

My favorite Flower

by

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BLACK SCREEN.

We hear two people panting and breathing heavily.

TITLE CARD: MY FAVORITE FLOWER.

ACT I

FADE IN.

1 INT. MONA'S BEDROOM - DAY

We see the butt cheeks of a man, SAM, going back and forth; hear a bed frame squeaking and heavy breathing.

Close-up of MONA, a twenty-something year-old small-town girl-next-door. The type of girl that drinks pumpkin spice lattes and keeps most things inside her home in a neutral Instagram-influencer white.

We watch her face, as her hair is swinging back and forth next to it, her facial expression is focused, slightly strained.

MONA
(pressed, muttering)
Harder.

The butt and hair swing in unison, with more intensity.

SAM
(exhausted)
Almost there.

MONA
No! Hold it, I'm not there yet!

SAM
I can't hold it much longer!

Suddenly, Mona's phone rings. While still going, Mona glances over to her nightstand to see who is calling. The screen says DAISY.

MONA
HOLD IT! I need to answer this.

SAM
Are you kidding me?

Mona reaches for the phone anyway.

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CONTINUED:

MONA
 (pretending not to be out of
 breath)
 What's up?

CUT TO:

2 INT. DAISY'S BEDROOM - DAY

DAISY, the twenty-something messy-haired counterpart to MONA, sits on her bed, the phone squeezed between her ear and shoulder. She is struggling to put on socks and ends up putting on two different ones that she pulls out of an overstuffed drawer. Her bedroom is messy with clothes all over the floor and empty cardboard boxes that used to be filled with chinese take-out are stacked on her bedside table. She's wearing sweatpants and a food-stained sweater.

DAISY
 You home?

INTERCUT MONA/DAISY

MONA looks at SAM for an answer. He shakes his head.

DAISY
 (impatient, on the phone)
 Hellooo?

MONA
 Give me 5 minutes.

DAISY
 (while putting on shoes)
 What are you doing?

We hear SAM's voice mumbling through the phone.

DAISY
 Is that Sam? Ohh, I get it. You guys
 are busy.

MONA
 (through the phone)
 Kinda, yeah.

DAISY
 Ok, well, think of me when you finish.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MONA
(sighs)
I'll try not to.

DAISY
See you in 5 minutes.

DAISY hangs up the phone and throws it in a jute bag. She jumps up and slides over to the kitchen. She opens the fridge, takes a wrapped sandwich out and also throws it into the bag. She's on her way to leave her apartment and closes the door behind her - almost. Right before she closes it, she reaches back in on the counter and grabs a pair of keys. Finally, DAISY shuts the door.

3 EXT. THE STREETS OF LOUISVILLE - DAY

Outside of her run-down apartment building, DAISY gets her bike, starts pushing it and jumps on without stopping the bike. It's a rather small town and streets aren't too crowded or busy. On her bike ride, DAISY passes a small café/bar-hybrid called "Dead Poets Societea".

She drives by HERB, an elderly homeless man sitting outside of a graveyard, his stuff spread out on a scruffy blanket, and stops abruptly.
DAISY gets off her bike.

DAISY
Hey Herb, how you doing?

HERB shows her his best, almost-toothless smile.

HERB
Ah, you know, nothing new from this side of the town.
(points towards the graveyard behind him)
They're still all dead. Still waiting for me to give up this spot and join them.

DAISY
You better tell them to wait or I'll have to give this sandwich to someone else.

DAISY pulls out the wrapped sandwich from her bag and hands it to HERB. He gratefully accepts.

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HERB
You're too kind, kiddo, you know that?

DAISY
(whispering behind her hand)
Someone's gotta be.

HERB
You wanna join me?

HERB pats the ground next to him.

DAISY
I'm sorry Herb, I'd love to, but I'm
on a very important mission.

HERB
What mission?

DAISY
I have to stop my best friend from
having good sex.

HERB laughs.

HERB
Good luck with that, kiddo.

DAISY
Thanks. See ya!

HERB waves DAISY goodbye while she gets back on her bike and lights up a joint. She puts it in her mouth, takes a deep breath, and rides away.

CLOSE-UP OF THE JOINT BURNING DOWN IN HER MOUTH, DAISY PULLING HEAVILY ON IT, COUGHING IN BETWEEN BREATHS

She takes the joint between two fingers, while still riding her bike, exhales, and puts it back in.

INTERCUT: DAISY RIDING HER BIKE/MONA AND SAM HAVING SEX

4 EXT. MONA'S HOUSE/ INT. MONA'S BEDROOM - DAY

DAISY finally arrives at MONA's house. Technically, it's half of a house - the other half belongs to MONA'S MOTHER. DAISY jumps off her bike, blunt in hand, leans the bike against a wall and goes up to the doorstep. She takes a last puff, drops the butt and stamps on it. At the exact time that DAISY rings the doorbell, SAM orgasms along to the sound of the

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bell, MONA doesn't.

CLOSE-UP OF MONA'S FACE

MONA exhales slowly and audibly, with her eyes closed, she opens them on the sound of the doorbell.

CUT TO:

DAISY is standing outside, hands in her pockets, fidgeting with her legs and waiting impatiently to be let in. We hear footsteps running down the stairs. MONA opens the door, wearing a bathrobe. She looks rushed. DAISY seems unimpressed.

DAISY pulls a bottle of red wine out of her bag, with a huge grin on her face. MONA looks at her in suspicion, as if she thinks something's going on.

MONA

Hello. Friend.

DAISY

Sup.

MONA

You couldn't have waited just a second longer, could you?

DAISY

But would that second really have made a difference?

MONA scoffs and shakes her head.

MONA

So, what's the occasion? Are we celebrating something?

DAISY

(with a big smile on her face)
We're celebrating the fact that I managed to get out of bed today.

DAISY lets herself in.

MONA

Didn't you have work this morning?

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DAISY
 (still smiling)
 I have work every morning.

MONA stares at her, trying to figure out what's wrong.

MONA
 Are you high?

DAISY
 Possibly.

MONA looks outside the door and spots DAISY's bike.

MONA
 You rode your bike while on drugs?

DAISY
 I guess I did.
 (waves her hand in front of Mona's
 face like a magician; whispers)
 Or did I?

MONA grabs DAISY's wrist and pushes her hand away from her face.

MONA
 Yes. You did.

MONA pulls DAISY in by her wrist and closes the door behind her.

DAISY
 Ow! Let go of me.

MONA
 Stay here. I'm gonna put on some clothes.

5 INT. MONA'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

DAISY lets herself fall on the couch, wine in hand. She notices that MONA's laptop is slightly open. She opens the laptop and types in MONA's password. She's memorized it from all the times she has watched MONA type it in. A word document opens up, with the title reading "Fuck this script". It's a movie script. DAISY sits up straight on the couch and puts the wine on the table, focusing on the script. She starts reading the first lines.

(insert lines here)

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Suddenly, MONA and her SAM come rushing down the stairs, SAM being fully clothed and MONA wearing pajama pants and a t-shirt. MONA notices that DAISY is reading the script on her laptop.

MONA

Hey! You can't read that!

MONA quickly runs over to the couch and pulls the laptop from DAISY's hands. SAM is over at the front door, putting on his coat.

SAM

Hi Daisy.

DAISY

(barely paying attention to him)

Hey Sam.

SAM opens the door and steps outside.

SAM

See you tonight. Bye Daisy. Bye honey.

MONA

(distracted)

Bye, see ya.

(turns towards Daisy in anger)

Why are you reading my stuff?

DAISY

I wasn't planning on reading it, I wanted to put on some music and the file was just open when I opened the laptop.

MONA

Then don't open my laptop without asking me. It's not that hard to wait 2 minutes until I'm back.

DAISY

Why are you so mad about this? I wanna know what you're writing about.

MONA

Well, I don't want you to read it. End of discussion.

DAISY

Then who are you writing for? Don't
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

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DAISY (CONT'D)

you want your stuff to be read one day? Produced even? Isn't that the goal?

MONA

(quietly)

I mean, yeah. Sure. But I feel like what I'm writing is not... good enough.

(Beat)

Not yet at least. I have zero inspiration.

DAISY jumps up, grabs the laptop out of MONA's arms and throws it on the couch.

MONA

Yo! Careful!

DAISY ignores it. She sits down on the back of the couch.

DAISY

You know what? Screw movie night.

MONA

It's 10 a.m.

DAISY

(unbothered)

Let's go get some inspiration. Put your jacket on.

MONA

(groans)

But I'm already in my PJs.

DAISY

Keep them on, who cares?

MONA

I care.

DAISY

(rolls her eyes)

Keeping your PJs on is part of the journey to inspiration. Now come on.

MONA sticks out her tongue and rolls her eyes, but finally surrenders.

6 EXT. LOUISVILLE PARK - LATE AFTERNOON

DAISY and MONA are on their bikes, riding through the alleys of the local park. DAISY is leading the way. They drive by a run-down, early 19th-century farmhouse. Its walls have started to decay and the front-yard is overgrown by weeds and wild flowers.

DAISY
(still riding her bike, shouting,
so that Mona can hear her)
I hate this house.

MONA
(shouting from the back)
WHAT?

DAISY
(louder)
I SAID I HATE THIS HOUSE.

MONA
(louder)
I CAN'T HEAR YOU
(gesturing towards her ears)
THE WIND.

DAISY abruptly stops her bike. MONA almost crashes into her but catches herself last minute.

DAISY
(normal volume)
I said I hate this dumbass house.

MONA
Why?

DAISY
It's ugly and it doesn't fit in here
at all and no one's been in there for,
like, ten years anyway.

MONA
(laughs)
Why does a random-ass house upset you
so much? Who gives a shit? I actually
think it's kinda cute. Kind of
romantic, but spooky.

DAISY
I don't like it.

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MONA

Okay. Is that why you brought me here?

DAISY

No.

(Beat)

Maybe. I dunno.

MONA patiently waits for a clear answer, but no answer is coming.

MONA

Why don't we lie down in the grass for a bit? Right there.

(she points to the house)

Where no-one can see me wearing pajama pants.

DAISY

(grunts)

Fine.

CUT TO:

7 EXT. LOUISVILLE PARK/ FARMHOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

DAISY and MONA lie head-to-head in the grass and look up to the sky. MONA covers her face with a scarf/hat to shield it from the sun.

DAISY

(defeated)

I lied, I actually liked the house.

MONA

(muffled, through the hat/scarf)

I know.

DAISY sits up.

DAISY

How'd you know?

MONA takes the hat off and sits up as well.

MONA

Because you love to protest things for no reason.

DAISY shrugs her shoulders but shows no protest towards that statement. She lights up another joint that she pulls out of

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a little box in her jute bag, inhales and offers it to MONA.

MONA shakes her head. DAISY lies down again.

DAISY

Dad and I wanted to move here when I was younger. It was too big and too expensive for two people, though. Dunno about the price now but I doubt that anyone could live there anymore.

MONA

You've never told me about that.

DAISY

No? I guess it's never come up in conversation.

MONA

If you could renovate the house and move there, would you?

DAISY contemplates the idea.

DAISY

Nah. If it's too big for two people, it's definitely too big for just me.

MONA leans over DAISY's face and coats it in her shadow.

MONA

I'd come with you.

DAISY sits up again. They're face-to-face now.

DAISY

Yeah?

MONA

Sure.

Beat.

Suddenly, DAISY leans forward and kisses MONA. It's a rather quick kiss, full of nervousity and uncertainness. Like a first kiss between two teenagers, except it's between two best friends in their early twenties. MONA doesn't pull back immediately, but the kiss is short and there's no tongue or anything involved. It's a kiss to test the water.

Once DAISY pulls back, they stare at each other in silence.

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Finally, MONA breaks the unbearable silence.

MONA
You're high.

MONA lies back down.

DAISY
You're not.

No response from MONA. Eventually, DAISY lies down again, too, and they look back up to the sky like in the beginning of the scene. Only now, it's silent and uncomfortable.

CUT TO:

8 INT. "DEAD POETS SOCIETEA" - DAY

MONA is towel-drying coffee mugs and watches two men try and set up a karaoke-set in the corner of the café. The men are stumbling over chairs and don't seem to quite know what they're actually doing. MONA doesn't intervene, but rather enjoys the slapstick performance the two give her.

MONA's boss, DARCY, enters the room with boxes full of table decor stacked up in her arms. Immediately, MONA puts down the coffee mugs and towel and takes 2 of the boxes out of DARCY's arms.

DARCY
(a little out of breath)
Thank you. Over here.

They carry them over to the tables where the two men are setting up the karaoke machine.

DARCY
Are you bringing anyone tomorrow night?

MONA
Just my boyfriend, probably.

DARCY
Have I met him?

MONA
I don't think you have.

DARCY
Ooh, exciting. What about that bubbly
(MORE)

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DARCY (CONT'D)

friend of yours? The one who always hangs around and never orders anything?

She says this with a hint of sarcasm in her voice. MONA feels uncomfortable, as if she'd just been caught stealing something from the kitchen.

MONA

Oh, I don't know. I've told her about it but I don't know if she's coming. We haven't talked in a few days.

DARCY

Something up?

MONA

Um, no. Everything's fine.

She puts on a forced smile and helps unpack the boxes. MONA pulls out a large banner that has "KARAOKE TONIGHT" written on it in a cheesy 80's font/style. MONA raises her eyebrows.

MONA

Are you sure this is the right one?

DARCY gives MONA a look, a mixture of apologetic and begging.

DARCY

We haven't had a karaoke night in a while.

CUT TO:

9 INT. DAISY'S KITCHEN - DAY

DAISY is stirring a pot of tomato sauce with one hand and pouring pasta in another pot with the other hand, her phone stuck between her shoulder and ear again.

She is visibly annoyed at the person on the phone and rolls her eyes.

DAISY

I don't know if I can take a week off in January yet, it's July, Mom.

The pasta box spits out way too much pasta and DAISY snaps her hand forward to catch the spilled pasta before it lands in the water, dropping her phone in the process.

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DAISY

Shit.

She picks up the phone.

DAISY

Mom?

DAISY'S MOTHER CLAUDIA

(yelling, on the phone)

HELLO? Are you okay?? What happened?

Immediately, DAISY is annoyed again and holds the phone away from her ear.

DAISY

I'm fine. I dropped my phone.

CLAUDIA

You need to be more careful with your belongings. You can't buy a new phone every six months.

DAISY

I am careful.

CLAUDIA

(dismissive)

Sure, honey. What if we do November, then? Do you think you can take a week off, then?

DAISY

I dunno, I'd have to check. Can we talk about that when you're here? I hate doing this over the phone.

CLAUDIA

Well, can you at least give me some kind of direction? Do you even wanna go on vacation with me? I feel kind of left in the dark here. I'd give it to you as a late birthday gift but I don't want to feel like a burden to you.

DAISY sighs, feeling like she's talking to a wall.

DAISY

You're not a burden, Mom.

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CLAUDIA

I sure feel like one, though.

DAISY leans against the fridge and throws her head back in frustration, hitting it on the fridge door. She stares at the blank ceiling.

CLAUDIA

Hello? Can you hear me?

DAISY

Yes, Mom, I can hear you.

(deep breath)

I'll find a way to take my paid leave in November.

CLAUDIA

Okay, great! Let's plan the rest when I'm there. Listen, honey, I'd love to chat some more, but I gotta go. I'll see you in a few weeks.

DAISY

Okay. Bye Mom. Love you.

CLAUDIA

Love you. Bye!

DAISY closes her eyes and sighs.

CUT TO:

10 INT. A STUDENT BAR/CLUB - NIGHT

A student bar/club-hybrid. It's dark, a little grubby and, judging by the people hanging out there, a little bit of a hipster hotspot. DAISY sits alone at a table. A WAITRESS brings her a drink.

WAITRESS

There you go!

DAISY

Thanks.

DAISY nips on the drink. She scans the room, looking for someone specific. Then, a pair of jeans appear in front of the table and DAISY looks up. It's RICHIE, her dealer.

RICHIE

There you are.

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He sits down next to Daisy.

DAISY

Kinda weird to meet up here. I've never been to a club alone.

RICHIE

Would you rather meet somewhere more...private? May I?

RICHIE points to DAISY's drink.

DAISY

Sure, go ahead. Honestly, I wouldn't mind having you over at my place. Seems less..awkward.

RICHIE

The advantage of a place like this is that you can meet several people at once. But if you want my delivery service instead. Fine by me. So, what can I do for you?

DAISY

I just need some weed, same as last time.

RICHIE pulls out a plastic bag filled with all kinds of pills.

RICHIE

Anything else?

DAISY is quite impressed by his collection.

DAISY

How did you even get in here with all that stuff?

RICHIE

(casually, kind of bragging)
Bouncer buys from me.

DAISY

Of course he does.

RICHIE

Okay, so... a gram? I also got some LSD and mushrooms if you're interested.

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DAISY
Pass. I'm kind of over hallucinogens.

RICHIE
Bad trip?

DAISY
A few, actually.

Richie packs up a small plastic bag of weed, then pulls out a readily rolled blunt from a small case. He hands DAISY the plastic bag.

RICHIE
There you go. And this one's for sharing.

He offers her the joint, but DAISY shakes her head.

DAISY
Thanks, but I've noticed that alcohol and weed don't mix well.

RICHIE
Wise words.

DAISY hands RICHIE a \$10-bill. He takes it and puts it in his back pocket.

DAISY
Will you excuse me for a minute?

RICHIE nods, the joint in his mouth, trying to fish a lighter out of his pockets.

DAISY gets up, leaving her drink behind. She makes her way through the crowded hallway, pushing people aside, towards the bathroom. The sign on the door shows half of a stick figure wearing a dress and the other half wearing pants. The sign has been crossed out with a sharpie and underneath it, someone wrote "Everybody". It's the only bathroom in the club.

11 INT. CLUB BATHROOM - NIGHT

DAISY looks into the mirror. Her make-up is still intact, her hair looks good. Her cheeks are pretty flushed from the alcohol, but everything else looks fine. DAISY turns the water on and leans down, holding her hair back, to drink some of the water coming out of the tap.

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CUT TO:

As she comes back up, the scenery changes. She's in a different bathroom now. A cleaner, neater one than the club bathroom.

Looking into the mirror again, her appearance has changed as well. Her hair is messier, her mascara has smudged under her eyes and most of her lipstick has come off. She wipes the mascara off from under her eyes and puts more lipstick on, smacking her lips together. After a final look into the mirror, she steps outside of the bathroom - now marked as "ladies", into the main area of Dead Poets Societee, where the karaoke night takes place.

12 INT. "DEAD POETS SOCIETEE" - NIGHT

MONA is handing a bottle of beer to a customer and goes over to wipe one of the tables where a couple just left. MONA notices DAISY coming out of the bathroom.

MONA

Are you okay?

DAISY

Yeah, I'm fine.

MONA

Did you throw up?

DAISY

No, I just needed a sip of water.

MONA

(passive aggressive)

You could have just asked me, I would have given you a glass.

DAISY

(also passive aggressive)

No, it's fine, I didn't want to keep you from working.

MONA

(sarcastically)

Wow, thanks.

Sitting at one of the tables, we can spot SAM sipping on a beer and talking to DARCY, seemingly enjoying himself.

DAISY notices that MONA struggles picking up all the left-

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over mugs and plates on a table.

DAISY

Here, let me help you with that.

As she grabs a few mugs and plates from the table, we hear the beginning of "I Kissed A Girl" by Katy Perry. A GUY at the karaoke machine sways from one foot to another, doing anything but matching the beat of the song. He starts blasting out the lyrics.

KARAOKE GUY

(sings off-key)

This was never the way I planned, not
my intention. I got so brave, drink in
hand. Lost my discretion.

DAISY stops what she's doing and starts watching him. As he gets to the chorus and starts yelling "I KISSED A GIRL AND I LIKED IT", DAISY glances over to MONA, who does her best effort to completely ignore the song and pretend like she can't understand the lyrics. DAISY catches MONA looking over to SAM and frantically scratching her neck, a thing she does when she's nervous.

In the middle of the song, the KARAOKE GUY drops the microphone and just wanders off the stage, obviously drunk. DARCY looks up, concerned, following the GUY, who disappears behind the bathroom door, with her eyes. She's about to get up and ask the next participant to come on stage, but DAISY is already walking towards the karaoke machine.

She holds the microphone in one hand, selecting a song with the other. MONA doesn't notice that she's there.

DAISY seems satisfied with her choice and starts singing "You're gonna go far, kid" by The Offspring, doing surprisingly well (although far from perfect).

DAISY

(while looking at MONA, who is
still wiping tables)

Show me how to lie
You're getting better all the time
And turning all against the one
Is an art that's hard to teach

MONA looks up and finally notices DAISY on stage. She realizes that the song is "directed" towards her and puts down her cloth. Crossing her arms, she lets herself fall down on one of the chairs, careful not to take her eyes away from

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DAISY, who does the same.

DAISY

Now dance, fucker, dance!
 Man, he never had a chance.
 And no one even knew
 It was really only you

The GUY from before comes back out of the bathroom and notices the song she's singing. From the back of the room, he loudly starts singing along, walking towards stage.

DAISY flinches, not expecting someone to chime in. As the GUY comes closer, fists bumping in the air and singing along, DAISY's face lights up and she actually can't hold back a laugh.

DAISY AND KARAOKE GUY

(sharing a microphone, shouting)

With a thousand lies
 And a good disguise
 Hit 'em right between the eyes!
 Hit 'em right between the eyes!

Now MONA can't hold back a smile anymore, either, and gives in. She cackles and shakes her head, leaning back in her chair. Her look meets that of SAM, who gives her a "that's your friend" look. She laughs. SAM laughs, too.

DAISY AND KARAOKE GUY

When you walk away
 Nothing more to say
 See the lightning in your eyes
 See 'em running for their liiiiives!

THE REST OF THE NIGHT IS SHOWN IN A MONTAGE. EVERYBODY IS ENJOYING THEMSELVES. DARCY BLASTS OUT "SINCE YOU'VE BEEN GONE" BY RAINBOW, SAM DOES A DECENT JOB AT "THAT'S LIFE" (FRANK SINATRA), WITH MONA DOING THE BACKGROUND VOCALS; MONA AND DAISY END UP ARM-IN-ARM, SINGING "SHAKE IT OFF" BY TAYLOR SWIFT.

DAISY gets progressively more drunk while MONA seems rather sober at the end of the night.

CUT TO:

13 EXT. DAISY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

MONA is dragging DAISY towards her apartment, almost crushing under her weight.

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MONA
(exhausted, pressed)
Can you at least try to walk on your
own?

DAISY
(singing Ed Sheeran's "Thinking
out loud", slurring her speech)
When your legs don't walk like they
used to before...

MONA laughs, which only makes her feel DAISY's weight even
more.

MONA
It's "when your legs don't work".

DAISY looks up, genuinely surprised. She's face-to-face with
MONA now, just like when they kissed.

DAISY
Not walk?

MONA
Nope.

They go silent, looking each other in the eyes. DAISY's eyes
wander down to MONA's lips, which MONA notices. As DAISY
leans slightly forward, MONA pulls her head away and under
DAISY's shoulders, lifting her up.

MONA
(distracting from the situation)
Alright, let's get you inside.

CUT TO:

14 INT. MONA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

DAISY stumbles her way towards her bed and let's herself fall
into it, face-first, arms and legs open like a starfish.

MONA
Okay, sit up. You can't sleep like
this.

She helps DAISY roll over and sit up. MONA walks over to
DAISY's closet and pulls out an old shirt and a pair of
pajama pants.

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CONTINUED:

MONA

Arms up.

DAISY throws her arms in the air, while MONA takes off DAISY's top and helps her get into the shirt. DAISY's hair gets caught in the collar of her shirt. MONA gently reaches under DAISY's hair and pulls it out of the shirt.

DAISY

(child-like)

Are you mad at me?

MONA

(continues getting DAISY ready for bed)

No, why would I be? Legs up.

She tries to wiggle DAISY out of her tight jeans, which is quite a struggle for both of them.

DAISY

Because I kissed you.

MONA stops what she's doing and looks down at her hands, fidgeting around with them.

MONA

I'm not mad at you about that. It was just

(Beat)

Unexpected.

DAISY

Do you want me to stop doing that?

MONA

To be honest, I just kind of want to forget about it.

DAISY

(disappointed)

Oh.

MONA

But if you want to talk about it, maybe let's wait until you're sober again.

DAISY

Yeah.

(CONTINUED)

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MONA pulls the pajama pants up.

DAISY
But we're still best friends, right?

MONA
Of course we are.

DAISY
Did you tell Sam?

MONA
No.

DAISY
...are you going to?

MONA
I don't know.
(pauses and thinks about it)
No.

CUT TO:

15 INT. MONA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

MONA tries to sneak into her bed as quietly as possible. SAM has his back turned to MONA, lying in bed. MONA sneaks under the covers, next to him.

SAM
(sleepily)
Is she okay?

MONA flinches.

MONA
(whispers)
I thought you were asleep.

SAM
I was. You woke me up.

MONA
(whispers)
Sorry. Yeah, she's okay. She's sleeping.

SAM
Good. Love you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MONA cuddles up behind SAM, acting as the big spoon. She reaches over to her nightstand to turn off the light.

MONA
Love you, too.

ACT II

16 INT. DAISY'S BEDROOM - MORNING

PAN CLOSER TO DAISY'S BED, ACCOMPANIED BY THE EARDRUM-PIERCING SOUND OF HER ALARM CLOCK.

DAISY is already awake, staring at the ceiling. She turns off the alarm on her phone. There are no traces of her smudged makeup left and we can see that she is wearing a different shirt - it's not the next day of the karaoke night, but a few days later. It's Monday. DAISY's face is empty of any emotion, nothing like we've seen her before.

CUT TO:

17 INT. DAISY'S BATHROOM - MORNING

DAISY brushes her teeth and spits out the toothpaste. There's a little bit of blood coming out with the toothpaste. Daisy looks down into the sink and washes away the blood. She takes a sip of water, moves it around her mouth and spits it out again. There's no more toothpaste coming out, but more blood.

DAISY moves closer to the mirror and pulls up her lip, baring her teeth. Her gums are bleeding. She touches them with her index finger and pulls the finger out, looking at the blood on it.

She takes the bloody finger and wipes it on the wrist of her other hand, leaving behind an almost transparent, red stripe.

DAISY is disappointed. She expected it to be more bloody. She grabs a red lipstick and smears it on her wrist as well, smudging it with her finger. DAISY is satisfied with the result: an opaque, red, shiny stripe on her wrist. She moves her wrist around under the mirror/bathroom light, looking at how the light reflects off the lipstick stain. Then she puts some of the lipstick on her lips and cheeks and washes it off her finger, grabs some concealer and conceals the dark circles under her eyes.

DAISY puts on a sweater that covers the red stripe on her wrist, leaving it there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CUT TO:

18 INT. A GRAY, DEPRESSING OFFICE - DAY

DAISY is sitting on a bare desk, in front of a computer, wearing a headset.

DAISY

(bored)

You can buy the premium package, which grants you access to all of the features of the software, or you can get the PLUS package, which has all the key features including monthly updates and the website managing tool.

(writing something down on a notepad)

Uh-huh. Great. We'll send you an email right away.

MONTAGE: DAISY IS SITTING ON THE DESK, DOING THE SAME THING, WITH CHANGING OUTFITS. PEOPLE COME BY AND PUT STACKS OF PAPER ON HER DESK, SHE'S EATING LUNCH OUT OF A TUPPERWARE BOX, TIPPING SOMETHING ON HER KEYBOARD, BEING ON THE PHONE WITH PEOPLE AND EVENTUALLY LETTING HER HEAD REST ON HER DESK. FINALLY, WE SEE AN EMPTY CHAIR AT THE DESK AND HEAR A PHONE RINGING.

The phone ringing at work turns into DAISY's cellphone ringing on her nightstand.

19 INT. DAISY'S BEDROOM - MORNING

DAISY picks up the phone. This time, her phone actually wakes her up. MONA is facetimeing her. Instead of saying "hello", DAISY just groans into the phone. MONA isn't looking at the camera, but we can see her walking around her house.

MONA

(still not looking)

Did I leave my charger at your place?

DAISY

(rubbing her face)

No.

MONA finally looks up and notices that DAISY is in her bed.

MONA

Why aren't you at work?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAISY

I wasn't feeling like it.

MONA

What do you mean, you "weren't feeling like it"? Are you sick?

DAISY

No... I don't know. I just couldn't really get up today. That happens quite a lot.

MONA

You can't just miss work because you're tired.

DAISY

It's not just being tired. I physically can't leave my bed.

MONA

Because you're sick?

DAISY

No! Yes. I don't know. I don't think you get it.

MONA

How often do you miss work?

DAISY

A few times.

MONA

A few times what?

DAISY

...a month.

MONA

A MONTH?! Are you dumb? You're gonna lose your job.

DAISY

Don't be so overdramatic. The job sucks anyway.

MONA

You know what it also does? Pay your bills.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAISY

Oh yeah? And how well does writing pay
your bills?

MONA stops looking for her charger.

MONA

(quietly)

That's not fair.

DAISY

You're not my Mom, so stop acting like
it. I don't have your stupid charger.

DAISY angrily hangs up and let's herself fall back into her
pillow, hitting her head on her bedframe.

DAISY

Ow! Fuck!

CUT TO:

20 INT. MONA'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

MONA is sitting on the couch, puts her phone away again. She
brings her attention back to a word document that's opened on
her laptop. The document is blank. MONA sighs, clearly
frustrated about her writer's block and possibly admitting to
herself that DAISY might be right. SAM comes downstairs, two
coats in his hand. He throws one of the coats on the couch.

SAM

Come on, let's go for a walk.

MONA

I'm working.

SAM leans over to take a look at MONA's blank document. He
looks over to MONA, his face saying "are you?".

SAM

You look like you could use some fresh
air.

MONA

Actually, I do.

SAM

You seem a little off, is everything
okay?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MONA

I think I just had a fight with Daisy.

SAM

You think?

MONA

I don't know if I'm mad at her or if I'm the one who has to apologize.

SAM

Sometimes, especially when it comes to friends, you can be both.

MONA

But why should I apologize if I'm the one who's mad?

SAM

Because you obviously care about her and the fight. Better to bend than to break. Why are you mad at her, anyways? Did she say something?

MONA

Kind of. But I'm honestly more upset that she doesn't take care of herself. I mean, it's probably not my place to tell her that, but then again, whose place is it?

SAM

Her mom's?

MONA

(scoffs)

Have you met her?

SAM

I haven't, and - judging by the look on your face - I plan on keeping it that way.

MONA

Good idea.

MONA shuts her laptop.

MONA

Okay, let's go.

21 EXT. LOUISVILLE PARK/FARMHOUSE - DAY

MONA and SAM stroll through the park, holding hands as they pass by the old farmhouse. A CONSTRUCTION WORKER is putting up a sign in front of the house that reads "CAUTION! DEMOLITION SITE!"

MONA stops, as she reads the sign.

MONA

(to construction worker)

Hi, excuse me? What's happening to this house?

CONSTRUCTION WORKER

We're tearing it down.

MONA

What? Why?

CONSTRUCTION WORKER

'Cause it's an old house that hasn't been sold to anyone in years. That's what happens with old houses.

MONA

What are you gonna put there instead?

CONSTRUCTION WORKER

I don't know. And I don't care. My job is to tear it down.

MONA

When?

CONSTRUCTION WORKER

Tomorrow morning.

MONA

Oh. Okay. Thanks.

MONA and SAM continue walking, but MONA keeps turning around, looking at the house.

SAM

Why do you care about this house?

MONA

It means a lot to Daisy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAM
An old, moldy house?

MONA
I think it reminds her of her Dad.

SAM
Oh. I see.

They keep walking.

MONA
I think I'll be home late tonight.

SAM
Since when do you have plans tonight?

MONA
(smiling, satisfied with an idea
she has)
Since now.

CUT TO:

22 INT. DAISY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The doorbell rings. DAISY is lying in bed, buried under her blanket, her laptop on her stomach, headphones in. Confused, she takes out the headphones as she hears the bell ringing. She gets out of bed and presses the button for the front door.

DAISY stays at the door, a little suspicious, looking through the door spy to see who's coming up the stairs. And then she spots MONA, holding a box of painting tools, spray cans and a sledgehammer. DAISY opens the door just a tiny bit, just big enough to look through the door slit.

DAISY
What are you doing here this late?

MONA
I'm kidnapping you.

DAISY raises her eyebrows.

DAISY
With spray cans and paint brushes?

MONA
Yes, they're part of it. Put on some
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MONA (CONT'D)
shoes and follow me.

DAISY
Okay? I don't get any more
information?

MONA
Nope.

23 EXT. DAISY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

MONA's bike is waiting outside. MONA puts the tool box in
DAISY's bike basket and waves to DAISY to follow her.

We can see the two riding their bikes through the night,
under the street lights.

24 EXT. LOUISVILLE PARK/FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

They stop in front of the old house. MONA gets the box from
DAISY's basket.

DAISY
What are we doing here?

MONA
Illegal stuff.

DAISY
You want to do something illegal?

MONA
Yes, get this: we're breaking into
this house.

DAISY is genuinely surprised.

DAISY
What? Are you insane?

DAISY follows MONA, who is carrying the box to the front
door.

MONA
(yelling back over her shoulder)
The house is getting torn down.
Nothing's gonna happen...I think.

DAISY
Are you high?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MONA

I just wanted to be the cool friend
for once. Spontaneous.

(Beat)

And I figured you could use some
cheering up.

MONA tries to turn the door knob on the front door. It's
locked.

MONA

Shit.

DAISY

What now?

MONA

I didn't plan any
further...spontaneous, remember?

DAISY shakes her head in disbelief. She's never seen her
friend like that. DAISY grabs the sledgehammer from the box.

DAISY

You brought this for a reason, right?

DAISY hands over the hammer to MONA, who suddenly looks a lot
more nervous than before. Being the cool friend seems to be
harder than it looks like.

Trembling, MONA throws back the hammer, squints her eyes and
turns her face away from the door.

Right before hitting the door, she stops and backs out at the
last minute. MONA hands the hammer back to DAISY.

MONA

You do it.

Without hesitation, DAISY takes the sledgehammer, swings it
and slams it into a window next to the door, as hard as she
can. Immediately, the window shatters. Both step back and
duck, are barely able to avoid getting cut by the glass
shards.

MONA

Fuck, what if somebody heard that?

DAISY

Nobody lives here. Come on.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAISY carefully climbs through the window, trying not to cut herself anywhere.

MONA

Okay, maybe we should go back.

DAISY

No chance.

MONA hands the toolbox over to DAISY and hesitantly climbs through the window, looking way less "cool" and effortless than DAISY doing it. DAISY reaches her hand out to help her climb in.

25 INT. FARMHOUSE. NIGHT

MONA and DAISY look around the room. They're in the living room. The living room and kitchen are still fully furnished, but the furniture is covered in a thick layer of dust and spider webs. It almost looks like someone frantically escaped the house and left all their belongings behind. The rooms are wide and have open doorways. MONA and DAISY are able to see both the kitchen and the hallway from the living room. DAISY turns on the flashlight on her phone. She sneaks through the living room, looking at everything with big eyes.

DAISY walks over to the staircase in the hallway and gets onto the first step - which immediately greets the two with loud creaking and cracking. DAISY turns around, looking at MONA with wide eyes. MONA looks terrified.

Cautiously, DAISY takes another step upstairs, and another, and another.

MONA carefully watches her every move. Suddenly, DAISY looks down at her feet, then back up at MONA, like a toddler that looks at their mother before doing something they're not supposed to do.

DAISY starts jumping up and down on the same step. MONA gasps.

MONA

What is wrong with you?! Stop!

DAISY

We're on the ground floor, where am I supposed to fall? Lighten up a little you chicken, you brought me here.

They walk up the stairs. One of the rooms upstairs is

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

completely empty, except for a couch at the back of the room.

MONA

I kind of imagined it to be more...
exciting.

DAISY

Why? It's perfect.

MONA

Oh, I brought this.

MONA pulls a bunch of fairy lights out of the box and turns them on (they run on batteries). She lays them down on the floor and arranges them, making them look all pretty and romantic. DAISY seems unimpressed by the fairy lights.

She grabs a spray can and shakes it - then stops, gets her phone out of her pocket, puts on music and then puts it down on the floor.

SUGGESTIONS FOR SONGS:

I want to break free - Queen

KIDS - PUP

Waterfountain - Tuneyards

Accelerate - Pabst

MONTAGE OF DAISY AND MONA SPRAYING AND PAINTING THE WALLS. DAISY SHOWS MONA HER "MASTERPIECE": A GIRL WITH BIG BOOBS AND A HUGE ASS. MONA ROLLS HER EYES AND CONTINUES PAINTING ON HER WALL. SHE'S DRAWING A BIG TREE. DAISY IS DANCING AND PLAYING AROUND WITH HER PAINTBRUSH. THE MONTAGE GETS INTERRUPTED:

MONA

Done.

DAISY

A tree?

MONA

Yeah. I couldn't think of anything else.

DAISY

And you're a writer?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MONA

I'm more creative during the day.

DAISY

- said no writer, ever.

DAISY starts painting on MONA's part of the wall, too. She paints/sprays a house with a white picket fence. In front of the house is a stick-figure family with a mother, a father, a boy and a little girl. MONA watches DAISY in silence. DAISY draws brunette curls onto the head of the little girl, which makes MONA realize that DAISY is drawing herself and her family.

MONA

You're the girl.

DAISY

Yes. And my family and my childhood home. And the apple tree we had in our garden.

DAISY paints a single red apple onto the tree.

DAISY

It still needs my signature. Maybe someone finds this and thinks
(changing her voice)
"We can't demolish this building, it's beautiful!"

And then they only tear out the wall instead and sell it for a million dollars, I get rich and buy our old house with the money...and this house, of course.

DAISY squats down to "sign" the wall, which causes her shirt to ride up and bare her lower back.

MONA glances over at DAISY's back, then sneaks up on her from behind and paints a little white heart on DAISY's bare back. DAISY flinches and, as a reflex, grabs her back and turns around to see what MONA just drew on there. MONA laughs - until DAISY spins around and holds up the spray can to MONA's face.

MONA

Don't you dare!

DAISY inches closer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MONA

Do not do that! Daisy!

DAISY still holds up the spray can to MONA's face.

DAISY

Better close your eyes...

MONA steps back.

DAISY

Just close your eyes, I won't spray.
Promise.

MONA

I swear, you're dead if you do!

DAISY scoots even closer, lowers the can a little. They look into each other's eyes. MONA sighs and gives in, closes her eyes.

For a short moment, nothing happens. DAISY just looks at MONA, the way she stands there, with her eyes closed.

Beat.

Then she kisses her. MONA doesn't protest, but doesn't react to it, either. The kiss doesn't last long, since DAISY quickly notices that MONA doesn't react. DAISY stops kissing her, pulls her head back. MONA opens her eyes. They look into each other's eyes again.

DAISY

(whispers)

Sorry.

Beat.

Suddenly, MONA grabs DAISY's face and kisses her back - this time with passion, intention. They both feel a kind of aggressiveness stemming from the kiss. It feels and looks like they're setting something free that has been held back for a long time. As if something has been building up, not just this passion, but also anger, sadness, frustration. The two seem to finally break free from all of these emotions.

Simultaneously, they're taking off their shirts and DAISY tries to push MONA onto the couch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MONA
(talking in-between kisses)
Ew, not the couch. Who knows who's
been on there. Or what.

DAISY doesn't even listen, is focused on kissing.

DAISY
Mhmm.

They move towards the window, DAISY pulls down MONA's pants and MONA hops up onto the window sill, swiping it clean with her hand behind her back.

We can see MONA upwards of her belly button, while DAISY's head is slowly vanishing below the screen.

MONA starts breathing heavily, grabbing DAISY's hair. She seems somewhat nervous, but enjoys the process - and ends up climaxing after a while.

As DAISY stands up again, MONA is clearly out of breath.

MONA
(awkwardly)
Okay, um... your turn.

DAISY notices that MONA doesn't feel 100% comfortable with the idea, that maybe she wants to wait a little longer.

DAISY
It's okay. We can do that next time. I know this is new for you and might feel a little strange at first.

MONA
No, no, I want to return the favor, I really do.

DAISY
Well, um...I'm on my period anyways, so...

MONA
No you're not, we've been in sync for the last 2 years or so.

DAISY
Okay, no I'm not, but seriously: you don't have to do anything you're uncomfortable with.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAISY (CONT'D)

(Beat)

And maybe I also want to make sure that there is a next time and that this isn't just a heat-of-the-moment thing for you.

MONA doesn't say anything. She's still looking for the right words, which disappoints and upsets DAISY.

DAISY

(sarcastically)

Alright, I guess that cleared up all my doubts.

MONA rubs her face.

MONA

You know that I want to give you a real answer to that.

DAISY

You just did. But it's okay. I kissed you. I should have seen this coming.

MONA feels like she has to stand up for herself.

MONA

Oh, come on! You know I have a boyfriend that I love very much and I still kissed you back. That obviously means something.

(Beat)

I just don't know, what...yet.

DAISY remains silent. The tension between the two is palpable.

DAISY turns back to the wall.

DAISY

This still needs a final touch.

DAISY grabs the sledgehammer again and holds it tightly between her hands. MONA reflex-jumps away from the wall. Using all her strength and power, DAISY throws back the hammer and smashes it right into the spot where she drew her childhood home.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MONA
(screaming)
NO! What are you doing? What about
your "art"?

DAISY steps back from the wall and proudly examines the outcome.

DAISY
Now it's art.

The room starts to light up as the sun rises and light shines through the windows. Now we can see the paintings of MONA and DAISY in all their glory - the rooms are colorful, magical even and the walls are decorated with all kinds of drawings and paintings - some are actually really good.

MONA and DAISY realize that they've spent the entire night in the house.

Suddenly, we hear construction noises outside.

MONA and DAISY look at each other, terrified.

MONA
Fuck!

DAISY
Drop the brush! Go, go, go!

She pushes MONA out of the room and down the stairs. They run towards the window through which they entered the night before. Outside, we can hear male voices and a bulldozer driving towards the house.

MONA and DAISY look around to make sure no-one's around to see them.

DAISY
(whispers)
You go first.

She helps MONA climb through the window and MONA helps DAISY climb through in turn. DAISY cuts her arm on the window, but doesn't notice it.

26 EXT. LOUISVILLE PARK/FARMHOUSE - MORNING

DAISY and MONA grab their bikes and ride away until they're in safe distance. They get off and gasp for air, out of breath. Instead of riding their bikes, they decide to walk

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

next to them, pushing the bikes.

MONA

(scoffs and shakes her head)

I don't know how you do it.

DAISY

Do what?

MONA

Somehow you always convince me to do terrible things.

DAISY

Okay, first off, you brought me here. And secondly: what did I ever convince you to do? Be a fun person?

MONA

No, cheating, actually.

DAISY

What? I didn't convince you to do that!

MONA

Okay, maybe I did play a bigger part in it than I'd like to admit.

(Beat)

Am I a horrible person for doing that?

DAISY

I don't think I'm in the right position to answer that since I'm the „other woman“ in this case.

MONA

(raising her voice)

Just answer the fucking question. Am I a bad person for cheating on my boyfriend?

DAISY hesitates.

DAISY

(after a while)

Well. I mean... I don't think Sam deserves to be cheated on. He deserves to be loved just like everybody else.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MONA

But I do love him. I do.

DAISY

Then why are you cheating on him?

MONA

Maybe I just... don't feel like he loves me as much as he used to. Besides, what is there to love about me anyway?

DAISY

Oh shut up! You know exactly why I love you. 99% of the time I'm a cynical asshole. And you're the only person that makes me feel better about myself. You make me less of an asshole. In a way.

MONA

Wow. That's the best compliment I've ever gotten. I'm an asshole-eraser. I think I've finally achieved my life goal.

DAISY

Okay maybe some of my asshole-ness just rubs off on you. The point is: You make me a better person. And that's a damn hard thing to do. I'm pretty sure Sam would agree with me on that.

MONA

That I make you a better person?

DAISY

That you bring out the best in everybody. I might still be a dick when I'm with you but at least you make me feel like it's okay to be like that. That I don't have to feel ashamed or bad about the way I am.

MONA

You're not a dick. You're also not an asshole, for that matter. Maybe you just need someone to tell you that,

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MONA (CONT'D)

since you can't figure it out on your own. See: you're Shaggy, I'm Scooby.

DAISY

You're obviously Daphne.

MONA

You think I get through life just by being pretty?

DAISY

No, you get through life by being smart and funny

...and pretty.

MONA smiles but doesn't say anything for a while.

DAISY

Are you alright?

MONA

... you said you loved me.

DAISY

I said you were Daphne from Scooby-Doo but sure. Same thing I guess.

MONA

No, way before that. You said I knew exactly why you loved me.

DAISY

Well, yeah.

MONA

So. You love me?

DAISY

Of course I do. You're my best friend.

MONA

No, I know that. When you said that I thought you were talking about a different kind of love. Were you?

DAISY

I don't know.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MONA seems disappointed. She looks down and finally notices the blood streaming down DAISY's arm.

MONA
You're bleeding.

DAISY
(looks down)
Oh. I am.

MONA
Oh my God, how long has this been
going on?

MONA fishes through her pockets for a tissue and finds a slightly crumpled, but new one. She dabs it onto DAISY's arm to wipe off the blood. Some of it has dried already.

MONA
Does it hurt?

DAISY
No, I didn't even notice until you
told me.

MONA
Weird. Looks pretty bad.

DAISY
(distracted)
Yeah...

MONA
A little closer to your wrist and this
could've gone really wrong.

DAISY
Uh-huh...

MONA presses the tissue on DAISY's arm. She takes a hair-tie out of her hair and slides it over DAISY's arm and the tissue. DAISY watches her do this in silence. MONA looks up and meets DAISY's gaze. MONA smiles. DAISY smiles back, but not very convincingly.

As MONA looks down at DAISY's arm again, her smile fades away...

27 INT. DAISY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

DAISY and RICHIE are lying on DAISY's floor, their legs resting on her bed. They're clearly high, but we don't know, from what.

DAISY

You know, what I just realized?

RICHIE

What?

DAISY

Whenever you put something in between lasagna slices, it instantly becomes lasagna.

RICHIE

Huh?

DAISY

Well, there's lasagna, right?

RICHIE

Yuh.

DAISY

But what if you put, say, chili in between lasagna slices? Boom, chili-lasagna. Or, like, chicken parm. You could probably even put cake mix in there and have cake lasagna.

RICHIE

What if you put tiny lasagnas inside of a bigger lasagna?

DAISY

Woah. What would that be called then? Lasagni?

RICHIE

That would be like a lasagna-matryoshka doll.

They go silent for a second, thinking. Then, both at the same time (like there is suddenly a light bulb appearing above their heads):

BOTH

LASAGNOSHKA!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Both break into laughter.

RICHIE
(cooled off)
Hey, uhh. Can I ask you something?

DAISY
Sure.

RICHIE
You only ever had sex with girls,
right?

DAISY
Yes.

RICHIE
Then how do you know that you're not
straight?

DAISY looks over with a „are you fucking stupid“-look on her face and slaps RICHIE on the forehead.

RICHIE
Ow! That was a serious question. How
do you know you're gay if you never
had sex with a guy?

DAISY
Actually, it's scientifically proven
that not having sex with girls makes
you stupid.

RICHIE
Why is that?

DAISY
Because you're the dumbest fuck I
know.

RICHIE
Fuck you, I've had sex with a lot of
girls.

DAISY
Have you ever had sex with a guy?

RICHIE
No, why would I? I'm not gay.

DAISY stares at him in disbelief and shakes her head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAISY
(to herself)
I need new people to smoke with.

RICHIE
(looks up)
Huh?

DAISY
Nothing. Do you think this is weird?

RICHIE
What?

DAISY
Coming to my apartment?

RICHIE
No, I actually enjoy this. I like your apartment.

DAISY
Thanks.

RICHIE
Why did you ask me over out of nowhere, though?

DAISY
I just needed some distraction.

RICHIE
From what?

DAISY
This sounds dumb but...from life? I dunno.

RICHIE
No, I get it.

DAISY
My mom and brother are visiting tomorrow.

RICHIE
Do they live far away?

DAISY
Yeah. I only see them a few times a year.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICHIE

Okay, don't take this the wrong way but...why would you move here out of all places?

DAISY

I moved here with my Dad when I was 8. So, not exactly my choice.

RICHIE

Are you parents separated?

DAISY

They were. My Dad died 4 years ago.

RICHIE

Oh, I'm sorry.

DAISY

It's okay. That's why they're coming over. Tomorrow's the 4th anniversary of his death.

RICHIE

Man, that sucks. And your mom?

DAISY

My mom's not exactly the -
(trying to think of the right word)
- easiest person to deal with.

RICHIE

Why?

DAISY

She's had bipolar disorder for as long as I can remember. Like she'd yell at me every day for weeks on end and then she'd just ignore me as if I didn't exist and stay in her bed all day. And then the next day she'd come up to me and hug me and tell me how much she loved me. It's...exhausting.

RICHIE

Is she not getting any treatment for her illness?

DAISY

Well, she says she doesn't believe in "mental illnesses" and insists that

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAISY (CONT'D)

she's fine. Even though she's clearly not and multiple doctors have told her that. But she refuses to go therapy because she thinks her life is nobody's business and that medication is bullshit anyway.

RICHIE

But she's not like that BECAUSE of the bipolar disorder?

DAISY

No, that's just the way she is. But being bipolar doesn't make it any easier on us, that's what I'm getting at. She was treating my Dad the same way and that's why he eventually left her and moved here with me. Because he couldn't take it any longer.

RICHIE

So she's alone now?

DAISY

No, my brother looks after her.

RICHIE

He didn't move with you and your Dad?

DAISY

No, my brother was about to turn 18 back then and he decided to stay with mom because he didn't want to leave her on her own. And because he's a momma's boy.

RICHIE

So, um...what does she think about you being gay?

DAISY laughs.

DAISY

She doesn't know.

RICHIE sits up.

RICHIE

You haven't told her?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAISY

No.

RICHIE

Why not?

DAISY

I don't know. I don't talk to her that often anyway. I feel like that would be a waste of time. To talk about that.

RICHIE

Does your brother know?

DAISY

Yes.

RICHIE

So everybody knows except your Mom?

DAISY

Pretty much, yeah.

RICHIE

You'll have to tell her eventually, though.

DAISY

I know.

RICHIE

Would you like to..um..

(Beat)

Tell me more about your Dad?

DAISY

Yeah. Sure. My, uh, my Mom met my Dad while on vacation in Argentina. They used to say it was love at first sight. Although I don't really believe in that, but it's a nice thought. And after a while, my Dad decided to move to the states...

WHILE DAISY TELLS THIS STORY, THE SCENERY CHANGES AND THE VOICE-OVER SLOWLY FADES OUT.

28 EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

DAISY is riding her bike to work. She is in a hurry and she's

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

on her phone.

DAISY

I'll be there in a minute. I'm
literally on my bike right now. I
know, I know. I'm so sorry. Gotta go,
bye.

She drives past the graveyard from earlier. We see her slowly passing the entrance archway and the "GRAVEYARD" sign, her eyes scanning over it. Then she suddenly hits the breaks and almost falls over. Another biker passes her.

ANGRY BIKER

HEY! Watch out!
(mutters)
Idiot...

DAISY doesn't react to the angry biker, still staring at the sign. She's standing in the middle of the road. Finally, she decides to cross the street, over to the graveyard. She carelessly throws her bike in the grass in front of the entrance, as she notices something:

In front of the graveyard entrance is a bin with a scruffy blanket that has been stuffed inside: HERB's blanket.

DAISY angrily pulls it out of the bin and places it on the floor. HERB is nowhere to be found.

DAISY

(to herself, rambling)
What kind of asshole just throws this
away?

She carefully spreads the blanket and grabs a few large rocks, placing them on each corner. Then, she enters the graveyard.

DAISY takes off her shoes and carries them while walking through the grass towards her father's grave. The graveyard is taken care of well. There are flower-beds planted in between the graves and we see a gardener working on one of them in the distance. He turns around when he hears DAISY drop her bike in the grass and gives her an angry look. She ignores it. DAISY drops her shoes in front of the grave and sits down next to them, cross-legged. There are daisies growing in the grass next to the shoes.

DAISY looks at the tombstone. „PEDRO JUAN ALVAREZ 1962-2016“

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

For a moment, time seems to stop. Everything that has been going on around her just pauses for a minute. It's just her and her Dad now. It's always been just them.

DAISY

Hey Dad. Sorry I'm late. I'm kinda putting my whole future at risk by visiting you, so... I hope you forgive me if you're not the only thing on my mind today.

Her eyes start watering.

DAISY

I just wish you were here with me. I bet it would all be so much easier.

Tears start streaming down her face.

DAISY

I think it's unfair. Having to go through all of this bullshit alone. But then again, nothing could have stopped this. Not even you.

She starts plucking the daisies from the ground.

SLOWLY, DAISY'S HANDS FADE TO HER DOING THE SAME THING WHEN SHE WAS EIGHT YEARS OLD. SHE'S SITTING IN THE GRASS, IN THE PARK, IN FRONT OF THE OLD FARMHOUSE, PICKING DAISIES.

29 EXT. LOUISVILLE PARK/FARMHOUSE - DAY

PEDRO ALVAREZ, a man in his late thirties, stands on the bike trail with his hands on his hips, looking desperate. The following conversation is held in Spanish (with subtitles)

PEDRO

Maya! Please! We can't stay here all day.

YOUNG DAISY (MAYA)

But I don't wanna go!

PEDRO

What is it about this house, huh? It's an old, dirty house. We have our own one.

YOUNG DAISY

But I like this one.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PEDRO

Why?

YOUNG DAISY

Because it fits you and me...and Diego and Mom. It's big enough for all of us. They can come and live here with us.

PEDRO takes down his hand. He sighs and sits down next to YOUNG DAISY in the grass.

PEDRO

Maya. We've talked about this. Mom and Diego can't live here with us. I thought you understood that when I told you about it.

YOUNG DAISY

I do, but... didn't you say that Mom needs space? This has enough space for all of us. And everyone would have a space just for themselves. So, you don't have to fight all the time.

PEDRO

Mom and I aren't fighting anymore. Not since we moved here. And when I said, 'Mom needs space', I didn't mean a bigger house.

YOUNG DAISY looks away. PEDRO comes closer and puts his arm around her shoulders. She buries her face in his chest.

YOUNG DAISY

(mumbling into Pedro's chest)
I miss Mom and Diego.

PEDRO

I know honey. They miss you, too.

YOUNG DAISY lifts her head.

YOUNG DAISY

They do?

PEDRO

Of course, they do, they love you!

YOUNG DAISY

Do you love them, too?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PEDRO
Yes, I love all of you.

YOUNG DAISY
Even Mom?

PEDRO smiles and sighs.

PEDRO
Yes. Even Mom.

YOUNG DAISY
Do you think we'll ever live in one house together again?

PEDRO
I don't know honey. Maybe one day.

YOUNG DAISY
When will you know, then? When is "one day"?

PEDRO
Maya. Some things take time, okay? That's the only way I can explain it to you. And some things take longer than others. Sometimes you just have to wait and see. Now let's go feed the ducks, okay?

YOUNG DAISY looks up and slowly nods. PEDRO jumps up and puts out his hand to help her up.

CUT BACK TO:

30 EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

DAISY is wiping away her tears, trying to stop sobbing.

DAISY
How much longer does it take, Dad? Waiting isn't always the answer, you know? And you know what?
(fake cheerful)
Time doesn't actually heal anything. It really just makes it worse.
(Beat)
So, tell me Dad: what's the fucking secret? It sure as hell isn't waiting around until your problems just magically go away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAISY (CONT'D)

Whenever I had a problem, you just gave me a kiss on the forehead and said "there you go. You're cured." Tell me Dad, what kind of doctor prescribes you kisses on the forehead? And all the problems in the world never seemed to bother you.

It seems like you found the cure for sadness and died before telling me what it really was. Mom doesn't have it. Diego doesn't have it. You just took it right with you to the grave. Clever you. Waiting for me to come to your side so that I could get it back. Is that the "waiting" you were talking about? Are you waiting for me?

She gathers all of the daisies she plucked out and carefully places them on her father's grave. Then she gets up and dusts off the grass from her lap. Standing over the grave, taking a last look at it:

DAISY

(quietly)

Maybe you don't have to wait much longer.

She grabs her shoes and leaves. We're staying with the daisies on the grave for another moment.

31 INT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

DAISY comes running into the lobby of her office, out of breath and sweating. MARGARET, the receptionist, is waiting for her.

MARGARET

(without looking up from her computer screen)

You're late.

DAISY

I know, I'm sorry. It's the anniversary of my Dad's death today.

MARGARET

I feel like I've heard that before. Like, 4 months ago.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAISY

Really?

MARGARET

Unless that was your other Dad. In that case, I'm sorry for the loss of both of your Dads.

DAISY

It...no. I only have one Dad.

MARGARET

I see.

She types something on her keyboard and DAISY is about to walk past her, as she looks up again.

MARGARET

Oh, and Maya?

DAISY

Yes?

MARGARET

Mr. Freely told me to tell you that you're fired if you ever come in this late again without notice.

DAISY's face drops.

DAISY

What?

MARGARET

It can't be that much of a surprise to you. Come on. You've been sick twice this month already, you're late, you're sleeping at work.

DAISY

I'm...

(Beat)

I know.

MARGARET

(more empathetic)

Listen. You're young, you have a lot of potential and I know you're talented. Don't ruin it for yourself.

32 INT. "DEAD POETS SOCIETEA" EMPLOYEE AREA - DAY

DAISY is sitting on a chair, her face buried in her hands, sobbing. MONA is gently stroking her arms, kneeling in front of her.

MONA

Shh, it's okay. I'm here.

DAISY looks up.

DAISY

I can't handle them coming today, I just can't.

MONA

I know, I know.

MONA hands her a tissue. DAISY wipes off her tears and blows her nose.

DAISY

Thank you.

She smiles at MONA, with her swollen eyes and red face.

MONA

See? That's better.

MONA gives DAISY a kiss on the forehead and pulls DAISY's head to her chest, stroking her hair. DAISY closes her eyes and enjoys the moment, breathing in MONA'S perfume.

DARCY

(yelling from off-screen)

Mona! I need you out here!

MONA sighs.

MONA

I gotta go back to work.

DAISY

Yeah, I know. Go. Thank you.

33 INT. "DEAD POETS SOCIETEA" BATHROOM - DAY

DAISY goes to the bathroom to clean her face, where she runs into HIDDAYA, a woman trying to fix her hijab in front of the mirror. HIDDAYA notices DAISY'S swollen face and gives her a pitying smile.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HIDDAYA

Bad day?

DAISY

(laughs)

You could say that. Do you need help?

DAISY nods towards HIDDAYA's hijab.

HIDDAYA

Actually, I do.

DAISY puts out her hand and HIDDAYA hands over the hair clips that she's using to fix her hijab. DAISY takes them and starts adjusting the scarf.

HIDDAYA

I'm Hiddaya, by the way.

DAISY

Daisy. Nice to meet you.

They smile at each other in the bathroom mirror.

HIDDAYA

Would you like to talk to a stranger about what happened to you?

DAISY

Well, since I know your name now, I think we're not strangers anymore.

HIDDAYA

True.

DAISY

Um...let's just say I have a bit of a...family issue.

HIDDAYA

Oh, I feel ya. To be honest, I was actually crying earlier today, as well.

DAISY

Seems to be the mood of the day.

HIDDAYA

Yeah. But I actually like a good cry. Makes you sleep like a baby.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAISY

That is so true! Why were you crying?

HIDDAYA

Do you know the modern art gallery downtown?

DAISY

I've heard of it, but I've never been there.

HIDDAYA

I'm the owner.

DAISY

Oh! Now I feel bad.

HIDDAYA

(laughs)

No worries. Anyway, I'm a little stressed because we have a donation event tomorrow night and if it goes wrong, I'll have to close the gallery.

DAISY

Oh, no! I hope everything goes well!

DAISY is done fixing the hijab. She holds up her phone with the front camera open and hands it to HIDDAYA.

DAISY

Take a look.

HIDDAYA turns around, her back towards the mirror, and looks into the camera to check out the back of her head in the mirror.

HIDDAYA

Perfect, thank you!

DAISY

No worries.

(Beat)

Actually, do you mind if I come to that event tomorrow?

HIDDAYA

No, oh my God, please do! Here.

She hands DAISY a business card. DAISY puts it in the back pocket of her pants.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HIDDAYA
I'd love to see you there.

DAISY
Thanks! And I'd love to come.

They smile at each other.

CLOSE-UP: THE SMILE FADES INTO DAISY LOOKING ANNOYED AND STRESSED OUT, AS THE BACKGROUND CHANGES TO DAISY'S KITCHEN.

34 INT. DAISY'S KITCHEN - EVENING

DAISY, her brother DIEGO and her mother CLAUDIA are all sitting at DAISY's kitchen table, eating dinner.

DIEGO
(in Spanish)
Can you pass me the salt?

CLAUDIA
(annoyed)
Speak English when I'm around.

DIEGO
Can you pass me the salt?

DAISY passes him the salt, chewing on her food.

CLAUDIA
How's the job going?

DAISY
(stops chewing)
Fine.

CLAUDIA
Don't talk with food in your mouth.

DAISY swallows the food.

DAISY
Then don't ask me a question when I'm chewing something.

Beat.

CLAUDIA
You should come visit for Thanksgiving.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAISY

I don't celebrate the genocide of
Native Americans.

CLAUDIA

You didn't have a problem with that
when you were still living with us.

DAISY

Yes, because I was eight years old.

CLAUDIA

Well, it doesn't have to be
Thanksgiving. You can come visit
anytime. Or do I need a reason to want
to see my daughter?

DAISY

No. I'm just really busy at work at
the moment.

DIEGO

Maybe you need to take some time off.

DAISY

I can't.

DIEGO

Why not?

DAISY

(hesitates)

The work needs to be done and nobody
else can do it.

DIEGO

(sarcastically)

Nobody else in the entire office can
sell stuff over the phone?

DAISY

What, you wanna make fun of my job
now?

DIEGO

No, I'm just saying!

DAISY

(raises voice)

I'm sorry that I'm not as successful
as you are!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DIEGO
(also louder)
I'm not - I wasn't insinuating any of
that!

DAISY
Don't act like you don't think you're
better than me!

CLAUDIA slams her cutlery on the table.

CLAUDIA
(yelling)
Enough!

Everybody goes silent.

CLAUDIA
(normal voice)
Today is not about you two. It's about
your father. Show some respect for the
Dead, will you?

DAISY and DIEGO look down.

DAISY
(under her breath)
He wasn't your Dad.

CLAUDIA
What did you say?

DAISY
I said he wasn't your Dad.

CLAUDIA
So what? I'm not allowed to grieve?

DAISY
You two didn't talk much when he was
still alive.

CLAUDIA
Your father and I were together for 19
years before we got divorced. We had
our ups and downs but do not take away
my right to mourn the loss of a loved
one! It is not your place to tell me
what I can and cannot be sad about.
Understood?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAISY
(almost silent, embarrassed)
Yes.

CLAUDIA
Speak up when you talk to me.

DAISY
(louder)
Yes, Mom.

They continue eating their food in silence.

CUT TO:

35 INT. DAISY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

DAISY is standing in her bathroom with the door open, in her PJs, taking off her makeup and humming "Bohemian Rhapsody" by Queen. CLAUDIA yells from the bedroom.

CLAUDIA
(off-screen)
Did you wash the sheets before we got here?

DAISY rolls her eyes.

DAISY
Yes, Mom, I cleaned the whole apartment yesterday.

CLAUDIA sticks her head through the door.

CLAUDIA
Well you didn't have to do that.

DAISY
(sarcastically)
Okay Mom, I'll take notes for next time.

CLAUDIA gives DAISY a kiss on the cheek.

CLAUDIA
Good night honey!

DAISY
Good night.

DIEGO comes into the bathroom. DAISY lets out a big sigh.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DIEGO
Thanks for letting us stay over.

DAISY
Don't mention it.

DIEGO gently squeezes her arm as a gesture of endearment.

DIEGO
Buenas noches, tonta.

DAISY scoffs and smiles.

DAISY
Buenas noches, tonto.

DIEGO leaves.

CLOSE UP OF DAISY IN THE MIRROR, TAKING OFF HER MAKEUP.

DAISY quietly sings the last part of Bohemian rhapsody.

DAISY
Nothing really matters.

Anyone can see.

Nothing really matters

nothing really matters...

She puts away her makeup wipes and takes a look at herself in the mirror.

DAISY
To me.

She walks out, turns the lights off and shuts the door.

CUT TO:

36 EXT. DAISY'S APARTMENT - MORNING

It's early in the morning. DIEGO is standing outside, arms crossed, looking up at the sky. DAISY comes out the front door and joins him, carrying her mother's travel-bag. The following conversation takes place in Spanish.

DIEGO
Look who's watching us.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAISY looks up. The moon is still visible.

DAISY

You think he's checking to see if we did our prayers and lit a candle for him?

DIEGO

No. He's here to remind us.

DAISY

Of what?

DIEGO

That he loves us. And that he's always watching over us.

DAISY breathes in and opens her mouth as if she's about to say something, but then closes it again and remains silent. They look at the moon together for a moment, until CLAUDIA comes outside and they both turn around.

[back in English]

DIEGO

I'll start the car.

He takes the bag from DAISY and hugs her goodbye. A little longer than before. Then he goes off to his car.

DAISY turns towards her mother.

DAISY

So. I guess I'll see you again when we go to Hawaii?

CLAUDIA

Oh. About that. We can't go.

DAISY's expression drops immediately.

DAISY

Why not?

CLAUDIA

I uh, I've been having bad knee problems and I recently went to the doctor because of it and just got the bill.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAISY
(skeptical)
That's why?

CLAUDIA
Yes, why would I be lying? Well, you said you can't take any days off at the moment anyway, right?

DAISY
...right.

CLAUDIA
Well then. This worked out fine for the both of us.

DAISY
(trying to hide her disappointment)
Yes.

DIEGO pulls up on the street. CLAUDIA gives Daisy a quick hug and starts walking up to the car. DAISY watches her leg while she leaves. The camera does, too. She walks perfectly fine.

MOTHER
(while getting in the car)
Alright sweetheart, I hope next time you call me you'll have some good news. I wanna be a grandma before I'm 80.

DAISY
Diego doesn't have any children either and he's 10 years older than me!

DIEGO
Hey watch it! I'm on it, okay?

CLAUDIA
I know, I know, I'm just putting it out there. I think it's time you find yourself a nice guy that you wanna spend your life with, don't you think so, too?

CLAUDIA gets in the car and is about to close the door. She's putting on her seatbelt first and keeps talking. DIEGO seems visibly annoyed at her for taking so long.

DAISY can feel the anger stir inside her. All of the repressed anger and disappointment seems to come up all at

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

once like vomit. She needs to spit it out or else she'll throw up.

DAISY
Mom, I'm gay.

Time freezes. It feels like nobody is breathing. DAISY stares into her mother's eyes. They look so empty.

Beat.

CLAUDIA closes the door. She looks straight ahead and avoids eyecontact with DAISY. The car doesn't move. DIEGO looks at his mother and then at DAISY. She looks back into his eyes. We can see her CLAUDIA's lips move through the window glass. DIEGO seems to say something back to her. She shakes her head. DIEGO takes a last look at DAISY, then drives off. DAISY is left alone on the street, watching the car drive away.

Tears are streaming down her face.

37 INT. DIEGO'S CAR - DAY

DIEGO and CLAUDIA are driving in silence. DIEGO finds it increasingly difficult to control his anger, until he finally bursts.

DIEGO
You're being a bitch.

CLAUDIA
Excuse me?

DIEGO
You heard me! You just ruined your last chance at having a healthy relationship with your daughter.

CLAUDIA
That was never a healthy relationship in the first pla-

DIEGO
(interrupting)
And whose fault is that?! Who are you blaming here? The eight-year-old who decided to move away with her father? Is that fun, huh? Holding a grudge against a child?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLAUDIA
She's not a child anymore.

DIEGO
But you're still treating her like
one.

CLAUDIA
Just because I'm her mother doesn't
mean I have to support all of her
decision.

DIEGO
Being gay isn't a choice, and yes,
that's exactly what it means!
(Beat.)
She's been through enough, already. If
you can't support her, at least don't
make it worse for her.

CLAUDIA remains silent and looks out the window.

38 INT. MONA'S LIVING ROOM - EVENING

MONA is sitting on the couch, writing. A half-empty wine
bottle is gracing the coffee table.

Enter SAM.

SAM
Bonsoir, Madame!

MONA
Someone's happy.

SAM
Indeed, I am!

He pulls out a bottle of champagne from behind his back.

MONA
And fancy! What's the occasion?

SAM
(As he moves closer to Mona)
I
just
got

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAM (CONT'D)
...promoted!

MONA jumps up.

MONA
No way! Oh my God, that's amazing!

She falls into SAM's arms and hugs and kisses his.

SAM notices the wine bottle.

SAM
I see, you've already started without me.

MONA
Oops.

SAM
Well, more for me, then.

MONA
No, no, no, that's not how it works!

MONA tries to reach for the champagne bottle, but SAM holds it away from away, over her head and laughs.

39 INT. DAISY'S BATHROOM - EVENING

DAISY is standing in the shower(+tub), humming/quietly singing songs, letting the hot water engulf her.

Suddenly, DAISY loses her temper, breaks out into tears, screaming and letting out all her anger and frustration. She yells and screams and cries and in the process - tears down the shower curtain. The water from the shower head is spraying all over the bathroom floor.

DAISY
Shit. Fuck. Fuck!

Quickly, she turns the shower head off and switches it to the tap, filling the bathtub. She grabs a towel and puts it around her chest/waist, throws a few more towels on the floor and taps and rubs it dry with her feet.

As fast as she can, freezing with her wet hair in the cold air and her towel around her body, DAISY runs into her room and searches through her nightstand drawer, grabs a bunch of pills and runs back to the bathroom, but stops mid-way. She

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

takes a detour through the kitchen and grabs a bottle of white wine from the fridge.

She puts the pills on the edge of the bathtub, unopened, together with the bottle of wine.

Then, she climbs into the bathtub again and lets herself sink into the water, sipping wine from the bottle. The pills are left untouched.

AS SHE SINKS INTO THE WATER, WE GET A CLOSE UP OF THE LABEL ON THE PILLS: "BENZODIAZEPINE"

MONTAGE OF DAISY'S MISERY PARALLELED WITH MONA AND SAM CELEBRATING. SAM AND MONA ARE IN THE LIVING ROOM, DANCING, ARM IN ARM, CLINKING CHAMPAGNE GLASSES, LAUGHING. WE CUT BACK AND FORTH TO DAISY IN HER BATHTUB, THROWING HER HEAD BACK AND SLOWLY LETTING IT SINK UNDER WATER, CLOSING HER EYES.

At the end of the montage, DAISY's head emerges from the water again, gasping for air. DAISY looks around her empty, wet bathroom, breathing heavily. The look on her face tells us that this could have gone really wrong...right?

Surprisingly, as she looks over, she notices that the wine bottle is about 3/4 empty.

40 INT. DAISY'S OFFICE BUILDING RECEPTION - DAY

DAISY enters the office building, wearing her hair up in a ponytail. She also wears black cigarette pants and tight, wine-colored turtleneck, looking quite dressed-up. She's not wearing any make-up, though. MARGARET gives her a worried look.

DAISY slams her handbag on MARGARET's desk and looks for some important papers.

DAISY
(absently rummaging around in her bag)
Hey Marge.

MARGARET
(worried)
Hey honey, are you okay?

DAISY looks up in confusion.

DAISY
Yeah, why wouldn't I be?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARGARET

I don't know, you look a little...
stressed... and tired.

DAISY

Oh, I didn't put on any make-up this
morning. Is it that bad?

MARGARET

No, no it's fine.
(Beat.)
Hey, you're single, right?

DAISY

Um... I guess. Why?

MARGARET

(leaning in closer, whispering)
There this new guy in the office, he's
kinda cute you know. So if you wanna
borrow my lipstick, I'd be happy to
help you out.

DAISY

(scoffs)
Thanks for the offer, but I'm not
interested.

MARGARET

But you're single, why not give it a
shot?

DAISY

I'm also a hobby-carpenter in my spare
time.

MARGARET

(confused)
I don't get it. What does that have to
do with anything?

DAISY

(leaning in, whispering as if it's
a secret)
I'm a lesbian.

MARGARET

(surprised)
Ohh.

DAISY pulls out the papers from her bag, grabs the bag and

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

throws it over her shoulder.

DAISY

See you later, Marge.

DAISY steps into the elevator, her eyes focused on the papers she holds in her hand. Inside the elevator, she doesn't notice the guy next to her when she pushes the button to her floor.

ZOOM OUT TO REVEAL THAT IT'S RICHIE.

RICHIE

Daisy? No way!

DAISY looks up in confusion to see who's talking to her. When she realizes it's RICHIE, her face goes blank.

RICHIE

Dude, I didn't know you worked here!
That's so awesome, we're gonna be co-workers! You know, professional colleagues at work and then after work we can be professional... medicine testers. Aayyy.

He makes finger-guns with his hands, pointing at DAISY.

DAISY's facial expression hasn't changed since she first noticed it was Richie.

RICHIE waves a hand in front of her face.

RICHIE

Hello? Did you freeze? Should I call an ambulance?

Finally, DAISY reacts.

DAISY

Is this a joke?

RICHIE

What?

DAISY

Did you plan this? Where's the camera?

DAISY pretends to look around the elevator for a hidden camera.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICHIE

What? No. I just wanted to get a - uhh
- a real job. So I applied for one at
like 10 companies and got this one.
That's good news, right?

DAISY

No, that's terrible news. I mean,
sure, go get a job but don't go and
get my job! I don't want to see you
while I'm working.

The elevator opens at DAISY's floor.

RICHIE

(visibly upset)

Why are you so mad? It's just a job.
You don't have to talk to me if you
don't want to. Geez.

DAISY

You know, you're not supposed to see
your-

(she notices that she's in her
office, surrounded by co-workers)
- your you-know-who any other time
than when you're desperate and lonely.

RICHIE

But we see each other all the time.

DAISY

Yeah. Like I said.

The elevator closes on RICHIE's upset and confused face.

41 INT. "DEAD POETS SOCIETEA" - DAY

MONA is serving customers, as SAM enters the café. He tries
to surprise MONA by putting his arms around her from behind,
but she only ends up flinches and shrieking.

SAM

Sorry, I thought I'd be romantic for
once.

MONA

What are you doing here?

SAM pulls out a manuscript from his work bag.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAM
Remember this?

It reads "MARTINIS AND MANSLAUGHTER". MONA's eyes widen and she rips it out of his hands.

MONA
Where did you get that?!

SAM
Found it in the back of a drawer when cleaning our bedroom a while ago.

MONA
Why are you only showing this to me now?

SAM sits down at one of the tables and pats the chair next to him to sign MONA to sit down. She does so.

SAM
Well, I happened to read it and I loved it. I can't believe you've never shown me this before!

MONA
I'm very shy when it comes to my work, you know that.

SAM
But you shouldn't be! Anyways, I may have sent it to a few people that know people aaaand...

He tries to get MONA exciting, but she just looks confused.

SAM
And I found an agent who wants to represent you!

MONA
You did what?!

She sounds shocked, but not in a pleasant way. SAM's excited face drops.

SAM
Why am I getting the feeling that you're not happy about this?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MONA

(upset)

Because I'm not! I literally just told you how vulnerable writing makes me and you send out scripts without asking or telling me?! Why would you do that?

SAM

(defensive)

I thought I'd do you a favor! You're always complaining about writers block and wanting to get your foot into the door of the industry! This is your chance!

MONA shakes her head and gets up from the chair, noticing that customers are already looking at the two. She goes over to the register and starts frantically cleaning up. SAM sighs and follows her.

SAM

Listen.

MONA raises an eyebrow, looking sceptical.

SAM

I know you're mad. Just listen.

(Beat)

I think we should move. There, I said it.

MONA

(stops cleaning)

What?

SAM

I think it would be better for you and your career if we moved to a bigger city.

MONA

(sarcastically)

Wow, it's so great that you know what's good for me, since apparently, I don't.

SAM

(hesitantly)

And I might have gotten a job offer in L.A.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MONA can't hide how genuinely surprised she is.

SAM

They contacted me right after I got my promotion. I think this would be a huge step for both of us. I mean, come on. Do you want to stay in this town and wait tables for the rest of your life?

MONA scoffs, but doesn't answer, only shaking her head again in disbelief of Sam's arrogance.

SAM

So, you're not gonna respond at all?
(no response)
Fine.

He packs his bag, leaving the manuscript on the table.

SAM

Come home when you're ready to talk about this.

He storms out of the café, leaving the door swinging and creaking behind him. MONA has to hold back tears, but as she sees the next customer enter through the door, she quickly wipes away any tear that might have streamed down her face and puts on a fake smile.

CUT TO:

42 INT. DAISY'S OFFICE - DAY

RICHIE walks by DAISY's desk with a box full of office supplies. He accidentally drops one of the staplers that sits on top.

RICHIE

(whispers)
Damn it.

He tries to pick it up without dropping anything else. DAISY sees him struggling and gets up to pick up the stapler for him. She puts it back on top of the box. RICHIE doesn't see who picked it up at first because he's concentrating on the box.

RICHIE

(not knowing who he's talking to)
Thank you so much.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He turns around to see who helped him.

RICHIE

Oh... Well that must be satisfying for you, seeing me handling this job so terribly.

DAISY

Dude, chill, you just dropped a stapler. They're not gonna fire you for that.

RICHIE

Too bad, I guess.

RICHIE starts walking away, but DAISY grabs his arm.

DAISY

Wait.

RICHIE

(annoyed and angry)
What?

DAISY

I'm... I'm sorry I was such a dick to you earlier. I just... sometimes I can't control my emotions or how I act towards other people and I'm ... like I'm already taking pills for that but... I don't think they're working, so...

RICHIE

(scoffs)
Wow. You could've just stopped at "I'm sorry I was such a dick to you." You know, being an asshole is not a disease, Daisy. It's just part of your personality and you can't treat that with pills. What you can do, however, is face the fact that you are one. Just say "I'm an asshole. Period."

DAISY

I'm not gonna say that.

RICHIE

Then fuck off with your lazy-ass apology. I don't want it.

He walks off. DAISY is left there, shocked but somehow

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

impressed at the same time. Exhausted, she lets herself fall back into her chair and looks up to the ceiling.

DAISY
(Whispering to herself)
Fuck.

CUT TO:

43 EXT. DAISY'S APARTMENT DOOR - EVENING

Through DAISY's door spy, we see MONA standing in the hallway, a pillow in her hands and a backpack on her shoulders.

The door opens.

DAISY
Come in.

MONA
Thanks for letting me stay here.

DAISY
(as MONA walks inside)
No worries. You wanna tell me what's going on?

MONA
To be honest, I'd rather not.

DAISY
Alright, whatever makes you feel better.

MONA drops the backpack on the floor and gently puts the pillow on DAISY's bed. DAISY silently pulls out a joint and holds it up to MONA as an offer. MONA sighs.

MONA
Sure, why not.

CUT TO:

MONA and DAISY lie on DAISY's floor in the exact same position as DAISY and RICHIE have a few scenes earlier.

DAISY
I think I ruined a friendship today.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MONA

With whom?

DAISY

My dealer.

MONA

Wow, I didn't even know you were friends.

DAISY

Yeah, me neither. But now that I kind of destroyed it I realized we were actually pretty close.

MONA

Well, then fix it. He's probably a nice guy. I mean, I don't know him, but if he's just selling weed he can't be that bad, right?

DAISY

(laughs)

He's not just selling weed, but yeah. He's alright. He wants me to admit that I'm an asshole.

MONA doesn't respond.

DAISY

Am I an asshole?

(after no response)

Come on, you've asked me this before and I told you the truth. Be honest with me.

MONA

Well, you're uhh... not exactly the most sensitive person on the planet..

DAISY

Huh.

MONA

Sorry.

DAISY

No, thanks for telling me. Really.

They lie in silence.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAISY

How's your script coming along?

DAISY doesn't realize that she just hit kind of a sore spot with MONA.

MONA

Not too well.

DAISY

Why?

MONA

Honestly, I don't even think I like my main character. I don't know why I wrote him like that.

DAISY

Then just kill him off.

MONA

I can't just kill the main character off.

DAISY

Is he unlikeable? Arrogant? A dick?

MONA

Basically.

DAISY

Perfect, so just like me. Well, either you do what I can't, which is just let him admit that he's a dick and move on. Or - hear me out - kill him off.

MONA

I prefer the first option. And, by the way, I don't think he's just like you.

DAISY

Why not?

MONA

Because he's always a dick. You're just mean when you don't want anybody to see that you're hurt.

DAISY

(realizing)

Huh.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CUT TO:

44 INT. DAISY'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

MONA is getting ready for bed in the bathroom, brushing her teeth.

MONA

(with the toothbrush in her mouth,
shouts)

Hey, can I borrow a tampon?

DAISY

(off-screen)

Cabinet next to the bathtub, second
drawer.

MONA

Thanks!

As she walks over to the cabinet, she notices the pills on the bathtub. MONA grabs them and reads them, forgetting about the tampons. She goes back to the sink and spits out the toothpaste, then walks over to the doorframe, still reading the bottle.

MONA

(to DAISY, who sits on the bed)

Why do you have these?

DAISY's eyes widen as she sees the pills in MONA's hand. She jumps up and rips them out of MONA's hand.

MONA

What? I was just asking.

DAISY

It's none of your business.

MONA

How long have you been taking them?

DAISY

I haven't taken them at all...yet.

MONA

You know how dangerous these can be,
right?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAISY

(groans)

Oh my God, stop it with the mothering again!

MONA

I'm just trying to look out for you.

DAISY

I don't need anyone to look out for me, okay?

MONA

It's just that - I know you don't have the best relationship with you Mom and if you ever need someone to talk to-

DAISY

(interrupting)

What? You think this is because of mommy issues?

MONA

No, I'm just - I'm just saying...

DAISY

Just saying what? Say it, then.

MONA

My parents are still together and alive. That's all I'm saying.

DAISY

(laughs in disbelief)

So you're blaming me for the death of my father, now?

MONA

What?! NO! Of course I'm not. I - I know how hard it is to deal with things like that and-

DAISY

(interrupting again)

No, you don't. That's the whole problem. You don't know what it's like to deal with that because you have never experienced it. You can dream up your imaginary characters and their imaginary problems all day long, but at the end of the day, you know

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAISY (CONT'D)
nothing about what it feels like.
 (quietly)
 You live in a semi-detached house next
 to your parents, for God's sake.

Tears are streaming down MONA's face. She looks away. Then she starts taking off her pajama pants and puts on her normal pants again.

MONA
 This was a huge mistake.

DAISY
 Oh, I have made a few too many
 mistakes recently. Most of them
 involving you.

MONA silently and aggressively packs her bag.

DAISY
 (commenting on her packing)
 Yes, please. Punish me with silence.
 You're so good at that.

Please, keep running away from your
 problems. Isn't that how you ended up
 here tonight, too?

MONA looks up, almost foaming with anger.

MONA
I'm running from my problems? Have you
 taken a look in the mirror recently?
 At least I don't need to swallow pills
 or take other drugs to numb my
 desperate, self-pitying attempts at
 living an actual life.

(Beat)
 And I manage to get out of bed in the
 morning, everyday.

DAISY
 To go where?! The couch? Face it, you
wish you were the successful one out
 of the two of us, because it makes
 sense. It makes sense that the
 ambitious, stuck-up overachiever is
 the high-rider.
 But you're not. You're just as worn
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAISY (CONT'D)
 out and useless as I am. The only
 difference is that I don't try to
 convince myself that I'm anything
 other than a failure.

Because I know I am.

Unbearable silence fills the room and lingers.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE OF THE NEXT FEW DAYS AND WEEKS:

SAM SLEEP-DRUNKENLY OPENS THE DOOR TO MONA, WHO SHOWS UP IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT. HE NOTICES THAT SHE HAS CRIED. WITHOUT SAYING ANYTHING, HE TAKES HER INTO HIS ARMS AND THEY HUG.

SIMILAR TO THE CHANGING SHOTS OF DAISY AT HER DESK, AS THE DAYS PASS BY, WE SEE DAISY SITTING ON HER BED, IN CHANGING OUTFITS, LOOKING WORSE AND WORSE. DAYS ARE BLENDING INTO EACH OTHER, DAISY'S APARTMENT FILLS WITH JUNK, AT ONE POINT HER CLOTHES DON'T EVEN CHANGE ANYMORE, SHE JUST LOOKS PROGRESSIVELY MISERABLE.

THEN, SUDDENLY, SHE'S IN AN OFFICE AND, PANING OUT, WE SEE HER BOSS ON THE OTHER SIDE OF A DESK. DAISY IS BLANK-FACED, ALMOST EMOTIONLESS. WE SEE MONA AND SAM HAVING CALLS, PACKING THINGS, GOING THROUGH OLD STUFF WITH MONA'S PARENTS. DAISY IS AT HER DESK, PACKING THINGS INTO A CARDBOARD BOX. AS THE ROOM EMPTIES AROUND HER, SHE ENDS UP BEING THE LAST ONE IN THE OFFICE. ALONE WITH HER BOX AND EMPTY DESK.

THE MONTAGE ENDS WITH DAISY SITTING ON A BUS, THE CARDBOARD BOX ON HER LAP.

MONTAGE FADES INTO:

45 INT. BUS - EVENING

DAISY rides the bus home from work, the box full of her stuff in her lap and looks out the window, daydreaming. The bus is about to pass RICHIE'S apartment. Daisy looks up and quickly presses the "STOP" button. She gets out at the next stop...

46 EXT. RICHIE'S APARTMENT - EVENING

...and walks up to RICHIE'S apartment, rings the doorbell. No one answers or opens the door.

47 INT. RICHIE'S APARTMENT - EVENING

RICHIE looks out of the window and sees her standing there. The doorbell rings in his apartment, but he doesn't answer the door. Then, from his window, we see DAISY pressing a doorbell again and talking to the door. Suddenly, the door opens and she enters the building. RICHIE looks confused as to what she's doing. He waits.

Then, DAISY leaves the building again and walks back to the bus stop.

There's a knock at the door. RICHIE flinches, since he was so focused on DAISY. He turns the TV on mute, turns around, gets up and opens the door. It's his neighbor, KYLE, another stoner, about the same age as Richie.

RICHIE

Hey man, what's up?

KYLE

Yo, this girl just came by and asked me to give you this note.

KYLE fishes a crumpled up piece of paper out of his pocket and gives it to RICHIE.

KYLE

Why didn't you just let her in if you're home anyway? Is she like, crazy or something?

(gasps)

Oh my God, is she your stalker?

RICHIE

What? No. I just didn't want to talk to her.

RICHIE looks at the note.

RICHIE

Milk, bread, baby shampoo? Dude, what is this?

KYLE

Oh, that's my grocery list. She needed something to write on. Turn it around.

RICHIE turns the note around. It reads "I'm an asshole. Congrats on your new job. - Daisy"

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KYLE

I didn't look at it by the way.

RICHIE is already about to close the door while still looking at the note

RICHIE

Yeah, whatever. Thanks man.

KYLE

No problem.

KYLE turns around and is about to leave.

RICHIE

Oh and, Kyle?

KYLE

Huh?

RICHIE

(sarcastically)

Baby shampoo? Really?

KYLE

What, I have a sensitive sculp!

RICHIE

Get outta here.

He shuts the door in KYLE's face.

48 INT. DAISY'S BEDROOM - DAY

A hand reaches out of a thick layer of pillows and covers and tries to make its way to the nightstand. It fumbles around the first drawer and finally grabs the knob, opening it. The hand feels around the drawer and suddenly stops - it pulls out a business card.

DAISY's head rises from the mountain of pillows. She looks at the business card. It's the card that HIDDAYA gave her in the bathroom of the café. DAISY's tired look changes to one of guilt.

She gets up from her bed and reveals that she's not even wearing pants anymore, just an oversized, stained shirt and briefs. DAISY walks over to the kitchen, grabs a knife from a drawer and walks back to her bed. She holds the business card up to the wall and stabs the knife into it, hard enough that it sticks to the wall, piercing through the business card.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Then DAISY looks down into the drawer. It's empty, except for the benzodiazepine pills.

After a long moment of silence, DAISY takes the pills out of the drawer and leaves the bedroom.

We stay focused on her empty bed for another moment, as we hear the tap of the bathtub being turned on and the sound of running water...

49 EXT. DAISY'S APARTMENT - DAY

RICHIE rings the door bell, waiting impatiently. Nothing happens. A MAN steps outside the front door of the apartment building and, out of reflex, holds the door open for RICHIE. It takes him a moment to realize but then he quickly enters the building.

RICHIE

Thanks.

The MAN nods and walks away.

CUT TO:

RICHIE knocks on the door of DAISY's apartment, but nobody opens the door. He tries to look through the spy and then puts his ear on the door. We hear the distant sound of running water.

RICHIE's gaze follows along the door and down to his feet, where we see a thin veil of water coming out from under the door. RICHIE's eyes widen.

RICHIE

Oh shit.

While he tries to kick in or open the door, he fishes for his phone in his pockets and calls 911.

RICHIE

(out of breath from trying to kick
in the door; into the phone)
I need help - I... I think my friend's
apartment is flooding. She might still
be in there.

THE NEXT SEQUENCE SEEMS LIKE A FEVER-DREAM, LIKE WE'RE NOT FULLY CONSCIOUS WHILE WATCHING IT PLAY, ACCOMPANIED BY MUSIC.

POLICE/AMBULANCE SIRENS. PEOPLE KICKING IN THE DOOR.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PARAMEDICS RUSHING OVER TO THE BATHROOM, GETTING DAISY OUT OF THE BATHTUB. THE PILLS SPILLED ON THE FLOOR. THE APARTMENT FLOOR SOAKED WITH WATER. SHE'S BEEN IN THERE A WHILE. RICHIE WHO ALMOST COLLAPSES ONTO THE FLOOR, WATCHING EVERYTHING THAT HAPPENS IN HORROR. PARAMEDICS CARRY DAISY OUT OF THE APARTMENT. DAISY IN AN AMBULANCE.

MONA AND SAM IN A CAR, DRIVING. MONA PICKS UP THE PHONE. HER EXPRESSION IMMEDIATELY GOES BLANK, SHE COVERS HER MOUTH IN SHOCK AND LOOKS OVER TO SAM, SAYS SOMETHING TO HIM. HE'S IN SHOCK AS WELL, IMMEDIATELY SEEMS TO CHANGE WHERE HE'S DRIVING. THE AMBULANCE ARRIVING AT THE HOSPITAL.

IN BETWEEN THOSE SHOTS, WE SPRINKLE FLASHBACKS OF MONA AND DAISY AS CHILDREN: DAISY SITTING ALONE OUTSIDE ON A BENCH AT SCHOOL, WEARING A DRESS COVERED IN DAISIES, MONA COMES OVER, WEARING A FLOWER CROWN, GIVES DAISY A SECOND ONE SHE MADE WITH DAISIES - THE BEGINNING OF THEIR FRIENDSHIP. DAISY AT MONA'S HOUSE A FEW YEARS AGO. THEY'RE HANGING OUT, WATCHING TV. A CAR CRASH. A PHONE CALL. DAISY BREAKING DOWN IN TEARS.

The music abruptly stops and goes silent. Hospital environmental sounds.

ACT III

50 INT. HOSPITAL, OUTSIDE DAISY'S ROOM - DAY

MONA is sitting on a chair, which is part of a row of boring, sterile-looking chairs, waiting outside of DAISY's hospital room.

A NURSE leaves the room. MONA looks up.

NURSE

She's awake now.

MONA

(sigh of relief)

Can I go in?

The NURSE nods and gives MONA a pitying smile.

51 INT. DAISY'S HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

MONA slowly and quietly enters DAISY's hospital room. DAISY is in bed and looks like she's just woken up. She's on a drip and looks extremely pale. MONA walks up to her bed, her face expressing a mixture of anger and sadness.

DAISY's face lights up in surprise as she recognizes MONA.

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CONTINUED:

DAISY
(weakly)
Hey.

MONA stares at her, stone-faced. The smile quickly vanishes from DAISY's face. She is even a little scared of her visitor.

MONA
Tell me just one thing. Was it an accident?

DAISY looks away, out the window.

DAISY
What did the doctor tell you?

MONA
It doesn't matter what the doctor said, I want to hear it from you.

Silence. DAISY avoids looking at MONA.

MONA
(louder, pushing)
Was it an accident? Just say yes or no.

More silence. Finally, DAISY looks at MONA. Quietly, as if she was embarrassed by it, she responds.

DAISY
No.

MONA turns away from DAISY, holding back tears. Her voice starts trembling as she speaks up.

MONA
Coward.

DAISY
(louder, defensive)
Excuse me?

A few tears start streaming down MONA's face.

MONA
I said you're a coward.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAISY

(getting angry)

Are you kidding me right now? You came all the way to the hospital just to tell me that I'm a coward?

MONA

Yes.

(Beat)

Why would you that to me? To your family? Your friends?

DAISY

Do that to you? How dare you make this about yourself?

MONA

I'm being selfish because you chose to be selfish first. You decide to take the easy way out instead of facing your problems. You're not the one who has to deal with the aftermath of your death, everybody else has to.

DAISY

You think I wanted to do this?! You still don't get it, do you? I'm not choosing to feel the way I do, I'm sick. It's a fucking disease, when will you finally understand that?

MONA

(shouting)

It's a disease that can be fought! That can be medicated! And you do NOTHING about it. Instead, you sit in your own pool of self-pity and sorrow until you drown yourself.

DAISY

Thanks for coming, I think it's time for you to leave now.

MONA

(calm again)

I'm not finished yet.

DAISY

I think you've said enough.

DAISY turns to the window again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MONA

No.

MONA takes a deep breath.

MONA

I also came here to say that I'm sorry. I'm sorry for what happened between us. I never wanted it to end this way and I feel terrible about it. And I didn't want to leave without apologizing to you.

DAISY

Well, you've apologized to me, so you can leave now.

MONA

What I meant was... leave town. Not leave this room.

DAISY turns back around and looks at Mona.

DAISY

Leave to go where?

MONA

L.A.

DAISY suddenly sits up in her bed, almost knocking over the drip that's connected to her arm.

DAISY

What?

MONA

I got an agent. He thinks I should move to L.A. if I really want to take this writing thing seriously... And I think he's right.

DAISY

When are you moving?

MONA

Next Monday.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAISY
(shocked)
NEXT MONDAY?!

MONA
Yes. Maybe you wanna come by and say
goodbye or something. I mean, if you
feel well enough.

DAISY
I don't know if I...

MONA
(stumbles over her words)
Yeah, well. Just, if it's convenient
for you, you know... you don't have to
of course. Totally up to you. I'm
gonna leave now and let you rest.

DAISY looks down and says nothing. MONA waits for her to say
goodbye, but DAISY just stays silent. MONA sighs and walks to
the door, slowly, giving DAISY a last chance to say
something. She reaches the door and opens it. DAISY is still
grappling with her emotions, but just as MONA is about to
leave the room, she gets the last few words out.

DAISY
Thank you.

MONA stops and turns around, giving DAISY a sad smile.

She leaves and closes the door behind her. DAISY is alone
again. She throws her head back into the pillow in
frustration and hits the metal frame behind it through the
pillow.

DAISY
Ow!

She rubs her head in pain and slowly, carefully sinks back
into the pillow. She closes her eyes.

52 INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - DAY

As MONA leaves the hospital room, she runs into RICHIE, who
is nervously walking up and down the hallway, a bouquet of
flowers in his hand.

MONA walks by him and smiles awkwardly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICHIE

Is she awake?

MONA

(surprised that he said something)

Yes. You can go in there, I think.
Maybe ask the nurse first.

RICHIE

Thanks. How is she doing?

MONA

She looked fine to me. A bit of a
bitch, but nothing unusual.

This gets a laugh out of RICHIE and seems to make him loosen up a little.

RICHIE

Sounds like she's doing okay.

MONA laughs.

MONA

Yeah. Good luck.

RICHIE smiles and nods, as MONA walks away.

53 INT. MONA'S HOUSE - DAY

MONA, SAM and MONA'S PARENTS are packing up all their stuff into boxes. The PARENTS and SAM are all busy in the living room, hurrying to get everything done until Monday. MONA glances up the stairs.

MONA

I'll go look what's left in the attic,
if you don't mind.

MONA'S MOM

Oh, sweetie, it's chaos up there.
There's stuff from over 10 years ago.
Do you really want to go through all
of that?

MONA

Oh yeah, I don't mind.

MONA goes up the stairs into the attic. It's full of dusty

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

card boxes and spiderwebs. There hasn't been anyone in there in a long time.

She walks by a few boxes and reads the font on them. There "Summer 1992", "Mona year 1-4", "Baby clothes", "Grandma's house", "Old apartment", and finally: "Mona old room".

MONA opens the box "Mona old room" and sits down on the dusty floor. She pulls out a bunch of old clothes and toys, stuffed animals and notebooks. Underneath is a photo album titled "Momo and Daisy". She carefully takes it out of the box and blows away the dust. She opens the album. The first picture is her and DAISY as 8-year-olds, arm in arm with face paint on. MONA is a tiger and DAISY is a bee. They both have big smiles on their faces and MONA is missing a front tooth. On the next pages we see some more pictures of them through the years. The two in a cardboard castle, on roller-skates, in matching Halloween costumes (they went as Mario and Luigi), them in MONA's living room on the couch playing video games, them on their first day in middle school, them at graduation...

MONA stops at the graduation picture. In it are MONA, DAISY, MONA's parents and DAISY's Dad. She takes the picture out of the album and goes back to page one. She also takes the first picture of them as 8-year-old. MONA carefully puts both photos in the back pocket of her jeans. She puts the toys and the other stuff back into the card box and lays the album on top of everything. Then, she closes the lid of the box and walks back to the stairs.

Halfway down the staircase she stops for a second, turns around and runs back upstairs to the box. Close up of her hands opening the lid and taking the whole album out.

CUT TO:

54 INT. MONA'S BEDROOM - DAY

Mona walking into the bedroom, where most things are packed in boxes as well. She opens a box called "Mona Stuff" and carefully puts the album inside.

THE CAMERA STAYS FOCUSED ON THE BOX AND IN THE BACKGROUND, WE SEE MONA RUNNING BACK DOWNSTAIRS TO HELP THE OTHERS.

55 EXT. MONA'S HOUSE. DAY.

TEXT APPEARS ON SCREEN: "MONDAY"

SAM is loading boxes into a big moving-truck. MONA's parents come outside, suitcases and bags in both hands.

MONA'S MOM

I'm so sorry that we can't come with you. You didn't exactly chose a good date for moving. Our flight leaves in 4 hours.

MONA'S DAD takes the suitcase from her mom and loads the car up with luggage.

MONA

Well, we didn't really have a choice, did we?

MONA'S MOM

I feel bad. We should be there to help you guys move.

MONA

No worries, Mom, I think we'll be fine without you guys.

MONA'S MOM starts frowning.

MONA'S MOM

Don't say that!

She starts crying. MONA quickly comes to hug her.

MONA

Oh no, don't cry, Mom. Please. Stop. It's not that big of a deal, I'll come visit you guys lots. Okay?

MONA'S MOM sobs but nods her head.

MONA gives her another, big, long hug, kisses her mother on the forehead, then turns to her father to hug him.

MONA'S DAD

(muffled, into Mona's shoulder)
Take care, sweetie.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MONA

(also muffled, into her father's
shoulder)

Love you.

MONA'S DAD

Love yOu, too.

MONA'S MOM watches the two, then goes on to hug SAM. MONA smiles at her hugging her boyfriend. Her DAD also goes to hug SAM. Finally, her PARENTS hop into their car and drive off. MONA'S MOM blows kisses and waves from the driver's seat. MONA keeps waving until the car disappears into the distance.

SAM lets out a deep sigh, then returns to putting boxes into the truck. MONA keeps staring into the distance, worried.

MONA

You think she's coming to say goodbye?

SAM

Did you tell her what time we're
leaving?

MONA

No, I just said Monday.

SAM

Maybe she'll turn up later. We still
have some time before we leave. Why
don't you just call her?

MONA pulls out her phone and types Daisy's name into the contact list. She clicks on it and calls her. While the phone is still ringing, she quickly hangs up.

MONA

Nah, I'm sure she'll come.

SAM

Can you help me load the truck until
then?

MONA

Of course, sorry.

They keep loading the truck.

MONTAGE OF THEM LOADING, PACKING THE LAST FEW THINGS INTO BOXES AND CLEANING UP STARTS. MONA VACUUMS THE FLOOR, DUSTS OFF THE SURFACES, CLOSES UP BOXES WITH TAPE. SAM HEAVES HEAVY

(CONTINUED)

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BOXES INTO THE TRUCK AN ARRANGES THEM, CLEANS THE WINDOWS AND TAKES THE CLOSED-UP BOXES OUTSIDE. THE APARTMENT BECOMES EMPTIER AND EMPTIER UNTIL THERE'S ALMOST NOTHING LEFT INSIDE THE HOUSE.

WHILE DOING ALL THOSE THINGS, MONA OCCASIONALLY LOOKS OUT THE WINDOW AND AT THE STREET TO SEE IF DAISY IS COMING. SHE'S NOT COMING. WE SEE DAISY'S EMPTY HOSPITAL ROOM, WITH HER EMPTY BED GETTING MADE BY A NURSE AND WONDER: WHERE IS SHE? IS SHE OKAY?

THE MONTAGE ENDS WITH MONA PUTTING THE LAST BOX INTO THE TRUCK AND HER AND SAM CLOSING THE DOOR. IT'S BECOME LATE AFTERNOON BY NOW. MONA WALKS TO THE FRONT OF THE TRUCK AND STARES AT THE ROAD, DISAPPOINTED AND SAD. SAM GETS INTO THE DRIVER'S SEAT OF THE TRUCK AND CLOSES THE DRIVER'S DOOR. HE LEANS OVER TO OPEN THE PASSENGER'S DOOR.

MONA flinches. SAM just looks at her and says nothing.

CUT TO:

56 INT. ART GALLERY - DAY

A HAND WITH A HOSPITAL BAND-AID ON HER ARM (WHERE THE NEEDLE OF THE DRIP WAS) OPENS A BIG GLASS DOOR. A BELL RINGS AS THE DOOR HITS IT. WE SEE TWO FEET IN A PAIR OF DIRTY CONVERSE HIGH-TOPS ENTERING THE BUILDING. THE FEET WALK OVER TO A DESK. PAN UP BEHIND THE DESK TO REVEAL THAT IT'S HIDDAYA, THE WOMAN DAISY MET AT WORK. BEHIND HER IS A BIG NEON SIGN THAT SAYS "DAYA'S GALLERY".

HIDDAYA smiles at the customer.

HIDDAYA

Hey! I did not expect to see your face ever again.

We zoom out to reveal DAISY standing in front of the counter, smiling.

DAISY

And hello to you, too. I'm so sorry that I didn't come to the charity event.

HIDDAYA

No worries. It went really well.

THE MUSIC FADES BACK IN AS WE SEE THEM SMALL TALKING WHILE ZOOMING OUT.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CUT BACK TO:

57 EXT. MONA'S DRIVEWAY - DAY

MONA in her driveway. SAM gives her a demanding, "So??"-look from the driver's seat. MONA climbs onto the passenger's seat and grabs a piece of paper and a pen from glove compartment. She scribbles something on it, but we can't see what it is. She hops out of the car again and puts the note on her doormat, pulls the picture of her and Daisy (plus family) at graduation out of her jeans and slides it underneath the note. Then she goes back to the truck, gets in the passenger's seat and closes the door. The truck drives off and we see it disappearing down the street.

THROUGH TIME-LAPSE, WE STAY IN MONA'S DRIVEWAY BUT QUICKLY MOVE TOWARDS EARLY EVENING.

And suddenly, there she is: DAISY walks around the corner and up to Mona's house, smoking, as always. And, just as in the very first scene, she goes to put out the cigarette right in front of MONA's front door. DAISY rings the doorbell, but as she puts out her cigarette on the ground, she notices a piece of paper on the doormat. She squats down to pick up the note and the picture underneath it. The note reads:

"DAISY. In case you missed us (which you did if you're reading this): Goodbye. I love you."

DAISY looks at the empty road and empty driveway. DAISY carefully folds the note and puts it in her pocket. Then she looks at the picture of her, Mona, her Dad and Mona's parents at their graduation.

CLOSE UP OF THE PICTURE IN HER HANDS. THEN WE PAN UP TO DAISY'S FACE, AS SHE STARTS SMILING.

MONTAGE OF SAM AND MONA'S LIFE JOURNEY, AS WELL AS DAISY'S. WE SEE MONA AND SAM ARRIVING AT THEIR NEW APARTMENT IN L.A. IT'S SMALL, A LOT SMALLER THAN THE HOUSE THEY LIVED IN BEFORE AND IT'S OLD AND A LITTLE DEPRESSING, BUT MONA IS HAPPY ABOUT IT.

WE SEE DAISY HELPING OUT IN HIDDAYA'S GALLERY, HELPING WORKERS CARRY IN HUGE PAINTING AND HANGING THEM UP AND PAINTING PICTURES ON GALLERY WALLS WITH HIDDAYA. CUT BACK TO MONA MEETING UP WITH HER AGENT, A YOUNG MAN, WHO GREETES MONA WITH A VERY FRIENDLY, ENTHUSIASTIC HANDSHAKE.

SAM IS NURSING DOGS IN AN ANIMAL SHELTER, TOGETHER WITH LOTS OF OTHER HELPERS. IT IS REVEALED THAT HE WORKS AS A

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VETERINARIAN.

DAISY IS HELPING HIDDAYA BUILD A CAFÉ AS AN ADDITION TO THE GALLERY. IT'S STILL IN ITS EARLY STATE. MONA IS WRITING ON HER LAPTOP IN THEIR NOW FULLY FURNISHED APARTMENT, SIPPING ON ICED LATTE. IT'S LATE AT NIGHT.

SAM IS STILL AT THE ANIMAL SHELTER, STAYING WITH NEW, FRIGHTENED ANIMALS AND KEEPING THEM COMPANY. THE CAFÉ IN THE GALLERY IS ALMOST FINISHED, DAISY IS HANGING UP HER OWN PAINTINGS ON THE WALL. ONE OF THE PAINTINGS IS OF HER FATHER. MONA IS PITCHING HER SCRIPT TO PRODUCERS IN A CONFERENCE ROOM. SAM IS BRINGING AN ELDERLY DOG INTO THEIR APARTMENT AND LEADS HIM TO THE BALCONY. HE KNEELS DOWN, PETS THE DOG AND POINTS OUT AT THE LANDSCAPE, TALKING TO THE DOG.

THE GALLERY HIRES A NEW BARISTA, LAURA (SHOWN ON HER NAME TAG), WHO HAPPENS TO BE THE SAME WAITRESS THAT BROUGHT DAISY A DRINK BACK IN THE STUDENT BAR ON KARAOKE NIGHT. HIDDAYA SHOWS HER AROUND THE GALLERY AND THE CAFÉ WHILE DAISY IS WATCHING THEM, DOING PAPERWORK AT THE REGISTER. DAISY SEEMS VERY FASCINATED BY THE NEW BARISTA.

MONA IS TALKING TO PEOPLE IN SUITS IN SEPARATE BUSINESS MEETINGS, WHICH SHOW HER CHANGING HAIRSTYLE. SAM HAS GROWN OUT HIS BEARD, AS WELL. THIS FADES INTO MONA WALKING AROUND A FILM SET, DRESSED MORE CASUALLY.

DAISY HANDS LAURA A REUSABLE TO-GO-CUP TO FILL UP WITH COFFEE, WHILE THEY'RE TALKING. LAURA RETURNS THE CUP TO DAISY AND DAISY BRINGS IT TO THE REGISTER, WHERE HIDDAYA IS WORKING. DAISY SEEMS BUSY WITH TALKING ABOUT BUSINESS AND TAKES A SIP. AS DAISY LIFTS THE CUP, HIDDAYA NOTICES SOMETHING WRITTEN ON THE BACKSIDE. DAISY PUTS THE CUP DOWN AND HIDDAYA TURNS IT AROUND, SHOWING HER THAT LAURA HAS WRITTEN HER PHONE NUMBER ON THE CUP. DAISY LOOKS PLEASANTLY SURPRISED AND LOOKS OVER TO THE CAFÉ CORNER, WHERE LAURA IS CLEANING CUPS. THEIR EYES MEET AND DAISY SHYLY SMILES AT LAURA, WHO SMILES BACK.

THE MONTAGE FADES OUT.

CUT TO:

58 INT. RESTAURANT IN L.A. - EVENING.

TEXT ON SCREEN: 4 YEARS LATER.

MONA and SAM are sitting in a restaurant, next to the window. MONA is picking at her pasta, stabbing it with her fork, looking down at it. SAM is watching her. She keeps doing this

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as they sit in silence for at least 30 more seconds. As a WAITER walks by, SAM holds up his hand.

SAM
Excuse me.

The WAITER turns around.

SAM
We'll get the check please.

The WAITER nods and leaves.

CUT TO:

59 INT. A BEDROOM - NIGHT

The two lying in bed, staring at the ceiling.

SAM
What was up with you today?

MONA stares at the ceiling in silence for another moment.

MONA
I guess I was hoping you'd propose to me tonight.

SAM
Oh.

He looks away to the side and they remain like that for another moment.

MONA
After 8 years together. I don't think that's asking for too much, is it?

SAM struggles to find the right words.

SAM
Well, you know we've got a lot on our plates at the moment. I don't know if we have time to plan a wedding right now.

MONA
You said the same thing last year.

SAM still avoids looking at Mona.

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SAM

I know.

MONA turns to the side, away from SAM.

MONA

Happy anniversary.

As she says that, she turns off the lights. It's pitch-black in the room.

60 INT. MONA AND SAM'S NEW APARTMENT -DAY

The next day, SAM has already gone off to work, MONA tries to distract herself by cleaning the apartment. She opens a big wall closet in the hallway between the living room and her bedroom, to dust off the shelves.

On top of the closet are a bunch of boxes. Among them is the box that has "Mona's Stuff" written on it. As she cleans the shelves, she accidentally slips and crashes into the closet. The closet starts shaking and the box with "Mona's Stuff" starts sliding off the top. Mona notices quickly enough to stand back up and hold the box, preventing it from falling down.

As she holds her arms up, she notices that it's the "Mona's Stuff" box. She carefully puts her hands on the edges, lifting it down from the closet. It's not sealed anymore. She opens the box. Only a few things are left in there, including a few toys and decorations. Underneath lies the photo album that MONA put in there before moving to L.A.

MONA takes the photo album out of the box and opens it, looking through the pages.

61 INT. AIRPORT ARRIVAL AREA - DAY

MONA is entering the arrivals area of an airport, a neck pillow around her neck and her suitcase rolling behind her.

She looks around, searching for someone. Then, she spots her PARENTS in the crowd of people waiting, waving excitedly. MONA's face lights up and she runs over, falling into their arms.

CUT TO:

62 INT. MONA'S PARENTS' HOME - DAY

MONA'S DAD is carrying his daughter's luggage through the

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front door of his house. MONA and her MOM are sitting in the kitchen, drinking coffee and chatting.

MONA'S MOM

It's really a bummer that Sam couldn't come. I would have loved to see him again.

MONA

(distracted)

Yeah... he's really..uh..really busy at the moment.

MONA'S MOM

Poor boy, always working.

MONA'S DAD

You have any plans for your stay here?

MONA

Uh, not really.

MONA'S MOM

Any friends you wanna see?

MONA

(rolls her eyes)

Mom.

MONA'S MOM

(puts hand up in defense)

I'm just saying.

MONA

I was thinking of maybe stopping by my old workplace.

MONA'S DAD

Oh yeah, great idea. Honey, how's work going? You haven't said a word about that on the whole drive home.

MONA

It's actually going pretty great. I finished a script on the plane.

MONA'S MOM

Wow! What's it about?

MONA

Iiii can't tell you...yet.

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MONA'S MOM

Why not?

MONA

I haven't uhh - tested the material yet.

MONA'S MOM

(slightly offended)

Hm. Alright.

MONA'S DAD

Why not test it on us?

MONA

You're not the...

(pause)

...target audience.

MONA'S DAD

Why, because we're old?

MONA

I didn't say that.

MONA'S MOM

John, leave her be. It's okay, sweetie. Go test your stuff on who ever you want to.

MONA

Thanks.

(Beat)

You, umm- you don't happen to know where- uh...

MONA'S MOM

Where Daisy lives now?

MONA

(feels caught)

...yes.

MONA'S MOM smiles.

63 EXT. A SMALL COTTAGE - DAY

MONA rings the door bell of a small, cottage home. The doorway is covered in plants and weeds. There could easily live an old witch in this home, judging from the way it looks.

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CONTINUED:

MONA is fidgeting around with her hands, not being able to stand still, putting her hair behind her ears and pulling strands back to the front again.

Then, a young woman opens the door. It's LAURA, the barista.

LAURA

Hello?

MONA's look changes to one of surprise and disappointment.

MONA

Oh, um, hi. I'm sorry, I think I got the wrong house.

LAURA

Who were you looking for?

MONA

Daisy, uh, I mean, Maya Alvarez. I was told she lives here, now.

LAURA

Oh! She does, but she's not home at the moment.

MONA

Oh.

LAURA

Should I relay a message to her?

MONA

No, it's okay, um... I'll come by another time.

MONA turns around and is about to walk away, but then turns back again.

MONA

Actually, could you give her something from me?

LAURA

Sure.

MONA hands LAURA a manuscript with the title "My favorite Flower".

LAURA

Oh, cool! And, who should I say this
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

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LAURA (CONT'D)
is from?

MONA
She'll know.

LAURA looks confused.

MONA
(awkwardly)
Okay, uh, I guess I'll go now. Thanks!
Bye!

She awkwardly walks away, waving to LAURA, who waves back in confusion.

WE SEE MONA FROM THE FRONT, WALKING AWAY, SILENTLY CURSING HERSELF AND HER AWKWARDNESS. LAURA CLOSSES THE DOOR IN THE BACKGROUND.

64 INT. "DEAD POETS SOCIETEA" - DAY

MONA is sitting at one of the tables in the café, drinking tea and reading a book.

DARCY
(off-screen)
You need anything else, honey?

MONA
(without looking up)
No, thanks, I'm good.

She's so focused on the book that she almost doesn't notice a shadow hovering over the book.

WE SEE A CLOSE-UP OF THE PAGES OF THE BOOK AND MONA SLOWLY PUTTING THE BOOK DOWN, REVEALING A HAND THAT PLACES A DAISY ON THE TABLE NEXT TO MONA'S MUG.

MONA slowly looks up, following the hand, upwards the arm and towards a smiling face, revealing who we're looking at:

DAISY.

(Song suggestions as the scene plays and the screen fades out)

"Nevermind" - Julianna Joy

"Masterpiece" - Big Thief

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

"Sleep in the Heat" - PUP

"Prom Queen" - Beach Bunny

"I Wanna Get Better" - Bleachers)

FADE OUT.