

SCRIPT TITLE

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EXT. BUSY STREET IN SLIGO IRELAND - DAY

People walk past quaint shops of every description.

Lilly, now in her late 30's, waters trays of herbs and flowers under the window of a shop. She carries the water can inside. A sign over the shop's door reads, "AROMA DREAMS and other things."

A handsome man in his 50's (JESSE CONRAD) stops at a street corner. He watches Lilly enter the shop, crosses the street.

CUT TO:

INT. LILLY'S SHOP (AROMA DREAMS) - DAY

Lilly stands with a CUSTOMER next to a shelf of essential oils. She opens a small bottle, sniffs it.

LILLY
This is lavender. Very relaxing.

The customer sniffs, smiles.

CUSTOMER
Oh, heavenly!

The woman takes the bottle, walks away. Lilly straightens the bottles on the shelf.

Jessie steps through the low doorway into the dim shop. He dodges bunches of dried herbs hanging from the ceiling. Lilly sees him. She ducks through the aisles on her way to the counter.

A sales lady (RUBY) rings customers up. Ruby stops her.

RUBY
Lilly! This nice lady had a question about--

Lilly ignores her, hurries past. Jessie reaches the counter.

JESSIE
Lilly.

Lilly stops short, sighs. She turns to face him.

Ruby studies Jessie's face; her's lights up.

RUBY
You're Jessie Conrad!

Store patrons look up. Jessie look about. Ruby turns to Lilly, looks a question at her.

LILLY
He's my father.

RUBY
Your father?
(beat)
Why have you never mentioned it?

Several people have gathered. An ELDERLY LADY tugs on Jessie's raincoat sleeve.

ELDERLY LADY
I have seen every one of your
films, Mr. Conrad.
(beat)
Could I impose?

She hands him a small burlap pouch of rose hips. Jesse searches his blazer pockets for a pen.

RUBY
Eh, miss, you haven't purchased
that, yet.

ELDERLY LADY
I aim to. Keep hold of your
bloomers!

Jesse finds a pen..

JESSIE
I'll cover it.

He signs the pouch, hands Ruby a pound note. She proceeds to make change. Jessie waves his hand.

JESSIE (CONT'D)
Leave the change.

LILLY
Give him his change, Ruby.

Ruby looks from Lilly to Jessie. Jessie shrugs helplessly. Ruby makes change, hands the money to him.

JESSIE
Is the kettle on in the back?

LILLY	RUBY
No.	Yes.

Lilly scowls at Ruby.

RUBY

I mean
 (beat)
 I can't be sure--

LILLY

It's OK, Ruby.
 (to Jessie)
 Did you bring your tea?

Jessie pulls a tin of loose tea from a pocket. Lilly half grins, walks through a floral curtain behind the counter. Jessie follows; he lays the change on the counter as he passes, winks at Ruby. Ruby wilts with delight.

CUT TO:

INT. AROMA DREAMS, BACK ROOM - DAY

Lilly turns the fire up under a kettle. She pulls cups, saucers and a tin of biscuits from a shelf. Jessie pulls his tin of tea from his pocket. Lilly glances, scoffs.

LILLY

You are a tea snob, father.

Jessie sits on the divan across from a large picture window. Burgeoning flower and herb gardens can be seen outside.

JESSIE

I'm a snob all around, if you read the tabloids.

LILLY

Yes, well, those might read differently if you treated the press with more respect.

JESSIE

Press. Useless, as far as I am concerned.

LILLY

You say that, now. You wouldn't be the ridiculously adored actor that you are if it wasn't for their help.

Jessie turns his attention to the beautiful gardens.

JESSIE

The gardens are lovely, Lilly. I would like to have your magic.

Lilly glances out the window.

LILLY
No magic involved. Just a love for
things that grow.

She sets a tea tray on the table between she and her father;
she takes a chair opposite him. Jessie sprinkles some of his
tea into a steep, sets it in his cup, pours water over it.

LILLY (CONT'D)
Why are you here, Father?

JESSIE
Lilly. I can't simply wish to
visit you?

She eyes him. He relents, pulls a letter from his blazer
pocket, drops it on the table. Lilly picks it up, reads it.

LILLY
An acceptance letter; San Francisco
Academy of Performing Arts.
(beat)
For Saffron! Father, were you
behind this?

JESSIE
No.
(beat)
Perhaps a little. I don't see a
good reason why she shouldn't be
allowed to pursue her dream--

LILLY
There is very good reason!

JESSIE
Name the reason, then!

Lilly drops the letter on the table. She picks up her cup,
carries it to the window.

JESSIE (CONT'D)
She'll turn 18 in two months. You
won't have a say in it, then.
(beat)
Lilly, I love her as much as you
do, but I cannot understand this
frightened hold you keep on her.

He joins her at the windows. Rain begins to mist the panes.

JESSIE (CONT'D)
Tell me what happened in San Francisco.

LILLY
Will you be staying for supper?

JESSIE
(beat)
I would like that, very much.

LILLY
I should go to the market, then. Roast leg of lamb is your favorite, if I remember. Saffron loves it, too, and I saw a nice, fat one hanging in the butcher window this morning. With any luck, it's still there.
(beat)
I'll need rosemary...

Jessie watches her take a hat and rain slicker from a peg, then duck back through the floral curtain. He can hear her asking Ruby about their stock of fresh rosemary as she heads for the shop's door. He sits back down, picks up his cup of tea.

CUT TO:

INT. FLAT ABOVE AROMA DREAMS (SAFFRON & LILLY'S HOME) - NIGHT

Rock music can be heard coming from a room down the hallway. Camera pans the dim front room, into the dining area where Lilly, Jessie, and seventeen-year-old SAFFRON sit eating dinner.

LILLY
You left your stereo on again, Saffron.

SAFFRON
I like this album.

JESSIE
Who is it?

SAFFRON
It's a local band. My boyfriend Donavon plays guitar with them.
(beat)
He's playing right there. Hear it?

LILLY
 How can he not? How can the
 neighbors two buildings away not?

Saffron grows sullen. Jessie looks from mother to daughter,
 takes another bite of lamb.

JESSIE
 Dinner is delicious, Lilly.

Lilly nods politely, takes a drink of wine.

JESSIE (CONT'D)
 Saffron, I received a letter.

<p>LILLY Father--</p>	<p>JESSIE Friday last, I believe it was. Posted for you, in care of my address.</p>
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Saffron stops chewing, flits a look from her mother to her
 plate.

LILLY
 We won't discuss this.

SAFFRON
 Is it from the performing arts
 college?

Jessie nods. Lilly is livid.

LILLY
 Is it why you're here, then? To
 make trouble?

JESSIE
 Saffron, should you decide to
 attend this school--

<p>LILLY It is not her decision! (beat) Father!</p>	<p>JESSIE I will help you in any way I can, and for bloody's sake, Lilly! What would you have her do? Stay here? Become another you, afraid to walk round the corner to the news stand?</p>
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LILLY
 There are perfectly suitable
 performing arts academies here!
 What about Trinity in Dublin? You
 couldn't pull strings to get her
 there, or somewhere else that is--

SAFFRON

Close to you.

(beat)

I want to go to America! All I've ever known is this shitty little flat, in an even shittier street!

LILLY

Saffron!

JESSIE

She'll get good auditions. She need only give my name--

LILLY

Your name! The key to all the right doors, is it?

(beat)

That key didn't fit your own front lock when I was coming up, yet you'll use it to just sweep my daughter off to-

She breaks down, hides her tears behind her napkin. She quickly recovers, stands, gathers dishes.

LILLY (CONT'D)

More wine, father? Or something stronger? There's good brandy in the cupboard. You like brandy, right?

JESSIE

It's cognac I like.

LILLY

Cognac, yes. A daughter should know these things about her father. Strange that I wouldn't, isn't it?

She carries a stack of dishes to the kitchen. SOUNDS OF RUNNING WATER, DISHES.

Saffron walks to the liquor cabinet, pours a glass of brandy. Jessie joins her.

JESSIE

I wasn't the best of fathers.

Saffron takes a sip, hands the glass to Jessie.

SAFFRON

We're even. I'm not the best of daughters.

EXT. ROW HOUSE, SLIGO IRELAND - DAY

A beat up station wagon idles at the curb. Saffron, her boyfriend DONAVON, and her best friend CHLOE lean against it. They appear bored; they've done this before.

Sound of arguing is heard coming from an upstairs window.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.C.)
You'll mind what I say, Maria!

A satchel falls from the open window into the bushes below. The teens waiting by the car exchange looks. Donavon shakes his head; Chloe and Saffron push him toward the yard. He goes reluctantly, picks the satchel out of the bushes, trots back to the car.

DONAVON
Last time the old sow threw a shoe
at me. High heel. Got the scar
right here as reminder!

He parts his long hair to show them. They ignore him in favor of watching Maria, dressed in black, push her legs out the window. She grabs a tree branch, shimmies to the ground. Her mother sticks her head out the window.

MARIA'S MOTHER
The vicar's coming for supper!

MARIA
Give him my apologies.

MARIA'S MOTHER
Your father will be hearin' about
this!

They pile into the car.

MARIA
Hurry!

MARIA'S MOTHER
She's not to go, I tell you!
(beat)
I'll ring the police!

Donavon sets the gear, squeals off.

MARIA'S MOTHER (CONT'D)
Hoodlums! The lot of you!

CUT TO:

INT. DONAVON'S CAR - DAY

Maria cowers in the back seat.

MARIA
Slow down!

DONAVON
You said to hurry!

MARIA
You're going to crash and kill us!

DONAVON
You're in the car not a minute, and
already you're chewing on my ass!

CUT TO:

EXT. DONAVON'S CAR - DAY, TRAVELING

We watch the car drive north out of Sligo.

CUT TO:

EXT. DONAVON'S CAR - LATE DAY, TRAVELING

They drive through the countryside.

CUT TO:

EXT. DONAVON'S CAR - DUSK, TRAVELING

Donavon slows, turns through a pair of white iron gates.

MARIA
Can't we for once go without
stopping here first?

CHLOE
I need the luck.

CUT TO:

EXT. DRUMCLIFF CEMETERY, COUNTY SLIGO - DUSK

Donavon stops his car. The teens climb out. Maria shivers.

MARIA
 Smell that?
 (beat)
 Death. All round.

They walk past graves, stop at William Yeats'. Donavon motions them quiet.

DONAVON
 Hear that? It's the Horseman.

MARIA
 I'm leaving.

Saffron stops her.

SAFFRON
 Show some respect, Donavon.

Chloe touches the stone, closes her eyes.

CHLOE
 (whisper)
 Grant me your breath, William
 Yeats, that tonight I recite my
 words with your heart and levity.

Donavon runs a finger up the back of Maria's neck. She shrieks, brushes at her neck.

MARIA
 I hate you!
 (to Saffron)
 Why must we drag him everywhere
 with us?

SAFFRON
 Because he drives. And, he's cute.

They cuddle. Chloe takes a deep breath.

CHLOE
 I'm ready. Lets go.

They walk back to the car.