

Mud and Magnolias

Screenplay by

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Based on the Novel  
Mud and Magnolias  
Stacey Polacco

Address  
Phone Number

Black Screen. White letters appear:

The gift of truth is beyond giving.

The taste beyond sweetness.

The joy beyond joy.

The Dhammapada

TITLE CARD: Mud and Magnolias

Black screen.

NARRATOR

Picture a spacious room.

Fade in.

INT. BUDDHIST TEMPLE - DAY

People sit on cushions in a crowded room. Their eyes remain closed. Monks and nuns in charcoal colored robes line the front row on opposite sides of the room. \*

The room is full of golden statues. It is beautiful besides some tacky posters of upcoming workshops and a dingy fan rotating obsessively in the corner. \*

We pull closer into the group of people. We see DAISY LEONI. Her dark brown curls meet her shoulders making her look more like a girl. She's dressed in all white. She feels a bit out of place. \*

She opens one eye a crack and looks around the room. She notices no one interrupted and quickly shuts it.

Black screen.

NARRATOR

Now picture a long shiny pole jutting up through the center of a large flashy stage. \*

INT. DANCE CLUB - NIGHT

Loud heavy metal music blasts filling the room with vibration.

The room full of men staring up at the stage. Their mouths wide and smiling like boys just given a toy. \*

On stage, a hot spotlight illuminates a pair of red chipped stilettos as they move and turn. CAMERA pulls up the leg. A black elastic garter squeezing the thigh holding a stack of bills in place. \*

CAMERA continues up her body until we meet her face. It's Daisy. She's younger. \*

NARRATOR

Getting naked in front of a room of blank-faced men was not something planned. It wasn't even something I could admit to wanting to do. \*

She swings with the pole. Her bright red lip smiles ear to ear. She bends over. \*

A man stuffs another bill in her lace bra. \*

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

I hungered for something new. Something opposite from the desolation I'd been through. To try and live for a change. \*

INT. BUDDHIST TEMPLE - DAY \*

(The same opening scene) People sit on cushions in a crowded room. Their eyes remain closed. Monks and nuns line the front row on opposite sides of the room. \*

We pull closer into the group of people. BIRDIE, Daisy's daughter, sits in the corner playing with dolls. \*

NARRATOR \*

The goal was to cultivate wisdom and compassion. I think that's what he said? \*

The monk hits the dong and releases a loud BANG waking up Daisy immediately. \*

EXT. BUDDHIST TEMPLE - LATER \*

Daisy searches for her keys in her bag as she approaches her car. \*

A tall man, GYURIK eyes down Daisy as he smokes a cigarette. \*

GYURIK \*

You were the one in there who was asking all those questions. \*



CAMERA TRACKS behind a younger Daisy. She approaches a large metal door with the writing, JP's. \*

She walks inside. \*

INT. JP'S - CONTINUOUS \*

A motley crew of men all dressed in the appropriate black attire, sit around the curve of the bar as if it were their domain. \*

A blend of classic rock fills the air. Daisy stands inside the entrance taking in the crowd. \*

In the center of the club is an array of circular tables filled with men watching a tall naked blonde woman with small breasts and a movie star face, strut around. \*

Daisy is mesmerized. It's obvious this is her first time...

BAR-GOER (O.S.)

You okay?

A stocky man with melon sized arms perched on top of a stool looks over at Daisy.

DAISY

Where's the manager? \*

The man points to the back. She nods. A few watch as she steps her way between the stage and the tables politely not noticing the naked women or the staring men. \*

Daisy notices a WOMAN leaning on the back wall standing in the far right corner next to the jukebox. \*

The woman looks down as she goes through her receipt pad.

DAISY (CONT'D)

Hello.

She looks. She eyes Daisy up and down.

DAISY (CONT'D)

You the manager?

LISA

Yes, and you are?

DAISY

Daisy. Daisy Leoni.

LISA

Lisa.

DAISY

I was wondering if you guys are hiring?

LISA

Yeah actually, our main dancer just had an injury so were very short staff. You got any dancing experience?

DAISY

Oh I wasn't talking about dancing. No, I thought maybe waiting or bartending?

LISA

Oh.

A beat.

LISA (CONT'D)

I'm not sure, let me ask my partner give me a sec.

Lisa gets up and walks to the back. Daisy uses the time to watch the stage.

Another WOMAN walks on stage ignoring the other dancer. She is short with pretty blue eyes, long dark hair and a well proportioned body.

She lifts her cut off yellow tank to reveal a pair of medium sized blown up breasts.

She swims through the crowd taking men's dollars as she passes. Shaking herself in front of them whenever feels necessary.

The woman makes her way to the bar, hops up and straddles it.

Daisy looks a bit taken back.

NARRATOR

As she straddled the bar, I considered whether her parents were happily married, whether or not she was in school.

(MORE)

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Yet I doubted even if the dancer  
was paying her way through school,  
she was thinking about what  
assignment was due when she removed  
her matching bikini bottoms.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

The dancer jumps off and runs back to the pole giving it a few more swings.

Lisa returns.

LISA

Two nights and one day a week, just  
until things pick up if you're  
interested.

DAISY

I am. That—that's great. Thank you.

INT. JP'S - NEXT NIGHT

Daisy waits with a tray while the bartender makes the customer's drinks.

Daisy is in a short mini skirt she keeps on pulling down. Her stiletto boots rest awkwardly on the bottom of the chair.

She sees ROXIE, a dancer inspecting her two stools away.

ROXIE

What's your name?

\*

DAISY

Daisy. I just started.

ROXIE

I see that.

Daisy nervously chuckles. Roxie slides herself to the chair closest to her. Daisy keeps an awkward smile.

\*

ROXIE (CONT'D)

Roxie. You doin any dancing?

DAISY

No. Just drinks.

ROXIE

So, you want the lay of the land?

DAISY

Sure. That'd be great.

Roxie looks around.

\*

ROXIE

\*

Randi Smith is a super nice guy.

\*

We see RANDI (50's) a short and grubby man with a face full of unkempt hair too lazy to groom, twirling his beer at the end of the bar.

\*

\*

\*

ROXIE (CONT'D)

\*

He never gets any attention from the girls unless he's paying for it.

\*

\*

\*

DAISY

Why's that?

ROXIE

Just look at him.

Daisy looks over at him. Roxie makes a gross face.

ROXIE (CONT'D)

And he smells like rotten eggs, so avoid getting too close.

Roxie scans the room for more men until she points to MATT.

\*

ROXIE (CONT'D)

\*

That's Matt. Or Professor Ledger.

\*

We see Matt sitting alone at a table lighting the cigarette of a DANCER who wears cut off shorts and a cowboy hat. Daisy looks back at him.

\*

He was taller and better looking than Randi but equally as unkept.

ROXIE (CONT'D)

Matt's a regular. He's here every day. Comes in after three when he finishes teaching.

Roxie takes a sip of her drink. The bartender puts the drinks on her tray and she stands up.

ROXIE (CONT'D)

He tips good and he's really smart. If things get slow, you can sit with him and have an actual intelligent conversation.

Daisy continues to watch him. The dancer puts her hat on his head and sits on his lap.

He holds the small of her back as she chucks her head back laughing flirtatiously.

\*

INT. BUDDHIST TEMPLE CONFERENCE AREA - NEXT NIGHT

\*

A group of people sit at a long wooden table and one of the head Monks stands in front of them.

\*

\*

Daisy walks in and takes a seat across from Gyurik. He smiles at her and Daisy smiles back.

\*

\*

MONK

\*

We do not understand the true nature of existence and believe what is impermanent to be everlasting. Because of this we develop strong attachments; we cling to what we love, and reject what we hate. This is not an easy thing to accept. It takes time and patience but even so, we can often find ourselves slipping into temptation...

\*

\*

\*

\*

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\*

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\*

INT. JP'S MAIN FLOOR - NEXT NIGHT

\*

Daisy pretends to count tips as Matt sits at the bar talking to another dancer.

\*

\*

CLOSE UP of Matt as he laughs and fixes his hair.

\*

NARRATOR

I observed how Matt proudly ran his fingers like a comb through his soft wavy hair when he wasn't busy sticking them inside the garter of some naked dancer.

We see him order another round. Daisy walks past Matt.

\*

DANCER

\*

Is that the one where that dude smothers his wife to death?

\*

\*

MATT

\*

You're thinking of Othello.

\*

DAISY

\*

Is it true that Shakespeare was really a woman?

Daisy butts in. Matt is taken a bit back by this unfamiliar voice. \*

MATT

Well, there is a theory that Shakespeare may have been a woman. \*

He straightens his body and gesticulates with his hands. \*

MATT (CONT'D)

But different people think he was lots of different things. There's actually very little biographical evidence about Shakespeare.

The dancer mouths the words, Thank you as if Daisy had rescued her from the hellish fate of having to hear Matt utter another word.

Daisy grins at her and takes a seat next to Matt as the dancer slips away. \*

MATT (CONT'D)

There was a man named William Shakespeare from Stratford-on-Avon, who married Anne Hathaway, and had two children. One of which died young, interestingly enough, a boy he named Hamlet. And then came the 'missing years.'

DAISY

(interested)

The missing years?

MATT

Shakespeare leaves him at 23 and doesn't appear again until years later when a playwright shows up in London by the name William Shakespeare and whose first plays imitates the successful plays of Christopher Marlowe. \*

Matt lights a smoke. \*

MATT (CONT'D)

But Marlow was said to have died in a knife fight so maybe he had gone underground and continued to write as 'Shakespeare,' though that's really not very likely.

DAISY

So who suggested that Shakespeare might have been a woman?

MATT

I believe it was Oscar Wilde who thought Shakespeare was a woman. I think he was Edward Devere, the Earl of Oxford. You see Devere was mentioned in a list of the six or seven best writers of the time, but there is little or no writing from Devere himself. So why would he be mentioned in that list, and Shakespeare be left out?

\*

Daisy leans in a bit more, enamored by everything he's saying.

\*

DAISY

You really know a lot about this stuff.

Daisy notices a man stick his hand up in the air for her.

She quickly stands and grabs her tray.

DAISY (CONT'D)

I'd like to hear more. And I'd like to believe that Oscar Wilde had it right.

MATT

Perhaps. Anything's possible.

INT. JP'S - NEXT NIGHT

\*

Daisy talks to Matt at a table in the middle of the room.

\*

DAISY

You mean it? I'd ask Ted but he said he's gonna be out of town. You really don't mind?

\*

MATT

No, I don't mind, just make sure to bring her back in one piece.

DAISY

I will don't worry, I'm a good driver, I promise.

NARRATOR

Matt was an arrogant drunk but could be so generous at times. And though not everyone appreciated his encyclopedic knowledge like I did, the seat next to him never stayed empty for long. At least not until he got too drunk. No one dared to go anywhere near him then.

\*  
\*  
\*

CUT TO:

Matt sits on a couch drunk. He clutches his whiskey shoving the glass at a dancer's face

MATT

What do you mean you never heard of Dante's Inferno? How could anyone not know such a work of genius? I read the entire damn thing in Latin when I was 19.

He sipped his drink and chuckles to himself.

\*

MATT (CONT'D)

What's wrong with you, are you some kind of idiot?

DANCER

Fuck you Matt.

\*

Lisa starts shoving him out.

LISA

Come on, let's go. We talked about this.

MATT

Lisa, baby, come on.

LISA

Don't be an asshole Matt. What have I told you?

MATT

I'm sorry.

He turns to face the dancer he insulted.

\*

MATT (CONT'D)

I'm sorry honey! Look at me! I didn't mean it. You're only partially an idiot.

This makes Matt laugh even harder. Lisa shuts the door on his face. Daisy watches this all unfold.

She waits a few moments when Lisa isn't looking and follows him outside.

EXT. JP'S - CONTINUOUS

Daisy sees Matt swaying on the bench outside. \*

MATT  
(slurring to himself)  
The nakedness of women is the Glory  
of God...

Daisy stands next him.

DAISY  
Who said that?

He turns himself with much effort to see who was speaking. \*

MATT  
Whitman, of course what do you  
think? Ha, and you said you were a  
poet.

Daisy looks over to TED, a frequent bar-goer. He smokes a  
cigarette. \*

TED  
He'll be fine Daisy, really.

Matt pulls himself up and starts walking off in the distance.  
Daisy watches him stumble. \*

INT. MATT'S CAR - NIGHT

The sun sets as Daisy drives Matt's dingy car. Empty alcohol  
bottles, dilapidated novels, and cigarette butts scatter the  
car.

EXT. MATT'S APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Daisy pulls the car up the driveway of an apartment complex.  
The lights turn off and she gets out.

Daisy walks into the building. \*

EXT. MATT'S FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS

She knocks on the door and he opens it for her. He looks brighter and a little more put together. \*

MATT

Hey.

DAISY

Keys.

She smiles and hands him the car keys.

MATT

You totaled it didn't you?

DAISY

It's in pieces.

They giggle. Matt still in the doorway. The awkward silence builds. \*

MATT

Come in.

Beat.

DAISY

Okay. \*

INT. MATT'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Daisy takes in the space. It looks professional with a large antique desk and a stocked book shelve full of classic and contemporary novels. \*

Handel's Water Music plays on a record in the corner. \*

MATT

Have a seat.

DAISY

Thank you.

She sits on the couch. She takes her shoes off and gets a bit more comfortable. \*

DAISY (CONT'D)

So what are you working on.

Matt sits in a chair next to the couch.

MATT  
Grading papers.

He takes a long drag of smoke and then puts it out in the ash tray on the side table.

He points to a stack of papers next to Daisy. \*

MATT (CONT'D)  
These all have to be done by Monday  
which means I'll be up all night.

DAISY  
Lucky you.

MATT  
If any of them actually knew how to  
write a decent paper.

He chuckles.

MATT (CONT'D)  
But it's a required class for first  
semester undergrads. They just need  
a passing grade.

Daisy starts rubbing her foot in pain.

MATT (CONT'D)  
I do have time to give a foot  
massage. \*

DAISY  
Oh. That's okay. You don't have to.

MATT  
I want to.

Beat.

DAISY  
Okay.

She moves over making room for him to join her. He sits down  
and starts rubbing her bare feet. \*

Without much deliberation. Daisy leans in and the two kiss. \*

After a few moments of this, Daisy stands up. \*

DAISY (CONT'D)  
Thanks for the car.

MATT

Are you taking off so soon?

DAISY

Yeah, it's been a long day. I'm tired.

Matt stands as well.

MATT

You can crash here. I can stay on the couch and you can sleep in my bed.

DAISY

Why would I do that?

Daisy straightens out her dress as she waits for a response.

MATT

I don't know.

An awkward smile crosses his face.

DAISY

Bye Matt.

\*

Daisy walks her self out.

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Daisy smiles as she clicks the lobby button.

\*

NARRATOR

Even though our first kiss was awkward, Matt started inviting me over to his place more often.

MONTAGE:

-Daisy cooks in the kitchen with Matt.

-They eat and laugh together.

\*

-Daisy looks up at Matt admiringly as they read in the living room.

\*

\*

End Montage.

\*

INT. JP'S - NIGHT

Close up of the back of a man's head motorboating one of the dancer's breasts pushed up in a sequence bra.

He pulls his head back and we see it's Matt. Daisy notices as well.

MATT

Daisy! Have you read Blake's Songs of Innocence and Experience?

DAISY

Some.

She grips the empty drink from the previous dancer and dries the spills with a rag off another table.

MATT

I bought Blake for two bucks from this young junkie street vendor I knew in New York. His name was Bill and he'd tell me which books to read. You know, the books people appreciated on the streets not the popular ones on the best sellers list.

Matt stands up and follows behind Daisy as she works, completely oblivious to Daisy's anger.

Daisy stacks another tray. Matt close behind.

MATT (CONT'D)

The modest rose puts forth a thorn/The humble sheep a threatening horn/But the lily white shall in love delight/Nor thorn nor horn stain her beauty bright.

DAISY

(still annoyed)  
Nice.

MATT

Nice? Shit's fucking renowned.

He grabs a beer off of her tray and chugs it.

DAISY

C'mon Matt.

Daisy walks to another table. Matt follows. He glances up to the new dancer on stage.

MATT

Innocence is beautiful and naive  
like a white lily.

He goes back to his drink.

MATT (CONT'D)

And at the same time, there's no  
escaping experience, even when it's  
eminently painful. But Blake. Blake  
talks about an organized innocence  
that recognizes the horror of  
existence and overcomes it. You  
have to see it all to overcome it  
all.

Daisy hears this. \*

TROUBLE (O.S.) \*

Hey darling.

TROUBLE, the oldest dancer at JP's, takes a seat next to  
Matt. \*

MATT \*

Love is the pain and suffering all  
wrapped up together, but no one  
wants to give it up.

TROUBLE \*

That's great Matt. How about buying  
me a drink? \*

Trouble swings one leg over the other. Matt puts his palm up  
towards Daisy to put in the order. \*

TROUBLE (CONT'D)

A Cosmo.

MATT

Make that two.

NARRATOR

Trouble had been friends with Matt  
for years. She was the most  
confident yet aggressive person I'd  
ever met. She would later beat me  
up thinking I was sleeping with her  
lowlife boyfriend Ken. She slapped  
me around and then shouted - \*

CUT TO: \*

TROUBLE

You can have him!!!

We see Trouble straddling Daisy on the ground of the bar. \*

NARRATOR

She was completely wrong. I wasn't sleeping with her boyfriend. Frankly, never even met the guy but I'd become anesthetized from all the adrenaline from my first public bar fight. \*

Daisy looks at Trouble with a look of pure adrenaline and thrill after being beat up. \*

CUT BACK to Daisy watching Trouble and Matt from afar. \*

Trouble snaps a look at Daisy. \*

TROUBLE

Hello???

Daisy uses that as a cue to grab the drinks. \*

INT. BUDDHIST TEMPLE CONFERENCE AREA - NIGHT \*

Daisy sits at the same conference table before with a group of people. The Monk stands in front of them. \*

MONK

In Buddhism, there are no endings. It's all a continuation. You may leave one station, but you'll end up at another. There are no real ends. The idea is to simply let go. Gradually, bit by bit it gets easier and easier. \*

INT. MATT'S APARTMENT - NIGHT \*

SLOW ZOOM on Matt as his back faces the camera. He cooks dinner and hums to himself. \*

Daisy sits on the couch. \*

MATT

Hey, I think someone named Lorraine called earlier? \*

Daisy stops what she's doing. \*

DAISY \*  
Did you answer? \*

MATT \*  
No. Who is that? \*

DAISY \*  
It's just my mom... I-I'll call her \*  
at some point. \*

Matt continues to hum. Daisy notices the VHS collection \*  
underneath the TV set. \*

MATT (O.S.) \*  
Hey, pick out a movie. I have a \*  
whole nother shelf of them by the \*  
piano. \*

MATT (CONT'D) \*  
None of that romantic comedy bull \*  
crap again. \*

DAISY (O.S.) \*  
No promises. \*

Daisy continues to look through, smiling as she sifts through \*  
the collection. \*

She opens a draw to her left. She takes out a box. We see it \*  
on her face. She found something she shouldn't. \*

DAISY (CONT'D) \*  
What's this? \*

MATT (O.S.) \*  
Hm? \*

DAISY \*  
What are all these DVD's? \*

Inside Daisy's hand is a box full of hundreds of different \*  
pornographic labels. \*

She looks further in the box and uncovers magazines of the \*  
newest sex toys and videos out on the market, circled with a \*  
red marker. \*

Matt turns to look at her. He seems unaffected by this. \*

MATT \*  
Just some DVD's, I don't know. \*

He goes back to cooking.

DAISY

I can see that, but why do you have  
so many?

Matt pretends to not hear this.

NARRATOR

I started to realize JP's wasn't  
just a local bar Matt went to have  
a drink or some attention. He was  
addicted.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

INT. JP'S - NIGHT

Daisy stands above to men taking their orders. Matt  
flirtatiously talks and touches one of the dancers.

\*  
\*

DAISY

Two beers and a what?

BAR-GOER

(slowly)

Two gin and tonics and three bu-

Daisy leaves without letting him finish.

\*

DAISY

Why were you sitting next to  
Melanie for so long?

Matt's eyes move slowly from the stage to Daisy's angered  
face.

\*

MATT

It's Melissa and what are you  
talking about? She was sitting next  
to me.

DAISY

Don't give me that shit Matt.

MATT

She was asking my advice about her  
new boyfriend. These girls, let me  
tell you, have such a thing for bad  
boys.

\*  
\*  
\*

BAR-GOER

Yo Daisy, our drinks? I pay good  
money to be here-

She shoots them a look.

DAISY  
One fucking second!

Everyone in the club goes quiet. Matt seems a bit embarrassed.

\*

DAISY (CONT'D)  
Matt, you're not hearing me.

Daisy stares Matt down until he got the hint and nods in understanding.

Daisy goes to the bar to fill the order. Lisa shoots her a look.

\*

INT. MATT'S BATHROOM - LATER

\*

Matt stands in front of the mirror of his bathroom shaving his face.

Daisy stands at the door with a book in her hand.

DAISY  
Don't you realize that these girls  
are only interested in your money.

\*

MATT  
I believe in equal rights for women  
and choice. Dancing is those girls—

DAISY  
Women—

MATT  
Women, yes. Women's choice. And  
isn't that what feminism is all  
about? Choice?

He stops shaving and looks at Daisy. She reads off an article.

DAISY  
Is it a choice that some of these  
women could've been sexually  
exploited since their childhood? I  
read something that said 75% of all  
women involved in pornography are  
incest survivors.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

MATT  
I go in 'cause I know everybody in  
the place and to get a drink. I  
barely even look at the girls.

He goes back to shaving.

DAISY

I've seen you Matt. Don't forget I work there.

MATT

Don't be a prude.

He grabs a towel and washes the rest of the cream off.

MATT (CONT'D)

Besides, I've tutored those girls for years and I've always encouraged them to get an education.

DAISY

But what about me? What about how I feel?

Matt moves a step over to the toilet, pulls down his pants a bit and starts to pee. Daisy makes an annoyed face.

MATT

This is not about you. \*

DAISY

My boyfriend is staring at other women's bodies when he should only be looking at mine. \*

He zips up his pants and washes his hands. \*

MATT

I love looking at your body.

He walks out of the bathroom.

MATT (CONT'D)

Have you seen that red plaid shirt I have? Can't find it anywhere.

Daisy stands in the doorway. She stares back at herself in the mirror.

She runs up to him and hugs him. He turns around and hugs her back. \*

NARRATOR

I can't say that things got better, but a few months passed...

EXT. STREETS OF GEORGETOWN - DAY

CAMERA MOVES up from fall foliage hitting the floor. \*

Daisy's face is lit up with shock as Matt kneels one knee awkwardly in front of her. \*  
\*

DAISY  
You're kidding right?

MATT  
'A man without a woman is like a pistol without a trigger.'

Matt laughs and Daisy rolls her eyes.

DAISY  
Where's my ring? \*

Matt grabs her hand and leads her down the block. \*

INT. JEWELRY STORE - CONTINUOUS

We hear a ding as Daisy and Matt hold hands and stroll into a jewelry store. \*

Daisy stares at the cases of diamonds. \*

Classical music begins to play. \*

NARRATOR  
As we browsed the counters, I pictured us as husband and wife sitting around our dark mahogany dinner table over a worn-out antique rug. \*

INSERT DREAM SEQUENCE \*

INT. ANTIQUE DINING ROOM - DAY \*

Matt and Daisy sit at opposite sides of a long classic dinner table. Candles burn in the middle as a ham sizzles in the middle.

NARRATOR  
We would be having one of our usual intellectual discourses over a finely cooked gourmet meal listening to Bach on the turn table.

Two children groomed to perfection sit in the middle. Their arms tucked away at their lap. \*

NARRATOR (CONT'D)  
A pair of wonderfully smart children would sit around the table. \*

END DREAM SEQUENCE \*

INT. JEWELRY STORE - CONTINUOUS

Daisy admired a small diamond with a golden band sparkling on her finger.

INSERT DREAM SEQUENCE \*

INT. ANTIQUE DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The same children from early throw food at one another. Their hair messy and their manners even more so.

The music more intense now. Matt dances around the dining room like he's floating. A bottle of whiskey his dancing partner. Every turn he makes he takes another shot.

Daisy scrubbing away at a dish until it breaks in her hand making her bleed. \*

Matt is now in the kitchen berating Daisy. He threatens her with his bottle. The children yell and break the two up.

CUT TO:

Matt slams the front door behind him leaving Daisy and the children to sit with what just happened.

Music stops short.

END DREAM SEQUENCE \*

INT. JEWELRY STORE - CONTINUOUS

Daisy snaps herself back to reality.

DAISY  
I like this one.

SALESMAN  
That's a tenth of a carat.

MATT  
We'll take it.

CAMERA PULLS out and into the street.

EXT. SIDEWALK - CONTINUOUS

AERIAL SHOT of Daisy and Matt leaving the jewelry store holding hands.

CLOSER SHOT of Matt picking up Daisy and spinning her around in his arms. Her small diamond shines after each spin. \*

NARRATOR  
I wondered when we'd start to laugh  
and admit we were playing a joke,  
take the receipt and return the  
ring. \*

INT. MATT'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

The front door swings open with Matt and Daisy passionately kissing one another. Dropping their bags and jackets on the floor. They walk off screen. \*

NARRATOR  
Yet neither of us piped up and once  
again I was left to wonder how  
someone as brilliant as Matt, could  
be so incredulous. As if our  
problems suddenly dissolved. \*

INT. MATT'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Matt and Daisy continue to kiss now on the bed. They remove each other's clothing. Matt stops and playfully admires the ring making Daisy laugh. \*

INSERT FLASHBACK  
SEQUENCE: \*

INT. MATT'S OLD BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

A young Matt lays on a bed. Posters of poets and famous authors line the wall. A stack of books sit next to him. He reads trying to ignore the yell of his mother.

NARRATOR

Someone who grew up with an alcoholic nag for a mother causing him to escape inside the beauty of books and poetry. Someone who preferred the fantasy of being with a woman over actually being with one.

\*

EXT. MATT'S OLD BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Matt's MOTHER yells outside his door. A drink is gripped in her hand. She bangs on the door.

NARRATOR

Or me-

\*

INT. DAISY'S MOTHER'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A young Daisy sits in the middle of an outdated floral couch. She stares up at her mother.

NARRATOR

Having been the first kid in school whose parents divorced and then reminded my whole childhood to-

\*

Daisy's mother LORRAINE stands tall and proud looking down at her daughter.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

(firmly)  
Never depend on a man. Got it?

\*

LORRAINE

(firmly)  
Never depend on a man. Got it?

Young Daisy nods a little scared.

END FLASHBACK.

A week later.

\*

INT. MATT'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Matt's back is facing Daisy as he hunches over, pouring himself another drink. She watches as he stumbles back over to her. He chucks the drink back and throws the glass. It shatters.

\*

This spooks Daisy. She stands up to tries to calm him down.

NARRATOR

An entire week went by without anyone mentioning JP's. By Friday, Matt's haughtiness had surfaced. I didn't trust that he could control his urges a moment longer.

\*

\*

\*

INT. MATT'S APARTMENT - LATER

\*

Daisy sits on the couch and drinks. Matt walks in.

\*

MATT

Sorry I'm late.

DAISY

You're drunk.

\*

MATT

And circle gets the square.

She follows him to the living room and grabs his hand.

DAISY

Wait.

Matt turns to her and she kisses him. It's sloppy and feels forced. She puts her drink up to his mouth to get him more drunk.

She grabs some of his hair.

\*

DAISY (CONT'D)

You need a haircut.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Matt plops down on the toilet seat. Daisy stands powerful in front of him. She combs through his hair with her fingers and she clutches scissors in the other.

MATT

(slurred)

I love it when you take care of me.

DAISY

Shh.

CLOSE UP of Daisy's hands somewhat aggressively cutting Matt's wavy beloved hair.

\*

Matt firmly grabs Daisy's wrist. This knocks her out of her trance.

\*

MATT

I love you.

Daisy ignores this.

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

Daisy lays alone in a dark bedroom. The only shed of light comes from the door being cracked open. Mumbling is heard from the other room. After a few moments of this, she finally wakes from a yell from Matt.

A figure appears in the light. It's Matt. He continues to make incoherent mumbling sounds standing in the doorway.

CLOSE UP of Daisy as she continues to lay in bed pretending to be asleep. The room goes silent. We think Matt has left until-

Daisy's head is jerked back. Matt hold Daisy's head up and slices off a chunk of her hair right by her scalp sloppily with a kitchen knife.

\*

Daisy's head plummets back down on the pillow. She rolls over and sees a deathly stare from Matt and his patchy bald head above her.

\*

\*

Without much hesitation, Daisy leaps for the knife.

DAISY

Give me that fucking thing!

Matt continues to mumble and grunt, seemingly unable to form words. They both struggle for the knife, landing hard onto the floor ignoring the sting.

\*

MATT

Look what you fucking did to me!

\*

\*

Daisy pries the knife from Matt's clenched fist. Daisy is able to stand. She kicks Matt in the rib cage several times.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Daisy stumbles into the disturbingly bright kitchen. We see the severity of what Matt has done to her hair. She chucks the knife in the sink. Matt stumbles his way slowly towards her.

Daisy runs out of the apartment.

EXT. SIDEWALK - CONTINUOUS

Daisy speed walks away from the building still shaken up. She notices her finger gushes with blood. She sucks on her finger and then feels the top of her scalp where her hair should be. This makes her cry even harder.

EXT. AIRPORT LANDING STRIP - DAY

The day is brighter and feels warmer. An airplane comes to a land.

INT. BUS - DAY

Daisy sits on a bus with a suitcase and her dog, Oscar next to her. She adjusts the clips on her hair that are concealing her botched haircut.

INT. DAISY'S MIAMI APARTMENT - DAY

Daisy opens the door to her new apartment.

NARRATOR

I took every cent I made at JP's and rented a tiny shoebox apartment on the Southside of Miami. The farthest away I can get from Matt.

INT. DINING ROOM - NEXT MORNING

Daisy sits at the table reading the paper. She circles local jobs.

She notices a job listing at Fishnet Stockings. The job description reads: Looking for Dancers, No Experience Necessary.

After some hesitation, she circles it.

INT. CAR - DAY

Daisy drives in her rented car listening to the radio.

Daisy drives slowly passed a club with a neon red sign reading: Fishnet Stockings.

She comes to a full stop when she notices a man and a woman leaving the club holding hands. They look similar to her and Matt. She watches them leave until they're no longer in sight. \*

She gets honked at and she quickly starts driving again. \*

INT. BUDDHIST TEMPLE CONFERENCE AREA - NIGHT \*

The Monk continues to speak in front of the class. \*

MONK \*

The Buddha wanted to know what was the point of existence. If one's fate was destined to end. Shakyamuni knew there was no escape from the cycle of birth and death and decided to leave privileged princely life to become an ascetic in search of answers and the meaning of life. \*

Gyurik raises his hand. \*

GYURIK \*

Well, if life is suffering, why do I experience such great joy and pleasure in life? \*

MONK \*

In Buddhism, there is no denying there is great pleasure and joy in life, even on an ordinary level. But it's transitory. All pleasure will pass as will all pain. The belief of impermanence, that life is in a constant state of flux and people suffer a great deal because of that. \*

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT \*

The restaurant is decked out in New Years Eve decor.

Daisy sits at a bar alone. She notices the groups of people celebrating besides her. \*

BARTENDER \*

So, what do you do? \*

DAISY \*

I'm retired. \*

The bartender giggles. \*

BARTENDER \*  
Where ya from? \*

DAISY \*  
Long Island. \*

BARTENDER \*  
I hear that's nice. \*

DAISY \*  
Not at all. \*

He looks a bit uncomfortable. \*

RANDOM PERSON \*  
Oh, look! The countdown is  
starting!!

Everyone in the bar starts to countdown besides Daisy.

She notices the familiar red neon sign blaring at her from  
across the street in the window. \*

Daisy walks out of the restaurant.

EVERYONE  
Happy New Year!!!

Everyone in the restaurant cheers. \*

EXT. RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

She shuts the door behind her and stands looking at Fishnets. \*  
The cheers from the restaurant continue. Daisy crosses the \*  
street.

INT. FISHNET STOCKING - CONTINUOUS

A similar layout to JP's but much bigger and lavish. A few  
topless dancers throw themselves around a pole. The neon  
colored lights are blinding. \*

Three rows of black vinyl couches surround the stage with \*  
twenty or so small tables scattered throughout the club.

Men sit at different tables drinking and shoving bills inside  
dancers' bras. \*

Daisy walks in. She notices the main dancer wearing thigh high boots hanging upside down from the pole. Her athletic legs straddle the air.

Daisy stands next to the DJ. He checks her out.

DJ  
You here to audition?

DAISY  
Who, me? Oh no, no I'm staying nearby and just wanted to check out the place.

DJ  
That's too bad.

DAISY  
What's too bad?

DJ  
That you're not auditioning.

Daisy blushes a bit.

DAISY  
I used to work at a place like this. But I never danced. I don't know how to dance like that. \*

DJ  
Couldn't hurt to try. \*

She smiles at him and heads to the exit. \*

EXT. FISHNET - NIGHT

Daisy stands outside watching the group in the restaurant across from her enjoying their time. \*

Daisy checks her phone. NO MISSED CALLS are on the screen. She puts her phone in her pocket and walks back inside the club. \*

INT. FISHNET STOCKING - NIGHT

Daisy gives a look to the DJ.

DJ  
Didn't take you long. \*

The DJ looks across the club to a woman dancing on the lap of a man.

DJ (CONT'D)

Gina!

GINA looks over while dry humping a customer. The DJ points to Daisy. She gets the hint. She stands, grabs her cash and yells to Daisy-

GINA

Come with me.

Daisy follows almost involuntarily.

INT. DRESSING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Gina walks her over to an empty chair with a dirty vanity mirror. Daisy stands hesitantly. Strippers change and put on lipstick ignoring Daisy's presence. Gina turns to her. \*

GINA

You can use mine hon.

DAISY

Okay.

GINA

What size shoe?

DAISY

Um. 7.5?

Gina goes to the pile of shoes in the corner and throw a pair of stilettos her way.

Daisy puts them on and sits on the chair. She fixes her hair and applies her lipstick shyly. \*

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Daisy is now dressed and ready to go on stage. She follows two confident dancers, CARA and PANTERA walk from the dressing room to backstage. \*

They smoke cigarettes and laugh with one another.

PANTERA

He pays 10 times the shit I make here. I'm telling you. I'll put you on. He's always looking for another friend. \*

They laugh at this and ash their cigarettes.

CARA

If Lionel doesn't give me more next  
paycheck I'm telling you I'm going  
back to Diamonds.

PANTERA

You were kicked out...

The MANAGER walks past them.

MANAGER

Hey! What they fuck did I tell you  
about ashing on the carpet, huh?

Pantera rolls her eyes at this. The manager eyes Daisy as he  
walks past her. She innocently smiles.

When the manager turns the corner, Pantera squats down, puts  
her cigarette out on the carpet and gives the manager the  
finger.

Daisy follows a safe distance behind, listening to every  
word. They stop walking once they hit the side curtains.

Cara opens the curtain a crack with her acrylic nails. We see  
a woman topless dancing on stage.

CARA

Fucking Pandora always goes over  
her time.

PANTERA

She's got no respect I've been  
telling you.

They finally notice Daisy.

PANTERA (CONT'D)

You new here?

DAISY

Me? No. I mean kind of. I—I don't  
know I'm just trying it out I  
guess.

PANTERA

Mm.

DAISY

I'm kind of nervous.

CARA

Don't be. You don't owe em shit.

\*

Off that note, they walk on stage and Daisy follows.

INT. STAGE - CONTINUOUS

Daisy is blinded by the harsh spotlights hitting her. She shields her eyes. She notices the dancers already doing what they know best.

Daisy stands for what feels like a few minutes unable to move. The mens' eyes stay glued on Daisy trying to figure out what's wrong with her.

\*

Daisy starts slowly to move her hips. Then her shoulders.

The men start looking more interested.

NARRATOR

Being on that stage made getting naked not only seem like a perfectly natural thing to do, but there was something almost enjoyable about it.

\*

\*

The dancers next to her way more confident, start removing their clothes. Daisy does the same. The men cheer.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Something addictive about it.

\*

Daisy now topless, starts to remove her skirt, looking down.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Fuck, I should've shaved.

CAMERA faces the back of Daisy as she moves more confidently now even incorporating the pole.

The louder the cheers, the more we hear Daisy's heartbeat build louder until it's the only thing we can hear.

INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE - LATER

Daisy sits in a dimly lit office. The high from earlier still building inside of her.

\*

The manager sits in front of her at his desk typing on a computer. He slaps it.

\*

MANAGER

Come on!

Polaroid pictures of the dancers with their names written  
boldly in black writing are tacked to the wall.

\*  
\*

MANAGER (CONT'D)

So tomorrow night and then so  
fourth if you do good.

DAISY

What? What do you mean.

MANAGER

The guys loved you. I don't know  
why. Maybe cause you got that  
innocent thing about you. You a  
virgin?

DAISY

No?

MANAGER

Alright, so you can start tomorrow?

DAISY

You want me to work here?

MANAGER

Well, yeah. What the fuck else  
would you be up on my stage for?  
Shit's not an open mic.

DAISY

I-uh.

There's a knock on the door.

MANAGER

One sec!

Manager pulls the Polaroid camera from the drawer and takes a  
quick flash picture of Daisy. She flinches from the bright  
light.

He pulls out the picture and shakes it. He grabs a Sharpie.

MANAGER (CONT'D)

What's your name?

Daisy hesitates for a second. Is she really about to make  
this commitment?

DAISY  
It's Rachel.

A beat.

MANAGER  
Alright, we'll work on that.

The manager starts writing it. \*

He aggressively tacts the picture to the wall. We see Daisy new identity.

Upbeat music begins to play.

INT. DRESSING ROOM - NEXT NIGHT

MONTAGE:

-One of the dancer tweezes her bikini line.

-Someone sprays herself with hairspray.

-Someone sprays their bikini area with perfume.

-Another dancer flosses her teeth.

-Another dancer stuffs her bra.

-Someone counts her money.

-Another dancer smokes a joint and laughs.

End Montage.

Music fades out.

Daisy sits at her chair applying makeup. She eavesdrops on the conversation next to her of two dancers.

LANA \*  
Did you see the guy I scored in the skybox?

PANTERA \*  
Any good?

LANA \*  
Better than good. He's been here three nights running. He's in love you know. Wants to take me out and shit. Treat me good.

Gina walks over to the two strippers and looks at herself in their mirror.

GINA  
He aint in love. He wants your pussy and that's it. Hasn't this job taught you nothing?

LANA  
He's different.

Gina and Pantera laugh at this.

INT. DAISY'S KITCHEN - MORNING

CLOSE UP shot of a smoothie blending loudly. The phone rings as Daisy sloppily pours herself a glass. She runs to grab the phone.

DAISY  
Hello?

A beat.

Mom?

INT. LORRAINE'S KITCHEN - MORNING

Lorraine makes she hold the phone to her ear.

LORRAINE  
Daisy? It's your mother.

INT. DAISY'S LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Daisy takes a seat on the couch.

DAISY  
I-I know. How are you?

LORRAINE (O.S.)  
Fine. You never called me back.

DAISY  
I'm sorry. I've just been busy.

LORRAINE  
Yeah whatever. Fabia's cousin, Olive died.

DAISY  
Who's Olive?

LORRAINE (O.S.)

I just told you. Are you listening to me?

DAISY

Y-yes mom... I'm just in a rush, I have work soon.

LORRAINE

We're invited to the funeral.

INT. LORRAINE'S KITCHEN - MORNING

Lorraine pours herself a cup of coffee. \*

LORRAINE

We're going to Rome.

DAISY (O.S.)

Rome?

LORRAINE

You spent a lot of summers at Olive's when you were a kid. She always let you stay there. Anyway, I'm going and I really think you should come too.

Silence on the other line.

LORRAINE (CONT'D)

Jesus, Daisy it's just for a week!

INT. DAISY'S LIVING ROOM - MORNING \*

Daisy sits on the couch, listening to her mother.

DAISY

Are you paying?

INT. LORRAINE'S KITCHEN - MORNING

Lorraine smiles to herself.

LORRAINE

What's the matter? You're not making enough bartending?

DAISY (O.S.)

I guess not.

LORRAINE

Fine, I'll pay. Is that a yes?

INT. DAISY'S LIVING ROOM - MORNING

\*

Daisy takes a second to think about this.

DAISY

(hesitantly)

Fine.

\*

LORRAINE (O.S.)

Ah! Good girl!

INT. AIRPLANE - MORNING

Daisy sits next to Lorraine as she reads a book. Daisy looks out the window.

INT. FABIA'S HOUSE - NEXT MORNING

Daisy and Lorraine roll in their suitcases inside a large antique condo in the heart of Rome.

FABIA greets the two at the door.

FABIA

Ah! Amore! Come stai?

She kisses both Lorraine and Daisy. Fabia looks over to Daisy.

FABIA (CONT'D)

Quanto sei bella! Sei cresciuto  
così tanto.

Daisy smiles, not understanding a word. Fabia grabs the bags and Lorraine and her start to catch up.

Daisy uses this as a time to explore the house. She walks past the hallway noticing all the antique pictures on the wall.

She passes by a picture of Olive. She stands and looks at it for a while. Flowers line the gold trimmed frame.

Daisy notices the door to the balcony in the other room. She walks to it and opens the door.

EXT. BALCONY - CONTINUOUS

The balcony is lined with vines and a view of a tennis court and a forest.

Daisy takes in all the beauty. She looks behind her and sees Fabia and Lorraine still catching up on the couch. Daisy notices a staircase that leads up to the roof. \*

EXT. ROOF - CONTINUOUS

Daisy sees the pool house right over the parking garage. \*

We hear distant sounds of people splashing around and talking. \*

NARRATOR

Despite not wanting to get into any trouble-

A group of boys and girls walk out of the pool house giggling and messing around. They walk closer to the where Daisy is staying.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

The tall, skinny boy with the dark complexion and boyish charm who lived directly below Olive was hard to forget.

One of the GIRLS jumps on the back of MARCO. They continue to walk closer. Marco notices Daisy staring. \*

EXT. ROOF - CONTINUOUS

Daisy quickly ducks down when she sees Marco staring back at her. She tries to peep again.

EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Marco notices this and waves to Daisy.

EXT. ROOF - CONTINUOUS

Daisy accepts that she's been caught and shyly waves back.

NARRATOR

His name was Marco Prezzo, and he seemed to have it all.

INT. POOL - DAY

Marco tans on a beach chair alongside a group of friends in their early 20's.

NARRATOR

The young children followed him around like an adorned older brother.

\*

INT. POOL - NEXT DAY

Daisy sits on a beach chair with sunglasses on reading a newspaper. She puts it down and dives into the pool.

\*

INT. DEEP END - CONTINUOUS

Daisy swims to the bottom of the pool and sits.

NARRATOR

When three days had gone by without seeing him, I was so worried that he'd gone away and would never see him again.

\*

\*

Daisy swims up and hold herself up from the edge of the pool. A little BOY stands at the edge.

\*

DAISY

Dove Marco?

\*

BOY

Sei innamorata con Marco!!

DAISY

No!! Non e vero! I was just curious to know where he went.

BOY

Tu sei innamorata, tu sei innamorata!!!

The young boy teases Daisy making her blush. The boy goes around telling all his friends.

\*

\*

EXT. POOL - LATER

Marco finally appears riding down the long winding hill towards the pool on his motor scooter.

\*

The young boys from earlier chase him down and jump on him before he has a chance to shut off the engine. \*

BOY

La ragazza Americana ti ama! \*

Marco looks up at Daisy who stands at the top at the pool completely horrified. He smiles up at her.

EXT. STREETS OF ROME - NIGHT

Daisy sits on the back of Marco's scooter. They drive through Rome. \*

NARRATOR

We went all over Rome, showing me every inch of life I've been missing.

Daisy holds onto Marco tighter. \*

EXT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Marco and Daisy drink together outside.

EXT. POOL - NIGHT

Daisy and Marco sneak into the pool together drunk. The pool lights the bottom of the pool. A dog barks in the distance.

They jump the fence and quickly jump into the pool with their clothes still on.

They swim up still laughing, trying not to wake anyone up. Their laughs fade and Marco looks into Daisy's eyes. They kiss for the first time.

EXT. AIRPORT - DAY

Marco and Fabia sit in their car. Marco kisses Daisy goodbye as Lorraine waits impatiently. \*

DAISY

I'll see you soon okay? \*

Daisy waves as the car drives off and then vomits. Lorraine groans. \*

LORRAINE

For crying out loud, Daisy.

INT. DAISY'S MIAMI APARTMENT - NEXT DAY

Daisy runs to the answering machine barely even putting down her suitcase. She presses play.

Answering machine: Ello Daisy, sono Marco. Spero tu arrivato bene a Miami. Ti mancho tanto. Call me, ok? Ciao.

Daisy smiles to herself and plays the answering machine again.

INT. TEA SHOP - NIGHT

The group from the Buddhist meeting crowd around a small table. Gyurik sits next to Daisy.

MAN 1

I went on retreat there a few summers ago. It was so peaceful.

WOMAN 1

Oh, I know that place. Bhikkhu Bodhi teaches there sometimes right?

The group continues to chatter.

GYURIK

(to Daisy)

How are you enjoying it?

DAISY

It's good.

GYURIK

That's it? It's good. You don't say much do you.

Daisy chuckles.

DAISY

No. I don't know. It's just different. It's a lot of information but the meditation and overall practice seems to be helping.

GYURIK

Helping with what?

DAISY

You're really nosey aren't you?

He smiles at her.

\*

GYURIK

\*

Can I take you out sometime.

\*

DAISY

\*

We're out now.

\*

GYURIK

\*

You know what I mean.

\*

DAISY

\*

I'm flattered but I don't think so.

\*

Gyurik continues to persist until he is interrupted by the waiter.

\*

\*

WAITER

\*

Can I get you guys anything else?

\*

Gyurik doesn't take his eyes off Daisy. A mystery he is determined to solve.

\*

\*

INT. PRIVATE DANCE ROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE UP of Daisy's leg bent right next to a MAN'S body.

We PULL BACK and see Daisy staring down at this scrawny man. He avoids eye contact, making it obvious this is his first time.

NARRATOR

\*

I made money my primary goal  
repeating the word like a mantra  
night after night till nothing else  
was left in my mind; not Matt, not  
what I was perpetuating, not  
anything except money.

\*

MAN

I—I don't have any cash.

Daisy's straight face turns to a mischievous smile.

DAISY

It's okay!

Daisy places her hand on his upper thigh.

DAISY (CONT'D)

We take cards.

INT. DRESSING ROOM - LATER

Daisy gets ready to go on stage. The phone rings in the dressing room. Pantera picks it up.

PANTERA  
For who? What?

Pantera hands Daisy the phone.

PANTERA (CONT'D)  
Some Spanish dude is asking for  
you?

Daisy can't hold in her excitement.

DAISY  
(on the phone)  
Marco? How are you? I miss you.

The dancers in the room put on their makeup eavesdropping on the conversation.

DAISY (CONT'D)  
What do you mean? Well I told you I  
would come visit soon. You don't  
have to do this. \*

A beat.

DAISY (CONT'D)  
Marco. Don't. Please. Please don't  
do this. \*

The dancers know what's happening. They pretend to keep busy. Daisy hangs up the phone.

INT. MAIN FLOOR - LATER

Daisy holds her bag and starts walking out of the club, hugging people as she goes. \*

PANTERA  
Be good okay? Call me if you need  
anything.

Daisy hugs a few other dancers and starts to walk out.

CARA  
(under her breath)  
She'll be back.

Cara walks away. \*

CARA (CONT'D)  
They always come back.

\*  
\*

EXT. FISHNET'S - CONTINUOUS

\*

Daisy walks away from the club giving it one final look.

\*

EXT. AIRPORT LANDING STRIP - NIGHT

Airplanes take off and land on the landing strip in Rome.

\*

EXT. FABIA'S BALCONY - NIGHT

Daisy and Fabia sit on the balcony, drinking wine. Daisy takes in the view, remembering the summer she spent.

FABIA  
So you mean he just stopped  
calling?

DAISY  
No, he just broke it off. He said  
long distance was no way to  
maintain a relationship.

FABIA  
So you came all the way back. Che  
romantico. What did he say when you  
told him you were coming?

\*  
\*  
\*

DAISY  
I haven't told him yet.

FABIA  
You haven't told him yet?

DAISY  
No. He has no idea.

FABIA  
Well, call and tell him.

DAISY  
No. No, I think I'd rather wait.  
Maybe like another week or so.

FABIA  
Call him.

Daisy thinks about this for a few moments.

DAISY

Do you really think I should? It's kind of late. What if he's sleeping?

FABIA

It's Friday night, he's not sleeping.

Daisy stands up and walks to the phone. She quickly comes back.

DAISY

what if he's not happy to hear from me—

FABIA

Do it.

DAISY

Okay.

Daisy walks back inside.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Daisy grabs the phone off the cord and takes a second before she starts dialing.

EXT. FABIA'S BALCONY - CONTINUOUS

Fabia listens to the muffled conversation coming from the living room. She takes another sip of her wine, looking a bit affected by their conversation.

EXT. APARTMENT PARKING LOT - LATER

Daisy and Marco sit on the hood of his car. \*

MARCO

Non posso credere sei qua.

Daisy looked at his as if everything has finally fallen into place. \*  
\*

EXT. ROME STREETS - DAY

Daisy rides on a motor scooter all throughout Rome. \*

We see all the views of Rome and the tourists walking around, taking pictures.

INT. DAISY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

\*

Daisy cooks in her now fully furnished apartment. She attempts to make dinner but it's obvious things are being burnt.

NARRATOR

After work, Marco would come over and spend the entire weekend. Within moments, Marco's finger would be holding down the buzzer.

\*

\*

EXT. DAISY'S FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS

CLOSEUP SHOT of Marco's finger on the buzzer as we hear a loud BUZZ.

\*

\*

INT. DAISY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Marco and Daisy embrace each other and move to the bedroom as the food is forgotten about and burns.

\*

NARRATOR

Those first couple of months we spent most of the time alone, getting reacquainted again.

INT. CAR - DAY

Marco, Daisy, Fabia, GIGI, (Marco's best friend), CLAUDIO, and VITTORIA, swing back in fourth as Marco drives fast over exaggerating every turn and bump.

NARRATOR

Sundays, all six of us would cram into Marco's car and take long drives to spend the day up North in the beautiful Dolomite mountains, or south of the Almalfi Coast.

EXT. BOAT - DAY

The same group now on top of a small sail boat as Marco adjusts the sail.

\*

\*

NARRATOR

We'd boat to small islands off the coast of Rome.

EXT. LAKESIDE - SUNSET

The group is now sitting besides the lake and enjoying one another's company.

NARRATOR

Or hang out by the plush lakes and country sides on the Eastern border of Padua.

\*

INT. CASHMERE STORE - NIGHT

A bunch of customers flood in to the store and Daisy folds clothes and other workers assist the people.

NARRATOR

During the Christmas season, while Marco was busy working in the factory in Perugia, I offered to help out at the showroom in Rome.

ANOTHER ANGLE:

SIMONA adjusts an outfit on one of the customers.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Simona, Marco's younger sister worked in the showroom as well. Unlike Marco, Simona took the business only half seriously.

\*

EXT. SHOWROOM - DAY

Simona hops onto the back of FRANCESCO'S motorcycle. He hands her a helmet. Daisy notices her fleeing.

SIMONA

Don't tell nobody where I'm going. Tell them I went to town for office supplies.

The two storm off before Daisy could get a word in.

\*

INT. SHOWROOM - DAY

ENZO, an intimidating man with a dark full head of hair,  
yells on the phone. \*

NARRATOR

When Marco's father, Enzo showed up  
to the showroom, Simona stopped  
sneaking out the back door. \*

ENZO

Simona! (whistles) Dai la ragazza  
qualcosa di fare!

Simona pops her head up quick and quickly rushes Daisy to the  
front of the store to fold clothes.

NARRATOR

Though I'd been dating Enzo's son  
for a little over a year, we'd  
never actually spoken to one  
another. He claimed not to know a  
word of English, and rarely looked  
directly at me. \*

INT. ENZO'S HOME - DAY

CORRINA, an older woman with thick blonde hair and beady  
green eyes stands on her balcony, hanging up clothing one by  
one. \*

NARRATOR

Corrina, Marco's mother was always  
pleasant and cheerful. They had all  
the appliances of the modern world,  
but like many Italian's preferred,  
to dry their clothes on a clothes  
line... \*

Corrina continues to work as she stares into the camera-

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Perche it preserves the clothes  
longer.

CORRINA

Perche it preserves the clothes  
longer.

INT. DINNER TABLE - NIGHT

Simona, Marco, and Daisy sit at the dinner table. Enzo is at the head looking like the pillar of strength. Corrina serves him a ladle worth of food first. \*

MARCO

She left two hours early today.

SIMONA

Non è vero Marco!

MARCO

E quel maglione? She takes so many sweaters constantly.

Daisy stays quiet. Simona rolls her eyes at Marco.

MARCO (CONT'D)

È un grande problema, Papa!

Enzo shakes his head, annoyed by the news. \*

EXT. STOREFRONTS OF ROME - DAY

Daisy explores the different stores admiring the details of every window decorations. She holds a view books in her arms. She looks a bit disconnected and in deep thought.

NARRATOR

Monday morning when Marco would leave for Perugia, I was left to battle my demons on my own. I couldn't escape feeling disconnected. \*

INT. MARCO'S APARTMENT - NIGHT \*

Marco chops up tomatoes as Daisy sits on the couch.

DAISY

I think I'm going to go back to Miami for a visit.

He puts the knife down.

MARCO

What do you mean go to Miami?

DAISY

I don't know I'm feeling a little homesick?

MARCO

Homesick? That's not even your home. This is your home.

Daisy stands up and walks to him.

DAISY

I—I know this is my home. I just, need to get away for bit. Just a week.

Marco shakes his head. Her words affecting him greatly. Daisy, not understanding why this is so hard for him to understand—

DAISY (CONT'D)

I want to go but if it makes you feel so bad, I'll stay.

Marco doesn't look at her.

MARCO

No. Go.

INT. MARCO'S APARTMENT - DAY

Daisy struggles to open the door of Marco's as she lugs in two suitcases.

NARRATOR

When I returned a week later like I promised, Marco was missing. Not his physical body, but some other part, perhaps the part that would "die without me"

\*

INT. MARCO'S REFRIGERATOR - DAY

Marco looks through the sparse fridge, making a face at the now molded cheese. He pulls out a few vegetables and starts chopping.

\*

MARCO

Never any food in here. You can buy some food sometimes you know?

Daisy looks heated, ready to explode.

\*

DAISY

You do all the work and your father makes all the money.

MARCO

We eat out too much.

DAISY

We eat out once a week when you're in Rome, maybe twice. That's NOT a lot.

MARCO

We just need to cut back a little.

DAISY

No we don't! You just don't make enough.

MARCO

I make what I need.

DAISY

That's not the point. You should demand more and not depend on your father to pay for all your needs.

\*

MARCO

Why should I demand more when I get paid what I need?

DAISY

Well what about taking Saturday's off?

Marco shakes his head.

DAISY (CONT'D)

That would be the perfect solution you'll get paid the same amount of money and we'd be able to spend more time together.

MARCO

I have to work Saturdays.

Her stirs the pasta. Daisy is closer now.

DAISY

(softer)

I moved here to be with you.

She gently moves his face to now look at hers.

\*

DAISY (CONT'D)

The least you can do is not work Saturdays.

\*

MARCO

Impossible.

He turns his face back to cutting up food. More aggressively now.

A beat.

\*

DAISY

If I wanted to be by myself Marco I could've stayed in the States.

Marco drains the pasta and leaves the room.

INT. FACTORY - DAY

Marco works at the factory talking to one of his WORKERS inspecting a sweater.

Daisy storms in.

NARRATOR

Two weeks later when the results of the EPT home pregnancy test showed positive-

Daisy holds up the stick. The worker walks off awkwardly. Marco looks like he's seen a ghost.

\*

INT. MARCO'S OFFICE - DAY

Daisy sits in front of Marco in a cramped and cluttered office. He shakes his head in his hands.

DAISY

Leave? Why would I do that?

A beat.

DAISY (CONT'D)

I'm pregnant. We're going to have a baby...

MARCO

Perche you have to! You. You just can't stay here. You don't like Italy, you don't like my friends, or my family or my work. Cristo mio, you don't even like pasta.

Marco stands now, completely exasperated. Daisy more confused than ever-

DAISY

What does pasta have to do with  
this?

Marco looks frightened to death of the thought of having a  
child.

INT. MARCO'S APARTMENT - DAY

Daisy, now visibly pregnant, rubs her stomach as she reads a  
book. Oscar lays next to her. \*

Daisy gets up and pulls out her dusty suitcase. She wipes  
away the dust and opens it up. \*

INT. LORRAINE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Daisy waddles to the ringing phone. She answers it. \*

FABIA (O.S.)

He begged me to tell him where you  
were.

DAISY

What'd you tell him?

FABIA (O.S)

I said I didn't know.

A beat.

DAISY

It's not a secret.

FABIA

He was asking all over town for  
you. \*

EXT. LORRAINE'S FRONT DOOR - DAY

CLOSE UP SHOT of Marco's finger holding down the doorbell.

INT. LORRAINE'S FRONT DAY - CONTINUOUS

Daisy opens the door, revealing Marco completely  
expressionless. \*

INT. LORRAINE'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

Marco and Daisy sit on opposite sides of the couch watching TV. Daisy glances at Marco. \*

INT. DELIVERY ROOM - NIGHT

Marco stands as close to the wall as possible as Lorraine looks more interested in the male nurse than her daughter in labor.

Daisy pushes the baby. \*

The baby, still wailing, is handed to Daisy. Daisy couldn't look happier. \*

LATER

Lorraine and Marco stand on opposite sides of the hospital bed as callous as ever. \*

LORRAINE

I like Samantha.

MARCO

Perche non Luisa? Qualcosa un po più Italiano?

LORRAINE

(to Marco)

English honey.

DAISY

I-I don't know. I can't decide.

LORRAINE

Well you have to.

MARCO

You only had ten months to think about it.

DAISY

Maybe I can just leave it blank for a little?

LORRAINE

No. Absolutely not. Unless you want her name to be Baby X on her birth certificate. You want your baby to have Baby X on her certificate?

\*

CUT TO:

The hospital administrator left the room for the third time completely exasperated. Lorraine and Marco walked out sharing a look of disgust.

LATER

\*

Daisy lays in the hospital bed with her newborn. Marco and Lorraine sit next to each other. The administrator stands above Daisy.

DAISY

Birdina Ann Olivia.

The administrator writes it down. Daisy turns to Lorraine.

\*

DAISY (CONT'D)

It can be Birdie for short!

Lorraine gives a fake smile to Daisy, pretending to approve.

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Daisy is wheeled out of the hospital with the nurse. She looks reluctant to leave, gripping on to the nurses hand.

\*

\*

INT. LORRAINE'S FRONT DOOR - LATER

\*

Lorraine immediately walks to the kitchen and Marco heads to the living room to turn on the TV. The house is lifeless and dark.

\*

Daisy stands alone at the entrance with Birdie.

\*

INT. DINING ROOM - NEXT DAY

Daisy holds a wailing Birdie as she holds the phone to her ear. Baby bottles are scattered on the table.

DAISY

But how do I know there's nothing seriously wrong?

Lorraine notices her on the phone.

LORRAINE

Daisy! Stop calling that damn nurse. She works too hard for your irritating phone calls.

Daisy ignores her mother and turns her back on her.

DAISY

Is there anything I can do, I mean she barely slept last night and and she isn't really latching.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Marco sits calmly on the couch watching TV and drinking a beer. An Italian soccer plays.

\*

MARCO

(to the tv)  
O che cazzo fai!

He sips his beer again.

MARCO (CONT'D)

Deficiente.

INT. SHOWER - DAY

Daisy bathes in the shower scrubbing herself with soap. She looks incredibly sleep deprived.

NARRATOR

The only time I would leave Birdie's side was to quickly shower. Though Lorraine would stand guard-

INT. LORRAINE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lorraine sits upright with Birdie watching The Cosby Show.

NARRATOR

I usually jumped out of the shower before washing all the soap off.

INT. SHOWER - CONTINUOUS

Daisy turns off the shower and quickly jumps out almost taking out the shower curtain.

INT. DAISY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Daisy lays in bed reading as Birdie rests next to her. Marco opens the door. \*

MARCO \*

My flight is in a few hours. I'm  
leaving now. \*

DAISY \*

Okay. \*

Marco leans over and kisses Birdie on the forehead and walks right back to the door. \*

INT. BUDDHIST TEMPLE - NIGHT \*

A small ceremony is being hosted at the temple. Daisy sits on her meditation seat and notices Gyurik walk in. We notice he is now bald. \*

DAISY (CONT'D) \*

What the fuck happened to your  
hair? \*

GYURIK \*

I shaved it off. \*

DAISY \*

Why? \*

GYURIK \*

Because. You refuse to date me. \*

DAISY \*

Are you serious? \*

GYURIK \*

Yes. \*

Daisy laughs at him. The two stare at each other. \*

CUT TO: \*

INT. GYURIK'S CAR - CONTINUOUS \*

Daisy and Gyurik are in his front seat having sex. \*

Daisy hops over to the passenger seat. \*

GYURIK \*

I really think I love you. \*

Daisy laughs at this.

\*

                    DAISY  
                    Goodnight Gyurik.

\*

\*

Daisy gets out of the car.

\*

\*

INT. DAISY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

\*

A suitcase is open on Daisy's bed. She starts filling it with clothes.

Lorraine stands in the doorway.

                    LORRAINE  
                    Where are you going?

                    DAISY  
                    I'm not staying. I can't.

                    LORRAINE  
                    Why, what's the problem?

                    DAISY  
                    No problem.

A beat.

                    DAISY (CONT'D)  
                    I was never planning on staying.

Another beat.

                    DAISY (CONT'D)  
                    I just want to be on my own with my  
                    daughter for right now.

Lorraine looks fed up. She throws her hands up.

                    LORRAINE  
                    Fine.

She walks out leaving Daisy deep in thought. It's hitting her how completely on her own she is now.

\*

EXT. SUBURBS OF MIAMI - DAY

Daisy and Birdie, who is now able to stand on her own, stand in front of a small, bungalow type apartment building with keys dangling from her hands.

\*

\*

Birdie starts playing with the blades of grass at her feet.

\*

DAISY  
It's our new home, Birdie! Look!

\*  
\*

INT. DAISY'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Daisy opens up a bottle of cheap red wine and pours two glasses. Daisy takes the two glasses and walks into the living room.

PANTERA (O.S.)  
And the bitch grabbed my fucking  
hair and pinned me to the ground.  
Fucking slut.

INT. DAISY'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Pantera sits on the couch. She looks the same as she did a year ago. She has a huge gash is on her cheek.

\*

Daisy sits next to her and covers her wound with a princess bandaid.

\*

PANTERA  
Oh and did I mention that I'm  
receiving SSI? I convinced the  
government that I was crazy. I get  
five hundred bucks a month and all  
I have to do is show up.

Daisy sits back in her chair.

DAISY  
Is that enough?

PANTERA  
My boyfriend helps out too. You  
remember Jason, don't you?

DAISY  
The guy who used to slap you?  
You're back with him?

PANTERA  
No. He's just high strung. He's  
gots lots of issues. He gets SSI  
too. Besides his folks got a ton of  
money.

Daisy drinks her wine.

DAISY  
And the dancing?

PANTERA

Oh, didn't I tell you? I'm not at Fishnets anymore.

DAISY

You're not? Why?

PANTERA

They fired me the third time I fell off the stage, they said they thought I was bad for business. Imagine that. I'm working at Diamond on the North Shore.

\*

Daisy notices a few other bruises on her exposed thighs. Pantera crosses her legs.

PANTERA (CONT'D)

And what about you? You thinking of getting into it again now that your back?

Daisy's silent for a few moments but chooses to ignore the question.

DAISY

Here, I want to show you something.

INT. NURSERY - NIGHT

A dark room filled with unopened boxes and a crib right in the center. Birdie lies fast asleep. A white noise machine plays.

Pantera and Daisy stand at the door. Daisy looks for Pantera's reaction.

PANTERA

(sincerity)  
Rach, she's beautiful.

DAISY

(proudly)  
Thank you.

A beat.

INT. FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Pantera puts on her hoodie and zips it up.

DAISY

You sure you don't want to crash here tonight?

PANTERA

Nah. Jason's waiting. I gotta start getting back.

The two hug. Pantera walks out and blows her a kiss. Daisy smiles and shuts the door.

\*

EXT. BEACH - NEXT DAY

Daisy sits on a beach towel as Birdie builds a sand castle.

Daisy notices another WOMAN with her SON, the same age as Birdie sitting a few feet away from her.

The mother's son starts crawling over to Birdie.

MARIKA

Cowboy!

Daisy giggles at this.

DAISY

That's cute you call your son Cowboy.

Marika walks over to her son, now helping Birdie with her sand castle.

MARIKA

That's his name!

DAISY

Cowboy?

MARIKA

(proudly)

Yep! Cowboy Enrique Conrad Link. Birth Certificate and everything.

DAISY

Wow.

Marika smiles at the two kids playing together.

MARIKA

Are you guys new here?

DAISY

Yeah. We just moved here from New York.

MARIKA

Well Cowboy's always looking for a playmate!

DAISY

Oh! Yeah. Us too. I mean. Birdie too. That's Birdie. I'm Daisy

MARIKA

Marika. Nice to meet you guys.

Daisy smiles at Marika.

INT. DAISY'S BATHROOM - NEXT DAY

Daisy changes Birdie's diaper. The phone rings. She scrambles for the phone and puts it to her ear. \* \*

DAISY

Hello?

Daisy continues changing Birdie's diaper with just one hand. \*

DAISY (CONT'D)

Sorry? The beach?

(beat)

Sorry, who is this? \*

(beat)

Oh! Marika! Yes totally. We are completely free. Yes!

(beat)

Yes, we will meet you there! Bye!

Daisy hangs up the phone and finishes up with Birdie. She lets out a sigh of relief.

NARRATOR

Birdie and I quickly grew to love handing out Marika and Cowboy.

EXT. BEACH BOARDWALK - DAY

Marika, Cowboy, Birdie and Daisy stroll through the boardwalk. Coffee in one hand and a stroller in the other. Daisy looks like she's fully adapted to the Miami mom life.

NARRATOR

We were disappointed the days they didn't come around. Like when Cowboy got the chicken pox or Henry, Cowboy's dad, had some huge family function they all needed to attend.

EXT. DAISY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Marika sits in the passenger seat as Cowboy is in the car seat in the back. Daisy waves them off as Birdie stands to her side.

Marika sticks her head out the window.

NARRATOR

Marika would apologize and-

MARIKA

Promise to pick you guys up early the next morning.

\*

Marika waves and drives off.

\*

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

A small yellow house with a traditional white fence stands strong.

NARRATOR

After a few months of hanging out together, Marika convinced Henry to buy the three bedroom house many miles north which she'd been eyeing for months.

\*

\*

Marika and Daisy stare up at the house. Marika, more happy than Daisy.

MARIKA

That's the one.

Daisy looks at Marika.

DAISY

It's adorable. You think Henry will go for it?

MARIKA

He better. I can't live in that studio anymore. I'm suffocating in that place.

Marika looks at Daisy and watches her face go soft.

MARIKA (CONT'D)

Don't worry. We're still gonna hang out all the time, I promise.

\*

Daisy and Marika look back at the house. Marika continues to admire it.

INT. DAISY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Pantera lays on Daisy's couch completely intoxicated.

NARRATOR

Pantera rarely showed up anymore and when she did, it was in the middle of the night with an almost empty bottle of booze.

\*

Daisy walks over to her and puts the bottle on the table and gives her a bucket to throw up in. Daisy holds her hair as Pantera vomits in the bucket.

\*

EXT. PARK - DAY

Daisy walks Oscar as Birdie plays on the swing. Oscar runs over to a long haired English Terrier. The dog owner, a short young WOMAN in cutoff jeans, bathing suit top, and reflective shades yanks her dog aside and screams at Daisy.

\*

WOMAN

You fucking asshole! If I had a shot gun, I'd kill you and your damned dog.

A few people walking by stopped to listen to the girl rage.

Daisy runs to grab Oscar.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

If I ever see you around here again I promise you'll be sorry.

\*

DAISY

I'm sorry. He was only saying hello, he wasn't going to fight with-

WOMAN

You should be you fucking piece of  
shit.

Daisy quickly grabs Oscar, puts Birdie in her bike seat and \*  
rides off. The woman continues to scream even after they were \*  
down the street. Oscar follows close behind.

Daisy looks physically drained from the experience. She turns  
the corner and crosses the street and then—

DAISY

Wait!!

A truck drives straight into Daisy, knocking her and Birdie  
onto the pavement.

Through the slits of Daisy's eyes, she slowly begins to  
regain consciousness.

The people around her run up to her and Birdie. Oscar walks  
away from the scene to the other side of the crosswalk.

The TRUCK DRIVER runs out of the car to Daisy.

TRUCK DRIVER

Oh my god, I didn't see you turn!!  
Are you okay?

As Daisy regains her consciousness she runs over to Birdie.  
Birdie is face down hysterically cries as she picks her up.  
Daisy lets out a sigh of relief as she sees Birdie is okay  
with only a few bruises and scraps.

TRUCK DRIVER (CONT'D)

Ma'am you're bleeding.

Daisy looks down to see a large gash in her right knee. She  
ignores this and picks up Birdie.

Daisy, still dizzy, looks around at the horrified faces  
talking and pointing at the scene they just witnessed.

EXT. DAISY'S HOUSE - LATER

The truck pulls up to Daisy's house. She hops out and the  
truck driver helps Birdie, who is now sound asleep out of the  
car. Oscar hops out of the passenger seat and Daisy grabs her  
now dismantled bike from the trunk.

Daisy takes Birdie from his arms. Guilt fills his face.

TRUCK DRIVER

Are you sure you don't want to file a report? I can give you my information if you change your mind.

DAISY

I just want to go inside.

TRUCK DRIVER

Okay. I—I'm so sorry again. Here's my card. Please call me for anything.

Daisy takes the card and gives him a half smile.

TRUCK DRIVER (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry.

He gets back in his car and Daisy walks inside. \*

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS \*

Daisy sits on the couch as she ices her knees and tries to wipe away her tears. \*  
\*  
\*

NARRATOR \*

There was nowhere else to run and it was time to go home. Lorraine agreed without hesitating and within a few short weeks, Birdie and I were on our way back. \*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

EXT. LORRAINE'S HOUSE - DAY \*

Daisy drives up to Lorraine's house and noticed Gyurik sitting on the stoop with a bouquet of flowers. \*  
\*

Daisy parks the car and walks over to him. \*

DAISY \*

Your following me now? \*

GYURIK \*

These are for you. \*

DAISY \*

How did you find where I lived. \*

Gyurik gets up. \*

GYURIK

I only want you.

Daisy takes her keys out and tries to go inside. He stops her.

GYURIK (CONT'D)

I said I only want you.

DAISY

I don't care what you want. I told you before. I don't want to be with you.

Daisy pushes his arm to the side and gets inside, shutting the door and locking it.

Lorraine notices her from the kitchen.

LORRAINE

Who was that?

DAISY

Just a friend.

EXT. PRE-SCHOOL - NEXT DAY

Daisy drops Birdie off at the front door where she immediately sees her friends and walks off.

We see a sign that says Great Bay Pre-School.

DAISY

Bye honey!

Daisy watches as the kids all go inside with their teacher. Once Birdie's inside, Daisy makes her way back to her car.

Right before she unlocks the door, she notices the sign for Saddle Stone Elementary School all the way next to the intersection connected to the Pre-school playground.

Daisy takes a second to look at it. She makes her way over to the school.

EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS

Daisy walks over to the front door. She peers inside and noticed a middle aged SECURITY GUARD looking back at her.

INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS \*

Daisy walks inside. \*

SECURITY GUARD \*

Can I help you? \*

Daisy looks at her surroundings. \*

DAISY \*

(to herself) \*

Wow. A lot of has changed since \*

then. \*

A beat. \*

DAISY (CONT'D) \*

Sorry. I-uh used to go here a long \*

time ago. \*

Daisy notices the large empty auditorium remembering her time \*

there. \*

ANOTHER ANGLE \*

Young Daisy stands on the stage with a bunch of other \*

children singing in the choir. Their teacher plays piano as \*

they sing along looking down at their books. \*

NARRATOR \*

I wanted to return and remember \*

everything. I wanted to get \*

everything I'd been too young to \*

understand. \*

Young Daisy looks down at her friends at the bottom row and \*

giggles with them. \*

SECURITY GUARD \*

Visiting hours are over, ma'am. \*

Daisy is startled from her daydream. She nods to the guard \*

and goes outside but not before giving the girl next to young \*

Daisy another look. \*

NARRATOR \*

Sandy had been a part of my life \*

from the start. \*

(MORE) \*

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

She had a typical home and family life: married parents, successful over-worked father, athletic brothers, good clean neighborhood with an apple tree in the yard, a bright green lawn in the summer and a perfectly plowed snow in the winter.

(Narrator plays as we see all this in Montage).

FLASHBACK - INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - DAY

A young Daisy and Sandy walk through the halls.

NARRATOR

Between the first and second grade, Sandy and I became unexpectedly popular at school. Everyone wanted to play and be our friend.

Daisy and Sandy get approached at their lockers which are right next each other.

LATER

Sandy approaches her locker with a new group of friends. Daisy stands at her own locker putting her books back inside, looking over at Sandy.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

By the beginning of third grade, Sandy and I were like two wrestlers skirmishing for the pin. We were in full out competition.

Sandy notices her looking at her. She shoots her a look and then says facetiously-

SANDY

Oh! Hi, Daisy.

Sandy slams her locker close and her friends follow her as she walks away. Daisy watches her leave.

NARRATOR

Whoever was her friend stopped being mine; who was mine stopped being hers and gradually as my first friend became my first foe.



DAISY  
Eileen!

LORRAINE  
What about Eileen!

Daisy starts running to the phone.

DAISY  
I forgot about Eileen.

Lorraine, confused, shakes her head and notices the dinner left on the floor. She takes the opportunity to eat a bit of it.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Daisy, still in a mad dash, enters the kitchen and starts dialing on the phone. She leans her back against the wall as she catches her breath and waits for Eileen on the other line.

She answers.

DAISY  
Eileen?

EILEEN (V.O.)  
Oh. Hi.

The tone was loud and clear to Daisy. She was too late.

DAISY  
I—I looked for you all day. Where were you?

EILEEN (V.O.)  
Around. So what can I help you with Daisy?

A beat.

DAISY  
I'm calling to find out if you want to play with me tomorrow?

Silence on the other side. Daisy sighs.

EILEEN (V.O.)  
I can't. I have other plans.

DAISY  
Did you talk to Sandy today?

EILEEN (V.O.)  
Yeah, she called about an hour ago.

NARRATOR  
I missed my opportunity by one  
hour. How could I be so stupid?

The silence feels like hours for Daisy.

DAISY  
(softly)  
... Do you still want to be my  
friend?

Eileen hesitates before—

EILEEN (V.O.)  
Maybe.

Daisy nods accepting what Eileen is giving her.

DAISY  
(cautiously)  
So. Could you tell me like about  
how much you still like me?

NARRATOR  
I listened to Eileen breath into  
the phone waiting for a response as  
I worried about my future.

EILEEN (V.O.)  
I like you as much as the size of  
my—

She pauses. Daisy holds her breath.

EILEEN  
Garbage pail.

INT. SUZIE'S FRONT DOOR/HALLWAY/KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

We ZOOM through front door, passed the hallway and into the  
kitchen. CLOSE UP of Suzie's garbage pail under her sink.

NARRATOR  
I tried to size up the comparison.  
The garbage pail she spoke of was  
in her kitchen. It was a light tan  
color with a white plastic bag  
stuck neatly inside and tied tight  
around the top.

INT. DAISY'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS \*

Daisy, still on the phone, nods reassuringly. \*

DAISY \*

Okay, so you still like me as much  
as the size of your garbage pail? \*

EILEEN (V.O.) \*

Yeah, that's right. \*

DAISY \*

Okay so we're still friends. Do you  
want to sit together at lunch  
tomorrow? \*

EILEEN (V.O.) \*

Maybe. Can I tell you tomorrow? \*

DAISY \*

(disappointed) \*

Okay. I'll see you tomorrow. Bye. \*

Daisy hangs up and starts to prepare for the next morning. \*

EXT. SCHOOL ENTRANCE - NEXT MORNING \*

Daisy stands with her backpack waiting. \*

NARRATOR \*

The next morning, I woke early,  
headed out to school hoping to  
catch Eileen before Sandy. \*

Daisy notices a car pull up. \*

NARRATOR (CONT'D) \*

When I noticed Mrs. Stern pull up  
to the school with Sandy and Eileen  
sitting together in the back seat,  
my heart stopped. \*

Eileen and Sandy hop out of the car and shut the door. \*

MRS. STERN \*

I'll pick you two up right after  
school today, okay? \*

Sandy and Eileen leave the car and walk passed Daisy and  
whispers under their breath- \*

SANDY \*

Garbage pail. \*

EILEEN \*  
Garbage pail. \*

Daisy looks disappointed and walks into school. \*

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY \*

The bell rings and all the students get up. Eileen walks out \*  
the door and Daisy follows close behind. \*

DAISY \*  
Eileen. \*

She turns to Daisy. \*

EILEEN \*  
Yes? \*

DAISY \*  
Can you please ask if I can come to \*  
Sandy's birthday party later. \*

EILEEN \*  
I don't think so, Daisy. \*

Eileen walks away but Daisy continues to follow. \*

DAISY \*  
Why not? \*

EILEEN \*  
She's really mad at you and I don't \*  
she's gonna want you to come. \*

DAISY \*  
Please Eileen! \*

Eileen sighs and turns to Daisy. \*

EILEEN \*  
Ugh! Fine! You can come! Gosh. \*

A beat. \*

EILEEN (CONT'D) \*  
But just this once! \*

Eileen walks away. Daisy can't help but smile. \*

EXT. SANDY'S BACKYARD - DAY

Daisy wears her best dress as she walks through fence into the backyard. The group of girls dance and eat chips and dip and cheap sodas.

Daisy joins the dance party and feels apart of the group once again.

Another song comes on and Sandy starts dancing more aggressively and over-exaggerating her moves. Daisy notices and does the same, trying to one up Sandy. This continues for a few moments.

The other girls look at them a bit confused.

Sandy notices Daisy trying to one up her and yells for mom-

SANDY

Mom!

SANDY'S MOM and two AUNTS come out the sliding door.

Daisy looks at Sandy. Sandy looks back at her mom and aunts.

SANDY (CONT'D)

Dance competition.

Daisy looks afraid. The other girls cheer. Sandy's intense face remains.

LATER

The group of girls dance to a upbeat pop song. At the end of the number, the group of girls stopped dancing and waited for the judges.

SANDY'S MOM

Jill, I'm sorry honey, you're out!

Jill looks disappointed and sits criss-crossed next to the judges watching the other girls continue to dance.

SANDY'S MOM (CONT'D)

You're out Sandy. Sorry darling.

Sandy sighs and gives a face to her mother.

SANDY

Just judge the contest mom.

Daisy, Eileen and Suzy continue to dance. You can see in Daisy's eyes what this means to her. Eileen and Suzy seem to be oblivious.

SANDY'S AUNT  
Suzy you're out honey!

DAISY  
Yes!

Everyone looks at Daisy confused by her intense competitive nature. Daisy retracts a bit but goes back to giving the dance her all, even with Sandy shooting daggers at her.

SANDY'S MOM  
Keep going girls, you're the last two so give it your all!

Eileen and Daisy give it their all. They both sweat profusely.

The song ends and the two girls try to catch their breath. Daisy watches Mrs. Stern as her heart continues to race. Sandy's mom whispers to the aunts.

SANDY'S MOM (CONT'D)  
Okay, we've picked a winner!

SANDY  
Who! Who is it?

Daisy watches the satisfied look on Mrs. Stern's face as the aunts yelled—

SANDY'S AUNTS  
Eileeeeeeen! Yay!

Everyone cheers and hollers as they run over to Eileen to hug her. Daisy stands apart from the other girls.

Daisy walks over to Eileen.

DAISY  
I have to go now; my mom wants me home early.

Eileen nods and the girls go back to cheering. Daisy slips away quietly from the party and goes out the door.

EXT. SUBURBS OF GREAT BAY - CONTINUOUS

Daisy walks past the houses looking numb. The day is bright and blooming.

A WOMAN watering the flowers in her front house waved a gloved hand at Daisy.

WOMAN

Beautiful day we're having today.

Daisy gives her a slight smile.

DAISY

Yep.

NARRATOR

Though I'd lost the dance contest  
and everything else that afternoon,  
I fought as hard as I could without  
ever backing down, but the war was  
finally over. Sandy deserved to  
win.

INT. TEMPLE CO-ED BATHROOM - NIGHT

Daisy washes her hands at the sink as Gyurik walks in. She  
lets out a sigh.

DAISY

Are you gonna beg for me again?

GYURIK

Am I that horrible you can't just  
go on a date with me?

DAISY

It's not that. I'm just not  
interested in being with you, okay?

GYURIK

No. It's not okay.

Daisy turns to him.

DAISY

Well it has to be.

GYURIK

I only want you.

DAISY

You can't have me, Gyurik. Don't  
you understand? I'm sorry. You'll  
have to deal with this on your own.  
I'm willing to be your friend but  
not if you're going to keep  
harassing me—

Gyurik grabs Daisy and shoves against the wall shutting her  
mouth with his hand.

GYURIK

You think anyone would love you  
after you danced like a whore for  
those men?

He lets go of Daisy. She's still startled. Gyurik takes a few  
steps back.

GYURIK (CONT'D)

I couldn't be with someone like  
you.

He leaves the bathroom. Daisy takes a few seconds to compose  
herself.

INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL CAFETERIA - NEXT DAY

Daisy sits alone eating the school lunch. She notices the  
group of girls sitting together, enjoying their time at a  
nearby table. Everyone seems to have found the niche, besides  
Daisy.

MELISSA, a tall, lanky girl with frizzy short hair, walks  
into the cafeteria in SLO-MO.

Daisy notices her.

NARRATOR

Her name was Melissa Miller but  
people called her Missy. She was  
the new girl at school, a major  
disadvantage at any elementary  
school, but a death sentence at  
Saddle Stone.

Missy notices Daisy and they both exchange a smile.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Missy sits behind Daisy as the teacher writes the lesson on  
the board.

Missy goes to tap Daisy but is cut off by the bell. All the  
students get up and start packing up their things to leave.

MISSY

Hi Daisy!

Daisy looks at Missy a bit confused.

DAISY  
(less enthusiastic)  
Hi Missy.

Daisy starts to walk away.

MISSY  
Ya wanna come over to my house to  
play today?

DAISY  
Huh?

MISSY  
I said...

Missy repeats with slow determination.

MISSY (CONT'D)  
Do you want to come to my house to  
play today?

DAISY  
Oh. Um. No thanks.

EXT. HALLWAY - DAY

Missy, still follows Daisy. It's clear Daisy's mind is  
elsewhere.

MISSY  
Oh. Um. Okay!

Missy walks away unfazed. Daisy watches her walk away.

NARRATOR  
She seemed so unruffled, so unlike  
the rest of us; she was carefree  
and effervescent like a puppy dog  
in springtime.

EXT. RECESS - DAY

Missy happily plays by herself on the monkey bars; pure and  
innocent. Just simply enjoying her childhood. Daisy sits on  
the bench watching her confused.

NARRATOR  
Missy was different. There was no  
stratagem, no plan of revenge, just  
a happiness and a desire to play.

Missy starts to build a sandcastle in the sand. \*

NARRATOR (CONT'D) \*  
I'd never seen anything like it. \*

INT. GIRL BATHROOM - DAY \*

Missy washes her hands at the bathroom sink. \*

NARRATOR \*  
I started to pay more attention to \*  
the strange creature who seemed to \*  
have her sights set on me. \*

Daisy walks into the bathroom and Missy notices her and gives \*  
her a big wave- \*

MISSY \*  
Daisy! Hey! \*

Daisy gives her a weak smile and proceeds to use the \*  
restroom. \*

NARRATOR \*  
I didn't want to suffer anymore. I \*  
wanted to live life the way Missy \*  
seemed to live, in which playing by \*  
the rules wasn't important. \*

EXT. SUBURBS OF GREAT BAY - LATER \*

Daisy and Missy walk with their backpacks to Missy's house. \*

INT. MISSY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS \*

Missy and Daisy run up the stairs. Daisy can hardly keep up. \*  
Missy points up at the rooms at full speed. \*

MISSY \*  
And that's where my sister sleeps \*  
but I'm not allowed to go in there. \*  
And-and that over there is the \*  
bathroom. We have heated toilet \*  
bowl. It's pretty cool. \*

DAISY \*  
Woah. \*

MISSY \*  
And that room is the closet where \*  
we keep the cleaning supplies. \*

They finally get up to the top step and approach another room. \*

MISSY (CONT'D) \*

And this.... Is my room! \*

She opens the door to the a large master bedroom filled with toys and pink carpeting. Her canopy princess bed stayed in the middle of the room right next to her toy chest. \*

DAISY \*

This is your room... \*

MISSY \*

Yep! And look at this doll. \*

Missy picks up her doll from her bed and they both sit on the ground. \*

MISSY (CONT'D) \*

Look at her ruffled bloomers. \*

Missy lifts up the doll's dress. \*

MISSY (CONT'D) \*

Aren't they cute! \*

Before Daisy can respond- \*

MISSY (CONT'D) \*

Come on! Let's go to my sister \*

Faith's room. You'll meet her soon. \*

She's not so nice though. \*

The two power walk to FAITH'S room. \*

MISSY (CONT'D) \*

I like to look through her stuff \*

when she's not around. She'd kill \*

me if she knew. Come on, I'll show \*

you. \*

Daisy can't hold in her excitement. \*

INT. FAITH'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS \*

Daisy and Missy hunch over Faith's jewelry box, trying on everything they can get their hands on. Missy grabs a perfume and smells it. \*

MISSY \*

Smell this perfume. \*

Daisy smells it and makes a face. They both giggle. \*

Missy starts trying on some of her rings. \*

MISSY (CONT'D) \*

Faith's got a different dad than  
me. I mean my dad isn't the same as  
hers. My mom was married before. \*

DAISY \*

Really? \*

MISSY \*

Yeah. Here try this on. \*

Daisy does. Missy runs out of the room and Daisy follows  
excited. \*

INT. MISSY'S PARENT'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS \*

Missy goes through her parent's drawer and then notices the  
frames on the desk. \*

MISSY \*

Look at this one. This is me when I  
was only four months old, here take  
it you can have it. Don't worry, no  
one will even know it's gone. Now  
you can always know what I looked  
like as a baby. \*

Missy hands Daisy. The frame. She takes it delicately  
admiring the new gift. \*

DAISY \*

(with sincerity) \*

Thanks. \*

MISSY \*

Maybe I can come to your house and  
see where you live and you can give  
me some photos of yourself when you  
were a baby? \*

DAISY \*

Okay! \*

MISSY \*

Next time you come over I'll show  
you my dad's safe where he hides  
the really expensive jewelry and  
money too. \*

(MORE) \*

MISSY (CONT'D)

It's behind a picture frame in the living room. He never locks it.

DAISY

Okay.

NARRATOR

I didn't have the childhood that Missy did. No endless amount of toys, a loving older sister, and definitely no happily married parents. That one was for sure...

FLASHBACK - INT. MUDROOM - DAY

A younger Lorraine goes through her husbands jacket pocket.

NARRATOR

Lorraine found the girlfriend's note stuffed in her husband's suit pocket.

Lorraine pulls out a crumpled piece of paper that reads: *I love you honey, come back home soon.*

Lorraine's face grows angrier. She storms away clutching the note.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

She emptied their joint account and threw Rodney out for good.

EXT. LORRAINE'S FRONT DOOR - LATER

CAMERA looks up as Lorraine pops her head out of her balcony window and throws a huge pile of clothes down to the ground.

NARRATOR

I'd find out that it wasn't just the affair that made her throw Rodney out, or that the letter had been written by a dear friend of hers.

Rodney looks up at an angry Lorraine with his arms out to the side.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

It was the address on the envelope written to an apartment in Manhattan where Rodney had been living a secret life for years.

(MORE)

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

My brothers and I didn't even  
realize he was gone till a week or  
so later-

\*  
\*  
\*

INT. STAIRCASE - DAY

\*

A young Daisy, Mitchell, and Robby sat on the staircase  
looking up at their mother confused as to what is going to  
happen next.

\*  
\*  
\*

NARRATOR

When Lorraine sat us on the top  
step of the staircase and explained  
that they were getting a divorce.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

DAISY

What's a d-orce?

\*  
\*

MITCHELL

It means daddy won't be living here  
anymore stupid.

\*  
\*  
\*

LORRAINE

It means-

\*  
\*

Lorraine looked at Mitchell then back at Daisy.

\*

LORRAINE (CONT'D)

That you probably won't be seeing  
your father very much anymore.

\*  
\*  
\*

A beat. The two brothers take this in more perhaps because of  
their age.

\*  
\*

DAISY

What's the big deal mommy, we never  
see him anyway?

\*  
\*  
\*

Lorraine laughs at this harder then one should.

\*

LORRAINE

Good girl.

\*  
\*

NARRATOR

Needing to earn a living, she began  
to work full time at a local travel  
agency she and the other single  
mother in town had started up.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

INT. TRAVEL AGENCY - DAY

Lorraine and a clan of other women sit in front of computers and talk on the phone. The environment feels as fast paced as the Stock Exchange.

NARRATOR

Lorraine would come home at the end of the each day carrying in a newly purchased paperback crime novel with some gruesome title like-

INT. FRONT ENTRANCE - NIGHT

MONTAGE:

-CLOSE UP of Lorraine's hand holding 'Murder at Midnight'

-Blood Bath by the Bay.

-Killer Under the Sheets.

NARRATOR

Murder at Midnight, Blood Bath by the Bay, Killer Under the Sheets. She would prepare dinner-

INT. TV ROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE UP shot of the a tray of frozen dinner being thrown down in front of Daisy. She looks up at Lorraine and gives her a weak smile.

NARRATOR

Or throw some frozen meal like Salisbury Steak with divided sections when she didn't feel like cooking. She would do the dishes, clean the kitchen, and then promptly retire to her bedroom-

INT. LORRAINE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lorraine lays in her bed with a bedside lamp illuminating her book as she eats.

NARRATOR

For an evening of reading, snacking and smoking in bed, too tired for anything else.

INT. SCHOOL BUS - MORNING

Daisy sits on the bus looking out the window. Sandy sits in the seat in front of her. She stands and pops her head over to talk to Daisy.

SANDY

Do you want to come to my house  
after school?

Daisy looks confused. She looks around.

DAISY

Me?

SANDY

Yeah, I moved to Knights Bridge, ya  
know and well everyones coming over  
later to celebrate. You're invited  
too if you want to come.

DAISY

Yeah! Okay, yeah sure. I'll be  
there.

SANDY

Kay.

Sandy sits back down leaving Daisy to contemplate what just happened.

INT. HALLWAY - LATER

Daisy and Sandy giggle together as Daisy grabs her books from her locker. She notices Missy down the hall walking towards her.

MISSY

Hi!

Daisy suddenly remembers her plans with Missy.

Daisy and Sandy stand there without saying anything for a few moments. Daisy doesn't seem to know what to do.

DAISY

Hi.

MISSY

You ready for tonight?

Sandy's blue eyes piercing through Daisy. Missy waits for an answer with pure innocence in her eyes.

Daisy doesn't know what to say. She looks at Sandy who is still staring at Daisy and then back at Missy.

NARRATOR

Before the next moment, a moment that would change my life forever I took a deep breath and finally said-

DAISY

Yes. Yes I am.

Missy lets out a small sigh of relief making it even clearer all that was happening. Daisy turns to Sandy who seems to not believe what just happened.

DAISY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry Sandy. Maybe some other time. I have plans tonight.

Daisy turns back to Missy and the two walk off together holding hands and giggling.

NARRATOR

Deciding to go with Missy that afternoon would ultimately change my life forever. Missy and I looked through everything that afternoon-

INT. MISSY'S SISTER'S ROOM - LATER

MONTAGE:

-Missy and Daisy go through her sister's new training bra, trying it on over their shirts.

-Daisy tries on Missy's mother's pearls.

-They jump from couch to couch.

-The slide down the staircase on a sled.

INT. MISSY'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Missy's eyes bulge out of her face as she suggests-

MISSY

Let's go get a triple layered ice cream cone!

EXT. SUBURBS OF GREAT BAY - CONTINUOUS \*

Missy and Daisy ride their bikes attempting to hold holds as they do so. Their hair blows back against the wind. They're in euphoria. \*

EXT. ICE CREAM PARLOR - CONTINUOUS \*

Daisy and Missy sit on the edge of the concrete with bikes aside them as they lick their ice cream cones. \*

NARRATOR \*

That afternoon as Missy and I went wild and free all over, sharing our lives in perfect harmony, I watched my past and future slowly slip away, and watched my childhood be born. \*

CLOSER SHOT of Daisy and Missy's mouths completely covered in ice cream. \*

NARRATOR (CONT'D) \*

This was the beginning of a new life. \*

INT. BATHROOM - DAY \*

Daisy picks up a positive pregnancy stick and can't help herself but cry. \*

INT. CLINIC - DAY \*

Daisy lays down on the hospital bed as she winces in pain, terminating her pregnancy. \*

DOCTOR \*

Okay Daisy, we're almost done. Just a few more minutes. \*

FLASHBACK - INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY \*

Lorraine sits in a hospital gown as Daisy is in the chair next to her. The DOCTOR looks up at the X-Ray on the wall. \*

NARRATOR \*

The doctors couldn't figure out what the gold ball size lump was doing on Lorraine's cheek. \*

The doctor points to the bottom of the scan. \*

The scan did however catch the spot on the top part of her left lung which needed to be removed. \*

INT. CAR - DAY \*

Lorraine drives with a blank expression on her face. \*

DAISY \*

You'll be fine, mom. She said it didn't spread. You'll have surgery and then you will be fine, you'll see. \*

Lorraine grabs the pack of cigarettes in her bag, open the windows and throws the outside. \*

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS \*

The pack of cigarettes topple onto the street as Lorraine's car drives away. \*

NARRATOR \*

She threw her cigarette's out that day and never looked back. She also stopped being difficult all the way up through the surgery and as soon as she recovered, which she did, we all went right back to being ourselves. \*

INT. CAR - DAY \*

Lorraine drives as she pops a few nicotine gums and throws them in her mouth. Daisy keeps to herself and Robby and Mitchell beat up on each other in the back seat. \*

NARRATOR \*

Lorraine loved and frequently reminded us how she'd- \*

NARRATOR (CONT'D) \*

Cut off her right arm or throw herself in front of a moving train for any one of the three of us. \*

LORRAINE \*

Cut off my right arm or throw myself in front of a moving train for any one of the three of you. \*

Mitchell and Stevie continue to hit each other as Daisy looks at her mother confused.

NARRATOR

She was however, too busy or too tired to ever spend much time with us.

INT. LORRAINE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Mitchell stands over Daisy and looks down at her.

MITCHELL

Idiot, moron, know it all.

NARRATOR

Idiot, moron, know it all.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Lorraine never encouraged Mitchell and me to get along. Never interfered when we argued. It was as though she didn't really care whether we got along or not, only that she remained at the center of our love. Unlike my relationship with Mitchell, Stevie and I always got along. He, like me, realized from a very early age, it was just as easy to lie about being good as actually being good and the effect was exactly the same. Stevie got so good at lying about everything till the drugs took their toll...

INT. FUNERAL HOME - DAY

Lorraine sobs almost comedically into Mitchell's shoulder as him and Daisy look down at the open casket of Stevie laying peacefully.

NARRATOR

Causing him to have a massive stroke and ended up living half-paralyzed. 3 months later, an infection spread to his heart.

FLASHBACK - INT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

A young Stevie gets pushed to the ground by a much bigger high school STUDENT. He stands above him.

NARRATOR

I fought a few battles for my young brother; people knew not to mess with him in front of me. Like when Stevie was a freshman in junior high and this tall kid pushed him to the ground.

A young Daisy runs the guy and pulls him by the shirt.

DAISY

You got a problem?

The student looks frightened. He shakes his head and walks away. Daisy looks over at Stevie. He gives her a weak smile and she helps him up.

STEVIE

Thanks sis.

DAISY

No problem.

INT. FRONT DOOR - DAY

Lorraine sits on her knees as she watch Rodney pull up outside, ready to take the kids. She cries hysterically as she places her hand on the door, as if she was never going to see her children again. Stevie stands next to her.

NARRATOR

When it was Rodney's Sunday visitation, Lorraine sobbed at the front door.

STEVIE

Don't cry mommy.

DAISY

We will be back soon, we promise.

Lorraine stands and holds her children. She wipes away her tears dramatically.

LORRAINE

I know. I love you, go on. Go.

Stevie, Daisy, and Mitchell would run to the car waving to Lorraine back inside. \*

INT. BUDDHIST TEMPLE CONFERENCE AREA - DAY \*

We ZOOM in on the nun as she explains- \*

NUN \*

As the story goes, Shakyamuni was so sheltered from the world. After marrying and before having a child, he decided to go explore the world outside the palace, curious to see what was on the other side... \*

EXT. POND - AFTERNOON \*

Daisy and Stevie watch the pond with sad faces. \*

NARRATOR \*

Our small white dog who'd gone missing that past winter before Stevie and I discovered him floating frozen in the pond after the ice had thawed. \*

We WHIP PAN and see a little dog floating frozen in the ice. \*

NARRATOR (CONT'D) \*

I didn't know what the feeling was. Only that there was no place to run or hide, no one to turn to, and nothing anyone could do to stop it. \*

FLASHBACK - INT. DAISY'S BEDROOM - AFTERNOON \*

A young Daisy sits at the edge of her bed concentrating on the dancing light from the setting sun hit the rug illuminating the dust. \*

Daisy focused on it for a few moments until her heart starts to race and she starts to have what seems to be, her first panic attack. \*

DAISY \*

Go away. \*

A beat. \*

DAISY (CONT'D)

Go away. I don't wanna die, go  
away.

NARRATOR

I was just a little girl with my  
entire life ahead, yet the  
inevitable of death stared me down  
like a loaded pistol getting ready  
to shoot.

INT. DAISY'S BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

Daisy begins to pace until it's too much for her to handle.  
She runs to find her mother.

INT. LORRAINE'S DOORWAY - CONTINUOUS

Daisy looks at Lorraine as she snores with a book lying  
across her chest. The light of the television and the setting  
sun illuminates her.

NARRATOR

I wanted desperately to wake her,  
to tell her the awful truth; that  
we were all going to die, but my  
feet remained glued to the floor. I  
wondered whether she even knew and  
who was I was to ruin it for her if  
she didn't. My job was to be good.  
To tell her what she wanted to  
hear.

Daisy tip toes into the room and lays down quietly on the bed  
besides Lorraine, careful not to wake her up. She closes her  
eyes.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

I closed my eyes and begged God to  
let me forget what I knew.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Daisy stands at the doorway of the living room watching her  
two brothers from the back as they watch television.

NARRATOR

I looked at people differently -  
especially the kids at school.

Daisy looks at the picture she drew of her and Missy holding hands taped delicately to the wall. She admires it.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

After agreeing to spend eternity with Missy as illustrated in those innocent stick figures, struck a nerve so deep it gave me the confidence I needed to stop being afraid. I had no interest in the future, or how many babies I would have one day have, but the idea of spending eternity together with Missy released me from a devastating fear I had of dying.

INT. BUDDHIST TEMPLE - DAY

The same scene as before, however, everyone besides Daisy and the nun are left. She snaps back to reality, stands and bows to the nun.

Daisy turns around and notices her young self and Missy laying on the floor of the temple.

YOUNG DAISY

So, if I get to heaven first I'll wait for you there, and if you get there before me, you'll wait for me?

MISSY

Yeah, that's right. And that way we'll be best friends forever and ever and ever and ever and ever.

The two girls giggle at this.

FLASHBACK - INT. DAISY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Missy is asleep next to Daisy. Daisy is wide awake. She looks over to her side to see if Missy is still asleep. Daisy grabs a pen and paper and goes down to the floor and starts to write.

DAISY

Hi God. Thank you so much for everything you've done for me. Sorry to bother you, I know you must be busy.

(MORE)

## DAISY (CONT'D)

I was wondering if maybe it would  
 be possible, and if you don't mind  
 and if it's okay wit you, to let me  
 and Missy Miller spend all of  
 eternity together? That's Missy  
 Miller who lives at 89 Beechtree  
 Road in Great Bay, in case there  
 are others by the same name. I  
 don't want to get stuck with the  
 wrong girl. Oh, but of course you'd  
 know who I was talking about,  
 you're God. Sorry God. I was just  
 being careful.

Daisy starts erasing something. She goes back to writing.

## DAISY (CONT'D)

Anyway, I don't want you to think I  
 want to die soon though God, I love  
 my life, thanks to you and so does  
 Missy but when it does happen  
 naturally of course and hopefully  
 not until I'm really REALLY old,  
 will you please make sure that we  
 stay together? Please.

Thank you God, thanks for everything! Love, Daisy.

Daisy folds the note and adds a pink heart sticker to the  
 fold. She climbs back into bed and puts it under her pillow.

## NUN (V.O.)

We are all born fundamentally  
 ignorant. We do not understand the  
 true nature of existence and  
 believe what is impermanent to be  
 everlasting. Because of this we  
 develop strong attachments. We  
 cling to what we love, and reject  
 what we hate.

ANOTHER ANGLE

INT. MEDITATION ROOM - DAY

Daisy sits in the crowd listening intently.

FLASHBACK - EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Daisy walks up to the entrance of the school. In big bold  
 letters reads: GREAT BAY HIGH SCHOOL.

NARRATOR

Something had changed. We were no longer kids. Not only had Missy and I started kissing boys, we'd started to grow apart our final summer away.

Daisy starts to walk into the school.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - LATER

Daisy notices Missy walk through the hallways with a group of friends.

NARRATOR

Each day, I watched Missy fall deeper and deeper in her group of friends and push farther and farther away from me. The final sign that the end was near came the evening when I went over the Miller's for dinner.

INT. MISSY'S DINING ROOM - NIGT

Daisy sits at the table with Missy, her parents, and her camp friend FAITH. Everyone ate their dinner as Faith talked-

FAITH

So then Jessica, you know the girl with the curly hair and buck teeth, jumps up from her chair and accidentally knocks all my books to the floor. So I yelled, 'what the hell are you doing,' and she said, 'well maybe if you didn't keep your books so close to the edge of they desk, they wouldn't be falling on the floor all the time.' Can you believe? Like it was my fault she knocked my books to the floor.

Missy secretly mimicked Faith word for word as she went on. Daisy starts to laugh.

FAITH (CONT'D)

What's so funny Daisy?

DAISY

Nothing.

Daisy continued to spoon the soup into her mouth without looking at Missy.

FAITH

Then, Mr. Blitzer walked into the classroom and said, 'what's going on here? And this girl had the nerve to tell him that it was my fault all the books were on the floor!

Daisy makes the mistake of looking over at Missy who was still mimicking Faith and without hesitating, the two of them started to howl with laughter.

FAITH (CONT'D)

It's not funny!

This makes the girls laugh even harder until tears roll down Daisy's cheeks and food spits from her mouth.

Mr. and Mrs. Miller laugh along. Soon the entire table including Faith laugh.

Everyone eventually settles down and stops laughing. Missy the last to stop except for Daisy. She continues to laugh as hard and as loudly as she began.

Daisy gets a glimpse of everyone looking uncomfortably at one another as she continues to roll with laughter. She can't turn it off. She's completely lost control.

NARRATOR

I looked at Missy who in the past would have been right there beside me laughing all along. Now she sat quietly looking scornful till I finally managed to quiet down.

The whole room went silent as Daisy calms herself down and wipes away her tears.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

I finished eating my soup without the slightest clue that was the last meal over at the Miller's.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Missy walks up to Daisy after class. She seemed different. Much more distant.

MISSY

I need to talk to you.

Missy grabs Daisy's arm and drags her under the split staircase at the end of the hall.

INT. STAIRCASE - CONTINUOUS

Missy looks at Daisy contemplating what she's about to say.

DAISY

What is it?

A beat.

MISSY

I don't want to be friends with you anymore.

Missy looked at the ground, unable to look at Daisy.

Missy walks away leaving Daisy.

NARRATOR

I wouldn't ever know what happened except that when Missy finally walked out of my life, she took the better part of me with her. The part that believed all things right and true in the world.

INT. COLLEGE CLASS - DAY

Daisy, a few years older now, sits in a lecture room, watching the back of a girl a few rows ahead listening to the lecture.

NARRATOR

Though Missy and I were never friends again, we continued to be in each other's lives for a long time to come. Especially after we made separate decisions to go to the same college.

ANOTHER ANGLE of the girl and we see it's Missy.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

To distract me from Missy, I decided to join the Cheerleading team.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - NIGHT

Daisy and a group of girls perform their cheerleading routine at the sidelines of the field. The bleachers are filled with college students rooting on the football team as they enter the field.

We focus in on one of the more attractive guys on the team running with the group.

We see Daisy watch him in SLOW-MO.

NARRATOR

I noticed Carlen Kane, the captain of the football team and the most beautiful boy I'd ever laid eyes on. Carlen as it would turn out was not an easy target-

EXT. LAWN - DAY

Carlen sits in a circle with a group of people playing guitar. Daisy sits at the bench watching him.

NARRATOR

He was competitive, intellectual, and seemed to care less of what anybody thought of him. He wore a silk handkerchief tied purposely around his neck each day just to prove his indifference.

EXT. FIELD - LATER

The game is over and everyone enjoys the victory. The cheerleaders mingle with the footballers and Daisy uses this as an opportunity to talk to Carlen.

DAISY

You're a good football player.

CARLEN

Nah not really. These boys are much better than me. I just like playing for the sport of it. I don't care about being the best.

DAISY

Well, I think you're good.

CARLEN

Yeah, I'm not bad.

An awkward silence between the two. \*

DAISY \*

Do you play any other sports? \*

Carlen lights up, obviously just waiting to talk about himself. \*

CARLEN \*

Oh yeah, as a matter of fact. I play lacrosse and soccer. I enjoy all sorts of athletics but not basketball. I can't play basketball. I'm not into that kind of rugged combativeness. Besides those sports don't take much cleverness. I liked games that use the mind as well as the body. \*

DAISY \*

I see. \*

CARLEN \*

I have to go back to the team. \*

DAISY \*

Alright. See you. \*

INT. BAR - NIGHT \*

LAUREL and Daisy sit at the bar drinking their beers. The door opens. It's Carlen and his friend. He has a seat at a booth. Daisy turns and notices who it is. \*

DAISY \*

(in a whisper) \*

Oh my god Laurel. You have to help me. \*

LAUREL \*

Help you with what? \*

DAISY \*

It's him. \*

LAUREL \*

It's who? \*

DAISY \*

That guy I told you about. That guy I had a crush on, remember? \*

LAUREL

He's here? In the Tavern? Right now?

DAISY

Yes! Yes! That was him. He just walked right past us with that dude. Please, you have to help me! My life depends on this!

LAUREL

But what? What do you want me to do? What do you want me to say?

DAISY

I don't care! Say anything. Just make sure to keep talking and to the other guy, not Carlen.

In a giggle, Daisy and Laurel walk over to their booth.

The guys look up at them.

LATER

Daisy sits next to Carlen as Laurel sits next to his friend, CHILLY. Laurel talks with Chilly as Carlen looks bored.

There's an awkward silence between the group.

CHILLY

So.... Do you guys drink?

DAISY

Yeah, why?

CHILLY

I know this really cool spot if you guys wanna go on a drive.

INT. CAR - LATER

Chilly and Laurel sit in front as Carlen sits in the back with Daisy. It doesn't take long until Daisy immediately tackles Carlen. He kisses her back with an equal amount of passion.

Chilly notices in the mirror and immediately turns up the radio to drown out the kissing sound.

End Flashback.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

Daisy strolls the library looking through books.

NARRATOR

I've never been a religious or  
spiritual person but remembered  
taking a spirituality course in  
College.

There was something mysterious about the practice which  
addressed something in me that had been neglected for too  
long.

Daisy pulls out a book with a silhouette of the Buddha on the  
cover, reading: A Change is Near.

INT. LORRAINE'S KITCHEN - DAY

Daisy feeds Birdie on the kitchen counter as Lorraine stands  
at the doorway.

LORRAINE

You know, I will not babysit Birdie  
if you go anywhere near one of  
those cockamamie temples.

Daisy turns to Lorraine.

DAISY

You realize, Mom, most people,  
maybe not here, but most people  
have strong religious practices.

LORRAINE

I don't need to know what other  
people have. And my problem is no  
with religion Daisy, but with  
religious fanatics.

Lorraine lights a cigarette.

DAISY

So you'll watch Birdie if I want to  
go get a drink at the bar, but not  
if I want to go listen to a lecture  
at the Temple?

LORRAINE

That's right.

DAISY

Fine.

LORRAINE

I'm not telling you not to go do  
that Buddha stuff. But you'll have  
to take your daughter along.

NARRATOR

I had never been in a Buddhist  
Temple before I attended the first  
of a two part mediation course  
twenty minutes from Lorraine's.

EXT. FRONT LAWN - DAY

Daisy is gardening with Birdie when a car pulls up. It's  
Gyurik.

DAISY

Go inside Bird.

Birdie skips inside.

DAISY (CONT'D)

You can't keep showing up like  
this.

GYURIK

You're ignoring me.

DAISY

I'm getting a restraining order.

GYURIK

Do whatever you want. It's not  
going to stop me.

Daisy starts to panic and walk towards the front door.

Lorraine notices what's happening and comes outside.

LORRAINE

Hey! Get the fuck off my property.  
I'm calling the police.

Gyurik doesn't move. Lorraine walks straight up to him.

LORRAINE (CONT'D)

Get back in your car and drive  
away.

Gyurik walks back to his car. Before he gets inside-

GYURIK

The only reason I haven't killed  
you yet is because you're having my  
son.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Gyurik drives off. Lorraine looks at Daisy who is still  
speechless.

\*  
\*

INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

\*

Carlen sits on a couch alone, reading a book. Daisy walks in  
not believing what she's seeing.

NARRATOR

Years after graduating from  
college, I ran into Carlen at the  
local bar back in Great Bay.

Daisy sits next to Carlen. Carlen keeps a friendly distance  
and doesn't seem nearly as close to interested as Daisy does.

DAISY

I was just thinking the other day  
of that time you and your good  
friend Chilly and me and Laurel  
drove around town.

CARLEN

I was never friends with Chilly. I  
mean maybe we hung out once but we  
weren't really friends.

NARRATOR

I loved kissing you Carlen, I  
waited so long for that moment and  
experienced the kind of bliss I  
knew the two of us were capable of.

CARLEN

Definitely not the type of guy I'd  
care to be friends with, but who  
knows maybe we did hang out.

NARRATOR

Did I do something in a past life  
to hurt you Carlen? And now you're  
going to deprive me of being  
together with you now?

CARLEN

Now if you said Barry Lerner I  
would definitely agree. We hung out  
a bunch in college.

NARRATOR

Why won't you just love me?

CARLEN

And Jeff Salco, he was a friend. He and I were on the lacrosse team together.

DAISY

Yeah, well. Um. If you'r going to be in town, maybe we can get a drink or something?

CARLEN

Um.

A beat.

CARLEN (CONT'D)

Yeah.. I don't really have much of a social life, I wouldn't really know where to go.

DAISY

It doesn't matter. There are plenty of places to go that don't require a social life. Any place is fine.

Carlen hesitates before sticking his hand in his pocket and handing her his card.

CARLEN

Here's my card.

DAISY

Let me give you my number.

Carlen watches uninterested as Daisy grabs a pen from her bag and writes down her phone number. He puts it in his pocket and stands up. Daisy stands up too, not ready to say goodbye, and follows Carlen as they headed for the exit.

Carlen motions for Daisy to follow him over to the side of the library.

EXT. LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

Carlen and Daisy stand in front of a small tree with enormous dark green leaves basking in the sun.

CARLEN

I planted this a year ago.

Daisy gently touches the smooth surface and smells the fresh scent.

DAISY  
It's beautiful, what is it?

CARLEN  
A magnolia tree.

A beat.

CARLEN (CONT'D)  
They called me a year ago to plant something as a memorial to the children's library. I just wanted to show you the tree, and to see how it's doing. It made it through the cold winter. It's almost ready to bloom.

DAISY  
What do the flowers look like?

CARLEN  
Big, beautiful white magnolias.

INT. LORRAINE'S KITCHEN - LATER

Daisy stands by the phone with Carlen's card in her hand. She contemplates calling and then does.

The phone rings until it goes to voicemail.

DAISY  
Hi Carlen, I just wanted to let you know I'm free tomorrow night if you'd like to get together. My daughter will be with her grandmother. Well, okay. Just let me know! Bye.

Daisy hangs up, unsure if that was the right decision.

INT. DAISY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Birdie sleeps in her bed as Daisy lays next to her. The phone within arm reach.

NARRATOR  
Friday came and went; Carlen never called.

Daisy closes her eyes. The sun starts to rise showing another day starting.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Saturday morning, I woke early and left the house, dropped Birdie and Lorraine off for their day on the town.

INT. FRONT DOOR - AFTERNOON

Daisy storms upstairs to her room.

INT. DAISY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Daisy returns to an empty house and presses the phone to listen to her voicemails. There are none. Disappointment fills Daisy's face.

INT. LORRAINE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Daisy goes into Lorraine's room and lays on the bed. She begins to cry.

NARRATOR

Everything started coming together from the present moment back. From the nights with Mitchell and Stevie, back through college, down through high school and into junior high. It all started to fit perfectly in place, like links on a chain, fusing together. While sitting on Lorraine's bed, I finally began to cry. Not from the pain inside my mind and body, but from the remarkable understand I was having for the first time. The final link of the chain fused together and I was able to see that girl again; the girl in the stairwell who had been so alive and believed all things right and true, disappear. I saw that girl lose her trust in the world, and thus saw the world lose its trust in her.

\*

Daisy stops to cry. She looks out the window and notices a beam of light hit the rug of her room, the same way it did when she was a kid.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

I saw the truth of my life - the reality of how all things connect. It made me realize my pain didn't have to be permanent. That my pain could be instead a catalyst to change.

Lorraine returns home and comes upstairs to see Daisy sitting on her bed with her eyes swollen shut. Lorraine comes in and sits next to Daisy. She hugs her.

INT. BUDDHIST CONFERENCE MEETING - NIGHT

Daisy sits with the group as the Nun teaches in front of them.

NUN

The Buddha wanted to know what was the point of existence. If ones fate was destined to end. Shakyamuni knew there was no escape from the cycle of birth and death and decided to leave privileged princely life to become an ascetic in search of answers and the meaning of life.

Daisy looks at the empty chair where Gyurik usually sits.

INT. THERAPY - DAY

Lorraine and Daisy sit on a couch together as a THERAPIST sits in front of them.

NARRATOR

Lorraine agreed about going to see a therapist to improve our relationship.

DAISY

If we could get along better that would be fine and if we can't well that's fine too.

THERAPIST

So what is it you're doing here?

Lorraine looks at Daisy.

DAISY

Well. I have some questions. Some thing I'd like to get straightened out. My interest here is selfish, but I think we can both benefit from it.

\*

Lorraine throws up her hands.

LORRAINE

If that's the case, I was brought her under false pretenses.

A beat.

DAISY

Let me ask you something. Do you think of me as an extension of you?

LORRAINE

No, not an extension. You're your own person.

DAISY

Okay, what about a continuation, like after you die you live on through me? Is that a better way of saying it?

LORRAINE

Yes, you are my daughter, of course I see you as a continuation of me. I see Birdie as a continuation of me too.

The therapist turns to Daisy.

THERAPIST

And how do you see it? Do you also see yourself as a continuation?

DAISY

No. Just the opposite. I see us as separate. Also, I'd like to say that I am not hostile towards her, but that she is in fact hostile towards me.

\*

THERAPIST

Would you agree with that, Lorraine?

LORRAINE

Yes, I would agree that Daisy is not hostile towards me. She's like... well, she's like nothing. I mean she exudes nothing. Like there's nothing emanating from her towards me whatsoever.

THERAPIST

How does that make you feel, Daisy?

DAISY

That's fine.

LORRAINE

Well, sometimes I feel like punching her.

Before the therapist can respond-

DAISY

And when you feel like punching me, when I'm emanating nothing, and basically not agreeing to be the continuation of you, do you still love me?

A beat.

LORRAINE

I always love you. You're my daughter.

DAISY

Do I always have to feel like I'm dying for you to love me?

LORRAINE

I love you no matter what.

\*

Lorraine doesn't say anything else.

DAISY

My mother never asked me a single detail about my life growing up. She never encouraged me either. She always said it was because she didn't want to suffocate me like her mother suffocated her.

LORRAINE

That's true.

DAISY

That was her excuse for not taking an interest in me. As far back as I can remember, I would actually tell Lorraine it was okay to ask me questions, to take an interest. I wanted her to ask me things, but she never did. Even when I offered to tell her, she never seemed interested in hearing it. She preferred to read and be left alone.

LORRAINE

It wasn't enough that I took you skiing and taught you to swim and ride a bike? You needed words too?

DAISY

I was a child, it was not my responsibility to know what I needed. I was also never able to discuss my fears or my pain.

LORRAINE

I never told you not to talk to me about your pain.

DAISY

You didn't need to. I understood without you ever saying so. When I got older, I would sometimes come to you when I was afraid of dying, remember?

\*

LORRAINE

Oh yes. I remember.

DAISY

Like after I came home for a couple months after Miami because I thought I was going to die.

LORRAINE

Yes, you came home to live with me then.

DAISY

Yes, but only for a few months before I moved back because I knew if I stayed at home, I would die.

LORRAINE

Right, and then there was a time before that you said you were at the end of your rope.

DAISY

Yes, but that time I wasn't afraid I was dying.

LORRAINE

That's true. You were just going to the end of your rope, you said. But then the time when you got hit by a car and thought you were going to die if you stayed and you came right back home. If I'm such a bad other, why do you keep coming back to me?

DAISY

The question is not why I come to you if you are a bad mother, the question is why I need to be dying to come to you? I knew she'd be there when I'm desperate and dying, supporting me. What I'm wondering is why I need to be dying for my mother to love me?

\*

Everyone in the room went silent.

INT. BUDDHIST TEMPLE ROOM - DAY

Daisy sits down with the head MONK.

MONK

In Buddhism, there are no endings. It's all a continuation. You may leave one situation, but you'll end up at another. The idea is to simply let go. Gradually, bit by bit it gets easier and easier.

NARRATOR

I have this strange feeling lately like I'm standing at a threshold and don't know what's on the other side. I try to stay calm and use what I've learned from my practice to not be afraid. Yet, I can't help worrying for my daughter, about not being around to see her grow;

(MORE)

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

that she won't have me to protect and help her feel free to express her pain and fear without shame. There are so many mysteries about life I may never understand. Why certain people like Matt, Missy, Carlen, and Marco came into my life and why they have gone. Why Lorraine is my mother and Birdie my daughter. But I have faith I will come to understand and discover the truth and meaning of it all. The people who repeatedly showed up in my life, all the people I've ever loved and lost have been trying to teach me all along; the truth and to be set free. I may never find the girl who got lost but I can find the me that exists now and live an honest life.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

INT. CAR - DAY

Daisy drives past the magnolia tree Carlen planted at the library. The flowers have fully blossomed.

NARRATOR

Sometimes when I forget what's really important and forget to understand what I've been trying, I drive past the Magnolia tree Carlen planted. The flowers have now blossomed and look like the pure white wings of an angel.

\*  
\*

Daisy parks her car and stares at the flower.

Black Out.