

WEIGHT OF THE WORLD

Written by

Payne Patchett

INT. JESSICA'S CAR - SUNDAY, MARCH 18TH - 2:34PM

A photograph of three people at a party, two girls (one noticeably older than the other) and a guy sits atop the glass in front of the odometer.

The older girl in the picture, JESSICA LEE (21), sits in the driver's seat in a neatly furbished 2017 Toyota Corolla, in the middle of a packed freeway, in a complete standstill.

Even though Jessica's legally old enough to be an adult, she has yet to reach the threshold of independence. She has come all this way with someone by her side--for better or worse.

The word "Dad" and a timer increasing by the second appears on the car's touch screen.

She is in the middle of a conversation with her father, ANDREW (late-50s).

ANDREW (O.S.)

This is going to help. After this, you're going to be on your own.

Andrew's voice encloses Jessica through every speaker in the car.

JESSICA

What about homework?

ANDREW (O.S.)

You got those audiobooks I sent, right? It might not be much but it's enough to keep you in a groove while you're there.

JESSICA

(sarcastic)

Sounds great.

She rolls her eyes, a little proud her father can't see it.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

(serious)

Dad, what's stopping me from taking the next exit and turning back around?

ANDREW (O.S.)

Don't do this, Jessica. One week. That's all I ask. Go and spend spring break with your mother and Rachel and Christina and I will be waiting once you get back. Okay?

A hard look at the screen.

JESSICA

Okay.

ANDREW (O.S.)

Atta girl. You'll thank me for this later. Don't overdue it and have fun.

JESSICA

Alright, dad. Talk to you later.

ANDREW

And remember: No drinking!

JESSICA

No drinking. Got it.

The call ends.

EXT. FREEWAY - SAME TIME

Under a clear blue sky, the northbound highway on Interstate 5 is jam-packed with cars. An occasional honk is heard here and there. Absolute congestion.

INT. JESSICA'S CAR - 3:01PM

An audiobook titled "Studies in Computer Data" By Evelyn Poniewaz plays through the 'Kindle' app. It's being narrated by a sophisticated middle-aged woman.

AUDIOBOOK

While simple to implement, uncoordinated checkpointing can lead to the domino effect, known as a "Rollback". A Rollback is a SQL database command that allows users to undo, update or delete a program or bring it back to a previously defined state, usually in response to a critical error. Each process starts its execution with an initial checkpoint. Suppose the second process fails and rolls back to the third checkpoint. The rollback "invalidates" the sending of the sixth message, and so the first process must roll back to the second checkpoint to "invalidate" the receipt of that message.

A drop of sweat drips down Jessica's face under the sweltering heat.

AUDIOBOOK (CONT'D)

This cascaded rollback may continue and eventually may lead to the domino effect, which causes the system to rollback to the beginning of the computation, in spite of all the saved checkpoints. Cascading rollbacks due to the single failure forces the system to restart from the initial set of checkpoints, effectively causing the loss of all the work done by all processes.

Jessica pauses the audiobook.

On her phone, Jessica hops onto Instagram and opens a message tab with a user going by the name "mara.niverse". The profile picture displays the same face as the young girl on the photograph.

She sends a message: **You up for hanging out later?**

No response.

She then goes into another tab with the username "nathann16", the profile picture shows the same face of the guy in the photo, as well.

She sends a message: **Do you know if Mara is at the beach?**

**N: Maybe. Sis isn't my problem when she's out of the house. Where are you?**

**J: I'm on my way. Stupid traffic.**

After a few seconds:

**N: When do you think you'll be here?**

**J: A couple of hours. Why?**

**N: I'm up for hanging out if you are.**

**J: Hell yeah! Just gonna stop and say hi to Mara first. Where should we meet up?**

**N: How about the market. Does 5 work?**

**J: Yeah. Plenty of time.**

**N: Fuck yeah. I just gotta do some shit first then I'll meet you there.**

Jessica double taps the last message, giving it a heart emoji.

She taps on his username, which opens up his--

## PROFILE PAGE

She presses his profile page and displays two photos on his IG story:

Posted 18 hours ago, the first one comprises of a glass of beer with the caption "I think I'm getting used to this lol". Under the caption is a location sticker displaying the name "**Carpenter's Tavern**".

Posted 15 hours ago, the second one captures a serene lake beneath a golden-yellow sky.

She lurks through his posts. A photo of him pitching for the Lumina High School baseball team dated March, 2021. A celebratory post announcing his commitment to Eldrin Community College in April. A post about his high school graduation in June.

Jessica scrolls to his most recent post, dated January, 2023, showing a picture of Nathan posing with a blonde woman she doesn't recognize on a ferry with a gorgeous sunset in the background.

She averts her eyes to the caption, which reads "**To the moon and the stars w/ my best friend @Simply.sydney**" with a couple heart emojis at the end.

When suddenly--

**\*HONK\* \*HONK\***

Jessica is startled by the honking car behind her. She looks through the driver's side mirror, then at the road ahead.

The car in front of her inches forward. She tosses her phone on the passenger seat and follows its lead.

## INT. JESSICA'S CAR - DAY - 3:35PM

Jessica leisurely drives through a quiet suburban street. A line of lake houses separates it from a ginormous lake. "Glory Days" by Bruce Springsteen plays from her phone, which is connected by Bluetooth to the car. Jessica sings along to the song and doesn't miss a word.

She pulls into a parking lot at--

## EXT. DAVIDSON BEACH

Many wooden docks extend out towards the lake, overlooking the picturesque snow capped mountains in the distance.

INT. JESSICA'S CAR

Jessica peeks through her phone, examines her messages with Nathan again, then peeks at the time.

She turns off her phone, directs her attention outside where she eyes a young girl with a braided ponytail. She is wearing a red long sleeve T-shirt sitting at the edge of one of the docks. This is MARA NOONAN (15).

It's hard to pin down what she thinks most of the time. She's very bright and sweet, but if asked, wouldn't tell you that. The world around Mara has gotten her to believe something very different.

EXT. DOCKS - DAVIDSON BEACH

Mara sits almost sadly, slumped over the dock. She watches her legs dangle under the water. She does not notice Jessica walking towards her.

But when Jessica gets closer, she notices tears stream down Mara's face. No sniffing. No attempt to wipe them away.

Jessica hesitates for a second before getting closer.

JESSICA  
(hesitates)  
Mara?

Mara whips her head in Jessica's direction. A little smile grows on her face, almost hopeful.

MARA  
Hey.

JESSICA  
Been a while. Is everything alright?

MARA  
Yeah. Why?

JESSICA  
Looks like you're crying.

MARA  
Oh, it's nothing. Allergies have been acting up lately. Nothing serious.

Mara laughs it off, pretends she's not upset. Jessica nods.

Jessica sits next to Mara.

JESSICA  
You still doin' piano?

MARA  
Yeah.

JESSICA  
Have you posted anything recently?

Mara doesn't answer.

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
Come on. I've seen your videos.  
You're great at it.

MARA  
No I'm not. You're just saying  
that.

JESSICA  
I'm serious. You've been getting  
better with every video. Granted, I  
don't know how to play but it looks  
hard, so I'll give you that.  
(pause)  
Could you sing a song for me?

MARA  
I'm not up for it right now. I'll  
sing for you when I'm ready.

A beat.

JESSICA  
What about swimmin'?

MARA  
What about it?

JESSICA  
Usually I'd see you doing laps from  
here to--  
(points to the dock next  
to theirs)  
--the one over there. Ten minimum.  
Twenty if you really had the energy  
for it. Isn't that still the plan?

MARA

You remember that? To be honest, I was half-expecting you to come back with half your head shaven off and the rest dyed blue or purple or something.

JESSICA

(groans)

Please tell me you don't think that's what everyone in Seattle looks like.

MARA

No, no, not at all. But I'm certain you met at least some good looking people over there. Someone who might be on a magazine cover within a year, who knows. I'm surprised you aren't on your way onto one yet.

JESSICA

Sorry, Mara. Much to your utter disappointment, nothin' has changed. When it comes to what's going on, I only know what I know. I'm clueless to everything else. Not to mention, you haven't changed one bit, either. You know that?

MARA

Really?

JESSICA

I wouldn't mistake that hairstyle from a mile away.

MARA

(mumbles)

Really? I feel like changed a lot lately.

Mara dips her head towards the water.

Jessica turns to Mara, gets a good look at her face. Upon closer inspection, she notices faint black circles under Mara's eyes.

JESSICA

Be honest with me. Is everything *really* alright?



Mara turns towards Jessica. They make eye contact. Mara smiles. It's a welcoming smile. It's alright.

Mara leans her head on Jessica's arm. Jessica scooches closer to Mara and side hugs her.

MARA

Do you think U-Dub is the right place to go for college?

JESSICA

It's different for everyone. Do you have enough money for it?

MARA

I have some stashed in my room. I'm hoping a scholarship will cover the rest of it.

JESSICA

I'm sure you'll fit right in and find out what you want to do.

MARA

Have you?

Jessica doesn't answer Mara's question.

The waves continue to pound the docks under them, breaking the silence.

**EXT. LEE HOUSE - DAY - 4:15PM**

Jessica pulls into the driveway. She exits the car, a roller suitcase in one hand and a small metal baseball bat in the other, and heads to the front door.

On the front porch, her mother, HELEN LEE (early 50s) opens the door with a big smile on her face.

Mother and daughter embrace.

**INT. JESSICA'S ROOM - LEE HOUSE - DAY - 3:37PM**

The bedroom is fairly minimalist and well-put together, apart from a collage of photographs hung above her bed.

The metal baseball bat leans on the edge of the bedstand.

Jessica stares at the assemblage of memories, directing her gaze from one picture to another, ranging from family pics to school achievements and even more pictures with Nathan and Mara.

Only that every picture on the wall of her family never had her parents together.

She glances at a picture from a computer science competition with her dad, then at a photo of her at the beach with her mom and little sister.

EXT. COMMUNITY PARK - DAY - THREE YEARS AGO - **A MEMORY**

On a picnic blanket next to a wide open patch of grass. This whole scene is seen through the lens of an instant camera manned by Jessica (17).

Jessica points the camera towards the back of Mara (12).

JESSICA (O.S.)

Hey, Mara. Smile for the camera!

Mara turns around and immediately covers her eyes upon realizing what's about to happen.

MARA

Jessica, stop! Don't point it at me.

JESSICA (O.S.)

The camera's not gonna hurt you, Mara. No radiation is gonna spit out of it.

Mara turns her back to the camera once more, this time willingly.

Then, from out of view, Nathan (17) scooches next to Mara, wraps his arm around her shoulder and attempts to turn her back towards Jessica.

NATHAN

Come on, sis. How often would you get the chance to be a part of this?

MARA

You said that last week.

NATHAN

Well, unlike last week, I got a plan.

MARA

What?

Without saying anything, Nathan tickles Mara on her stomach, causing her to take her hands off her face.

MARA (CONT'D)

(laughing)

No! NO, stop, Nathan! That's not fair! Don't do that!

NATHAN

Jessica, take the picture. Take the picture! Now's your chance.

Jessica snaps a picture in an attempt to capture a case of typical sibling tomfoolery.

JESSICA (O.S.)

I got it.

Nathan lets go of Mara.

MARA

That's not funny!

Mara lightly slugs Nathan's shoulder.

JESSICA (O.S.)

It's kinda funny.

MARA

No it isn't.

NATHAN

Okay, guys. I'm gonna go get the baseball and gloves from the car. We're playing catch today. I DID NOT forget this time.

MARA

Okay.

JESSICA (O.S.)

Hell yeah!

Nathan stands up and puts his ballcap on Mara's head. Mara watches him as he goes out of view of the camera. She keeps staring at him until--

JESSICA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Hey, Mara.

(Mara turns to Jessica)

How about we take a picture together?

MARA

Why?

JESSICA

Nathan might be on to something.  
When would we get a chance to do  
this again?

A beat.

MARA

Okay.

Jessica flips the camera on her phone to where it uses the  
camera on the screen and shuffles next to Mara.

MARA (CONT'D)

What about the other photo?

JESSICA

Don't worry. I'll throw it out if  
you want me to.

Jessica angles the camera to where it captures the both of  
them.

MARA

Do you think this will work?

JESSICA

Let's see. Smile for the camera!

They both smile. Mara leans her head on Jessica's shoulder.

**\*SNAP\***

INT. JESSICA'S ROOM - **PRESENT DAY**

The very picture sits in the middle of the collage. She keeps  
an eye on the photo, examines it. **Remember this for later.**

HELEN (O.S.)

Is everything alright with your  
father over at U-Dub?

**Note: "U-Dub" is local slang for University of Washington.**

INT. LIVING ROOM - LEE HOUSE - DAY - **3:45PM**

Jessica and Helen sit on the couch, in conversation.

JESSICA

It's been good. Wish he'd stop telling stories about our childhood to his students when he gets the chance but, of course, my words fall on deaf ears.

HELEN

Did he give you anything to work on?

JESSICA

Just a few books. Nothing too much. Might spend a good amount of time cooped up in my room. Getting it done.

HELEN

I'm sure there's something you can do here. Anything is better than staying in your room for a week.

Helen looks off to the side, thinking. Then--

HELEN (CONT'D)

(thinking)

Oh! I just thought of something.

Helen stands up, heads towards the kitchen, out of view.

JESSICA

What is it?

She returns to the living room, places a stack of papers on the table sitting between them.

Jessica reads the paper at the top of the heap. "LOST CAT" is typed out in black bold letters above a picture of a white cat with a black circle around its left eye, a birthmark which looks like it has a black eye.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Oh my god! Mr. Donut! When did this happen?

HELEN

Your sister saw him go through the back door this morning, didn't think anything of it. Next thing you know, I'm using up all my precious sheets of paper by the truckload to find him. There's already a few scattered around town.

JESSICA

Any tips?

HELEN

Not yet. He couldn't have gone far.  
If you could pass some around when  
you go out, that would be great.

JESSICA

Sure thing.

Helen picks up the flyer on top of the stack, looks at the picture. Almost nostalgic.

HELEN

I don't think it's too bad to let  
your dad know about it. At least we  
know the cat's coming back.

Jessica takes a mandarin orange from the fruit bowl on the table and peels it.

After a quick beat, the front door opens and we hear--

RACHEL (O.S.)

Mom?!

They both turn towards the voice.

HELEN

In here!

Walking into view is Jessica's little sister, RACHEL (17).

She and Jessica exchange differing glances, the former with utter disdain, the latter with slight surprise.

RACHEL

(to Helen)

What's she doing here?

Jessica puts the orange on the table, stands up, heads towards her newly reunited little sister.

JESSICA

(playfully)

Come on, now. That's not the best  
way to talk about your older sister  
like that. Didn't mom tell you I  
was coming?

RACHEL

She did.

JESSICA

Then you should know that I just--

RACHEL

--wanted to spend spring break here instead of with that backstabbing piece of shit?

Jessica turns to Helen, then back to Rachel. That one stung.

HELEN

(cuts in)

RACHEL! Don't call your father that!

RACHEL

Well, I'm not gonna call him my father, I know that much. Mr. Donut might as well be called Mr. Vanity.

Beat. All three stay silent, let her words sink in.

HELEN

Why don't you both come over here and take a seat.

They both sit down on the couch. Jessica heads back to her original spot while Rachel sits where Helen was just earlier.

HELEN (CONT'D)

I'll whip up some food in the kitchen. Would either one of you like some lemonade?

(no answer)

No? Jessica, have you gone around to it or...

Jessica shakes her head: Still don't like it.

Helen heads out of view towards the kitchen.

Jessica watches as Rachel hangs her head down in shame.

JESSICA

So what year are you now? Junior?

Rachel doesn't respond.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

I remember when I was a junior. I tried really hard to get into any club I could, even though I was horrible at most of them. Are you in any clubs, Rachel?

RACHEL

You've had two years to ask about this and you're deciding now's the best time?!

JESSICA

I mean...it felt kinda awkward to ask back then. Wasn't sure you'd wanna hear anything I said after I left.

As Jessica is talking, Rachel picks up the orange her sister was peeling earlier, continues where she left off.

RACHEL

Just because talking with a family member can be awkward, doesn't mean you can cut them out of your life like that. It's just common sense.

JESSICA

Geez. You really missed me that much?

RACHEL

What?! No! This is what I mean! I bet you didn't make any friends since you left.

JESSICA

Okay, hold on! I admit I've been a little inconsiderate. But you had my phone number this entire time!

RACHEL

Why is it *my* job to reach out to you when you ran off and ditched us in the middle of suburbia!?

JESSICA

Ditched you?! I left for college! What part of that is ditching you?

RACHEL

OH MY GOD! You don't get it!

JESSICA

Oh, stop it. You're going through a phase. An insufferable, rebellious phase.



RACHEL

Says the one who apparently isn't old enough to be under her daddy's wing even though he left with that fucking dumb broad from the sticks who TOOK HIS CLASS!

HELEN

ENOUGH!

Amidst the chaos, they turn to see Helen standing by the couch with a veggie plate.

HELEN (CONT'D)

RACHEL! Stop getting a rise out of your sister like that!

Rachel appears to say something, but doesn't say anything, looks away from her mother in defeat.

HELEN (CONT'D)

(to Jessica)

And you! You're supposed to be the mature one here. You can't let yourself be easily provoked like that!

Jessica looks away for a second, her lip quivering. Her ego is crumbling.

JESSICA

(sighs)

You know what? You're right.

Jessica GRABS the stack of missing posters, stands up, heads to the front door.

RACHEL

Where are you going?

Ignoring Rachel's question, Jessica puts her shoes on and exits the house, slams the door behind her.

EXT. JAY'S MARKET - DAY - 4:51PM

A clock tower looms over a small town grocery store. The name "JAY'S MARKET" in big letters hangs over a set of automatic sliding doors.

A giant banner which reads "**CONGRATS LUMINA VIKINGS 2024 4A STATE CHAMPS**" in purple letters hangs over the glass windows by the door.

Members of the girl's basketball team are plastered across the banner in faux-intimidating poses either with the basketball or just crossing their arms. Corny either way.

EXT. WOODEN PICNIC TABLE - JAY'S MARKET

On her phone, Jessica scrolls through Mara's Instagram account. Videos of Mara playing the piano cover her page. Jessica scrolls down to find videos of her during swim meets. She taps on the first swim video, dated five years ago.

She then goes to the first video of Mara playing the piano while singing along to the accompanying song.

A crutch can be seen leaning on the piano, in full view of the camera. **Remember this for later.**

The song is a somber, slow, dreamlike ballad. Same goes for every other piano video going forward--

--except for the most recent clip, posted 3 hours ago. In it, Mara plays "The Great Pretender" by The Platters, but isn't singing along.

Jessica goes back to Nathan's account, goes to the picture of him and his girlfriend and taps on the account tagged to the post.

The name "**Simply.syd**" is displayed on the top of the page. Under the profile picture reads the name "**Sydney Tri**".

She scrolls through all her posts and finds the usual pictures someone in their late teens/early 20s would post alongside the ones with Nathan: Pics by the water with her friends, senior picture, family trips, cowgirl riding a horse in the country, the occasional summer bikini picture and the like.

Jessica blindly scans through every one of Sydney's posts until--

--**\*MEOW\*** She hears a cat's meow coming from the adjacent roadway.

Jessica perks up and sees a white cat on the other side of the street near a gravel walkway leading into a forest.

She STANDS up, puts her phone in her right pocket and heads to the--

EXT. STREET

She stops at the other side of the road to get a better look at the cat. It looks exactly like the cat in the poster. It's Mr. Donut.

While examining him from a distance, a large Ford truck ROARS between the both of them, and **\*HONK\* \*HONK\***s their horn.

When Jessica gets a good look at the road again, she spots just enough of Mr. Donut's white fluffy tail going down the gravel path and RACES across the street towards him.

EXT. STONE PATH - FOREST - **4:57PM**

Jessica appears to be gaining some ground. Mr. Donut CAREENS down a faint dirt path beyond the wooden log fencing.

Nevertheless, Jessica PUSHES FORWARD and hops over the barrier. She covers her head with her arms as she passes through stray branches and thorn bushes.

EXT. FOREST - LATER - **4:59PM**

Jessica continues down the path next to an open patch of grass and finds Mr. Donut entering the mouth of a large round cave.

She goes after Mr. Donut into the--

CAVE

--where she discovers--

--a bed of white flowers with luminescent petals scattered across the cave floor. Sticking out on the far side is a PURPLE HYACINTH, which emits an ominous **\*HUM\***, begging to be noticed.

While trying not to crush the white flowers, she crouches beside the hyacinth.

Jessica reaches out her hand and touches one of its petals, when suddenly--

--a wave of goosebumps shoots up her arm. Jessica pulls her hand back.

Just then-- in the distance, the clock tower begins to chime.

Jessica extends her hand towards it again. The tower chimes again.

Her hand gets closer.

In the middle of the third chime, we--

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. JAY'S MARKET - DAY - **THURSDAY, MARCH 22ND - 5:00PM**

Suddenly, Jessica stands at the cashier's desk inside Jay's Market. A bouquet of purple hyacinths sits between her and the cashier, ROB (late 20s), on the desk.

ROB  
Excuse me?

Jessica whips her head towards Rob. Confused as all hell.

ROB (CONT'D)  
That'll be \$10.69.

Taken aback, without saying a word, Jessica backtracks away from the desk and exits the store, leaving the hyacinths with Rob.

INT. LEE HOUSE - DAY - **5:22PM**

Rachel strides by the front door as Jessica enters the house. The two make eye contact.

RACHEL  
You're late. Come on, hurry up and get inside.

JESSICA  
(hesitant)  
S-sure, one sec.

From a cat tree, Mr. Donut watches Jessica follow Rachel upstairs into the--

HALLWAY

--and stops her just as she's about to go into the bathroom.

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
Hey, Rachel?

RACHEL  
Yeah?

JESSICA  
I'm sorry for what I said earlier.

Rachel squints her eyes at Jessica. Not sure what she means by that.

RACHEL  
What?  
(remembers)  
Ohhhh that. Yeah, don't worry about it. I'm over it.

Jessica gives Rachel a look which screams out **"The hell was that?!"**

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
Shouldn't you be getting ready?

JESSICA  
(oblivious)  
Oh, yeah, right, that...thing I have to get ready for--totally.  
(beat)  
What should I be getting ready for again?

RACHEL  
Did you forget about the wake? It starts in an hour. Mom has your clothes all ready for you in the bedroom.

JESSICA  
(chuckles)  
What wake? Did someone die or something?

The moment Jessica says this, Rachel squints at her again, this time with a look of reproach.

Jessica reaches in her right pocket, finds nothing, then her left pocket for her phone, checks the time.

It reads **"5:35pm Thursday, March 22nd"**.

Jessica peeks up to Rachel, then her phone, then Rachel again with a look of massive concern.

INT. COMMUNITY CENTER - HALLWAY - **7:16PM**

Wearing all black traditional attire, Jessica trails behind Helen and Rachel.

They pass a sign hung up on the wall next to a set of open double doors. Adorned with a sunset backdrop, it reads:  
**"Welcome to a Celebration of Life Honoring Nathan Noonan.  
 Thank you for coming."**

They walk through the double doors into the--

INT. GYMNASIUM

It is full with somber attendees, conversating amongst themselves. Easels displaying photos covering different aspects of Nathan's life stand at the far end of the gym.

Out of the corner of her eye, Jessica spots Mara, now more ladylike and refined as she talks with a group of adults all dressed in black. **A crown of white flowers, similar to the ones Jessica saw in the cave, sits on Mara's head.**

**For the foreseeable future, we will see her with the crown on.**

Jessica heads to the front of the gym towards the easels and stops at one in particular: **It's the picture Jessica took of Nathan and Mara from the flashback.**

She freezes in place, keeps her gaze on the picture.

With every second, more attendees gather around her, talking to each other about Nathan in the past tense. It's at this moment it hits her. **Oh my god. Nathan is really dead.**

INT. BATHROOM - COMMUNITY CENTER

Slumped down in one of the stalls, Jessica pukes profusely in the toilet until only phlegm drools out of her mouth.

A couple women from the stalls next to her peek their heads out and give her support, believing it was due to the stress of her friend's death. They are partially right.

INT. GYMNASIUM - 7:55PM

A good amount of the attendees draw their attention to her as Jessica saunters out of the gym with a few of the women from the bathroom.

Mara squeezes by them and approaches her.

JESSICA  
 Hey, Mara. What's up?

MARA

I know what's going on.

JESSICA

With what?

MARA

I know what's been happening since you came back.

JESSICA

(a tad loud)

You do!?

Mara puts her index finger on Jessica's mouth, shushing her. Mara puts her mouth next to Jessica's ear.

MARA

I can't explain everything right now. Meet me at Hodgins park. 4:30PM. Tomorrow. Be there. I'll tell you everything you need to know.

She taps Jessica's shoulder twice.

MARA (CONT'D)

See you tomorrow.

Jessica watches as Mara trots back into the sea of people.

INT. JESSICA'S ROOM - LEE HOUSE - **FRIDAY, MARCH 23RD - 8:37AM**

The room is quiet, except for the sound of Jessica's gentle breathing.

Jessica wakes up and reaches for her phone on the nightstand. She checks the time, and her eyes widen.

JESSICA

(groans)

It's not Tuesday.

She grabs a nearby pillow and pulls it over her head, seeking refuge from the world. With a muffled sigh, she settles back into bed, determined to catch a few more moments of sleep.

INT. SAME - **4:18PM**

Now more refreshed, Jessica wakes up again and checks her phone. It reads "**4:18pm**".

JESSICA

Shit!

She instantly jumps out of bed.

EXT. HODGINS PARK - DAY - **4:32PM**

A seaside park with a beach that goes into the lake. A line of wooden benches sit on the far side of the park, under a line of cherry blossom trees.

In the parking lot, Jessica's Corolla pulls into one of the empty spots.

Jessica exits her car and spots Mara sitting at one of the tables, her backpack at her feet, squinting her eyes at the fluttering petals falling down on her.

JESSICA

Mara!

Jessica hurries to the table, sits across from Mara.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

(catching her breath)

Sorry I'm late. I overslept.

MARA

No, it's fine. You're only late by a couple minutes, if that.

JESSICA

Okay, cool. Whatever. I'm here. I took the bait. Now, what's going on.

MARA

Actually, I think the best way to start is if you ask the questions.

JESSICA

What?

MARA

You heard me.

JESSICA

Why?

MARA

You'll see.



Jessica is taken aback by how much Mara is taking control of the situation.

Jessica looks to the side, thinking, as a way to not blatantly point out how different Mara was from "earlier". An act of kindness.

MARA (CONT'D)

Don't think too much about it. Just look around you.

She glances at all the different parts of the park. The nearby beach. The parking lot. Those park restrooms that are always dirty. The playground. Then--

--she goes back to Mara.

JESSICA

Why did you want to meet here?

MARA

It was your idea. We had a picnic at this table not too long ago.

JESSICA

What? I don't remember that.

MARA

Yeah, of course you don't. Because it hasn't happened yet. But it will.

Jessica is lost. Beat.

MARA (CONT'D)

You've heard of a quantum leap before, right?

JESSICA

Yeah, that's time travel.

MARA

Right.

JESSICA

What about it?

Mara looks at Jessica straight in the eye. No BS, dead serious.

MARA

(point-blank)

Jessica, you leapt through time.

A surprising beat. Jessica is left speechless. Most people would in this situation.

MARA (CONT'D)

I'll try to explain the best I can,  
but I'm gonna warn you. There's a  
lot of moving parts to this.

Jessica takes a couple deep breaths and mentally prepares herself for whatever is thrown her way.

JESSICA

Alright. Hit me.

MARA

So, if I had to guess, you want to  
know why you don't remember  
anything between 5 pm back on the  
18th to 5 pm yesterday, right?

Jessica nods: Yes.

MARA (CONT'D)

That's because your consciousness  
made a quantum leap between those  
two points in time. Only your mind  
made the jump.

JESSICA

I'm sorry, who told you about this?

MARA

I'm getting to that. This next part  
is very important, so listen  
carefully.

Jessica nods: Okay.

MARA (CONT'D)

Okay, so here's how this is going  
to play out: Starting soon, you are  
about to relive the past four days,  
one by one, in **reverse order**.

Jessica gives Mara a look of confusion. **What?**

MARA (CONT'D)

After every 24 hours, you're going  
to be sent back in time 48 hours.  
One step forward. Two steps back.  
5pm on the dot. This process will  
repeat until your memories fill the  
full four-day gap.

Jessica sits with this information. She thinks it over until--

JESSICA  
(shakes her head)  
I'm lost.

MARA  
Okay, gimme a sec.

Mara opens her backpack and pulls out a spiral notebook and a mechanical pencil. She opens the book to a blank piece of paper.

On the top of the paper, she writes "3/18 (5pm)" and draws a long arrow pointing from it. At the bottom, she draws "3/22 (5pm)" and points at the arrow.

MARA (CONT'D)  
So let's say this represents the initial quantum leap. You shot forward from 5 o'clock on the 18th to 5 o'clock on the 22nd. You with me so far?

Jessica nods: Yes.

From there, Mara draws an arrow to the right of the 3/22 marker and writes "3/23 (5pm)". She takes out her phone.

MARA (CONT'D)  
Which means in about fifteen minutes, you're gonna get sent back to five o'clock on the 21st.

From there, Mara drew an arrow diagonally to the left and writes "3/21 (5pm)".

MARA (CONT'D)  
And then from *there*, you'll have another 24 hours until you make it back to five o'clock on the 22nd, at which point--

JESSICA  
--I'll be sent back to five on the 20th.

MARA  
Now you're getting it.

Mara sketches out the rest of the diagram -- repeating the "one day forward, two days back" pattern a few more times until she makes it all the way back to five o'clock on the 18th.

MARA (CONT'D)

This is what I mean. It's called the "rollback" phenomenon.

JESSICA

Why five o'clock? What makes that time so significant?

MARA

Not sure. It might have something to do with that purple hyacinth you found in the cave.

JESSICA

And that's related how? Flowers don't do that. That's way too specific.

MARA

I'm not sure, either, but I have a personal assumption, so take it or leave it. Apparently, the flower can be a way to let someone who had passed on know they're thinking about them and some crap about forgiveness and sorrow.

JESSICA

How do you know that?

MARA

Looked it up. Even if it's online, I only know what I know.

Beat.

JESSICA

Yeah, I'm not buying it.

MARA

Trust me, that was one of about three or four explanations I had. It's the most rational one I've got.

JESSICA

That's another thing. Your explanations. Everything you've said. The diagram. How do you know all this? Who *told* you about all of this?

Mara looks at Jessica with a gentle glare and a hint of genuine sympathy.

MARA

Jessica, you told me all of this.  
In a past you haven't experienced  
yet.

Taken aback, Jessica closes her eyes, pinches the bridge of her nose and lets out a long, lingering sigh.

JESSICA

And what about that?

Jessica points to the white flower in Mara's hair.

MARA

It was the only thing I found in  
the cave.

JESSICA

For the sake of argument, I'll take  
your word for it.

Mara responds with a warm smile. A beat.

MARA

(crystal clear)

**Jessica, I want you to save my  
brother.**

Jessica sighs. Big inhale. Big exhale. She knows what to do.

JESSICA

When exactly did Nathan pass away?

MARA

Autopsy said anywhere between  
midnight and 2 am on the 19th. His  
body was found in the empty lot  
behind the old tobacco shop near  
Jay's. It was alcohol poisoning.

As Mara is talking, she pulls out her phone. The time reads  
**"4:59pm"**.

MARA (CONT'D)

It's almost time.

JESSICA

It's five o'clock on the 21st,  
right?

MARA

Yeah. Pretty sure.

JESSICA  
 (impatient)  
*Pretty sure?!*

MARA  
 What do you want me to say? You  
 told me all of this?!

The wind picks up. Jessica gazes up at a swirling pattern of blossoms as they dance in the air, in a state of Zen.

Just then, she hears soft weeping beside her. She turns to see Mara covering her face with her hands. **It isn't allergies this time. She is full-on crying.**

JESSICA  
 Oh my god, Mara! Are you all right?

MARA  
 (crying)  
 N-No, I...I just...

As Mara is trying to talk, the clock tower, albeit farther away this time, begins to chime.

Mara lifts her disheveled, tear drenched face and stares at Jessica, unflinchingly.

MARA (CONT'D)  
 Listen to me, Jessica.  
 (second chime)  
**Please take care of me.**

In the middle of the third chime, we--

CUT TO BLACK.

EXT. BREWERS FESTIVAL - DAY - **WEDNESDAY, MARCH 21ST - 5:00PM**

Suddenly, Jessica wakes up in mid-air. SHE IS FALLING TO THE GROUND!

Jessica hits the concrete below. The body of a middle-aged man wearing an American flag tank top (mid-40s) lands just next to her.

She takes a few deep breaths then slowly picks herself up, looks around. She is in a brewers festival surrounded by beer tents and a crowd of people staring at her in every direction.

The clock tower, this time even farther away, rounds off its remaining chimes.

The man stands up and gets right at her face, to the point where their noses almost touch. His face is beet red. He is plastered.

U.S. TANK TOP

Hey! Where do you think you're doin'? Huh?

JESSICA

What?

U.S. TANK TOP

You made me drop my beer!

The man points to an empty plastic cup and its remaining contents laid out on the ground next to them.

JESSICA

Whoa, whoa! Hang on a minute! I didn't do this. This is a misunderstanding.

U.S. TANK TOP

Misunderstanding?! You ran into me! What's not to fucking understand?!

In a fit of rage, U.S tank top SHOVES Jessica to the ground.

From out of nowhere, a woman with blonde hair gets in between them, PUSHES U.S. Tank Top away from Jessica. It's SYDNEY TRI (21), Nathan's girlfriend.

SYDNEY

Okay, that's enough! ENOUGH! Break it up!

(to tank top)

She didn't do anything wrong, sir. It was just a mistake. Okay? Okay? There are better ways of handling this. Why don't you stop by our tent. I can get you some water.

Sydney guides the drunk redhead away from Jessica.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)

(to Jessica)

I'll handle it from here, Jessica. You get on home.

Jessica nods in agreement. She's about to leave, but turns back to Sydney when it hits her that she, somehow, knows her name.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)  
Go. You're good. Go!

Jessica sprints in the other direction.

INT. JESSICA'S CAR - 5:05PM

Jessica enters her car. She pulls out her phone, turns it on. She sees the time.

INT. JESSICA'S ROOM - LEE HOUSE - 5:42PM

Jessica is at her desk with a pen and a spiral notebook. She flips to the first blank page she finds and tries as best as she can to recreate the diagram Mara made "earlier".

The results are in: It's good enough.

She unlocks the screen on her phone, and discovers a widget from her Notes app displayed on her home page, above the audiobook app, with a set of unfamiliar notes. It reads:

- **Reminder: Check under Nathan's cap in his living room.**
- **3/19: Found Nathan's body @ 5:30 PM in empty lot behind tobacco shop and called police**
- **Estimated time of death between midnight and 2 AM of alcohol poisoning.**

For more information, check under Nathan's cap

JESSICA  
The hell?

Taking note that she *apparently* called the police, Jessica pulls up her call history.

They reveal Jessica had called Mara twice (one went to voicemail) on the 20th, Helen twice, Andrew once and 911 once (at exactly 5:30) on the 19th, and Mara twice and Helen twice on the 18th.

Jessica stares at her recent calls, thinking until--

RACHEL (O.S.)  
(muffled)  
Jessica! Dinner's ready!

Rachel's booming voice breaks Jessica's concentration.



JESSICA

Coming!

As Jessica stands up, she puts her phone in her left pocket and feels something crinkling next to it. She retrieves a folded-up twenty dollar bill she does not remember getting.

Jessica puts it in her wallet.

INT. BATHROOM - **5:57PM**

Jessica lies in a warm bath, her eyes closed. The gentle sound of water fills the room. Her thoughts wander, lingering in her head as she uses this precious time to reflect on everything so far. Calm. Meditative.

INT. JESSICA'S ROOM - **THURSDAY, MARCH 22ND - 1:03AM**

Jessica wakes up to the sound of her phone vibrating on the nightstand. She rubs her eyes and picks up the phone, checks the caller ID. It's Mara.

She answers the call.

JESSICA

(mumbling; sleepy)

Hello? Mara?

(pause)

I was.

Jessica turns to her alarm clock. It reads "**1:01am**".

JESSICA (CONT'D)

What is it?

(pause)

What? Sorry, I didn't catch that.

(pause; more alert)

Right now?!

(pause)

Alright. What do you want me to do?

(pause)

Yeah, I got a hoodie lying around somewhere. Why?

EXT. NOONAN HOUSE - NIGHT - **1:22AM**

Wearing a pair of sweatpants and a hoodie, Jessica sits in her car, parked on the driveway.

Mara enters the car, slides into the passenger seat. She also wears a hoodie.

INT. CAR

MARA

Sorry for dragging you out here  
this late.

JESSICA

No, it's fine. Is something going  
on?

MARA

No. I just wanted to hang out.

Jessica is about to say something, but stops herself.  
Instead, she gives Mara a helpful smile.

JESSICA

Alright. Let's go.

Immediately, Mara's expression softens into one of relief.

MARA

Thanks, Jessica.

JESSICA

Don't mention it.

Jessica starts the car.

INT. 2017 TOYOTA COROLLA - MOVING - **1:31AM**

"Before the Day is Over" by Joji (or any applicable song that  
sounds moody at 1 in the morning) plays over the radio at low  
volume.

JESSICA

Hey, Mara. Quick question.

MARA

Yeah?

JESSICA

Do you happen to know what I was  
doing Sunday night?

As soon as Jessica asks the question, Mara's eye shoot open  
and her mouth begins to hang in the slightest crack, but no  
words come out. Just a long, shallow breath.

Mara is in a state of shock, almost scared to say a word. A  
memory unknown to us plays in her mind.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Mara?  
(turns to her)  
Hey, Mara!

Mara snaps out of her trance.

MARA  
What? Sunday?

JESSICA  
Yeah. After we talked at the docks.

Her expression warps into a smile that's blatantly insincere.

MARA  
(scared; soft voice)  
No. Sorry. I don't know.

JESSICA  
Is everything alright?

After a few beats, Mara lowers her hand and gives Jessica a weak smile.

MARA  
(lies)  
It's nothing, sorry. I just  
couldn't remember if I locked the  
door on the way out.

JESSICA  
So did you?

MARA  
I'm about ninety-nine percent sure  
I did.

JESSICA  
Good. It's better than nothing.

**EXT. MAIN BUILDING - LUMINA HIGH SCHOOL - NIGHT - 1:47AM**

The school is shrouded in darkness. Jessica and Mara stand outside the side entrance of the school's four-story building. It's decked out in a modern design, too flashy for its own good.

JESSICA  
Are you sure we're not gonna get in  
trouble for this?

MARA

We'll be *fine*. Just keep your hood on.

Jessica follows Mara as they circle around the main building. They walk until Mara stops at one of the frosted sliding glass windows.

Without hesitation, Mara GRABS the window by its edges and RATTLES it around in its frame.

JESSICA

What are you doing?

MARA

This one's a little janky. All you have to do is wiggle it around and give it some pressure and--

And just like that, the window POPS right open. Mara turns to Jessica with a smug grin.

MARA (CONT'D)

--you got yourself an open window.

Jessica can't help but be proud.

JESSICA

You sure know your way around.

MARA

I hope so. If I wasn't, that's two years of my life down the drain.

Mara hops inside. Jessica follows her inside a--

INT. CLASSROOM - LUMINA HIGH SCHOOL - NIGHT

Jessica follows Mara through the empty classroom and into the-

-

MAIN HALLWAY

She passes by a bland, corporate poster with a bunch of smiling kids putting a thumbs up to the camera under the words "YOU ARE NOT ALONE".

Above them, a security camera is placed at the corner of the hallway.

MARA

It's up here. C'mon!

Jessica spots Mara above a set of stairs, follows her up a few more without a care in the world.

Jessica finally catches up with her at a--

DOOR LEADING TO ROOF

It is secured with an ordinary padlock.

JESSICA

This what you wanted to show me?

MARA

Not yet.

Mara pulls two hairpins out of her pocket and straightens them out to make them look like small lengths of wire.

MARA (CONT'D)

Watch this.

She JAMS the hairpins into the padlock and SHAKES them with expert precision. In a matter of seconds, the padlock falls on the floor.

JESSICA

Jesus, Mara. You got way too much time on your hands.

MARA

What can I say? I'm a simple woman. I see a door, I wanna open it.

As Mara pushes the door open, they get hit with a gust of wind. They power through it and step out onto the--

EXT. ROOF

The moon looms large.

Mara heads to the far end of the roof, grabs the railing, leans her upper body over the edge, takes in the view. Her hood flies off her head. She's at the edge of the world!

Jessica stands behind her, takes her hood off.

JESSICA

Hey, be careful!

MARA

I'll be fine.

Jessica stands next to Mara. She looks down at the black abyss below them, then up at the stars.

MARA (CONT'D)

This is my favorite spot in all of Lumina. It's pretty during the day too.

JESSICA

When did you think this was a good idea?

MARA

Sometime last year. Started doing it during lunchtime and just kept doing it since I never got called in for it. Then I upped the ante by coming here at night. But it's worth it. I can't get enough of it.

Mara speaks about this with a hint of wonder and enthusiasm. This is her happy place.

MARA (CONT'D)

Don't you get to see a lot of stars down in Seattle?

JESSICA

You'll be surprised how little light pollution really does. It gets blown into a bunch of nothin'.

MARA

Did you see the train in the sky?

JESSICA

Train?

MARA

You know? Those satellites that were launched last year?

JESSICA

I think so. If you showed me a video of it, I might remember.

MARA

Well, I didn't need a video. I was right here. Every time I think about it, I imagine it was a train going around the world in circles forever. It goes full circle over and over again, forever in peace.

(chuckles)

(MORE)

MARA (CONT'D)  
Now I think they're just a bunch of  
satellites.

Mara reaches her hand out towards the darkness, the unknown.

MARA (CONT'D)  
I'd love to live in Seattle  
someday.

JESSICA  
Why not do it? You have the money,  
right?

A noticeable pause.

MARA  
I'm not sure I can make it in a big  
city like you.

JESSICA  
Sure you could. You just gotta put  
yourself out there. Even if it  
doesn't work out, you can always  
stay with Dad and I. We'll prop up  
a spare room, get you situated.  
Next thing you know, we'll be  
crunching through deadlines  
together. You'll be just fine.

Silence. They continue to bask in the beauty of the night.  
Then, suddenly--

--Mara wraps her arms around Jessica, freezing her in place.  
Mara rests her head on Jessica's shoulder.

MARA  
(fragile; scared)  
Please don't hate me.

Jessica wraps her hands around Mara's back, neither move a  
muscle for a beat.

**INT. CAR - MOVING - 2:00AM**

Jessica and Mara silently sit in the car. No music plays this  
time.

MARA  
Thanks for hanging out with me,  
Jessica.

JESSICA

No problem.

(pause)

You wanna meet up tomorrow?

MARA

With the wake coming up, I don't think I'll have time.

JESSICA

(confused)

The wake? Wasn't that--

Jessica stops herself before she says anything else, realizes what day it is.

MARA

Yeah, sorry. We've been running ourselves ragged the past couple of days. I can't leave Mom to handle it herself. We spent most of yesterday setting things up.

JESSICA

There's no need to apologize. Regardless, it's all gonna be alright when this is over with. I know I'll get to Nathan in time.

MARA

Right. Nathan...

EXT. NOONAN HOUSE - NIGHT

Jessica parks the Corolla in the driveway.

INT. JESSICA'S CAR

MARA

Hey, Jessica.

(pause)

How *do* you see Nathan? What's your impression of him?

JESSICA

Oh, man. I mean, nothing too out of the ordinary. Not too boring, either. That's what I liked about him. But he always struck me as a bit clumsy when it came to expressing his emotions. At least that's how I saw him back then.



MARA

What do you mean?

JESSICA

Back in middle school, he asked me to do him a favor.

MARA

What was it?

JESSICA

He asked me to look out for you anytime I could. Any time he wouldn't be able to hang out after he truly committed to baseball. It was after he came back from that world series thing when he was in little league. It was like he sold his soul on national television so he can play baseball for the rest of his life. But at the same time, he didn't feel like he was being a good brother after what happened to your dad. He didn't want you to be in a horrible place.

Mara looks at Jessica, taken aback.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Kinda made sense if you think about it. We already hung out a lot to begin with. But I guess that's how older siblings are, y'know? They always look out for the younger one but are too proud to admit it and, after a while, life gets in the way. Hell, Rachel and I aren't that different.

(smiles; laughs a little)

In fact, we had a huge argument the other day, the latest in a 15-foot long laundry list dating back to when she could talk. But, at the end of the day, she's my younger sister and I care for her.

As Jessica laughs along to her story, Mara isn't. In fact, her expression becomes more soberingly serious as she listens along. She turns to face Mara, realizes the mistake she made.

MARA

(shaky)

He really said that?

Jessica is about to say something when suddenly--  
--Mara gets out of the car, runs straight to the house.

JESSICA  
Wait, Mara!

Mara ignores her, enters the house.

Jessica stays where she is, doesn't start the car. A moment of awkward silence, not knowing what to do, or say, next.

INT. KITCHEN - LEE HOUSE - 3:00 AM

You can hear a pin drop as the house sits quiet in the dead of night. Jessica slowly opens the sliding door and creeps inside.

INT. JESSICA'S ROOM

Jessica creaks opens the bedroom door enough to squeeze inside, quietly clicks it shut and sneaks under the covers of her bed.

She lays on her back, facing the ceiling. After a few seconds, we cut to--

EXT. JAY'S MARKET - EVENING - THREE YEARS AGO - **A MEMORY**

Nathan stands by the automatic front doors, drinking an iced tea he just bought from inside.

After a few seconds, Jessica parks in an open spot next to Nathan. She runs out of the driver's seat and runs into Nathan's arms. She cries into his shoulder.

NATHAN  
It's alright. It's alright. I'm here.

Nathan awkwardly taps her back a few times.

EXT. WOODEN PICNIC TABLE - JAY'S MARKET

Nathan and Mara sit across from each other, in conversation.

JESSICA  
It just doesn't make sense.

NATHAN  
How's your folks holding up?

JESSICA  
We can't get ourselves to talk  
about it.

NATHAN  
What about him?

JESSICA  
He's gonna move closer to the  
university. With her.

Jessica stares off into the distance, her mind filled with  
not-so-nice thoughts about her father.

NATHAN  
At least you get to see yours.

A misguided response.

A beat.

JESSICA  
What did you do, then?

NATHAN  
Just kept doing what I was doing.  
After a little bit of time, I  
realized he was a huge part of who  
I was. As long as I kept playing,  
it would be for him. He would buy  
all the supplies, drive me  
everywhere, go to all the games.  
(chuckles)  
It's hard to think he would be able  
to do all that while still being  
with Mom but they stuck it out.

Jessica leers at Nathan, realizing he had just lost the point  
of this conversation.

NATHAN (CONT'D)  
I mean, it's hard to even fathom  
what would happen if *they* got  
divorced but--

JESSICA  
(interrupts)  
Nathan.

Nathan stops talking, turns to Jessica. He finally reads the  
room.

NATHAN

Right.

A couple of beats.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

(change of topic)

You still like computers, right?  
All that tech shit?

JESSICA

(after a second)

I guess so...yeah.

NATHAN

What's the first thing that comes  
into your head when it comes to  
computers?

JESSICA

Well, he would help me out with all  
my projects--

NATHAN

(interrupts)

Forget about him. What do you like  
the *most* about that?

After a few seconds:

JESSICA

The planning. The planning and  
knowing it will get done.

NATHAN

So you don't half-ass it?

JESSICA

No. No I don't. I get it done.

NATHAN

Yeah, you do.

A beat.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

Jess, take it from me, if you go  
all in, even without you dad being  
over your shoulder, you're going to  
make something incredible. **You  
don't need him to get what you  
want.**

A beat.

JESSICA  
But what if I still want to see  
him?

NATHAN  
That's up to you.

INT. JESSICA'S ROOM - **PRESENT DAY**

Jessica lays on her right side in the bed, still awake until--

INT. SAME - **2:24PM**

--she is out cold. Her alarm clock reads "**2:24 PM**"

JESSICA (O.S.)  
Hey, Mara. It's me.

INT. JESSICA'S ROOM - **3:35PM**

With a good case of bed head, Jessica paces around the room,  
on the phone.

JESSICA  
I just wanted to apologize for last  
night. I didn't mean to worry you.  
But remember this is all going to  
be okay when this is over. I don't  
know if you'll ever get the chance  
to feel it. But I promise you, when  
this is over, the version of you  
who will feel it will have the  
greatest sense of relief she has  
ever felt in her life. It's when  
she'll know that everything will be  
in its right place. Stay strong,  
Mara. I'm still here.

Jessica hangs up the phone.

EXT. CARPENTER'S TAVERN - DAY - **4:15PM**

Jessica stands at the front door of a small dive bar, its  
polished wooden exterior sticks out amongst the desolate lone  
of buildings.

With a weary expression, she stares at the "CLOSED" sign  
hanging on the front door window.

She turns her attention to a sign posted next to the door which displays the schedule.

It reads that Thursdays are the only days of the week which are closed completely while on every other day, they open at 4:00pm.

**EXT. EMPTY LOT - DAY - 4:46PM**

Underneath a group of transmission towers, numerous bouquets, flowers and other items, donning the Lumina High School colors of purple and yellow and the Eldrin Community College colors of red and white, are laid out on a depressed patch of grass in the middle of an empty overgrown lot behind a brick building.

Jessica observes the ginormous display of memoriam. She stares blankly for many beats.

**EXT. TOBACCO SHOP - 4:50PM**

Jessica strolls on a gravel path out to the front of the brick building, its neon sign on the front window reads "TOBACCO".

She looks down the street and spots Jay's Market a few blocks away to her right.

**INT. JAY'S MARKET - 4:54PM**

Jessica enters through the glass sliding doors, picks up a small basket, and heads straight for the small floral shelf next to the produce section.

Meanwhile, Rob rings up items for a customer at the cashier desk, one of a few in line. Business as usual.

Jessica examines the shelf of flowers until she spots one that looks familiar: A bouquet of purple hyacinths.

Taking note of the colors in the display, Jessica places them in the basket, heads towards the cashier's desk before something catches her eye: A lottery vending machine.

Realizing what she's currently going through, Jessica pulls out her phone and looks up the latest drawings from any of the big lotteries displayed on the machine. Easy money.

She finds a set of winning numbers that was announced that day (**March 22nd**) connected to a prize amount listed at \$5.6 million.

JESSICA  
 (whispers to herself)  
 Okay, it's 17. 24. 48. 62. 68 and  
 23. 17. 24. 48. 62. 68 and 23.

She repeats the numbers to herself a few more times in the middle of the store, then types the numbers out on her phone. At the desk, Rob gives the last customer their receipt.

He looks over at Jessica, calls out to her.

ROB  
 Excuse me. Hey!

The "Hey!" breaks Jessica out of her green-eyed trance, startling her enough to almost drop her phone.

JESSICA  
 Yeah? What? What.

ROB  
 Are you okay?

JESSICA  
 I'm fine. I'm good. I'm--

Jessica is unable to finish her sentence before she runs up to the register to buy the flowers.

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
 --just ready to buy these.

ROB  
 Are these for the wake?

JESSICA  
 No, it's for the memorial down the street. It just felt wrong to not pay my respects, y'know?

ROB  
 I hear you. I've had a few people swing by after going over there. Great ballplayer.

JESSICA  
 You met him?

ROB  
 Nope. But that's what I've been hearing about him from everyone else.

Jessica's phone rings in her pocket. "Mom" appears on the screen.

She picks up the call.

JESSICA

Hey, mom!

HELEN (O.S.)

Hey, Jessica. Where are you? We're getting ready for the wake tonight.

JESSICA

Right. I'm sorry. I just went out to get some stuff. I'm heading home now.

HELEN (O.S.)

Good. You just up and left out of nowhere. I thought you went to go see Mara.

JESSICA

No. We hung out a little bit earlier but I'm head--

HELEN (O.S.)

So you *did* see her again?

JESSICA

Yeah, I did. Wait? What do you mean 'again'?

HELEN (O.S.)

Didn't you say you spent the night with her on Sunday?

JESSICA

On Sunday?

HELEN (O.S.)

Yeah.

JESSICA

You're positive?

HELEN (O.S.)

That's what you told me before you went to the detective.

Jessica takes a couple beats to process what her mother just said.



JESSICA  
 (more alarmed)  
 Wait...detective?! When did I meet  
 a detective?

HELEN (O.S.)  
 Don't you remember? You met with  
 him a couple days ago and called me  
 from the station.

Jessica looks off to the side, thinking, calculating a  
 response. Something. Anything.

JESSICA  
 Right, of course I did! Sorry, this  
 past week's been nothing but a  
 blur. It all just blends together  
 after a while, y'know?

HELEN (O.S.)  
 Definitely. If you ask me, and I'm  
 just saying this as *your mother*, I  
 think the best thing to take out of  
 this is to always know your limits.  
 Being outside in the middle of the  
 night, blacked out with whatever  
 life-reducer money can buy, if that  
 doesn't kill you the cold will.

As Jessica is listening, the clock tower outside begins to  
 chime. She knows what *that* means.

JESSICA  
 Mom, I have to go!

Before Helen can respond, Jessica hangs up the phone and puts  
 it in her left pocket.

On the second chime, Jessica darts her eyes outside the  
 store, then back to Rob. She braces for what's about to come.

ROB  
 Hey, what's the matter?

Before Jessica can respond, in the middle of the third chime,  
 we--

CUT TO BLACK.

EXT. HODGINS PARK - DAY - **TUESDAY, MARCH 20TH - 5:00PM**

Jessica jolts awake, eyes wide with confusion. The clock  
 tower's chimes let out a faint echo as it concludes.

Jessica is sitting on a park bench next to Nathan's girlfriend, Sydney. A Shih Tzu on a leash sits on Sydney's lap as she is talking.

Sydney's dominant stature and composure compared to Jessica gives her more of a spitting image of an adult with more real-world experience and less of a filter. And she sure isn't old, but there's not a lot she hasn't seen nor said.

SYDNEY

So yeah, after that, I really don't know what happened to him.

In an attempt to remember who she is, Jessica stares at Sydney. It's been a while. Then it hits her.

JESSICA

Wait a minute. Sydney?

SYDNEY

Yeah?

Jessica abruptly stares off into the distance, thinking of something to say.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)

(impatient)

Um, hello? Did you want to ask me something, or...?

JESSICA

Oh, no, sorry. It's fine.

SYDNEY

Why are you so skittish all of a sudden? If you got something to say, just say it!

JESSICA

Right. Yeah.

(point-blank)

I'm sorry, but could you remind me what we were talking about?

The sheer awkwardness of that question almost becomes too much for Jessica.

SYDNEY

(confused)

You're joking, right? Did you have an epiphany about the end of the world or something while I was talking? What happened just now?

JESSICA  
(under her breath)  
Guess you could say that.

SYDNEY  
You asked me about Nathan,  
remember? Were you even listening?

JESSICA  
Right, right. And what were you  
saying about him, again?

Sydney speaks with a sense of soft-spoken anger.

SYDNEY  
You're really gonna make me repeat  
all that, are ya?

JESSICA  
(backpedals)  
No, no, it's okay. I got the gist  
of it. I think.

Sydney leans back against the bench, stretches her arms over  
her head.

SYDNEY  
It's just not a pleasant subject to  
bring up, you know? I'd rather we  
not repeat it.

She checks her phone, the time.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)  
I gotta head out. Now don't forget.  
I expect you to be there bright and  
early tomorrow to set up.

JESSICA  
(genuinely confused)  
Set up? Set up for what?

SYDNEY  
We're shorthanded at our family's  
stand this year at the brewer's  
festival and you offered to help  
out. That's why I'm even here.  
There--did that refresh your  
memory?

JESSICA  
(even more confused)  
I offered to help?

SYDNEY

That's what you said.

Sydney looks at Jessica, suspicious at her state of mind. Jessica locks eyes for a couple beats, then--

JESSICA

Right, of course. I remember now.  
Guess I'll see you tomorrow then.

SYDNEY

Good! For a second there, I thought  
you were losing your memory on me.

She slaps Jessica on the back as hard as she could. Jessica winces at the stinging pain.

Sydney gets up from the bench, turns to Jessica.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)

Tomorrow morning. Six o'clock sharp  
at the fairgrounds. Don't be late!

Jessica perks up upon hearing "six o'clock". She mouths it out to make sure she heard it right. Six. O'clock.

After a few seconds, Sydney comes back.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. What was your name  
again?

JESSICA

Jessica. Jessica Lee.

SYDNEY

Jessica. Got it.

INT. JESSICA'S ROOM - LEE HOUSE - DAY - **5:26PM**

Jessica collapses on her bed, covers her face with her pillow. She lets out a muffled groan.

JESSICA

(in the pillow; muffled)  
What did I DOOOOO????????!!!

On the bedstand, her phone rings. She picks it up. It's Mara.  
She answers the phone.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Hey, Mara.

MARA (O.S.)

Hey, Jessica. Sorry I wasn't able to get to the phone earlier. Was in the middle of something. What's up?

JESSICA

What do you mean? I never called you.

MARA (O.S.)

What are you talking about? You tried to call me about an hour ago.

Jessica paces around her room, trying to think of something, anything to say until--

JESSICA

Oh yeah, I did. There's actually something I need to talk to you about. Is this a good time?

MARA (O.S.)

Yeah. What's up?

JESSICA

Do you wanna hang out soon? Bring some food out to the park.

MARA (O.S.)

You wanna hang out? Now?

Jessica puts her free hand to her head, imagining the puzzled look Mara might be giving her on the other end.

JESSICA

Y-yeah, sorry. I guess I didn't think that through. Pretend I didn't even--

MARA (O.S.)

(interrupts)

Actually, that sounds like a great idea. Let's do it.

JESSICA

(shocked)

All right. Sounds like a plan. Do you wanna pick a time. I'm free all evening.

MARA (O.S.)

Does seven work? I gotta finish some homework.

JESSICA  
Seven is perfect.

MARA (O.S.)  
All right. See you then.

JESSICA  
See ya.

Jessica hangs up the phone.

EXT. NOONAN HOUSE - EVENING - 7:10PM

Jessica knocks on the front door.

Mara's mother, TRISH NOONAN (late 40s), opens the door. She's on the phone.

TRISH  
(on the phone)  
I know! I told Sydney about Friday.  
The moment we get the money, I'm  
going to send her out to buy the  
supplies. Gets her something to do.  
She's barely left her room for  
months!

Jessica tries to talk to Trish, who seems to be giving more attention to the phone, even though she's the one who opened the door.

JESSICA  
Excuse me? Could you...where's  
Mara?

Trish points to the ceiling and mouths the words "Upstairs" to Jessica, all the while we hear a loud voice on the other end of the phone yapping away.

She signals Jessica to come inside.

INT. NOONAN HOUSE

Jessica follows Trish down a--

HALLWAY

--where she passes by numerous childhood and family photos of Mara and Nathan over the years.

One photo catches Jessica's eye: It's a picture of Nathan when he was 12 years old wearing a green and white baseball jersey with "Northwest" written across the chest and the Little League World Series logo on the cap, smiling with Trish. He's been at this for a while.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NOONAN HOUSE

TRISH  
(to Jessica; whispers)  
I'll let her know you're coming.

JESSICA  
Okay.

Trish exits the living room, out of view. Jessica sits on the couch.

TRISH  
(laughing; on the phone)  
I KNOW! Wouldn't you believe that?!  
But there's nothing to do about it.  
Prepare for now and eventually,  
what comes later is gonna be on its  
way. What else can you do?

As Trish is still talking on the phone, Jessica spots a worn-out ballcap sitting on a side table at the far end of the couch. **The same one Nathan put on Mara's head in the initial flashback.**

She scooches to the far end of the couch and looks under the cap and finds: Nathan's driver's license, fifteen dollars in change, a couple debit cards and five casino vouchers ranging anywhere from fifty to seventy-five cents.

For "future" reference, Jessica types the message into the notes widget:

**Reminder: Check under Nathan's cap in his living room.**

As she puts away her phone, Jessica catches a glimpse at a familiar sight: Mara's piano next to the TV. It's the same one Mara had been playing on for her videos at the beginning. A small tripod sits next to the piano, where the phone would be.

She sits on the piano bench.

She taps on a few of the keys. One by one by one until she hits one that's broken.

A beat. She taps it a couple more times.

As she's about to hit it again--

MARA

Hey!

Jessica turns around and sees Mara by the archway into the hallway.

MARA (CONT'D)

Mom didn't tell me you were here already.

JESSICA

Well, I--

She stops herself, realizing Trish had forgot to tell her own daughter her friend was here.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

(to the piano)

Sounds like you might need a new piano.

MARA

Yep. Nathan said he was gonna buy me a new one.

A beat.

JESSICA

You ready to go?

MARA

Yeah. I need to get out of the house anyway. Good time for it.

They walk under the arch, back out into the--

HALLWAY

As they get closer to the door, Jessica turns back around and finds Trish at the other end, laughing up a storm to the person on the other end.

**EXT. HODGINS PARK - EVENING - 7:31PM**

The park is packed with people, taking in the gorgeous weather. The sun descends towards the horizon above the nearby lake, painting the sky with oranges, pinks, and purples.



In the parking lot, Jessica exits her car, pulls out a picnic table cover from the back seat.

With Mara trailing a few steps behind, Jessica passes by the very same bench where she talked to Sydney the night before.

MARA

How about that table over there?

Mara points at the very same table, partially covered with the petals from the blossom tree just above it. Unbeknownst to Mara, this would be the same table she would tell Jessica about the Rollback pattern.

On that note, Jessica *does* notice this and gets a hit of *Deja vu* upon seeing the table.

JESSICA

Sure. Why not?

They sit at the--

TABLE

Jessica lays out the cover and sits across from Mara.

Mara pulls two bins of peeled oranges, three blueberry bars and a giant bag filled with tiny bags of bread, cold cuts and cheese slices inside out of her bag, places it on the table.

MARA

Lot more people here than usual.

JESSICA

Yeah.

Mara's enthusiasm slowly dies with every word she spoke.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Hey, it's alright. Don't mind them. They got their own thing going. We got ours. Right? You don't see them over there with all this food now, do you?

Mara smiles at Jessica's compliment.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Yeah, I see that smile. Could you pass me the sandwich bag please?

She hands Jessica the sandwich bag, opens it up and lays out the three small bags on the table, begins to make a sandwich.

A couple beats go by before Mara grabs one of the orange bins.

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
Could you pass me an orange?

Mara hands Jessica an unpeeled orange. Jessica peels it.

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
Just like middle school all over again.

MARA  
I guess so.

JESSICA  
I remember Nathan and I were always waiting until you were done with your food before we went outside. We've had to wait for you for a while at some points.

MARA  
Could you blame me for it? I couldn't eat it all.

JESSICA  
Yeah, but no one was *forcing* you to eat any of the food. After some time, it got really bad. Half the time you looked like a chipmunk choking itself to death. It's not worth cleaning your plate if you're gonna have literal tears in your eyes by the end of it.

MARA  
I don't like wasting food, alright!?

Jessica laughs along with Mara. She lets out a wistful sigh, taking in the moment, being reminded of their "last" meeting.

Jessica switches her gaze to different places around the area from where she's sitting: the food, the table, Mara, then finally up at the falling blossoms coming down on them.

MARA (CONT'D)  
Jessica? Jessica!

Jessica, her concentration broken:

JESSICA  
Yeah?

MARA  
Something wrong?

JESSICA  
Nothing. Nothing. Just spaced out  
for a bit.  
(beat)  
Actually, I got a quick question.

MARA  
Yeah?

JESSICA  
Do you remember when I told you  
about the Rollback pattern and all  
that jazz?

Mara looks to the side, thinking, recollecting.

MARA  
Let's see...I believe you told me a  
couple days ago.

JESSICA  
What was "a couple days ago"?

MARA  
The 18th, I think.

Jessica perks up upon hearing the date. Curious, she pulls out her phone, opens her call history and finds two calls, back-to-back, to Mara on the 18th shortly after 9:00PM. One of them didn't connect.

JESSICA  
So Sunday, right? Are you sure?

She taps on the one call that did connect and discovers that it lasted for only three seconds.

MARA  
Yeah. I'm sure.

Jessica puts her phone back in her pocket, takes a deep breath.

JESSICA  
Just to be sure, did I explain it  
to you in person or over the phone?

MARA  
(immediately)  
In person.

Jessica lets the information sink in. This contradicts what Mara had told her on the car ride to the school, **making her lie about something she hadn't told Jessica yet.**

She throws glances at anything she can find around the table, anything to change the topic. She spots Mara holding the orange bin.

JESSICA  
You're not hungry?

MARA  
Oh, I'll be having some. Don't worry. Are you?

She looks down at her half-attempt at a sandwich.

JESSICA  
Right. Yeah.

Jessica takes a bite. Meanwhile, Mara opens the bin, takes a single orange slice, closes it.

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
Mara?

MARA  
(orange in mouth)  
Hmm?

Mara closes her bin of oranges, puts them back in her bag, out of view of Jessica.

JESSICA  
(serious)  
What happened on Sunday?

Mara dips her head, the vivacity of the moment drains from her face.

MARA  
(in a fragile whisper)  
Jessica, I...

Jessica waits a beat.

MARA (CONT'D)  
I can't talk about that.

JESSICA  
(impatiently)  
What do you mean? We have all the time in the world right now!

(MORE)

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
If something really bad happened,  
don't you think I deserve to know  
about it in advance?!

MARA  
Please, just--

JESSICA  
(interrupts)  
No, you need to tell me. Or do you  
not trust me? Is that it?!

MARA  
(pleading; louder)  
Of course I do! Please believe me!  
I can't tell you.

Mara's voice cracks and trembles as she pleads to Jessica  
with a heartbroken look on her face.

JESSICA  
(snaps)  
Why not?!

Jessica stands up, looms over Mara. Mara covers her face with  
her arms in fear in a defensive position.

After a few seconds, Jessica slowly sits back down, knows she  
royally messed up.

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
Fine. Sorry I brought it up.

MARA  
No. I should be the one to  
apologize.

JESSICA  
(soft)  
--I said it's fine.

**INT. BATHROOM - LEE HOUSE - 8:49PM**

Jessica submerges herself in a bath tub filled with hot  
water.

She lets out a weary sigh and dips her head into the water. A  
moment of reflection.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAWN - **WEDNESDAY, MARCH 21ST - 5:59AM**

The disk-like sun hovers over an empty highway. The city of Lumina begins to wake up.

EXT. PARKING LOT - **6:02AM**

Jessica parks her car in a vacant space adjacent to the barricaded end of a city street, marked off by construction signs.

She downs a cup of coffee and exits the car.

BREWER'S FESTIVAL

At the very end of the closed off street in between two lines of tents, Jessica spots Sydney next to a flatbed truck filled with beer crates, three large tents, and some promotional banners.

Sydney spots her.

SYDNEY  
(waves)  
Jessica! Over here!

Jessica arrives.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)  
(laughs)  
What did I say?! Six o'clock.  
Sharp!

JESSICA  
I'm sorry. Sorry. Woke up late  
again.

SYDNEY  
I'm just playing wit' ya. You're  
good. You're good.

Sydney playfully slaps Jessica on the back.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)  
Hope you're ready for a long day.

Jessica can only respond with a worried chuckle.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)  
Here, put these on.

Sydney throws a pair of work gloves to Jessica, who puts them on.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)  
 Could you hop on the truck. We'll  
 carry the tent out.

JESSICA  
 Got it.

Jessica jumps on the back of the truck, assists Sydney in getting one of the huge folded tents on the ground.

EXT. SAME - 7:35AM

At the very end of the closed off street in between two massive lines of tents is the stand for "**Tri Beer and Brewery**": Three canopies set up side by side, complete with three polyester tent covers, making the--

EXT. BREWERY TENT - FESTIVAL GROUND

Replacing where the lot once was is Three canopies set up side by side, complete with three polyester tent covers. Above the table at the middle tent, a sign reads "**Tri Beer and Brewery.**"

In front of the tent, Jessica is opening folding tables. She places the final one, then gets a good look at the stand itself in all its glory.

JESSICA  
 Jesus, this thing's huge.

Sydney walks next to Jessica, admires the view with her.

SYDNEY  
 Yeah. Didn't Nathan tell you our  
 family goes big every year?

JESSICA  
 I wouldn't know anyway.

SYDNEY  
 And don't worry, when this place is  
 packed, it's something else. And I  
 expect you to be there for every  
 single one going forward 'til beer  
 gets banned again! But for today,  
 just stay awake and work your ass  
 off and you'll be fine.

EXT. SAME - 8:56AM

Jessica is out cold on one of the tables. That coffee can only keep you awake for so long.

A little kid, about 8 or 9, sits across from Jessica, watches as drool drips from her mouth onto the table.

From behind the counter, Sydney spots Jessica. She walks up to the table, shoos the kid away and shakes her awake.

SYDNEY

You're lucky they're just starting to arrive.

Sydney points towards the other tents. There can't be more than 40 people spread out along the fairgrounds.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)

Drink this. Should give you a bit of a kick. Make 7 hours feel like 3.

She hands an energy drink to Jessica.

JESSICA

(groggy)  
Got it.

SYDNEY

Didn't you have something on the way here?

JESSICA

Yeah.

SYDNEY

What happened?

JESSICA

I think it was decaf.

With her head still on the table, Jessica turns towards the tent. She spots a glass jar sitting next to the register. The words "FOR NATHAN" written in markers matching the high school and college colors is written on a piece of paper taped on the front.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

What's the jar for?

SYDNEY

It's a donation jar. For his service.



JESSICA  
His service?  
(realizes)  
Oh. Yeah. His service. Right.

Jessica examines the jar, realizes it's for the service she went to "earlier" in the story.

INT. SAME - 12:20PM

The jar is now full of money. A line of people sporting the same school colors are lined up to the tent. Easily the most popular tent in the surrounding area.

Sydney runs the register up front while Jessica fills up the glasses on the side.

SYDNEY  
Jessica! One Raspberry Wheat.

JESSICA  
On it!

Jessica fills a pint glass with Raspberry Wheat and is about to hand it to Sydney before the crowd in front of the tent catches her eye.

She gets a good view of the street in front of her, remembers that's where she ran into Mr. U.S. Tank Top.

Sydney taps her arm a couple times.

SYDNEY  
Jessica. The Wheat.

JESSICA  
(soft)  
Right.

Jessica hands Sydney the pint and heads back to her station, drops her head down in embarrassment, away from the crowd of people.

EXT. BREWERY TENT - 4:45PM

Jessica slouches in a plastic chair behind the tent and catches her breath after hours of work.

Just then, Sydney exits the tent, spots Jessica.

SYDNEY  
Ay. Good hustle out there today.

She hands Jessica a bottle of water.

JESSICA

Thanks.

(takes a sip)

I'm sorry but I'm gonna have to head out soon, if that's alright.

SYDNEY

Oh, that's fine. I was just going to say you're free to go.

Sydney sits next to Jessica on another plastic chair, turns to her.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)

You really helped us out today. Really. You're like the perfect utility player. You did everything you needed to do for us. I'll talk to my parents and see if they can get you a job at the brewery. When you're old enough, of course.

JESSICA

--Maybe? Let me get back to you on that.

SYDNEY

(chuckles)

Now that's a 'no' if I ever heard one. Don't sweat it, though. It's fine. Mind if I vape?

JESSICA

No, you're good.

Sydney uses her vape stick, blows it away from the tent.

SYDNEY

Hey, Jessica?

JESSICA

Hmm?

Sydney peeks around the corner behind Jessica, then through the tent, then hands Jessica a twenty dollar bill as if it's a covert operation.

SYDNEY

Keep this between us, alright? I told my elders you were doing this for free.

With a smile, Jessica mimes zipping her mouth shut.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)

But seriously, thanks for the help.  
You did a great job filling  
Nathan's shoes.

JESSICA

What's that about Nathan?

SYDNEY

Didn't I already tell you? Yeah, he  
was originally going to help. But,  
of course, he wasn't able to.

JESSICA

Wow, that's...I had no idea.

Jessica is filled with a lot of complex emotions after  
hearing the news.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

You two must've been pretty close,  
huh?

SYDNEY

Yeah. We were inseparable at  
Eldrin.

JESSICA

What was he like over there?

SYDNEY

Oh, man. Everyone looked up to him.  
His smile and athleticism alone  
gave him instant celebrity status.

JESSICA

Sounds like high school all over  
again.

SYDNEY

But behind closed doors, he was  
pretty much your standard egotist,  
I guess. He was always hard on  
himself on the field and was  
beating himself up off of it. Never  
took losing well. But he did walk  
the walk, I'll give him that.

JESSICA

He sure did.

SYDNEY

Well, until his shoulder injury,  
that is.

Jessica turns to Sydney, with an expression of disbelief and a little confusion.

JESSICA

Sorry?

SYDNEY

Hmm?

JESSICA

I don't think I heard you right.  
What about his shoulder?

SYDNEY

What are you talking about? You  
should know about this. You brought  
it up.

Sydney disposes the cigarette in her portable ashtray.

Jessica takes a second, thinks about what to say next after that bombshell.

JESSICA

(unsure)

So how did he hurt his shoulder?

SYDNEY

(sighs)

Again, I already explained it and  
I'd prefer not to talk about it.

As she listens to Sydney, Jessica hears the faint sound of the clock tower nearby.

JESSICA

Oh shit.

Jessica checks her phone. **It's 5:00 PM.**

JESSICA (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, I have to go.

SYDNEY

What's wrong?

Without hesitation, Jessica darts down the corner, out of view.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)  
Wait. Jessica. Hold on!

Sydney stands up, chases after her.

EXT. FESTIVAL GROUNDS

Without even looking, Jessica runs through the crowd and onto the sidewalk as if her life depended on it.

She navigates through the crowd only to be overwhelmed by the density of people standing in such a small walkway.

Realizing she won't make it through, Jessica moves inwards, jumps over a couple boxes in between tents and lands back onto the street.

Unbeknownst to her, Sydney is just behind her. She spots Jessica hop back into view.

SYDNEY  
Jessica!

On the second chime, Jessica swiftly turns around upon hearing her name being called. While in motion, she unexpectedly collides with U.S. TANK TOP, the same guy she had an argument with "earlier".

On the third chime, as Jessica is falling to the ground, we--

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. JESSICA'S ROOM - LEE HOUSE - EVENING - **MONDAY, MARCH 19TH - 5:00PM**

Jessica wakes up by her bedroom window. After a quick second, she slightly loses her balance, catches it by holding on to the window sill. Her brain thinks she's still falling.

Almost by reflex at this point, she checks her phone. The lock screen reads "**Mon. March 19th**" and the time reads "**5:00PM**".

With Sydney's words still lingering in her mind, she glances over at the metal baseball bat leaning on the edge of her bed.

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - DAY - TWO YEARS AGO - **A MEMORY**

Nathan (18) stands on the mound next to a bucket full of baseballs.

Mara (13) stands at home plate, waiting to swing with the metal bat. Jessica (18) is crouched along the first base line, recording the both of them on her phone.

Numerous baseballs are scattered along the backstop behind Mara.

Nathan gets ready to pitch to Mara. The windup. The underhanded throw and...it goes over the plate but Mara doesn't even attempt to swing at it.

NATHAN

Come on, that was a good pitch. You have to swing at it.

MARA

I'm GOING TO!

NATHAN

Nothing's gonna happen until you swing the bat. Now I'm gonna throw the same pitch again, alright?

Nathan goes through the motion again and throws the same pitch. This time, Mara SWINGS at it and makes contact.

Unfortunately, the ball goes straight back to Nathan and HITS him in in his right leg. He falls to the ground.

MARA

NATHAN!

JESSICA

Oh shit, Nathan.

Mara drops the bat. Jessica stops recording. They both run to the mound.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Nathan, are you alright?

Nathan takes a few nice deep breaths and gets in a sitting position. His right leg hangs in the air.

The three get a good view of the aftermath: a huge bruise on his lower leg.

MARA

Oh my god.

JESSICA

Nathan, are you going to be fine.

NATHAN

Yeah, yeah. This is normal. I'm going to be fine.

Still in pain, Nathan lets out a large groan as he stands up. He tries to put pressure on his leg. He can't.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

We're heading back. I'm going back to the car. Can you two pick up the baseballs for me?

Nathan limps away from the mound. Jessica and Mara watch as he heads towards an open fence door next to the first base dugout.

INT. NATHAN'S CAR

A 2008 Grand Cherokee Lerado. A baseball bag sits in one of the seats in the back.

Nathan leans his head on the headrest in the driver's seat, taking big, deep breaths.

Jessica and Mara enter the car. The former sits in the passenger seat, while the latter sits in the remaining back seat.

MARA

Are you going to be able to drive us home?

NATHAN

Oh yeah. It's not that far from here. I can handle it.

JESSICA

What about the game tomorrow?

NATHAN

Oh, that? I can power through it. No problem. Coach Willie's gonna be pissed, though. But I'm willing to risk it.

As he says this, he winces as he puts his bad leg on the brake. **It looks as though he can't just "power through it."**

A beat.

NATHAN (CONT'D)  
 (turns to Mara; smiles)  
 But hey, looks like you got  
 stronger this time. Looks like  
 swimming is really paying off. Are  
 you liking it?

MARA  
 (smiles)  
 Yeah. I'm really loving it so far.

NATHAN  
 And if you keep it up, maybe you  
 can get my other leg next time. Get  
 more bonus points that way, huh?

Nathan and Mara laugh at Nathan's comment. Jessica watches them with a complicated look, then decides to laugh along with them. All at a joke made on Nathan's expense.

They continue laughing as we cut back to--

INT. JESSICA'S ROOM - **PRESENT DAY**

Jessica continues reminiscing while staring at the bat when--  
 --someone knocks on her door.

JESSICA  
 Yeah.

The door opens. It's Rachel.

RACHEL  
 Hey.

JESSICA  
 What's up?

RACHEL  
 Dinner's ready, if you want.

JESSICA  
 Oh, thanks.

Jessica heads towards the door. Rachel stays where she is.

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
 Is that it?

RACHEL  
 You're not still mad at me?



JESSICA  
What? Why would I be?

RACHEL  
You've been holed up in here since  
you got back this morning.

JESSICA  
(confused)  
Huh?  
(remembers)  
OH YEAH! Nah, you're overthinking  
it. We're good.

Rachel lowers her shoulders and takes a sigh of relief.

RACHEL  
Okay. Just wanted to know.

She turns away from the door and is about to head out when--

JESSICA  
Wait, Rachel.

RACHEL  
Yeah?

JESSICA  
Do you happen to know where I went  
last night?

RACHEL  
Not a clue. Why would I?

JESSICA  
Good point.

They both exit the bedroom. Jessica follows Rachel.

INT. HALLWAY - LEE HOUSE

Jessica stops. Rachel notices, turns around.

RACHEL  
What's wrong?

JESSICA  
What time is it again?

Rachel checks her phone.

RACHEL  
5:15. Why?

Jessica checks her phone, checks the home page. The Notes app widget is gone.

JESSICA

Rachel, you have dinner without me.

Jessica runs past Rachel down the stairs.

EXT. EMPTY LOT - EVENING - **5:34PM**

Jessica races down the gravel path next to the tobacco shop and discovers a large black lump lying on the ground amidst the tall grass and overgrown weeds.

She gets closer. It's the corpse of a man keeled over face down, his skin pale white and was so still, it could be mistaken for a discarded mannequin. It was Nathan.

Jessica averts her eyes from her childhood friend's dead body and pulls out her phone. She opens the Notes App and types:

**- 3/19: Found Nathan's body @ 5:30 PM in empty lot behind tobacco shop and called police**

For convenience, she puts the note onto the top right corner of the home page, above the audiobook app.

Jessica dials 911. As she waits for the call to pick up, Jessica glances back at Nathan, drilling the image in her brain.

INT. LOBBY - POLICE STATION - **6:16PM**

Jessica is still on the phone, only this time it's with Helen.

HELEN (O.S.)

Oh my god! Where did you find him?

JESSICA

Behind the tobacco shop next to the market. I think he died last night.

HELEN (O.S.)

Does Mara know?

JESSICA

Not yet.

HELEN (O.S.)

Do you think you're going to be fine over there?

JESSICA

Well, I've gone this far on my own,  
so why not? Just let Rachel know  
I'll be home late, alright? I'm  
gonna have a quick chat with the  
detective and I'll head back home.

HELEN (O.S.)

Okay. I'll let her know. I'm so  
sorry, Jessica.

JESSICA

At least I know I'm doing the best  
I can.

Jessica hangs up the phone, turns to a police officer  
standing nearby. They were watching her make the call the  
whole time.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

(to the officer)

Okay, now I'm ready.

INT. JESSICA'S ROOM - LEE HOUSE - **8:28PM**

Jessica rolls under the covers and stares at the ceiling,  
intently at every little bump she can find. Her mind is  
racing.

For a moment, there is a glitch in the matrix. We get a  
glimpse into Jessica's mind.

Images of NATHAN'S DEAD BODY and MARA'S DISHEVELED, TEAR-  
FILLED EXPRESSION FROM MARCH 23RD AT THE PARK appear on-  
screen, switching back and forth with rapid-fire velocity.  
Faint sounds of the chimes fill the silence in the room.  
They're not real, but instead created from Jessica's own  
messed up memory bank.

The sequence stops with Mara at the park. The chimes stop.  
All sound is drowned out.

MARA

Please...

(all sound drowns out)

...take care of me.

Suddenly, Jessica's phone rings on the night stand, breaking  
her trance.

She picks up the phone. It's Andrew, her dad.

It rings once, twice, three times before she reluctantly answers the call. As with the first scene, Andrew is heard through the phone during this conversation.

JESSICA

Hey, dad.

ANDREW

Hey, sweetie. Heard you got yourself wrapped up in a bit of an incident up there. Care to tell me what's going on?

JESSICA

I think 'an incident' is a bit of an overstatement. It's okay. I talked to the detective earlier. All I told him was that I found his body and--

ANDREW

So you *did* find a body?

JESSICA

It's fine. It was ruled an accident. Nothing bad happened.

From the other end, Andrew sighs wearily. Jessica can imagine he is rubbing his eyes with his thumb and index finger, contemplating the situation.

ANDREW

You know, Jessica, I thought this was the best time to send you back home so you can spend some time with your mother but next thing you know, there's dead bodies popping up all over the place.

JESSICA

Oh, dad, stop it! This is a one-time thing. Besides, Seattle is worse by a long shot!

ANDREW

Listen to me, Jessica! I want you to stay in that room until spring break is over. You got all the time in the world to finish your schoolwork. Speaking of, how far are you on that audiobook?

Jessica's face drops.

JESSICA

I'm about six chapters in. She was talking about...Rollback, I think. It's fine. I got it handled. Quit worryin' so much about me.

ANDREW

Quit worrying? Jessica, I am your father. I'm supposed to--

As Andrew begins his lecture about being a dutiful father, Jessica hangs up the phone.

JESSICA

(to herself)

There's only so many ways to tell me you're my father.

She exits the audiobook app, ends up at the home page, but the note widget above the app catches her attention before she taps it. It still shows the one note from earlier.

For future reference, Jessica types out the other note:

**- Estimated time of death between midnight and 2 AM of alcohol poisoning.**

EXT. CARPENTER'S TAVERN - DAY - **TUESDAY, MARCH 20TH - 3:35PM**

Jessica peeks through the front door window and catches the attention of the owner, GARRETT (mid-50s). He heads to the door, peeks through it.

GARRETT

Can I help you?

JESSICA

Yeah, I just wanted to ask a few questions, if that's alright.

GARRETT

How many?

JESSICA

Not many.

GARRETT

Better be. What's up?

JESSICA

It's about Nathan Noonan.

As she says his name, Garrett glances to the ground for a few seconds, growing immediately uncomfortable.

GARRETT  
We're you his girlfriend or something?

JESSICA  
It never got that far.

A voice from inside the building calls for Garrett. He quickly attends to it, then turns back to Jessica.

GARRETT  
(faster)  
Look, kid, I gotta get ready in thirty minutes. I told everything to the cops and that's where it's gonna stay.

JESSICA  
Wait, sir--

Ignoring her pleas, Garrett closes the door.

Jessica checks for the time on her phone: **3:35pm**, and walks away from the door.

INT. CARPENTER'S TAVERN - **4:05PM**

Jessica enters the cozy and dimly lit tavern.

From behind the bar, Garrett throws a glance at Jessica while talking to a couple of barhops, then walks towards her.

GARRETT  
Hey, kid. Don't you have anything better to do?

JESSICA  
Don't worry, pops. I'm not here to ask questions.

GARRETT  
Really?

JESSICA  
Really really.

Jessica takes a seat at the bar, just a couple stools away from the barhops. They watch with confusion at their local bartender's seemingly random exchange with a college-aged woman.

GARRETT  
Need to check your ID.

Jessica hands Garrett her drivers license. He checks the date of birth, then hands it back.

GARRETT (CONT'D)  
Alright. What'll it be?

Jessica scans the menu placed above the bar.

JESSICA  
One lemonade please.

Garrett pours some lemonade into a beer mug and clunks it down in front of Jessica.

Without even trying to taste it, Jessica grabs the handle and downs the lemonade in one go. She slams the empty mug down on the counter.

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
Gimme another one.

Following his customer's orders, Garrett takes the mug, refills it and hands it back to Jessica.

She chugs the drink once again, only this time it takes her about twice as long to glug it all down, slams the mug on the counter once again.

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
(burps)  
A-another one.

GARRETT  
Are you sure?

JESSICA  
(uncomfortable)  
Yeah. Another one.

She pushes the mug towards Garrett with one hand while she's holding her stomach with the other. Under the bar, she crosses her legs. She needs to go to the bathroom. Bad.

GARRETT  
I can't. Not when you're like this.

JESSICA  
Then tell me what Nathan was doing here on Sunday.

GARRETT

Jesus christ. I knew you were still on that.

JESSICA

I need to know.

GARRETT

I told you. I can't.

JESSICA

Then can I have another lemonade?

GARRETT

You're holding your stomach in. It looks like you're going to burst!

The two make eye contact. Garrett can sense it. She's not backing down. She's dead serious.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

He got here at around 9 that night and stayed 'til closing at that back table over there.

He points behind Jessica to a table at the far end of the tavern.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

He just kept drinkin' alone the whole time. When I had to close down I had no choice but to kick him out.

(grins)

Probably would've helped the poor guy out if I'd known this was how things were gonna turn out.

Jessica keeps an eye on the table Nathan was supposedly at, thinking.

She turns back to Garrett.

JESSICA

Alright. How much do I gotta pay?

GARRETT

Two glasses rounds up to five big ones but I'll be nice and just charge you for the first one.

JESSICA

Oh, you don't have to do that.



GARRETT

Nah. I saw your face when you chugged the second one. Besides, that's chump change compared to the massive tab your friend racked up.

JESSICA

Nathan had an unpaid bar tab here?

GARRETT

Oh, you bet your ass he did. Hate to speak ill will of the dead but did that guy love to string me along. Same thing happened the night he died, come to think of it. Told him it was time to pay up, he shrugged me off. Told him off again and he flipped his lid, sayin' he was too good to pay for drinks at a place like this. It was all I could do.

Still staring at the back table, Jessica listens on, stunned and understandably saddened by what she's hearing.

EXT. CARPENTER'S TAVERN - **4:29PM**

The sun begins its descent in the far-off distance.

Jessica paces back and forth in front of the tavern, her phone pressed to her ear.

It rings once, twice, three times before it goes to voicemail. The tone beeps.

JESSICA

Hey, Mara. It's Jessica. I know you might be busy, but I need to talk to you as soon as possible. Please pick up when you can. Thank you. Bye!

She hangs up and scrolls through her contacts and stops at the 'S' section.

Jessica stares at the phone, lost in thought. Then it hits her.

She checks the time on her phone. It reads "**4:30pm**".

JESSICA (CONT'D)

(to herself)

The park.

INT. CAR - MOVING - **4:47PM**

Jessica makes the sharp turn into Hodgins Park. Along the way, she spots Sydney walking her Shih Tzu near a line of benches.

EXT. HODGINS PARK

Within seconds, Jessica SCREECHES to a halt in a parking space and exits her car.

JESSICA  
SYDNEY!!!!

Sydney turns to Jessica with a clear-as-day expression that says **"Who the hell is this chick?"**

Jessica jogs over to Sydney and takes a moment to catch her breath.

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
(pants)  
Sydney...There's...something I need  
to ask you.

SYDNEY  
O-okay? That's fine, I guess. Are  
you alright?

JESSICA  
I'm fine. I'm fine.

As a precaution, Sydney takes a few steps back from the weird woman.

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
I want to ask you a few questions  
about Nathan.

SYDNEY  
Nathan. Noonan?

JESSICA  
Yeah. Could you tell me how he's  
been since he injured his shoulder?

SYDNEY  
Sorry. I'm not in the mood to talk  
about that right now.

JESSICA  
Wait, it won't take long.

Now standoffish, Sydney goes back to walking her dog.

SYDNEY  
No means no, kiddo.

JESSICA  
What about your booth?

After walking about ten feet down the sidewalk, Sydney stops, turns back around.

SYDNEY  
Excuse me?

JESSICA  
I heard you're running short on staff this year for your booth. Tri Beer and Brewery?

SYDNEY  
How do you know about that?

JESSICA  
I can help you tomorrow. I just need you to answer a few questions. After that, I'll do whatever you want me to. Set things up, serve drinks, whatever. Doesn't matter.

Sydney glares at Jessica, then looks off, thinking, then back to Jessica.

SYDNEY  
Okay. What's your name?

JESSICA  
Jessica. Jessica Lee.

SYDNEY  
How old are you?

JESSICA  
I'm twenty one. About to turn twenty two in a few months.

SYDNEY  
And how do you know Nathan, exactly?

JESSICA  
We used to go to school together. We hung out a lot.

SYDNEY

So he was your boyfriend?

JESSICA

No. You'll be surprised how many people thought we were, though.

Sydney continues to size Jessica up. After an agonizingly long beat, she nods her head in approval.

SYDNEY

So you'll really help out, huh?

JESSICA

Yes.

SYDNEY

It's gonna be backbreaking work. And I can't pay you for it.

JESSICA

Fine by me. I'm up for it.

SYDNEY

Sounds like a deal. Let's sit right here.

Jessica and Sydney both sit down at one of the benches lined up on the sidewalk, the same one Jessica woke up on "earlier".

JESSICA

So when did Nathan hurt his shoulder?

SYDNEY

This was after the conference championships so... last June, I believe. That was around the time Nathan started drinking. A couple White Claws here and there, but nothing too bad. But when the school year ended, I just got back home and got a call. Nathan drove his truck into a ditch and he was sent to the hospital. I went right away. I couldn't even get a good mental image of what he could've done to himself. Fortunately, he pulled through but he banged up his shoulder so bad the doctor said it caused permanent damage and he should consider quitting baseball altogether.

(MORE)

SYDNEY (CONT'D)

The team over at Eldrin didn't take it well, to say the least.

JESSICA

Wow. It was really that serious.

SYDNEY

None of us could believe it either. But obviously, Nathan took it the worst. It burrowed a hole in his brain and stayed there. What became hell for me when I drove to the hospital became a sort of hell for him that had lasted his whole life because his future endeavors meant nothing now.

(pause)

And he had a good shot to get drafted, too. He'd always make sure to play his hardest before every game, before every practice because he knew there would be pro scouts watching him. He knew they were looking at him. To Nathan, everyone was always looking at him.

(pause)

At first, he tried to play it cool. That was really hard to watch. Then, as the fall and winter rolled around...that was when he started losing it. People became afraid of him. At school, no one even wanted to say his name out of fear he might take it the wrong way.

(pause)

I always looked up to him too, y'know? He was the only person that ever talked to me at school and he suggested I help out as a team manager. After a couple months, he stood right by me and after a game one day, I worked up the courage to ask him out, and for a while things were really great.

(pause)

But after the injury I had to keep my distance like everyone else. He wasn't himself anymore. But at the same time, I couldn't turn my back from him either. I asked him if he wanted to help out at the booth the other day.

(MORE)

SYDNEY (CONT'D)

At first, he kinda grumbled about it and complained a little but you have no idea how happy I was when he said he would do it. I thought he would be back to normal. And just like that, the rug was pulled from under me. It was one sick tease.

(pause)

Still, I mean, it's not like it was guaranteed he would go back to normal, right? I heard a couple other students say they feared he was gonna rob a bank or something. He was on the verge of snapping. And I kinda see that. Maybe it was best it had to end this way. He's finally at peace.

JESSICA

C'mon, don't say that.

SYDNEY

No one deserves it. But after what I've seen, it's just hard to feel a whole lot of sympathy for him. It didn't help that I would hear rumors about what he did afterwards. That he was seriously in debt from gambling, he would drink all night, and so on, to the point where he was on the verge of dropping out of Eldrin. Basically threw everything away.

The faint sound of the clock tower can be heard nearby. It's 5:00pm.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)

Then, there were some fairly disturbing ones, including one regarding Mara.

The second chime goes off.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)

Apparently, right around the cave, Nathan has been--

In the middle of the third chime we--

CUT TO BLACK.

EXT. FOREST - DAY - **SUNDAY, MARCH 18TH - 5:00PM**

Jessica wakes up back in front of the purple hyacinth sticking out of the luxurious flower bed. From behind, the clock towers sounds off its final chimes.

Mr. Donut, the cat, rubs his body onto Jessica's legs. Jessica picks him up and walk out of the cave.

EXT. CARPENTER'S TAVERN - **5:44PM**

Under the hot scarlet sky, Jessica's Corolla is parked across the street from the tavern.

INT. CAR

Jessica is on the phone with Helen.

JESSICA

Sorry, mom. I'm a little busy right now. I might not be home until sometime later tonight. Pretty late.

HELEN

(on phone)

Busy doing what? How late are we talking about?

JESSICA

I don't know. I'll call you as soon as I get a better idea of what's going on. Again, it might take a while.

HELEN

(on phone)

You're not still upset at Rachel, are you?

JESSICA

No, Mom. It has nothing to do with that.

HELEN

(on phone)

Okay. With whatever you're doing, please try and get home as soon as possible. She won't admit it, but Rachel's quite worried about you.

JESSICA  
You don't say.

HELEN  
(on phone)  
Anyway, try and not stay out *too*  
late, alright? Talk to you soon.

JESSICA  
Talk to you soon, Mom. Bye.

Jessica ends the call, dials Mara's number.

It rings one, two, three, four times before it goes straight to voicemail.

EXT. CARPENTER'S TAVERN - NIGHT - **9:15PM**

The skies overhead have turned to a deep navy blue.

INT. CAR

Seen from within the car, through the front windshield.

Jessica peeks through one of the windows into the tavern for Nathan. She doesn't find him.

She jaywalks across the desolate street towards the car when her phone rings. She checks the caller ID, then answers the call.

After a few seconds, Jessica is visibly distraught, to what is unclear.

Jessica races back to her car, hops in and starts the car. She screeches onto the street and hauls ass down the road.

EXT. NOONAN HOUSE - NIGHT - **9:24PM**

Without hesitation, Jessica parks in the driveway, gets out and--

INT. SAME - FRONT DOOR - NOONAN HOUSE

--barrels her way through an unlocked front door.

JESSICA  
Mara!

No response.



After a few seconds, the jarring sound of piano keys being slammed reverberates throughout the house. One batch of keys followed by another batch over and over again on a continuous loop.

INT. HALLWAY - NOONAN HOUSE

Jessica heads down the hallway towards the source of the noise. She crosses an open archway into the--

LIVING ROOM

Mara, disheveled, sits at her piano. Her fingers smash the keys haphazardly, as if under some dark possession.

**For the first time since we saw her at the docks, she does not have the flower crown on.**

Jessica slowly walks towards Mara and grabs her shoulder. But the moment she does--

--Mara stops playing and slaps Jessica's hand away impulsively. Mara turns towards Jessica.

MARA

Don't you ever touch--

Mara stops mid-sentence upon making eye contact with Jessica. Her expression then twists into one of grief and despair.

From where she is sitting, Mara buries her face into Jessica's chest and cries. Niagara Falls.

Mara wraps her arms around Jessica. As she does, it lifts her t-shirt up enough to reveal a series of bruises along her lower back and hip. **Jessica does not notice this.**

Jessica wraps her arms around Mara and gently rubs her back.

JESSICA

You're okay. You're okay now.

As she consoles Mara, Jessica quickly glances at a clock on the wall. It's 9:30pm.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Hey, Mara?

Mara lifts her head, now more calm.

MARA

Hmm?

JESSICA

I know this might not be the best time, but I have to head out.

Immediately, Mara grabs her right arm, squeezes it tight.

MARA

Don't go.

JESSICA

It's okay. I'll come back. It won't take long. I promise.

MARA

No... I don't want you to leave...

JESSICA

Then you can come with me. Is that alright?

Mara reluctantly nods: Sure.

Jessica helps Mara get on her feet. With Mara still holding on to Jessica's arm, they make their way across the living room and back out into the--

HALLWAY

MARA

Where are we going?

JESSICA

Carpenter's Tavern. That's where Nathan's at.

While still tugging on Jessica's coat sleeve, Mara stops dead in her tracks.

MARA

Why?

JESSICA

Because otherwise, he's gonna drink himself to death.

MARA

How do you know that?

JESSICA

I'll explain it on the way there.

MARA

I want you to tell me right now.

JESSICA  
Look, Mara, we're running out of  
time. Nathan is--

MARA  
Jessica, just tell me!

A pause.

JESSICA  
All right, but I'm warning you now,  
this might be heard to follow.

MARA  
I don't mind.

EXT. NOONAN HOUSE - NIGHT - RAINING - **9:45PM**

Jessica and Mara exit the house and head for the Corolla.

INT. CAR

Jessica sits behind the wheel. Mara jumps in the passenger  
side and visibly winces upon landing on the seat.

JESSICA  
Oh man. Are you all right?

MARA  
I'm fine.

Mara rubs her lower back. She attempts to adjust herself to  
the best possible position in the seat.

JESSICA  
Are you sure? Is that bad hip  
buggin' you?

MARA  
Bad hip?

JESSICA  
Yeah. Didn't you tell me you hurt  
your lower back recently?

MARA  
When was this?

JESSICA  
When we broke into the high school.

MARA

We never broke into the high school!

JESSICA

Sure we did. It was your idea. You showed me how to get in the building using the hairpins and the janky window.

MARA

Woah, whoa, whoa. How do you know about that? I only told a few friends at school about that.

Mara examines Jessica's face for any sort of bluff, but no. She is, once again, dead serious.

INT. CAR - MOVING

Mara gazes out through the passenger side window, watching the rain batter the glass.

MARA

So you're going to save his life?

JESSICA

Yep. And I want you to promise me one thing. Alright?

MARA

(soft)  
Alright.

JESSICA

You're going to be meeting different versions of me over the course of the week. Never tell them what I told you until Friday. Get that version of me to the park and tell her what I told you when you get there. Okay?

MARA

Okay.

JESSICA

Pinkie-promise?

Jessica and Mara pinky swear on it.

Beat.

MARA  
Jessica?

JESSICA  
Yeah?

MARA  
Please stop the car.

JESSICA  
Why?

MARA  
I just want you to. Please pull  
over.

JESSICA  
Mara, we're almost there. We'll be  
there in a minute.

MARA  
(angry)  
STOP THE FUCKING CAR!

Taken aback by Mara's booming voice, Jessica stops on the side of the road, puts it in park and turns on the hazard lights.

EXT. SIDEWALK - NIGHT - RAINING

Mara storms out of the car, slams the door behind her and sits on the curb underneath a lone streetlight. She looks down at the stream of water flowing under her legs on the curb side.

After a short beat, Jessica exits the car and stands next to Mara, giving her a glare which says **"What are we doing here?"**

A long beat.

MARA  
Do we really have to save him?

JESSICA  
Yes, Mara. We do.

Mara stands up, makes eye contact with Jessica.

MARA  
I can't do it.

JESSICA

I understand, but this is life or death. He's going to die if we just keep standing here.

As Jessica is talking, Mara shakes her head and refuses to make eye contact.

MARA

(fragile, paranoid)  
I know, but...I just...

JESSICA

Why *don't* you want to save him?

MARA

Jessica, I can't stand being in the same room with him again. I can't stand hearing him talk about how much he would do to get back to playing baseball. I can't stand when he would throw shit at me, pull my hair, steal my money and make me his professional fucking punching bag day in and day out. Every time something like this comes up, Mom always took his side. Made excuses for all of it. She would keep saying that 'the world made him this way' and 'it was destined that he got hurt' and didn't punish him. That fate was going to put him on some better path. So if we're going to go by that brain-dead logic, then can't we just step aside and let fate *really* decide?

Having been asked that question in that moment in that way, does something to Jessica. Tears run down her cheeks.

A sobering beat.

She nods: I guess you're right.

After a few seconds, Mara walks towards Jessica and hugs her. Jessica wraps her arms around Mara and rubs her back.

JESSICA

Let's go home.

INT. MARA'S ROOM - NOONAN HOUSE - 9:55PM

With Mara around her shoulder, Jessica opens the door and flicks the light switch on.

The bed sits across from the door. Clothes are strewn about the floor, young adult and fantasy novels are mis handedly placed on a bookshelf. Textbooks are piled high on top an old, weathered writing desk. The room of someone not in sound mind.

The flower crown sits on a thumbtack on the wall above the bed.

MARA

Sorry about the mess. I know I need to clean up. You don't need to tell me. I've been super busy.

JESSICA

That's fine. You don't need to justify it. You just need some rest.

Jessica escorts Mara to the bed and tucks her in.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

I'm gonna be right here until you fall asleep, alright?

Mara nods from under the blanket: Yes. Jessica turns the lights off.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Do you still use that night light?

Mara nods: Yes.

Jessica finds a night light already plugged in to a socket and turns it on. It casts a green glow near the bed.

She sits on the floor with her back to the side of the bed.

After a short beat, Mara reaches her hand out from under the covers and taps Jessica's shoulder.

MARA

Could you hold my hand?

Jessica repositions herself near the bed and interlocks Mara's fingers with hers. Mara squeezes her hand tight.

Jessica presses her forehead on the corner of the bedframe. She closes her eyes and is about to drift off to sleep when--

--her eyes jolt back open. Something comes to mind.

JESSICA  
Hold up. Wait a minute.

She lets go of Mara's hand, stands up.

MARA  
What's wrong?

JESSICA  
I'm sorry, Mara. I gotta go make a phone call. I'm just gonna be in the living room real quick.

MARA  
You're gonna come back, right?

Jessica nods: Yes

INT. LIVING ROOM - NOONAN HOUSE - 10:00 PM

Jessica paces around the living room, in conversation on the phone with Helen.

HELEN  
(on phone)  
What the hell are you thinking?!

JESSICA  
I know, but I--

HELEN  
(on phone)  
You know, when you called earlier, I assumed you'd be back by now!

JESSICA  
I understand you're mad, but--

HELEN  
(on phone)  
You do realize Rachel isn't mad at you anymore, right? If this is some type of cruel game just to make us worried about you, well you won. Mission accomplished.  
I know you're old enough to go out on your own and have a night out on the town when you were in Seattle. I get it. I used to do that. It's a nice area at night.

(MORE)



HELEN (CONT'D)  
 But when you're living under my  
 roof, you need to let me know where  
 you are and when you are coming  
 home--

JESSICA  
 (screams; fast talks)  
 I'm staying the night at Mara's  
 house. I'll talk to you later. Bye!

As quickly as she interrupts her mother, Jessica hangs up the phone. She takes a seat on the piano stool, thinking.

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
 (whispers to herself)  
 Did I really just say that?  
 (realizes)  
 Oh shit. Nathan's gonna die.

She makes eye contact with herself in a circular mirror. It hits her. Everything has gone full circle.

To Jessica's dismay, **everything is in its right place.**

A stunned beat.

Mara opens the bedroom door and peeks at Jessica through the crack.

MARA  
 What's wrong?

Jessica peeks up towards the door. The two make eye contact.

MARA (CONT'D)  
 I heard you screaming.

JESSICA  
 It's nothing. I just told my Mom  
 I'll be staying here for the night.

MARA  
 Where are you gonna sleep?

JESSICA  
 I dunno. The couch? Just need to  
 get an extra blanket.

MARA  
 What about Mom?

JESSICA  
 What about her?

MARA  
 She's got the late shift again. You  
 know how she is when you stop by  
 uninvited.  
 (beat)  
 How about you sleep with me  
 tonight? There's plenty of room.

INT. MARA'S ROOM

Facing away from each other, Jessica and Mara lay under the  
 covers in the bed.

Beat.

MARA  
 Hey, Jessica?

JESSICA  
 Yeah?

MARA  
 I'm thinking about going to U-Dub  
 next year.

JESSICA  
 Oh yeah? Since when?

They both flip themselves over. They're now facing each  
 other.

MARA  
 Since you left.

JESSICA  
 Is that what the money is for?

Mara nods: Yes.

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
 How much do you have saved up?

Mara doesn't answer.

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
 We'll talk more about it tomorrow.  
 Good night.

MARA  
 Good night...

They both flip back over to their original positions.

Jessica closes her eyes.

After a beat, more glitches inside Jessica's mind. Silent images of--

--Nathan's photo at the wake--

--his dead body--

--Mara at the docks--

--Sydney at the park--

--and the makeshift memorial-- appear in that order.

The loop gets faster and faster, the images become more sudden and flashy.

Everything that *has* happened, that was *supposed* to happen and, unfortunately, *did* happen, indicates what the end result, the true ending, will be.

Suddenly--

**INT. MARA'S ROOM - NIGHT - MONDAY, MARCH 19TH - 1:17AM**

Jessica wakes up. Pure silence. She looks up at the ceiling, then at the crown on the wall.

She sits up, turns to Mara, who is fast asleep.

JESSICA  
(whispers)  
Mara. Please forgive me.

**EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT**

The atypical suburban street sleeps the night away.

**INT. MARA'S ROOM**

Jessica is gone.

**INT. CAR - MOVING - 1:27AM**

Jessica grips the wheel with both hands as she trails behind an ambulance flashing its lights.

JESSICA  
(to herself)  
Please forgive me. Please forgive  
me. Please forgive me. Please  
forgive me.

INT. FRONT LOBBY - EVERETT MEDICAL CENTER - 2:15AM

In front of a line of empty chairs and couches, Jessica anxiously stands by the empty receptionist's desk.

A DOCTOR emerges from an open hallway.

JESSICA  
Excuse me?

DOCTOR  
Yes?

JESSICA  
How's Nathan?

DOCTOR  
Fortunately, he's still breathing  
but hasn't regained consciousness  
yet. We got him stabilized for now  
and we'll see how things work out  
later in the morning.

JESSICA  
Thank you so much.

DOCTOR  
No problem.

Now relieved, Jessica saunters over to one of the empty couches and sits down. She tips her head towards the ceiling and takes a well-deserved deep breath.

After a short beat, she pulls out her phone, opens up Instagram and heads into Mara's message tab.

She begins typing: "**Hey, sorry for earlier. I--**" before deleting it. Then, she conjures up a second message in the same ballpark as the first one before deleting it again. She does it a third time. Nothing.

Finally, she types out: "**Hey, we need to talk. Lemme know when you're awake**" and taps the send button.

INT. SAME - 6:00AM

Jessica lays asleep on the couch. She opens her eyes upon hearing a frantic woman's voice. It's Trish.

She sits up, rubs her eyes and finds Trish talking to a doctor by the receptionist's desk.

TRISH

When can I see Nathan? I just want to see my son!

DOCTOR

Mrs. Noonan, your son is in stable condition, but it'll take some time for him to wake up.

TRISH

Can I at least see him?

DOCTOR

Yes you can. His room is over here.

Trish and the doctor walk down the same open hallway from earlier in the morning. Jessica gets up and walks over to the end of the hallway, watching the two pace out of view down another corridor.

Now truly relieved, Jessica exits the lobby through a set of glass double doors heading outside, underneath a sky of crimson red clouds caused by the sunrise.

EXT. NOONAN HOUSE - MORNING - 7:01AM

Jessica exits her car, heads to the front door and rings the doorbell.

After a few seconds, the door creaks open. Mara peeks through the crack, her hair disheveled and her eyes baggy as if she was a total recluse.

JESSICA

Hey, Mara. How're ya feeling?

MARA

Mom hasn't come home yet, in case you're wondering.

JESSICA

I know. I'm sorry.

MARA

Don't be. I should be the one who should apologize for not thinking straight.

Beat.

MARA (CONT'D)

I think you should go.

JESSICA

Mara, I--

Jessica approaches the door, but before she even takes a step, Mara slams it shut.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Mara?

(knocks on door)

Mara, open the door!

MARA (O.S.)

(whimpers)

I just want to be alone right now.

JESSICA

I know you're not gonna believe me, but in the coming future, you're gonna tell me to save Nathan. It's going to be fine.

MARA (O.S.)

WHEN AM I GOING TO FUCKING SAY THAT?! WHERE?! WHAT ELSE!? What other bullshit am I going to tell you?

Jessica doesn't respond, freezes in place out of sheer terror and embarrassment.

MARA (CONT'D)

Please...go home.

Defeated, Jessica saunters away from the door and back to her car.

INT. NOONAN HOUSE - MORNING

Mara sits in a fetal position with her back to the front door. Alone with whatever hope she has left.

INT. BATHROOM - LEE HOUSE - 8:30AM

Through the shower curtain, heavily obscured by the frosted barrier, Jessica stands under the running shower head, deep in thought.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LEE HOUSE - 8:40AM

With her hair still more or less wet, Jessica heads downstairs and spots Rachel watching TV on the couch.

JESSICA  
Hey, Rachel.

RACHEL  
Hey.

Jessica sits next to Rachel and watches TV with her.

After a short beat--

JESSICA  
Hey, sorry about yesterday.

RACHEL  
Nah, it's fine. I kinda crossed the line, too.

JESSICA  
So we're cool?

RACHEL  
We're cool.

Pause.

JESSICA  
Hey, Rachel?

RACHEL  
Hmm?

JESSICA  
What if I told you I was dropping out of U-Dub and moving back here?

Rachel turns to Jessica, the first time she's broken contact with the TV.

RACHEL  
What?!

JESSICA

I'm about eighty percent sure  
that's gonna happen.

RACHEL

It's not because of what I said,  
right?

JESSICA

No.

RACHEL

If so, I'm sure Dad would be  
pissed. But I think Mom would  
understand.

JESSICA

What about you?

RACHEL

I dunno. Having someone else scrub  
the bathroom floors for the first  
time in months might not be so bad.

JESSICA

Is that all I am to you?!

RACHEL

I mean, it *was* your job.

JESSICA

It doesn't sound that bad if that's  
all I gotta do.

RACHEL

You're really serious about this,  
are you?

JESSICA

Just about.

RACHEL

Did something happen?

JESSICA

It's a long story.

RACHEL

I don't wanna be too nosy, but it's  
not healthy to bottle things up so  
if you ever need someone to talk to  
or anything--



JESSICA

Thanks, but this is something I  
have to take care of myself.

They make eye contact for a beat.

INT. JESSICA'S ROOM - LEE HOUSE - DAY - **4:18PM**

On her bed, Jessica works on her spring break homework on her laptop. He finishes typing on a Google Document and closes a textbook to the left of the laptop. The front reads "**Algorithms, 3rd Edition**" by Robert Sedgewick.

On her phone, an Instagram notification pops up. **Mara has sent you a video.**

Jessica opens up her direct message feed with Mara. She has been sent a video. She taps on it, plays it.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NOONAN HOUSE - **MARA'S VIDEO - PORTRAIT MODE**

After pressing the record button, Mara steps away from the phone and sits in front of the piano. The camera is placed in the same spot as has all of Mara's other piano videos.

MARA

Hey, Jessica. I'm not posting this anywhere. This is simply between us. I've thought about what you did last night. A lot. Actions speak louder than words, Jessica. What you did said a lot. I was hoping what you said was true and would finally bring me peace. But it sounds like I have to find it on my own. I don't know if you remember this, but about a year ago, I got a good look at that line of satellites in the sky. I would often pretend they're little train cars going endlessly around the world. Well, last night, I had another dream about them. I was in one of those cars. Gliding above everything. High up in the vastness of space, going in circles for eternity.

Mara picks up a bagel from off-screen, eats it.

MARA (CONT'D)

I'm tired, Jessica. Tired of everything. Night after night of doing my best for a family that doesn't see me as a human being. But it was worth it knowing if I worked hard enough at school, I'd join you at U-Dub. I'd often pass out from studying too hard. And when I wasn't working, I'd swim so much I would throw up the moment I get back on land. But I still kept going. Even after all the shit Nathan put me through. One day, it got so bad, I snapped and finally took a stand against him.

Mara grabs the crutch from off screen, the same one that was in her earlier videos, holds it up for the camera.

MARA (CONT'D)

That decision had me use this for three months and now I can't swim anymore.

Mara tosses the crutch on the ground, off-screen.

MARA (CONT'D)

All the money I saved for U-Dub? He spent it all. Ever since the accident, I've been cooped up in the house. Only went outside for school and stopped hanging out with friends. I thought I was done. But then I saw you at the docks and I found a little bit of hope. That I would get to see someone's face in full for the first time in a long time. I kept thinking about everything we did together. And even if I made the most selfish request imaginable, I knew you would still hear me out. But, it turns out, you were just like everyone else.

A pause.

MARA (CONT'D)

I want to play you something before I sign off. Goodbye, Jessica. I hope you can forgive me.

Mara turns to her piano and plays "The Great Pretender" once again.

MARA (CONT'D)

*Oh-oh, yes, I'm the great pretender  
/ Pretending that I'm doing well /  
My need is such, I pretend too  
much/ I'm lonely, but no one can  
tell*

EXT. DOCKS

The music continues. Waves crash into the pillars under the docks. Life goes on.

From the sound of Mara's voice, it brings her comfort, even if only for the moment.

MARA

*Oh-oh, yes, I'm the great pretender  
/ Adrift in a world of my own / I  
played the game but to my real  
shame / You've left me to grieve  
all alone*

EXT. PARK

A leaf floats down onto the bench from the hanging branch above. Life goes on.

MARA

*Too real is this feeling of make-  
believe / Too real when I feel what  
my heart can't conceal*

EXT. CAVE - FOREST

A young family walk into the empty cave as ripples of sunlight cut through the trees. Life goes on.

MARA

*Yes, I'm the great pretender / Just  
laughin' and gay like a clown*

EXT. MARKET SQUARE

From outside, Rob attends to a small line of people at the cashier's desk. Life goes on.

MARA

*I seem to be what I'm not, you see  
/ I'm wearing my heart like a crown*

EXT. MAIN STREET

A four way stop. Jay's Market sits at one of the corners. The Tobacco shop sits down the street in the foreground. Life goes on.

MARA

*/ Pretending that you're still  
around.*

As the song ends, the light facing the street turns green. Suddenly, Jessica's Corolla HAULS ASS past the red light going the other way.

EXT. PARKING LOT - LUMINA HIGH SCHOOL - **4:31PM**

The Corolla RACES past a stop sign and SCREECHES to a halt within a couple open parking spots. Jessica gets out of the car and heads towards the school.

EXT. MAIN BUILDING - LUMINA HIGH SCHOOL

Jessica reaches the same frosted glass window from earlier. Just like last time, grabs it by its edges and rattles it around in its frame until it POPS right open.

She HOPS through the window and into the empty--

CLASSROOM

--barrels through the door and runs down the--

MAIN HALLWAY

--using the same route she took with Mara the night they snuck in "earlier" until she reaches the--

STAIRS

--and arrives at the door leading out to the roof. She eyes the handle. The padlock is gone. She looks down on the floor and finds the lock as well as two flattened-out hairpins.

Jessica swings the door open and steps out on the--

EXT. ROOF

She squints her eyes from the glare of the setting sun. When her vision comes to, Jessica sees Mara standing beyond the protective fence, leaning over the edge of the building.

JESSICA  
(calm; measured)  
Mara.

Mara turns her head around to Jessica.

MARA  
Jessica!? How did you know I'd be here?

JESSICA  
Talk to me, Mara. What's going on?  
Did I do something wrong, Mara?

A pause. Mara takes a deep breath.

MARA  
We had a promise, Jessica.

JESSICA  
I know. I don't hate you, Mara.  
Hell, if anything, I--

MARA  
(interrupts)  
Do you wanna know what hurt the most?

A pause.

MARA (CONT'D)  
It was when I realized how much of a psychopath I had to be to let this happen.

A pause.

MARA (CONT'D)  
Why did you choose him?

JESSICA  
You asked me to. **You** told me everything!

MARA  
I didn't tell you SHIT!

A pause.

JESSICA

There was no way you could've told me where he was unless you regretted your decision to let him go. I didn't want you to live the rest of your life thinking you could've done something different. The money can come back. Trust can be restored. People don't. You've got a good heart, Mara. I want you to have a peaceful life.

MARA

Stop lying to me.

JESSICA

I'm not lying to you. I wouldn't lie to you.

MARA

Oh yeah? Where's your proof? How much do you really know?

Jessica doesn't respond.

MARA (CONT'D)

Maybe that was the case in another timeline, but in this one, can you honestly say you did the right thing?

Jessica looks off to the side, thinking. A long beat.

JESSICA

You know what? You're right. How about this? If you step off the railing, I'll do anything you want. I'll drop out of U-dub. I'll move back here. I'll find a way to make back the money Nathan stole from you. I'll do everything in my power to make sure you never have to go through anything like this again.

MARA

Stop lying!

A pause. Jessica looks off to the side, thinking.

JESSICA

Hold on.

She approaches Mara.

Jessica HIGH-STEPS over the railing and stands next to Mara on the ledge.

MARA

What are you doing?

She looks down at the concrete below, then up at the sky.

A strong wind blows past the two. They grip the railing behind them even more.

Jessica looks to the side, takes a couple deep breaths.

JESSICA

There could've been a time, in some other plain of existence, where you were so blissfully unaware any of this would've happened.

(turns to Mara)

I really need you.

Mara looks back at Jessica, doesn't respond. Silence.

Jessica looks back up to the sky. She grabs Mara's right hand.

MARA

What are you doing?

JESSICA

If we're doing this, we're doing this together.

MARA

Okay...here goes nothing.

JESSICA

On three, okay?

Mara nods. They both close their eyes.

OVER BLACK

JESSICA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Okay...one...two...three!

...

...

Nothing.

EXT. ROOF

Jessica opens her eyes to see--

--Mara hugging her waist, holding on for dear life. Mara DIGS her head into Jessica's shirt and cries. Niagara Falls.

With one hand still on the railing, Jessica wraps her other arm around Mara. She HELPS her hop over the railing and back onto the roof.

With Mara by her side, Jessica saunters towards the door. After a few steps, Mara's legs give out and she COLLAPSES to the ground, causing Jessica to FALL down with her.

Mara bear hugs Jessica and continues crying on her shoulder. Jessica returns the favor.

Then, suddenly--

--the faint sound of the clock tower can be heard nearby.

The second chime goes off.

Then the third.

And the fourth.

Finally the fifth chime can be heard. It's 5:00pm.

Jessica takes a huge sigh of relief. **It's finally over.**

FADE TO BLACK.

I/E. CAR - MORNING - **TUESDAY, MARCH 20TH - 9:04AM**

Like clockwork, Jessica parks her car in the Noonan House driveway.

Mara exits her house and races into Jessica's car.

**She wears the white lily flower crown once again.**

JESSICA

You ready to go?

Mara smiles and nods: Yes. She's ready.



INT. HALLWAY - EVERETT MEDICAL CENTER - 9:49AM

Jessica and Mara stand in front of one of the doors leading into a hospital room. Next to the door is the room number 425 above the name "Nathan Noonan".

MARA

There's no turning back now.

They hold each other's hand. Mara takes a deep breath and knocks on the door.

No response.

Mara opens the door, followed by Jessica, into the--

HOSPITAL ROOM

MARA

Nathan, it's me. We're coming in!

They walk in and find Nathan laying in his bed with an IV drip attached to his arm, carefully taking the skin off an orange as if it's a flower. They stand beside the bed.

NATHAN

When did I say you can come in?  
(sees Jessica; surprised)  
Jessica?

JESSICA

Yeah.

Nathan lets out a little chuckle. He realizes how long it's been since he's last saw her.

NATHAN

I really owe you one. Doc said you found me passed out last night.

JESSICA

That's cool, man. But I think Mara has something to tell you.

NATHAN

Oh yeah?

A short beat. Mara steps in front of Jessica, front and center.

MARA

I told Jessica everything. She knows about the money.

(MORE)

MARA (CONT'D)

She knows about the accident. The last few months have been hell, Nathan. I'm sick of tired of all of it. It needs to stop.

Now visibly uncomfortable, Nathan glances at Jessica, who gives a stern expression back to him, then back to Mara.

He slams the orange peel flower on a small table by the bed, squishing it.

NATHAN

What is this, a fuckin' sting operation?

(to Jessica)

What the hell did she tell you, Jess?

JESSICA

That you're a dick, that's what.

NATHAN

Excuse me?!

JESSICA

You heard me.

The orange peel flower puffs back open and blooms outwards.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Just because you were a star athlete once, ONCE, doesn't mean it should justify you turning into a complete asshole who don't even have the balls to apologize to his little sister!

NATHAN

(under his breath)

This is bullshit.

JESSICA

I'm not done. I heard about how excited you were to go play pro ball and go on TV and do what you love but you let so many people blow smoke up your ass and tell you this is who you're going to be. It doesn't have to be that way. There's more to life than baseball, y'know?

(pause)

(MORE)

JESSICA (CONT'D)

As for Mara, I've decided she's gonna be spending more time around me until she heads off to college. You're not gonna be seeing her for a while.

NATHAN

Jess, don't do that. Don't take her away. Please. You can't just rip our family apart like that.

Jessica stands next to the bed, crouches next to Nathan's face.

JESSICA

If I ever see you anywhere near Mara...

(pause; thinks about what to say)

Nathan, do you remember that metal bat you lent me back in middle school?

It takes Nathan a full beat to realize what Jessica is about to say after starting a sentence like that.

NATHAN

(full of rage)

You PIECE OF SHIT!

Before Jessica can finish, Nathan LUNGES towards Jessica and GRABS a piece of her shirt.

Upon making contact, Jessica backs up a couple paces, dragging Nathan away from the bed, causing him to TUMBLE onto the floor.

Jessica and Mara watch as Nathan slowly sits himself up and puts his back to the wall behind him. A trail of blood trickles down his arm. His IV tube had fallen out.

He looks up at the pair. His face contorts as if he's about to start crying but doesn't want to show it.

Jessica consoles Mara, tries not to look Nathan in the eye, tries not to give him the acknowledgement.

Nathan wipes the tears out of his eyes and mouths out the words "I'm sorry". Jessica doesn't see this and Nathan can't bring himself to use his voice.

After a few seconds, Nathan clears his throat and tries again, but just as he's about to use his voice this time--

--the door opens. It's Sydney, holding a cup of coffee in each hand.

SYDNEY  
 Sorry about the wait. It took a bit  
 to get the--  
 (spots Nathan)  
 Oh my god! Nathan?!

Sydney puts the coffee cups on a small table, SQUATS down next to Nathan, LOOPS his arm around her shoulders, LIFTS him up onto the bed.

She turns to Mara and Jessica.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)  
 Hey, Mara.  
 (looks at Jessica, back to  
 Mara)  
 Who's your friend?

As Jessica is about to respond:

NATHAN  
 Could you knock it off, Syd?

SYDNEY  
 (turns to Nathan)  
 Oh, can it. You're still  
 recovering. You need all the help  
 you can get.

Sydney spots the blood on his arm.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)  
 Jesus christ, you're bleeding! I'll  
 get a nurse.

NATHAN  
 Nah, it's nothing to worry about.

SYDNEY  
 Of course you'd say that.

Sydney presses the nurse call button next to Nathan's pillow.

NATHAN  
 C'mon, Syd. It's not that big a  
 deal. I mean, look at me. I'm fine,  
 aren't I?

SYDNEY  
 Nathan, you could've *died* out  
 there.

(MORE)

SYDNEY (CONT'D)  
 It's not my fault everyone around  
 you didn't point that out. Did you  
 ever wonder about that?

Letting her words sink in, Nathan shrinks down in the bed,  
 defeated.

Mara taps Jessica on the shoulder, gets his attention. She  
 signals to the door.

Jessica nods in agreement: **Yeah, let's go.**

EXT. CAR - DAY - 10:15AM

The Corolla drives on a two-lane highway surrounded by  
 Douglas Fir trees. Not another car in sight.

INT. SAME

Jessica drives. Mara sits in the passenger seat, looking up  
 at the sun passing behind the trees through the car window. A  
 paper grocery bag sits by her feet.

She takes out an orange and peels it, eats it. No container.  
 No problem.

MARA  
 Thanks for coming with me to the  
 hospital.

JESSICA  
 Don't mention it. Just remember,  
 I'll be down the street if anything  
 happens.

A short beat.

MARA  
 Wait. You were serious?!

JESSICA  
 Yep.

MARA  
 You're not going back to U-Dub?

JESSICA  
 Nope.

MARA  
 I thought you were just bluffing  
 yesterday.

JESSICA

Nah. No way. You saw me up there. I couldn't lie to save my life.

MARA

Did you already file the paperwork?

JESSICA

Not yet. I figure I'll take care of it over the phone. Who knows if Dad'll help out.

MARA

What would you do after you move back?

JESSICA

Not sure. Haven't really thought that far, to be honest.

MARA

Jessica, I appreciate the sentiment, but it wouldn't be right if you gave this all up on my account.

Jessica keeps her eyes on the road, thinking.

MARA (CONT'D)

How about this. I'll come join you in Seattle as soon as I graduate.

JESSICA

But what about--

MARA

I'll be fine. If anything bad *does* happen, I promise you'll be the first to know.

Mara holds Jessica's hand as if she's a parent trying to console her anxious child.

After a quick beat, Jessica squeezes Mara's hand back.

JESSICA

Alright. But we have to stay in touch even if everything's okay, you got it?

MARA

Of course.

JESSICA

And don't overdue it, either. Even if something else comes up, you can still crash at my dad's place.

MARA

Now I just got to save up some money.

JESSICA

Don't worry about that. I got it covered.

MARA

Jessica, you don't have to do that. I'm able to get my own money.

JESSICA

Oh, I know.

MARA

Then what are you talking about?

Jessica turns to Mara.

JESSICA

Mara, have you ever thought about trying the lottery?

Mara gives a confused look. Jessica gives Mara a cute smirk before looking back at the road ahead.

A photograph of Jessica and Mara, the same one from the collage in Jessica's room at the beginning, sits atop the glass in front of the odometer.

FADE TO BLACK.

**THE END**

"Baby", an acoustic track by the indie rock band Warpaint, plays as the credits roll.