses, rubs his face vigorously and looks up at her.

BILL

Anything to exploit the pain. You know about that, right?

KIM

(sighing, exhausted)

Make me one of those?

Bill raises an eyebrow.

(CONTINUED)

KIM
Not a picture, Bill. A drink.

BILL
Ah.

Bill gets up and fixes Kim a drink at the counter, refreshing his own while he's at it.

KIM
Thanks.

Bill hands her the drink and sits back down. He piles his drawings and pushes them aside. Kim takes a long drink.

BILL
Where are we?

KIM
You're having an artistic renaissance.

BILL
So, you talked to your sister?

KIM
It was pretty shitty.

BILL
Claire's a bitch.

KIM
She's pissed at me, now.

BILL
What did you expect?

KIM
I don't know. They thought she was in Wales.

BILL
Wales.

KIM
At least now they know she's alive.

Kim hides her face in her hands.

BILL
Did you tell her about us?

KIM

Yeah.

BILL

What did she say?

KIM

I don't know. Abby hasn't called?

BILL

No.

They sit there with their drinks. Kim looks around the room. Something's different: the Nagel poster is gone.

KIM

You took down the Nagel.

BILL

I hung it over my bed.

KIM

Really?

BILL

It's in the garage.

Kim nods.

BILL

You know -- I was able to articulate this for myself today.

KIM

What?

BILL

Here's what I don't like. Shaking hands with men who come to take your instruments out of my house. Even in the old days. I always feel like I'm being slipped a twenty.

KIM

Really?

BILL

I think I'd rather take a punch in the face than feel that handshake again, and yet the fact is, that handshake is pretty much what's left for me, from here on out.

(CONTINUED)

KIM
Well, my shit's gone. Nobody will
come to take it away anymore.

BILL
Who's the new kid? What was his
name, Nick?

Kim finishes her drink and stands.

KIM
Thanks for the drink, Bill.

BILL
Stick around if you want. Drink it.

KIM
Maybe I should take Taryn.

BILL
She's in bed. Let her be.

KIM
Will you call me when Abby gets
home?

BILL
If she wakes me up.

KIM
I have to get out of here.

BILL
(stands)
Thanks for coming.

KIM
I'll let myself out. Talk to you in
the morning.

BILL
Drive safe.

Kim heads out of the kitchen.

When Bill hears the DOOR CLOSE, he finishes his drink and
puts his glass in the sink.

66 EXT. BILL'S HOUSE, WOODS - DAY

Taryn walks through the woods behind the house, searching for something. She pushes aside brush and ground cover with a stick, picks up tiny stones and drops them again.

After a while, she sinks to her knees and combs the ground with her fingers, increasingly upset. She finds half of Bill's glass, but the bunnies are lost.

67 INT. BILL'S HOUSE - DAY

Taryn opens the kitchen door and walks through the empty house.

68 INT. BILL'S HOUSE, TARYN'S ROOM - DAY

Taryn enters and pulls her luggage out. She fills the bags with her clothes from the closet and drawers, packing everything she brought with her.

She makes the bed and leaves the room.

69 INT. BILL'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY

Taryn writes a note and places it on the counter near the phone. She bends to pet Bandit, who's hanging around by her feet, then hauls her bags out the front door.

70 EXT. BILL'S HOUSE - DAY

Bill's car turns into the driveway, just as Taryn is leaving the house. Bill gets out of the car.

BILL
Going somewhere?

Taryn shrugs. She sits.

TARYN
I don't know.

Bill sits on the steps next to her.

BILL
(sings)
Bags are packed, ready to go.

(CONTINUED)

TARYN
I know I can't stay here.

BILL
Did you talk to your folks?

TARYN
No.

BILL
Someone picking you up?

TARYN
No.

Taryn puts her head in hands. Bill's phone rings.

BILL
(picking up)
Hey, honey, where are you?

Bill stands, walks a few steps into the driveway.

BILL
Okay.

He opens the car and grabs a grocery bag from the back.

BILL
Okay. Sounds good. Be safe. Knock
'em dead.
(shutting the car)
Love you, too.

Bill hangs up and returns to Taryn. Sitting, he reaches in the bag and pulls out a box of popsicles. He opens the box and offers it to Taryn, who takes one.

TARYN
Thanks.

Bill helps himself to one, too.

BILL
Abby's got an audition in New York.
She's going to stay up there a
little while.

TARYN
Really?

BILL
I'll take you to Kim's.

Taryn nods.

BILL
Is that okay?

TARYN
Okay.

71 EXT. KIM'S HOUSE, FRONT PORCH - LATE AFTERNOON

Nick sits barefoot on the porch, playing Kim's guitar.

Bill's car rolls up the dirt lane and stops. Bill and Taryn get out.

BILL
Is my wife here?

NICK
Yeah. Let me get her.

BILL
Don't trouble yourself.

NICK
(setting the guitar down)
It's no trouble --

Bill strides past Nick into the house. The screen door BANGS shut behind him.

BILL (O.S.)
Kim!

Nick and Taryn look at each other uncomfortably.

NICK
Hey. You're Taryn, right? I'm Nick.

TARYN
(nodding)
Hey.

NICK
(looking at the door)
I guess we should hang here a minute?

Taryn sits on the steps. Nick picks up the guitar again.

72 INT. KIM'S HOUSE, SECOND FLOOR - LATE AFTERNOON

Bill and Kim stand in the hallway outside Kim's bedroom.

KIM

This isn't your house to storm
into, Bill.

BILL

You walk through my house as you
please.

KIM

I won't anymore.

BILL

I've got catching up to do.

KIM

It's not okay.

BILL

No. Not much is. Abby's back in New
York because she can't stand being
here. Some teenage gigolo is
playing your guitar, and I came
home from work to find Taryn on the
curb with all her bags, waiting to
be picked up by the first stranger
that passed.

KIM

What?

BILL

I brought her here. She's your
sister's kid. You're going to have
to handle this.

KIM

You're right. Thank you. I'll take
care of Taryn. You talked to Abby?
She's okay?

BILL

(pushing past her)

Is this your new bedroom? Is this
where you entertain?

KIM

Bill, I'm not comfortable having
you up here.

(CONTINUED)

BILL
I'll be honest. I'm not particularly worried about your comfort level.

KIM
We have to do this? We have to have a fight right now?

BILL
I'm a fighter, Kim. It's all I know how to do anymore.

KIM
Bill.

BILL
How long has it been this kid, Kim? How long have you been fucking this boy you brought into my home last week?

KIM
I don't have to answer to you, Bill. Not anymore.

BILL
No.

KIM
Bill -- if you don't leave I'm going to call the police.

BILL
Fuck you, Kim.

Bill turns and goes down the stairs.

73 EXT. KIM'S HOUSE, FRONT PORCH - LATE AFTERNOON, CONTINUOUS

Bill comes out of the house. Taryn and Nick both stand.

BILL
(to Taryn)
I'll get your bags.

Taryn follows Bill to his car. Bill opens the trunk and sets Taryn's bags on the ground.

BILL
Mind if I don't walk you back up to the house?

(CONTINUED)

TARYN
No.

BILL
Keep in touch, okay?

TARYN
Okay.

BILL
Take care of yourself.

TARYN
You, too.

Bill and Taryn hug. When they separate, Taryn's crying.

BILL
It was good to have you around,
Taryn. Made the house a lot less
lonely.

TARYN
Thank you for rescuing me.

BILL
If ever you need rescuing.

Bill gets in the car and drives away.

74 INT. BILL'S CAR - DAY

Bill drives in silence, windows down. The country roads are empty. He begins to cry.

75 INT. KIM'S HOUSE, SPARE ROOM - NIGHT

Taryn sets up a guest bed with sheets and a blanket.

Kim enters with a photo album.

KIM
Found it.

TARYN
Oh, nice.

Kim sets the album down and helps Taryn make the bed.

KIM
It's not that comfortable, sorry.

TARYN
(sitting)
It's fine.

Kim sits down beside Taryn and opens the photo album. It's pretty busted, several photos fall out.

KIM
Oh, man. This is a mess.

TARYN
(picking one up)
Is that you?

KIM
Everyone thought I was a boy.

TARYN
You're too pretty for a boy. What are you holding?

KIM
That's a giant sponge. On the boardwalk. We used to go down the ocean every summer.

TARYN
I know. That's like the one thing my mum liked in her childhood.

KIM
We had fun.

TARYN
I looked for your old house, but I don't think I was in the right place.
(pointing to another)
Is that her?

KIM
Yep. God. Look at that bikini.

TARYN
(looking closely)
She looks so sexy.
(shaking it off, turning the pages)
Oh my god. That's my mum?

KIM
Yeah. Did you know your mom raced cars?

TARYN
No.

KIM
(flipping further)
Look.

TARYN
Holy fuck.

KIM
She was tough.

TARYN
She looks like a punk.

KIM
She was.

TARYN
Was she always a bitch?

KIM
(laughs)
She had a temper, but she was funny. I admired her. I still do. She thought I was a brat.

TARYN
(staring at the photo)
I'm not like her.

KIM
You are in some ways. It makes me miss her having you here.

Kim picks up one of the loose photos from the bed.

KIM (CONT'D)
That's your grandma.

TARYN
How old were you when she died?

KIM
I was just a little older than you. That's when I met Sam, when your mom came over for the funeral.

(CONTINUED)

TARYN

It's weird that I never got to know my American grandparents.

KIM

Your grandfather left when I was really little. I didn't see him much. He brought us dresses on Easter for a couple years. Then he got a whole new family.

Taryn flips slowly through the album. She stops at a photo of a teenaged Kim playing guitar.

TARYN

Cute.

KIM

Your mom left for England when I was in high school. I started playing music and left as soon as I could after that.

TARYN

I'd rather have grown up with you.

KIM

(sad laugh)

Tell that to Abby?

TARYN

If Abby ever talks to me again.

KIM

She might talk to you before she talks to me. Taryn, I really want you to call your mom tomorrow. You can use the house phone.

TARYN

I'm scared to talk to her. She's going to be so pissed off.

KIM

Trust me. She needs to hear your voice.

TARYN

Does it suck being a mother?

KIM

No. It's *hard*. It's really hard being a mother. But once it happens

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

KIM (cont'd)
to you, it's just who you are.
There's this person you'd die for,
even though she won't even talk to
you.

TARYN
Do you think we're all just fucked,
no matter what we do?

KIM
No.

TARYN
Does it get easier?

Kim stands.

KIM
No. Promise you'll call tomorrow?

TARYN
Okay.

Kim leans over and kisses Taryn on the head.

KIM
Goodnight, sweetie.

TARYN
Goodnight. Thanks.

Kim leaves the room. Taryn keeps looking at the photos.

She turns back to the one of her mom in a bikini on the beach and slips it out of the album. She does the same with the car racing picture. She hides the two photos in her bag, sets the album on the side table, and turns out the lights.

76 EXT./INT. BILL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The house is dark. Abby's car pulls into the driveway and parks.

In the studio, with the lights on, Bill sleeps on a sofa listening to MUSIC, Bandit at his feet, a bottle of bourbon on the floor. The Nagel hangs on the wall.

Abby turns down the stereo and sits on the floor by him.

(CONTINUED)

ABBY

Dad?

Bill doesn't stir. Abby leans her head on his chest.

ABBY

Dad?

Bill opens his eyes. He puts his arm around her.

BILL

Hey, minnow. What time is it?

ABBY

Late.

BILL

You okay? I thought you were staying in New York.

ABBY

I changed my mind. Anyway, I didn't have any clothes with me.

BILL

How was your audition?

Abby shrugs.

BILL

Tired?

ABBY

Long drive. Fucking Delaware.

BILL

Taryn's at your mom's.

ABBY

Oh.

BILL

I'm glad you're back.

Abby sits up and pets Bandit, then stands.

ABBY

Bandit. Come sleep with me.

Abby heads to the stairs. Bandit follows.

BILL
Night, kiddo.

ABBY
Goodnight.

77 INT. BILL'S HOUSE, ABBY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Abby enters her room.

She drops her bag, turns on the light by her bedside, and lies back on the bed, kicking her shoes off onto the floor.

She swivels on the bed to put her feet on the wall above the headboard, yoga-style. After a moment, she uses her foot to pull one of her drawings down, then gets on her knees and pulls the rest of them down with her hands.

Satisfied, she turns off the light.

78 INT. ROAD HOUSE BAR, WESTERN MARYLAND - NIGHT

The dimly lit room is small, but packed. An audience applauds. The stage is empty.

Before long, Kim and the band return, take their places.

KIM
Thanks a lot. You guys are great.
We've had a lot of fun playing for
you tonight. Really happy to play
with Jimmy again. He's a national
treasure, so y'all take real good
care of him when we're gone, okay?

She nods at JIMMY, 48, seated at the piano. Jimmy grins and salutes the crowd.

The band strikes up, and Kim sings "American Child".

KIM
(singing)
After the war, we'll settle down.

*Move out west, buy a house in
California...*

*After the war, we'll leave this
goddamn town, find a job that pays
you a whole lot of money, raise an
American child, raise an American
child...*

(CONTINUED)

*Born under a blanket of fear,
raised without any kind of
certainty, searching for anything
real, raised in so-called liberty,
up another house for sale, how they
gonna keep the dogs away...*

*After it all, we'll figure it out,
start a life, there ain't no one
town better... raise an American,
raise an American child, raise an
American, raise an American
child...*

When they finish, the audience applauds wildly. Kim and the band take leave again, this time for good.

79 INT. ROAD HOUSE BAR, WESTERN MARYLAND, BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

A small room with black walls covered with band stickers. Equipment cases and various articles of clothing are stowed or flung here and there. A cluster of bananas and an open plastic container of store-bought vegan cupcakes sit on a small counter.

Kim, Geoff and Nick, weary, flop down on what furniture there is: folding chairs, a beat-up sofa. Jimmy enters with four bottles of beer from the bar and hands them out.

GEOFF

I can see why they say you're a national treasure.

JIMMY

I don't know who you've been talking to. Round here, there's a price on my head.

KIM

It's all those jealous husbands.

JIMMY

You got my number, girl.

Nick cracks open a bottle of whiskey.

NICK

We got cups?
(spotting some plastic cups)
Hello, friends.

Nick pours a generous finger or two for each of them.

(CONTINUED)

NICK
(handing Kim hers)
You got *my* number, girl.

KIM
(accepting the drink)
Do I?

GEOFF
(raising his beer)
This'll have to do me. I'm driving
you home the long way.

NICK
Is there another way?

There's a quick knock on the door, and Taryn enters.

TARYN
(pretending to swoon)
You're all such rock stars! So
gorgeous. You kill me.

Nick winks and hands Taryn the whiskey he poured for Geoff.

TARYN
(handing it back)
No, thanks.

NICK
I thought you were Irish.

There's another knock and TOM, 48, balding, with a low ponytail, enters.

TOM
Great show, guys. Really great.

Kim stands up. She kisses Taryn, then walks over to hug Tom.

KIM
Tom, we love coming here. Thanks
for everything.

TOM
You guys got enough to drink?

NICK
Never.

Taryn giggles and settles on the couch.

TOM

That's what I like to hear.

JIMMY

Need another round to get through the load-out.

TOM

You got it. Next act's on in twenty, but I don't care if we make them wait.

The band-mates get up and begin the back and forth work of retrieving what's on the stage and packing everything into the van. Taryn helps by staying out of the way.

Soon enough, everything's ready.

TARYN

What can I carry?

Nick picks up a large amplifier and gives it to Taryn. She buckles under its weight. Nick laughs and takes it back. Taryn laughs too and trails him out of the room.

80 EXT. ROAD HOUSE BAR, WESTERN MARYLAND - NIGHT

In the parking lot, the band load the gear into the van and say their goodbyes to Tom and a few lingering fans. Various locals mill about, smoking and laughing.

81 INT. VAN - NIGHT

Geoff drives down the dark, quiet highway. Kim nods off, shotgun. Taryn and Nick are horsing around in the back. Nick drinks whiskey straight from the bottle.

TARYN

(singing)

I never get enough, I never get enough, I never get enough of you... I told you, I can't sing.

NICK

I never get enough, I never get enough, I never get enough of you... Try it.

TARYN

(singing)

I never get enough, I never get enough, I never get enough of you!

(CONTINUED)

NICK
Got enough.

TARYN
(smacking him)
Prick!

NICK
Seriously. Don't you know any Irish
murder ballads?

TARYN
(smacking him again)
I'm making one up right now. You're
the victim.

NICK
How do I die?

TARYN
Chopped to bits. Very bloody.

NICK
How about a love song instead?

TARYN
I never get enough, I never --

NICK
Enough! Get enough!
(handing her the whiskey)
Here, how much do you need?

TARYN
Stop teasing.

NICK
I thought you got bottle-fed
Bushmill's.

TARYN
Maybe that's why I'm deranged.

NICK
Have you ever drunk milk straight
from the udder of a cow?

TARYN
What!

NICK
Have you?

(CONTINUED)

TARYN

You're picturing it now, aren't you.

NICK

I need some air. Geoff, pull over!

GEOFF

Not pulling over.

TARYN

Please, Geoff? I have to pee.

GEOFF

Seriously?

TARYN

Quite seriously.

Geoff pulls over. Nick and Taryn get out of the van.

82 EXT. I-70 - NIGHT

Nick pisses without ceremony near the van. Taryn finds a spot further away and squats.

NICK

Nice night.

TARYN

I can't talk while I'm peeing.

NICK

Liar.

TARYN

Shh.

Nick, finished, ambles over as Taryn pulls up her pants.

NICK

See them cows out yonder?

TARYN

(walking to the fence)

Calves!

Taryn ducks the fence and runs out into the dark field.

NICK

Yo!

Nick follows.

83

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

Taryn runs toward a group of cows. Nick stumbles after her. It takes him a minute to find her in the dark.

NICK
Crazy girl!

TARYN
Hi, cows!

NICK
Will they kick?

TARYN
Cows don't kick.

NICK
Are we tipping them?

TARYN
No, you bastard. That's mean.
(whispering)
See the calf?

NICK
That's the little one.

TARYN
I want it.

NICK
It'll fit in the back. If we move
some of the gear.
(taking off his belt)
Here. I'll lasso it.

Taryn tries to snatch Nick's belt. He evades her and snaps her with it.

TARYN
Fuck!

The cows move away from them.

TARYN
Now look!

Taryn grabs the end of the belt. There's a brief tug-of-war, till Taryn lets go and Nick falls down.

(CONTINUED)

NICK
I think I hurt my pride.

Taryn, laughing, lies on her back next to him. They look at each other. Taryn smiles.

Nick leans over and kisses her.

KIM (O.S.)
(calling from the fence)
Taryn! Nick! Can you please get the
fuck back to the van?

NICK
Uh-oh.

TARYN
I forgot where we were for a
minute.

KIM
Guys! Not cool!

TARYN
(sitting up)
Coming!

Taryn takes off toward the van. Nick follows.

84 EXT. KIM'S HOUSE, GARDEN - DAY

The next morning, Kim pulls a few errant weeds in the garden, coffee cup in hand.

85 INT KIM'S HOUSE - DAY

Taryn, in a long T-shirt, descends the stairs on her way to the kitchen. She passes Nick, sleeping on the sofa.

Kim comes in from the porch, carrying an empty bowl and coffee cup. The screen door BANGS SHUT. Nick stirs.

KIM
Sleep well?

NICK
Most comfortable bed in the house.

Kim walks to the kitchen.

86

INT. KIM'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY, CONTINUOUS

Geoff fixes his breakfast. Taryn leans against the counter, arranging two mugs and a hand-pour coffee filter. The teakettle RUMBLES toward a boil.

KIM

Morning.

GEOFF

Morning.

TARYN

Morning.

Kim cleans her dish in the sink, puts it in the rack to dry, and heads back to the living room.

Taryn grinds coffee beans, turns off the steaming kettle, and begins to make the coffee.

Geoff watches her thoughtfully.

GEOFF

Can I ask a stupid question?

TARYN

Okay.

GEOFF

I wasn't raised in the Christian church. What's the difference between Protestants and Catholics?

TARYN

Are you joking?

GEOFF

No.

TARYN

Catholics believe in Mary and good works, which basically for Protestants equals a one-way ticket to Hell. But of course the only real difference is that Catholics are from the South and Protestants recognize the Queen.

GEOFF

What's wrong with good works?

(CONTINUED)

TARYN

Protestants have to be good all the time, but only Jesus can save you. If you think good works can save you, you're cocky and denying God. But if you're Catholic, you can go fuck your sister, drink yourself silly, and as long as you confess it at church on Sunday and do your Hail Marys, you're in the clear.

GEOFF

Hm.

TARYN

Yeah, it's daft.

Taryn finishes making the coffee and carries the two mugs out of the kitchen.

87

INT. KIM'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY, CONTINUOUS

Taryn enters. Nick's not there. She hears VOICES outside.

Taryn walks over to the screen door. Through the screen, she sees Kim and Nick standing in the yard.

NICK

Whatever, I played the show and drank too much. Same as ever.

KIM

The drinking's not the point.

NICK

Then what's the problem?

KIM

Really?

NICK

Nothing happened.

KIM

The fact that you even have to say that is a problem for me.

NICK

You're overreacting.

(CONTINUED)

KIM
(looking at the house)
I'm an idiot.

Taryn steps away from the door. She sets Nick's coffee down on an end table by the sofa and heads upstairs.

88 EXT. KIM'S HOUSE, FRONT YARD - DAY, CONTINUOUS

KIM
Taryn is adorable. I get that. But she's my fucking niece.

NICK
Man, you're way out of line.

KIM
Are you fucking kidding me? This is my house, my band, my niece. She's pregnant, Nick. You're out of line.

NICK
Taryn's pregnant?

KIM
I'm just telling you so you understand what we're going through here.

NICK
Shit.

KIM
So none of this --
(gesturing, meaning Taryn)
is an option.

NICK
Kim. It was never an option.
Nothing happened.

KIM
I need you to leave, Nick. I have enough to deal with right now.

NICK
Can we talk later?

KIM
I don't know.

(CONTINUED)

NICK

Come on.

Nick pulls Kim into a hug. He kisses her head.

KIM

(pulling away)

Don't.

89 INT. KIM'S HOUSE, SPARE ROOM - DAY, CONTINUOUS

Taryn moves away from the window, where she can see Nick and Kim still talking in the yard below. She shuts the door to her room and walks over to the bureau across from her bed.

Taryn removes her T-shirt and looks at her body reflected in the mirror.

90 INT. BILL'S HOUSE, ABBY'S ROOM - DAY

Abby's shoved her bed and nightstand away from the wall, laid down newspapers, and is painting her formerly pink wall white. Her laptop sits open on her desk, playing video of Bill's band. The slow, tender, folky SONG fills her room.

Bill appears in the doorway, dressed for a jog.

BILL

Knock, knock.

ABBY

(turning)

Hey.

Bill stands, listening. Abby keeps painting.

ABBY

I found you in the 90s.

Bill sits on Abby's bed.

On the laptop screen, a young, long-haired and thickly bearded Bill sings and plays the harmonica. The shot widens to reveal two band-mates beside him on a red leather sofa.

BILL

Think I should grow my beard again?

ABBY

No. It makes you look sad.

(CONTINUED)

BILL
Not bad, though, right? The music?

ABBY
I'm into it.

BILL
Crazy.

Bill stands.

BILL
I'm going for a run. Wanna get a
pizza or something later? Golden
Star?

ABBY
Maybe. I might go out.

BILL
(leaving)
Feel free to start my room if you
get inspired.

ABBY
(waving)
Break a leg.

91 INT BILL'S HOUSE - DAY, CONTINUOUS

ABBY (O.S.)
Just kidding, don't!

Bill walks down the hall and out the front door.

92 EXT. KIM'S HOUSE, GARDEN - EARLY EVENING

Taryn paces on the garden path, phone to her ear, listening.

TARYN
(after a moment)
Mum, you don't have to shout. I
hear you... I don't know, mum, I
don't have the first fucking
idea...
(losing patience)
Look, is da' around? Well, can you
get him? Mum! Fine, then, if he
doesn't want to talk to me... Well,
doesn't he? It's dear, you know,
calling overseas...

(CONTINUED)

(gaining composure)
 Okay, just don't shout... Look,
 mum, I'm gonna go. I have to go.
 Really. I'm hanging up... I'll call
 you tomorrow, okay? ... Love you,
 too. Cheers.

Taryn hangs up and throws her phone into the garden. With a sigh, she finds it in a row of leggy tomato plants, puts it in her pocket and starts back toward the house.

93 EXT. KIM'S HOUSE, FRONT YARD - EARLY EVENING, CONTINUOUS

Abby's car pulls up and parks just as Taryn is rounding the corner to the front yard. Abby gets out and waves.

ABBY
 Hey.

TARYN
 Hey.

The girls meet a little awkwardly and walk to the front porch together.

TARYN
 How was New York?

ABBY
 Oh, I was just there for the day. I
 blew an audition.

TARYN
 I'm sorry.

ABBY
 (shrugs)
 My mom here?

TARYN
 In her studio, I think.

Taryn sits down on the porch. Abby lingers.

ABBY
 What's new?

Taryn shrugs.

ABBY
 (uncomfortable)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ABBY (cont'd)

Look. I'm sorry. I don't know why I yelled at you. That wasn't cool. I wasn't even mad at you.

TARYN

Could've fooled me.

ABBY

This summer is just shitty. It doesn't have anything to do with you.

TARYN

I'm not trying to be the new daughter, Abby. It's not like that at all. You don't know what I'm going through. Obviously I came at a really bad time, but I didn't know that. I didn't know where else to go.

ABBY

I'm sorry.

TARYN

I'm fucking pregnant, Abby. I have no idea what to do.

ABBY

What?

TARYN

I know I could go home, but I don't want to, and so I'm just here, trying to figure out what to do with my life.

ABBY

(sits)

Oh my god. Why didn't you tell me?

TARYN

I haven't even told my mum. She's freaking out on me enough as it is.

ABBY

Who's the dad?

TARYN

Some asshole from the fucking beach.

(CONTINUED)

ABBY
Who? Are you in touch with him?

TARYN
No. He has no idea.

ABBY
What are you going to do?

TARYN
I don't know.

ABBY
Do my parents know?

TARYN
I told Kim.

ABBY
Shit, Taryn.

TARYN
I'm so scared.

ABBY
I'm sorry.

TARYN
You didn't do it.

ABBY
(laughs)
That's a relief.

TARYN
Thanks.

Abby puts her arm around Taryn. The girls sit in silence for a moment.

94 INT. KIM'S HOUSE, SUN ROOM - EVENING

Kim sits in her studio, working through a new song on her acoustic guitar.

KIM
(singing)
*Days like this / You look up at the
sky above you / Days like this /
Yeah, You think about the ones that
love you.*

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

KIM (cont'd)

*And all I wanna do is live my life
honestly / I just wanna wake up and
see your face next to me / Every
regret I have I will go and set it
free / It will be good for me.*

Taryn and Abby enter.

Kim looks up.

CUT TO BLACK. ROLL CREDITS.

KIM

*Days like this / Yeah you think
about the ones that went before you
/ Days like this / Have you ever
seen the sky such a clear blue.*

*And all I wanna do is live my life
honestly / I just wanna wake up and
see your face next to me / Every
regret I have will go set free / It
will be good for me.*

*Days like this / That you think
about the ones that love you / Days
like this / Have you ever seen the
sky such a clear blue.*