

ALL THE BEAUTIFUL THINGS

By

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CURRENTLY IN POST PRODUCTION

This script is a director's copy and includes
camera/blocking notes where important to story
development

Inspired by a true story

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brands, songs, and venues have
been purchased and licensed.

1 CLAYMATION.

2 INT. KITCHEN. DAY.

Three claymation dogs sit at a kitchen table eating breakfast: a mom, a dad, and a little girl dog. The kitchen floors are checkered black-and-white, the walls are bright yellow, and a black cat clock loudly ticks on the wall.

The dogs happily wag their tails as they eat. The dad and daughter both wear light blue collars, while the mom wears a bright pink one.

Suddenly and without warning, the mom's smile falls flat, and she begins to nervously shake. The dad worriedly stares at her, sweat pooling on his forehead, while the daughter looks back and forth between her parents, confused.

A single tear rolls down the mom's cheek, and as the cat clock ticks to 7:15 A.M.-BAM! The mom dog turns into a cat. As she does, her collar turns from pink to red.

Once she has transformed, she's immediately terrified of the dogs-once her beloved family-and jumps onto the fridge to get away.

The dad and daughter dog walk over to the fridge and plead.

DAD
Please come down.

DAUGHTER
We love you.

DAD
Come down.

DAUGHTER
Mom?

3 LIVE ACTION

4 INT. CLAYMATION STUDIO. DAY.

An 18-year-old girl named JOEY positions the clay dogs and cat. She has braces and wears a shirt with the same yellow and black-and-white checkered pattern as the claymation scene's kitchen.

As she repositions the cat, the kitchen cabinets collapse. Joey shrieks in horror.

JOEY

Fuck!

All her hard work and progress, ruined.

She stares at the dogs' ruined kitchen for a moment, breathing heavily, then abruptly turns to grab her car keys. On the key's lanyard, printed in bright pink, are the words: "U GO GIRL!"

Joey furiously exits the room.

5 INT. CAR. DAY.

Joey eyes an unopened red cigarette package with the brand name "RED TOPS."

She takes out a cigarette and tries to light it in her hand like a joint, clearly a new smoker. It doesn't take. She realizes her rookie mistake, puts it up to her mouth, and inhales while lighting it.

Once she successfully inhales the smoke, she begins to violently and ferociously cough.

6 HARD CUT MID-JOEY'S WORST HACK-

7 TITLE SEQUENCE

Music plays as Joey drives her car on I-25, expressionless.

Her hair blows through the car's open window as she fake-smokes weak puffs. Scenic, mountainous views fly by, starkly contrasted by highway signs: Garden of the Gods Exit, Briargate Parkway, Pikes Peak Museum.

Finally, she passes Colorado Springs's iconic Olympic City monument that reads, "Colorado Springs, Olympic City USA."

8 EXT. GROCERY STORE PARKING LOT. DAY.

Joey trudges through the parking lot of a Cheapie's Grocery Store. She reaches the door and opens it for a mom and daughter who are exiting. Joey stares after them, temporarily fixated, then turns to enter the store.

9 INT. GROCERY STORE. CONTINUOUS.

It's a very small and homely grocery store. Mom and pop

style.

Joey approaches the register where a teen employee sits playing games on his phone. Fake tattoos of Pokemon characters cover his arms. His name tag identifies him as "Dunken." Yes: Duncan spelled "Dunken."

JOEY
Excuse me?

The boy pivots to address Joey.

DUNKEN
(overly peppy)
Mmm-hmmm, what can I help you with?

JOEY
Do you have super glue?

10 INT. GROCERY STORE. CONTINUOUS.

As the boy looks, he cheerily chats despite Joey's clear disinterest.

DUNKEN
Personally, I am more of a gorilla
glue guy myself.

JOEY
Mhmm.

He spots the superglue.

DUNKEN
Ah yes. Here ya go!

Dunken picks the superglue up and hands it to Joey.

JOEY
(Flat)
Thanks.

Joey turns away.

DUNKEN
So, what did you break?

Joey turns back,

JOEY

What?

Dunken shrugs, happy and innocent.

DUNKEN

Since you're buying super glue.

JOEY

Oh. Just part of a claymation setup
I'm working on.

DUNKEN

(Overly enthusiastic)

I LOVE Wes Anderson claymation!

The boy awkwardly laughs to himself, finding something
unknown entertaining.

DUNKEN (CONTINUED)

Yeah that's great, that's great.
Yeah...

Joey eyes him, confused.

JOEY

Yeah. Well, take care.

Joey turns and leaves the boy.

11 INT. GROCERY STORE. CONTINUOUS.

Joey accidentally drops the superglue in front of a magazine
rack. She bends down to retrieve it, and as she stands back
up, a magazine catches her eye. It reads, "Marine Killed by
Drunk Driver 2 Days After Returning Home."

It's surrounded by other magazines with ludicrous headlines:
"Elvis Murdered? The Truth Unveiled!" "How to Lose 30 Pounds
in 30 Days," "K-Tin Suffers Nip slip while Saving Daughter
from Rip-tide."

The cover features a picture of the marine holding his young
daughter. They're both smiling, happy.

Joey stares at them, and her eyes fill with tears as her
breathing becomes uneasy. Nauseated. Then her eyebrows narrow
and furious anger enters her eyes.

Dunken creeps up behind her.

DUNKEN
(peppy)
You okay?

Joey doesn't look at him, just stares at the magazine for a moment longer, then violently rips it out of the rack and turns to exit the store.

BOY
Hey, you have to pay for that!

Joey throws the super glue into a shampoo bin near the exit, but she keeps the magazine as she storms out of the store.

The boy throws his hands up in exasperation, glancing around for help.

12 EXT. PARKING LOT. CONTINUOUS.

Joey rushes through the parking lot, crying.

JOEY (V.O.)
I'm not an asshole. I swear I'm not.

Joey abruptly looks up toward the sky and screams. People look over at her judgmentally. She looks back at them, unashamed.

JOEY (V.O.)
But the thing about death is that it
takes all other emotions away.
Embarrassment. Respect. Pride.

13 INT. ART STUDIO. DAY.

JOEY (V.O. CONTINUED)
You no longer give a shit about what
anyone else thinks.

Joey covers her destroyed claymation scene with a bright pink blanket. From right to left, the blanket takes up the whole frame with pink, and as it does the title simultaneously swipes across the screen:

TITLE CARD:

ALL THE BEAUTIFUL THINGS

FELIX (O.S.)
I just love pistachios.

14 INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE. DAY.

A bowl of pistachios. Shaking, tattooed hands retrieve one.

The tattooed hands belong to FELIX, Joey's new therapist, and Joey sits across from him blank-faced and devoid of all emotion.

They sit in bright orange chairs in a room full of light. Large windows behind them frame their background with luscious, green trees.

On the table between them sits the bowl of pistachios. Felix struggles to un-shell the one he has retrieved. Joey stares at his hands as they tremble and shake, curious.

Felix eventually gives up opening his pistachio and pushes the bowl towards Joey.

FELIX
Would you like some?

Felix has an extremely strong Polish accent.

JOEY
(curt)
No thanks.

An awkward pause.

FELIX
Do you have any hobbies?

Joey shrugs.

JOEY
Claymation.

FELIX
Oh wow! Do you make the models yourself?

Joey nods.

JOEY
I want to go to NYU for it.

FELIX
A long way from here.

JOEY
(defensive)
Yeah. That's kind of the point.

FELIX
We-well, would you like to talk about
yesterday?

Joey seems strangely entertained by this comment, as if Felix has made some sort of joke.

JOEY
Did my dad ask you to say that?

Felix warmly smiles and offers a slight nod. Joey's face falls flat as she realizes her dad did indeed mention it to Felix. She quickly recomposes a callous and cold demeanor.

JOEY
(annoyed-->manic-->sad-->word vomitty)

It was fine. I just couldn't stop
crying about something stupid.

I read an article about a marine who
came home from abroad last week and
then on Tuesday, he was hit by a drunk
driver while riding his bike.

He died.

And I just couldn't stop thinking
about how, next week, there will be
some new totally bullshit article
where his once was.

Famous actress gains 10 pounds!
Millionaire asshole becomes billion-
are asshole! Or.... I don't know. But
it doesn't matter. The point is, why
am I supposed to care about celebrity
nip slips or whose getting plastic
surgery now or who-whose new makeup
line is coming out?

It doesn't matter. It fundamentally
DOESN'T. MEAN. ANYTHING!
And next week his family will walk
into a grocery store and they're gonna
see the new bullshit headline about

bikini wax instead of his, and they're gunna know.

That time stops for no one.

And yeah I started crying thinking about his family, but what's weird is how little everyone else cries. And then when I got done with my "little episode" I noticed that my mascara was running which pissed me off because it was SUPPOSED TO be waterproof mascara, but it wasn't.

The label lied.

So I called up a customer service mascara representative.

FELIX

(a bit taken aback by Joey's angry mania)

Yeah. Okay.

JOEY

The dude told me they had a whole bad batch!

Which means there's thousands of mascaras out there that say they're waterproof, that actually aren't. And for most people, it doesn't matter. It's just more bullshit.

But, what about for someone who has to go to a funeral?

A really, sad, funeral.

Like the wife of the marine!

It means that she'll wake up on that day, put on her waterproof mascara--she's counting on it to offer her just the smallest veil of dignity--BUT NO. Nope. Now she is at her husband's funeral holding their kid with black shit streaming down her face... and she doesn't, even, know.

That's just the way the world works.

Joey's eyes are manic and frightening, out of touch, and silence fills the air as she calms back down and sinks back into her chair.

JOEY

So... yeah.

I kind of fell apart thinking about everything. And now Scott thinks I'm crazy which is why I'm sitting here, talking to you... And he found my cigarettes...

Joey shrugs.

FELIX

Scott, Your dad?

JOEY

(defensive)

Yeah, Scott. My dad.

(sad)

But I'm fine. Really, I'm fine.

15 EXT. STREET SIDEWALK. DAY.

Joey walks home from therapy past brilliantly colorful houses, Wes Anderson style, with a poker face while "smoking" weak puffs.

Eventually, she passes a bright purple laundromat with the address 717 displayed. Two middle-school boys stand outside of it and stare judgmentally at her as she approaches.

Joey stops, taken aback by their stares.

JOEY

(aggressive)

What?

They say nothing, but one blows a pink bubble with his gum in response.

Joey rolls her eyes and takes in a puff so she can blow smoke out at them, then she continues walking as the middle school boys stare after her.

One calls after,

BOY

You're gunna kill yourself smoking!

Joey's eyes narrow but she keeps walking and smoking until she finally reaches her own house, a bright pink one.

It's surrounded by a white picket fence lined with rose bushes. She chucks her cigarette into one of the bushes before opening the fence's gate.

16 INT. HOME ENTRYWAY. CONTINUOUS.

Joey opens the door and slams it behind her. She immediately ascends the stairs that are set next to the entryway as a peppy woman's voice, ERICA, calls from the kitchen.

ERICA
Joey, is that you?

Joey pauses but doesn't answer, then she continues to ascend the stairs.

17 INT. KITCHEN. CONTINUOUS.

Joey's door slam echoes through the house as she retreats into her room. Joey's dad, SCOTT, enters the kitchen and kisses ERICA on the cheek.

SCOTT
She just needs more time.

Erica nods as she sips a cup of tea, an engagement ring on her finger.

18 EXT. LOCATION UNKNOWN. NIGHT.

Police lights--red blue, red blue--flash on a shed that has "DO NOT ENTER" tape wrapped around it as sirens and the audio of a stretcher bouncing in an ambulance plays.

JOEY V.O.
Sometimes, I feel like I'm the only
one who remembers her. It's my
obligation to remember.

J-cut: audio of Joey crying.

19 INT. BATHROOM. NIGHT.

Joey cries as she stares at herself in the bathroom's mirror. She desperately tries to keep her sound at a minimal volume, the sobs coming out as muted chokes, and whispers to herself,

JOEY
Shhhhhh. Shhh. Shut the fuck up. Shut
up.

Suddenly, Joey slaps herself across the face, but her tears only begin to stream harder.

She glances up at the bathroom's ceiling, as if toward heaven, as a tear--laden with the black of mascara--streams down her face.

20 INT. BEDROOM. NIGHT.

Joey lies awake in her bed, eyes wide open.

The peaceful sound of crickets chirping floats through her open window.

INTERCUT

JOEY (V.O)
Looking at the past, everything is
crystalline. We see how fragile we
were. We see perfectly the cracks
before the break. But what's missing
is the beauty in all things delicate
and pure, because we know how our
masterpiece-our magnum opus--will end.
And it's haunting.

21 MONTAGE

Joey and her mom, JENNY, laugh at a beach on a bright and beautiful day.

Jenny gives Joey a hug in a garden.

Jenny wears a red dress in a dressing room, eyes distant.

END INTERCUT

Joey's eyes stay fixed on the ceiling, wide eyed, in the darkness.

J-cut: Opera music.

22 INT. ART STUDIO. DAY.

Opera music plays.

Jenny paints at an easel as Joey strolls around the studio

surveying her mom's artwork, every inch of wall covered in paintings. Most depict either physical or emotional pain. Or both.

Based on Joey's differing haircut and style, it's a couple of years in the past.

Joey glances over at what her mom is painting: a woman holding a fish hook that she has just pulled out of her own mouth, blood pooling down her cheek. The woman smiles, victorious.

Jenny happily hums along to the music.

Joey glances back to the other paintings recently finished, all morbid and sad in a painful yet beautiful sort of way.

JOEY

Hey mom?

JENNY

Hmm?

JOEY

Why don't you ever paint anything happy?

Jenny looks up from the recently un-hooked woman, surprised.

JENNY

What?

JOEY

All your art, it's just kinda sad.

JENNY

(surprised/defensive)

No it's not. It's beautiful.

JOEY

Mom, it's literally all depressing.

Joey points to a painting of a girl drowning, her arms outstretched toward the surface as if reaching for the sky. A stunning sunset dances across the water's surface.

JOEY

This girl is literally about to drown!

Jenny sets her paintbrush down and walks over to her daughter and the painting.

JENNY
But look at all the colors, and how
beautiful the horizon is. And maybe
she'll reach it.

Jenny steps over to another painting, featuring a raven
violently stealing a heart out from a human's hand.

JENNY
This one is about resisting selfish
temptations, and protecting those
things we love.

And the raven is the good guy.

Jenny moves on to the next piece of art, but hesitates. It's
so obviously sad. A girl's face as she weeps colorful tears.

JENNY
Well... This one is just sad.

Jenny laughs in defeat.

JENNY (CONTINUED)
Goddamn depressing!

They look at each other and burst into cackles.

JOEY
I know!

JENNY
Something downright shitty just
happened to that chick!

JOEY
She broke a nail.

JENNY
No, a prom date just dumped her.

JOEY
Some such bullshit!

A pause and the mood shifts to seriousness.

JOEY
But I guess I can appreciate what
you're saying about the flip side of
things...

Joey turns away toward the painting Jenny is currently working on, and as Joey does so, Jenny's face sinks into a sad seriousness as she stares at the crying girl, her mind caught somewhere else.

Joey's upbeat voice finally signals her mom back into reality,

JOEY

So what about this one!?

Jenny turns to the smiling woman who just pulled a hook out of her mouth. The woman's facial characteristics oddly resemble Joey's.

JENNY

(genuinely happy)

Ohhh, that's my magnum opus. A woman ridding herself of her pain, a hook that's caught in her mouth. The process of taking it out is a hard and painful process, but once she's done, she'll be free!

JOEY

She kind of, like just a little bit, looks like me--

A new song comes on cue: "Somebody Else" by Flora Cash, and Jenny cuts Joey short.

JENNY

Wait, wait! This is my favorite song.
This is my favorite song.

Jenny rushes over to the speaker and turns the song up, then laughs before singing along to the lyrics.

Joey rolls her eyes.

JENNY

"Well you look like yourself
But you're somebody else
Only it ain't on the surface!"

Joey starts singing along with her mom, and they sound horrible, but they're happy. Then, they both totally forget the lyrics and start singing random words.

JENNY

Noooo! We know this song.

C.U. -- Jenny lovingly stares down at Joey as Joey (O.S.S.) sways to the melody, smile wide.

JENNY

Dang...

CUT TO BLACK.

23 INT. JOEY'S ROOM. MORNING.

An obnoxious alarm rings. Joey slowly opens her eyes.

She stares up at the ceiling, emotionless. The obnoxious alarm continues to ring, but it's as if Joey doesn't even hear it, motionless.

JOEY V.O.

Waking up is the worst part. In a dream-land, you can have anything.

You can have anyone.

24 INT. KITCHEN. MORNING.

Erica sits across from Joey at a breakfast table. She wears a red, silk scarf wrapped tightly around her neck, flight attendant style. Scott makes coffee in the background.

Joey stares at Erica's scarf then at the engagement ring on her finger.

ERICA

(to Joey only)

So I was thinking that maybe we could do something fun today. Go to the zoo, maybe?

JOEY

(bitter)

Staring at caged animals isn't really my thing.

ERICA

Well, we could do something else then?

Scott senses the rising tension and steps in.

SCOTT

Joey, I got your favorite cereal.

Scott opens the cupboard and pulls out Marsh-mellow Fruit

Loops. Erica looks skeptically at the box.

Scott sets a very childish pink bowl in front of Joey and pours the Marsh-mellow Fruit Loops into the bowl. As he pours, a marsh-mellow escapes the bowl.

SCOTT
Whoops! Tried to get away.

Scott forces a fake smile as he retrieves the marsh-mellow.

SCOTT
There you go!

Joey stares at her cereal emotionless, then snottily backlashes,

JOEY
Could I at least get some milk?

Scott retrieves milk as Joey watches him with a death stare. A power play. Scott then exits the room and Joey stares down at the cereal, not touching it.

ERICA
Is that really your favorite cereal?

JOEY
Not since first grade.

But who cares?

Joey shrugs, indifferent.

25 INT. KITCHEN. MORNING.

Joey is six-years-old. She and her mom both eat marsh-mellow fruit loops.

Jenny jokingly takes a wet marsh-mellow out of her bowl.

JENNY
Joey, look at me!

Jenny presses the marsh-mellow charm to her nose where it sticks.

Joey laughs.

JOEY
That's so weird mom!

But Joey mimics her mom and puts one on her nose too.

JENNY
We are marsh-SMELLows!

Scott enters the kitchen from behind Jenny.

SCOTT
Joey, we don't play with our food.

JOEY
But mom did it first!

Scott looks at Jenny, a pink charm on her nose. She looks back at him annoyed and frustrated.

JENNY
Have a little fun, Scott.

JOEY
Yeah daddy, Have a little fun!

Jenny hands a marsh-mellow to Scott, he rolls his eyes and reluctantly puts it on his nose too, but then he genuinely laughs.

Joey squeals with excitement and puts another marsh-mellow on her cheek.

JOEY
Mom, look at me!

Joey adds another one to her other cheek.

JOEY
Mom, look at me.

Jenny, detached, is caught in a daze staring at their cat eating cat-food out of his bowl. A sad look briefly enters her distant eyes.

JOEY
Mom! Mom? Look at me. Mom?

SCOTT
Jenny!

Shocked back to the present, Jenny finally looks up at Scott. He lovingly puts a hand under her chin.

26 INT. KITCHEN. PRESENT DAY/CONTINUED FROM SCENE 20.

ERICA

So, if somebody were to care, what
would your favorite cereal be?

Joey shrugs.

JOEY

I like Raisin Bran.

27 INT. HIGH-SCHOOL BIOLOGY CLASS. DAY.

Joey stares into a microscope at an apical meristem slide.

TEACHER

The apical meristem is where the plant
will continue to grow... Even if it
gets cut, it will reform so that the
plant can continue to grow--

Joey looks up from the microscope and over at her friend,
LUCY, who sits across from her.

Lucy awkwardly raises her hand while still looking into her
scope.

LUCY

(Nervous)

Mr. Bowers, I can't see anything.

Mr. Bowers walks over to Lucy,

MR BOWERS

That's because you didn't turn your
scope light on.

Mr. Bowers flicks on the light.

LUCY

OHHHHHHH!

Classmates laugh, and Joey also finds this slightly amusing
and smiles. Lucy peaks into the scope again, but her brows
immediately furrow. Still confused.

Joey glances over at the boy sitting next to her, SAMMY, and
as she does Sammy seductively winks at her. Joey frowns back,
appalled, then quickly looks away.

TEACHER
Any more questions?

Lucy raises her hand.

28 EXT. STREET SIDEWALK. DAY.

Joey and Lucy walk home from school.

LUCY
Honestly, biology would be so much
easier if Mr. Bowers wasn't so
attractive! You know what I mean? It
messes with my anxiety and focus.

Joey looks distant, not really paying attention.

LUCY
Joey! Are you even listening to me?

JOEY
No yeah... no! He's super hot.

LUCY
Okayyy, so the point is that it's
annoying.

JOEY
(distant)
For sure.

LUCY
Well, we only have one week left. So
that's good.

JOEY
(withdrawn)
Yeah.

Lucy senses Joey's poor mood, and realigns the topic.

LUCY
So has your dad let up on the whole
NYU thing yet?

This gets Joey's attention.

JOEY
(pissy)
Nope. Not yet.

LUCY
Well... how's the claymation going? So
that you can try to get off the
waitlist?

JOEY
It's going alright...

Joey looks down then, sadness entering her expression, and a
dog barks in the distance.

JOEY (CONTINUED)
Makes me think of my mom.

Seriousness takes over Lucy's expression and she quickly
looks away from Joey. They walk in silence for a beat.

In an attempt to save Joey from her thoughts, Lucy tries to
revive the moment.

LUCY
(fake upbeat)
Wanna do something fun today? Like,
RIGHT NOW?

Joey looks at Lucy, skeptical and confused.

LUCY
No I'm serious! Why not?

Joey thinks for a moment.

JOEY
Well... if we were to do something, I
actually kinda wanna go to the zoo.

LUCY
(fake/overly enthusiastic)
Yes, yes! Let's go to the zoo!

Lucy speeds ahead and motions for Joey to catch up.

LUCY
Come on, we gotta catch the bus on
Tejon.

Hurry it up!

Joey rushes to catch up, a smile budding on her face.

29 EXT. ZOO. DAY.

Joey and Lucy stare at an empty enclosure. Joey's expression is melancholic while Lucy looks horrified.

A sign reads, "Our longest feline resident, Anubis, passed away last month. We will be getting our new Snow Leopard, Sekhmet, soon!"

Lucy unaffectionately attempts to lighten the moment,

LUCY
Well. He couldn't live forever.

Joey nods but says nothing, mind caught somewhere else.

30 EXT. ZOO. DAY.

It's 8 years prior. Joey, Lucy, and Jenny are all at the zoo at Anubis's enclosure. Scott is on a phone call in the background.

They watch the snow leopard pace back and forth, agitated.

Jenny reads the sign next to the cage:

JENNY
"Anubis the Snow Leopard."

Anubis? What a weird name.

LUCY
I like it!

The snow leopard suddenly bats his paw on the glass of the enclosure then jumps up at the glass as if trying to get out.

Joey's face melts from happiness into puzzled curiosity.

JOEY
Do you think he's sad in that cage?

Jenny looks down at Joey, taken aback.

JENNY
(hesitant/unsure)
No, no honey. He's here and he--well he doesn't know anything else. And he's doing the best that he can, you know?
(upbeat)

He's alive.

LUCY
(happy/childhood clueless)
I think he looks happy!

They all stare at the obviously miserable snow leopard for a moment longer in silence.

JOEY
My favorite was feeding Shiva the bull.

LUCY
I liked Leo, the leopard!

JENNY
I liked the wolf. But I don't think he had a name.

JOEY
Well, let's name him then!

Lucy jumps up and down, excited.

JOEY (CONTINUED)
Something weird!

Jenny laughs.

JENNY
Okay, sounds good.

The snow leopard retreats up his fake mountainside after his battle with the glass yet again fails.

LUCY
Jenny, can I go to the bathroom please?

JENNY
Of course. Let's go.

They turn to leave Abubis as Joey turns toward her dad.

JOEY
Come on, dad.

Scott plods after them, catching up to Jenny, and throws a loving arm around her shoulders.

31 EXT. ZOO. DAY. PRESENT/CONTINUED FROM SCENE 25.

Joey continues staring, anger swelling up in her sad expression, then abruptly storms away from the snow leopard enclosure that's now empty.

32 INT. BUS. DAY.

Joey and Lucy ride a public bus. Lucy plays with her phone as Joey rests her head on Lucy's shoulder, distant eyes.

JOEY V.O.

The snow leopard's nickname is "ghost of the mountain." I wonder what it'd be like to be one.

A ghost.

33 CLAYMATION. EXT. STREET SIDEWALK. DAY.

INTERCUT

A dog wears a ghost costume while walking down the street on a bright and beautiful day. Flower trees, a seesaw, and a park-bench sit in the background.

JOEY V.O.

--Or a snow leopard actually. Eat some mountain goats, maybe. Scare some people.

Exist entirely alone.

You know, ghost-cat things.

The clay dog suddenly turns into a snow leopard, still wearing the ghost costume, and stalks a dog that's wearing a goat costume, then--without warning--turns and pounces on a dog walking in the opposite direction.

END INTERCUT

34 INT. BUS. CONTINUED.

Lucy suddenly looks up from her phone.

LUCY

Oh! Are you going to Quincy's party tomorrow night?

JOEY
Probably not.

LUCY
Probably not, why not!?

JOEY
I don't wanna go.

Lucy rolls her eyes.

JOEY (CONTINUED)
I hate parties.

LUCY
No one hates parties.

Joey's eyes pop wide in equal parts horror and entertainment.

JOEY
YOU hate parties! You've literally
always hated parties!

LUCY
(bad at lying)
I don't hate parties! What? I don't
hate parties.

Joey raises an eyebrow, intrigued.

JOEY
Wait, is Max going to be there?

Lucy blushes.

LUCY
I don't know.

Joey looks skeptical as Lucy laughs, embarrassed.

JOEY
(playful/taunting)
You guys are kind of cute.

Joey winks at Lucy, and Lucy's eyes pop wide in horror.

LUCY
I don't know if Max is going to be
there or not!

JOEY
(teasing)
Sure, I believe you.

They laugh.

LUCY
So... will you come?

Joey shrugs, indifferent.

JOEY
I--I don't know.

Lucy curiously looks at Joey as Joey avoids eye contact.

LUCY
(genuine)
DO IT, because it will make you happy.

Joey's eyes turn distant as she thinks.

35 INT. THERAPY OFFICE. DAY.

A sign reads "Be Happy" underneath a doodle of a smiling rhino. It sits in the windowsill adjacent to where Joey sits in therapy. She stares at it, skeptical and with distaste.

Then, without warning, a child screams outside. Joey quickly straightens her posture to look out the window.

A little girl and her mom fight.

GIRL
NO!

MOM
Please stop, it's embarrassing.

GIRL
I don't want to.

I hate you!

The mom grabs her little girl by the elbow and drags her away. Joey stares after them, longingly.

FELIX
Joey?

Joey doesn't hear Felix.

FELIX

Joey?

Joey still doesn't hear.

FELIX

Joey!

Joey glances back at Felix.

A heavy pause.

FELIX

(hesitant)

You know... when I'm struggling, it helps me to think of my favorite memory.

Do you have a favorite memory you could share, with me?

Joey nods, eyes distant, and surprisingly a small smile emerges.

JOEY

My mom...

36 EXT. CLIFF. DAY.

INTERCUT

Joey and her mom stand on the edge of an extremely high cliff, staring at the water below. Joey looks nervous as Jenny calms her.

JOEY (V.O/O.S.)

--once took me cliff jumping about two hours south of here. I knew we would be fine, but I was so scared. The water was so far below.

END INTERCUT

37 INT. THERAPY. CONTINUED.

JOEY

She loved to do thrilling, adventurous things like that. It made her feel closer to "something greater," and I think she wanted to share that "something greater" with me.

38 EXT. CLIFF JUMPING CLIFF. DAY.

INTERCUT

Jenny grabs Joey's hand at the top of a cliff, then whispers something to Joey.

JOEY (CONTINUED)

To get me past my nerves, she held my hand and she kept on telling me to imagine beautiful things. Like... like the simple yet satisfying smell after it rains. She always used to say that...

END INTERCUT

39 INT. THERAPY. CONTINUED.

Joey's removed smile suddenly drops and her eyes change into a distant, withdrawn stare.

JOEY

(curt)

Not that she actually found any of those things beautiful herself.

FELIX

Why do you say that?

Joey stays silent, struggling with some internal battle as her eyes dart back and forth slightly, then looks down and states,

JOEY

She would've seen only ugly.

To do what she did.

Felix shrugs.

FELIX

People are complicated.

JOEY

(emotionless/matter of fact)

Maybe.

Joey reaches for a pistachio.

FELIX
It's been two years?

JOEY
Almost.

Joey cracks the pistachio open, and diverts the conversation away from herself,

JOEY
Do you ever feel lonely listening to
other people's stories?

Felix shrugs.

FELIX
Sometimes.

An uncomfortably long pause.

Felix awkwardly shifts in his chair as Joey stays calm and unfazed.

FELIX
So, your dad mentioned to me that you
recently got braces.

I know that can be uncomfortable, and
awkward. I had braces my senior year
of high school too.

So, how are you dealing with that?

Joey lets out a pissed-off laugh.

JOEY
Felix?

FELIX
Yeah.

JOEY
Have you ever seen someone's brain
blown to bits?

Felix re-adjusts himself again.

FELIX
No. I have not.

JOEY
(curt/bitchy)
Me neither. Except that I have.

I see it all the time.

It's on repeat in my dreams. Super pleasant.

Joey does a sarcastic thumbs up and Felix nods.

JOEY
Still can't fucking stand the color red. My dad, he threw out everything red in the house. Books, clothes, upholstery, rugs. Even my mom's favorite red dress and a painting of some old barn I couldn't stand, but once it was gone, I kind of missed it. Funny how things work like that.

Felix nods.

JOEY
He even repainted our house from red to pink, which to be honest, really isn't that much better.

So, to be concerned about the "awkward embarrassment of braces--"

Joey lets out a genuine laugh.

JOEY
My tolerance for bullshit is a little higher than that.

Joey raises her cracked pistachio shell while staring at Felix with cold eyes, as if taunting him.

40 INT. BATHROOM. NIGHT.

Joey brushes her teeth so hard that her gums bleed. She ignores this and continues to violently brush.

JOEY (V.O.)
For the record, braces do suck.
I wish I could scrub them away.
I wish I could scrub everything away.

Joey spits bloodied toothpaste into the sink.

41 INT. HOUSE PARTY. NIGHT.

Music blares in a small living room. Teenagers awkwardly fumble about, and an awkward vibe percolates the room.

Sammy plays foosball with a girl, and he is overly intense about it in a strictly male-teenager way. She scores and wins.

SAMMY

Damnit!

He throws his hands up in the air and turns in a circle with his hands on his head, frustrated.

SAMMY

Okay, alright--

Again! Again?

The girl rolls her eyes, exasperated, as if this is their tenth re-match.

GIRL

Okay, whatever.

Sammy lets out a heavy, dramatic breath before dropping the foosball back into the court.

Meanwhile, Joey sits uncomfortably on an adjacent couch holding a solo cup. In front of her, a boy plays twister and thrusts his pelvis into the air that meets Joey's eye level. Joey's eyes widen in amusement.

QUINCY, an awkward and scattered guy with hair in toddler-like disarray, enters the room. To get everyone's attention, he bangs a spoon against a coffee cup like at a formal gathering.

Everyone looks at him.

QUINCY

Um...

I just want to say that the party is just getting started. I just heard some hockey boys are coming---um--said they were coming. So it's gunna get poppin'! So, don't leave.

But, uh, do leave. By 11:00...pm,
please.

Everyone continues staring up at him. He gives an awkward
little bow.

QUINCY (CONTINUED)
Um okay, carry on.

Lucy shows her support by clapping,

LUCY
WOO!

QUINCY
I'm gunna go get a, uh, snack.

Quincy exits the room.

Joey takes a sip from her solo cup and glances over at Lucy
who is flirting with MAX, who is obviously head-over-heels
for Lucy.

MAX
(overly enthusiastic)
We should actually hang out sometime!

LUCY
I know.

Lucy bats her eyelashes.

MAX
Do you like Tarantino films? My dad
has--

LUCY.
No way. I HATE Tarantino films.

A look of ultimate dread takes over Max's face. But Lucy is
already on a rant,

LUCY
All he ever does is make stories super
fake and bloody and "fuck yeah!" just
so people can get off to them.

Lucy raises her eyebrows at Max, as if expecting him to
agree.

The light has left his soul, but he obeys.

MAX
(bad at lying)
I totally agree with you.

Totally...

Me neither!

So, do you live anywhere close to here?

LUCY
No. I ubered here.

Max awkwardly laughs, not sure what else to say, and turns away.

LUCY
Actually, I ubered here--and live next to--my best friend, Joey White. Maybe you've heard of her? She takes tons of art classes and has college counseling with us in Auditorium A.

Lucy points over to Joey who has the unfortunate timing of spitting vodka right back into a shot glass as they look at her. Joey coughs and recoils from the taste.

Max looks disgusted. Lucy looks entertained.

MAX
I uh, haven't.

LUCY
Well... she's kind of a recluse.

Joey glances around, hoping nobody saw, and as she does Sammy plops down next to her.

SAMMY
Hey Joey!

He leans in too close to Joey's face to be polite, and Joey pulls back.

JOEY
I don't really feel much like taking right now, Sammy.

Sammy looks confused, but maintains a smile.

SAMMY

You know Joey, why do you always gotta be such a bitch?

Joey opens her mouth in horror, but not sure what to say, immediately stands up and storms to the door.

SAMMY

Wait, Joey! It was just a joke. C'mon.
I was just joking!

Joey flips Sammy off before slamming the door behind her.

42 INT. BIOLOGY CLASSROOM. DAY.

Joey doodles pictures of claymation dogs as Mr. Bowers lectures about neurons:

MR. BOWERS

What's an example of this type of response?

RANDOM STUDENT

Smell.

MR. BOWERS

Good, smell! When odors reach the top of the nasal cavity, receptors on nerves detect them, and it's this unique combination of activated nerve signals traveling to the brain that generate unique smells.

Joey stops drawing and looks up at Mr. Bowers.

Her eyes go distant and she is distracted, thinking of something else.

MR. BOWERS

People can detect at least one trillion distinct smells, scent-cells are renewed every 30 to 60 days,

and dogs have nearly 44 times more scent-cells than humans. Crazy Right!?

Joey's pencil drops onto her dog-doodle, and she becomes stuck in a separate time and space.

JOEY (V.O.)

Among those trillion smells.... some

of them represent the people we love.
That distinct smell they have when we
press our head into their shoulder
while hugging them...

43 CLAYMATION. INT. UNDERGROUND BASEMENT. AFTERNOON.

INTERCUT

JOEY (V.O.)

All of her things are in boxes in the
basement now.

Sometimes, I go down there and sit on
the dusty floor to breathe.

I go in there to smell her.

To smell memories, really.

I love that smell.

The little girl dog from the first claymation skit is in a
basement, sniffing around a maze of cardboard boxes. There's
a doodle of a cat's face scribbled on the water heater.

She suddenly collapses to the ground, eyes sad, and then
sniffs up at the air.

Eventually, she stands back up and goes to open a box.

There are paint supplies in the box, and her expression falls
into despair as she picks up a paintbrush.

END INTERCUT

44 INT. UNDERGROUND BASEMENT. AFTERNOON.

Joey searches through the cluttered basement. It looks
exactly like the basement constructed in the claymation scene
except live action (including a dry-erase cat doodle on the
water heater).

Joey sifts through boxes, finding many interesting and odd
objects, until she arrives at a pair of heart-shaped pink
glasses. She stares at them, her lone reflection shining back
at her within the lenses.

45 INT. BOUTIQUE. DAY. MEMORY.

Joey and her mom are tying on funny top hats in a quirky

store. Everything around them is entirely pink: pink clothes, wall, objects, etc. Wes Anderson style.

Joey tries on a pair of round glasses.

Immediately Joey screams out,

JOEY

No, no!

As Jenny screams,

JENNY

Yes, I love them!

JOEY

(dramatic/upset)

They accentuate the roundness of my face!

JENNY

Well that's a good thing! Your face is beautiful.

JOEY

That's easy for you to say. You have a chiseled jawbone!

Jenny laughs, dismissing Joey's silly concern, and points to a pair of heart shaped glasses and picks them up. Their reflections shine back to them in the lenses: both of them together.

JENNY

Try these.

Joey tries them on.

JOEY

These are actually pretty good.

Joey checks the price tag.

JOEY

They're like \$40 for cheap plastic.

JENNY

Yeah, but they'll make you happy.

Joey looks a bit confused by her mom's comment,

JOEY
I mean, I guess.

They're cool!

JENNY
Get them because it'll make you happy!

JOEY
Okay.

Joey assesses herself in the mirror again.

JOEY(CONTINUED)
You should get something too. Maybe a
dress, orr--

Joey's talking fades out as Jenny notices a broken, golden
stopwatch. It's stuck on the time 7:15.

Jenny picks it up, mesmerized by it.

JOEY
Mom? Mom?

It's broken.

Mom?

Jenny doesn't seem to hear Joey.

JOEY
Mom!

Joey grabs the clock from Jenny, and Jenny snaps back into
reality.

JOEY
Are you okay?

JENNY
Yeah, I was just--

JOEY
What's so interesting about a broken
clock?

JENNY
Nothing.

JOEY
(assertive)
Well okay, let's go find something
else.

JENNY
(timid)
Okay.

They exit the scene and the frame blurs to pink.

46 INT. UNDERGROUND BASEMENT. AFTERNOON. PRESENT.

Joey continues to search through boxes and finds one of her old barbies. She's wearing a soccer jersey and missing a leg. Joey picks her up and affectionately wipes dust from her face.

47 INT. KITCHEN. DAY. MEMORY.

Joey and Lucy, both around 7-years-old, play barbies at the kitchen table. Lucy brushes her barbie's hair as Joey plays "soccer" with hers.

Lucy abruptly looks up at Joey,

LUCY
Where's your mom?

Joey shrugs.

JOEY
Sleeping.

Lucy's face scrunches up in thought as she continues to brush her barbie's hair.

LUCY
She sleeps a lot.

Joey is lost in her happy world of barbies and childhood innocence and merely shrugs.

JOEY
Yeah!

48 INT. BASEMENT. AFTERNOON. PRESENT.

Joey sets the barbie down and opens up a new box.

Her face turns to shock.

Her mom's red dress, the one her dad supposedly threw out, sits inside the box.

JOEY. (V.O.)
He lied. He didn't throw it out.

Joey picks it up as if it's a holy object.

She brings it to her face and slowly and deeply inhales the smell.

49 INT. SHOP. DAY. MEMORY.

Joey and Jenny are in a shop composed only of red: red clothes, red wall, red objects.

Jenny sifts through clothes on a rack. Her eyes are tired and melancholic.

Joey exclaims from behind,

JOEY
Mom! Look at this!

As Jenny turns around, she shifts her expression entirely, smiling a fake smile for Joey.

Joey holds up the red dress.

JENNY
(fake happy)
Oh my gosh, I love it!

JOEY
You do? really?

JENNY
Yes, I love it!

Joey is very happily surprised by this, smiling wide.

JOEY
Let's go try it on then.

JENNY
Okay!

Joey hands the dress to Jenny and affectionately puts a hand on Jenny's back as they head to the dressing room.

50 INT. DRESSING ROOM. CONTINUED.

Yellow drapes cover the dressing room. Jenny abruptly pulls them back to reveal herself standing in the red dress.

The frame cuts off her face, her expression unknown.

51 INT. BASEMENT. AFTERNOON. PRESENT.

Joey sets down the dress, and something catches her attention in the corner of her eye. A shiny, Kodak photograph is peaking out from clutter near the box where she just retrieved the dress.

She grabs the photograph. In it, Jenny is laughing hysterically with a man who has his hand affectionately around her.

Joey's eyebrows furrow, confused and upset.

JOEY
What the fuck?

52 EXT. GRAVEYARD. DAY. MEMORY.

Everyone wears black and long, pained faces.

The man from the picture approaches a tear-stained Joey from behind. He places a hand gently on her shoulder. Joey jolts and swerves around, eyes narrowed with pre-determined fury.

MAN
I'm so sorry for the pain you are
going through.

No one should ever have to feel left
like this,

but your mom was an incredible person.
She really was.

In response, two tears silently roll down Joey's face.

MAN (CONTINUED)
And if you ever need anything, please
don't hesitate to reach out.

The man hands Joey his business card and exits.

Scott notices the interaction and immediately rushes over to Joey.

SCOTT
Hey sweetheart.

JOEY
(emotionless)
Hi dad.

A pause.

SCOTT
So, what did the guy say to you?

Joey shrugs, eyes caught somewhere else.

JOEY
Nothing really. Who was he?

Scott's face floods with emotion.

SCOTT
One of your mom's friends.

Scott quickly turns and rushes away from the venue toward the heart of the graveyard.

Joey stares curiously after him and then down at the man's business card.

JOEY (V.O. O.S.)
The funny thing about people, even
people you love, is that you can never
entirely know them.

53 INT. BASEMENT. AFTERNOON. PRESENT.

Joey stares at the picture of the man and her mom.

JOEY (V.O.)
There will always be parts of them you
can't possibly understand.

Sad parts, yes.

But happy parts, too.

Joey affectionately strokes her mom's happy and smiling face.

54 INT. ENTRYWAY. AFTERNOON.

A cat-clock is hung in the entryway. It's identical to the one that was in the first claymation scene, red minute hands.

It ticks loudly as Joey sits on the stairs holding the picture from the basement.

55 EXT. SIDEWALK. DAY.

Joey is wearing a different outfit, a new day, and smokes a cigarette properly--inhaling deep--while leaning up against a tree.

Silent tears begin to roll down her cheeks, and as she cries, she desperately inhales more smoke in an attempt to numb herself but she only starts crying harder.

56 INT. THERAPY OFFICE. DAY.

Joey drops a heart-shaped box of Valentines-Day chocolates on the table between herself and Felix.

JOEY
(curt)
I'm sorry about how I treated you last time.

Felix laughs.

FELIX
Valentines chocolates?
Joey, it's May!

JOEY
Yeah... some boy gave them to me. But I never ate them.

Felix's eyes suddenly widen in surprise.

FELIX
Oh!
Nice shirt.

Joey glances down at her shirt. It says, "Anything you can do I can do bleeding" with a simple, artistic depiction of a uterus bleeding.

JOEY
Oh. Thanks!

FELIX
(slightly uncomfortable)
Order it online?

JOEY

No. I designed it myself to help destigmatize periods and female genitalia.

Felix's expression turns horrified at Joey's verbal mention of genitalia. But Joey continues, unabashed.

JOEY

The idea that periods are "gross," "embarrassing," and "disgusting" fuels a lack of sexual education and improper treatment of uterine disorders.

FELIX

(pretend interested)

Really?

Joey seems to sense Felix's unease and finds it amusing, so she persists.

JOEY

Here's a fun fact I bet you didn't know: Almost half of toxic shock syndrome deaths in the US per year are from TAMPONS. Women are either uneducated about how to use them properly or are too embarrassed to go in to the ER if one turns "sideways up there."

Joey makes a slightly vulgar motion with a finger.

FELIX

(repulsed)

Oh!

JOEY

I actually started selling it online.

(tone shift: introspective-->angry-->manic)

Within like two hours of it posting, I actually got a death threat and over 200 comments literally proclaiming the "inferiority of women," how unfair feminism is, or how "perverted," "gross," and "VAGINA-OBSESSED" I must be to print such a "TWISTED GARMENT."

And I'm sorryyy if a simple, artistic representation of a uterus and a graphic that, if blue, would be a raindrop offends you.

But, if so, clearly you have not seen porn!

(sarcastic)

Boy are you missing out.

Oh, or maybe that's the only way you wanna view female genitalia?

For your own pleasure.

A pause.

JOEY (CONTINUED)
(accusatory)
Why, Felix? Do you think it's
"abominably gross" also?

Felix thinks for a moment, looking at the shirt.

FELIX
Honestly,

A pause, and Felix puts his hands up in innocence.

FELIX (CONTINUED)
I think it's genius. And I'm sorry you
were attacked for selling it.

JOEY
As I said before, I have a high
tolerance for bullshit. And people are
bullshit.

A long pause as Felix seems to calculate his next words.

FELIX
When you look at me Joey, what do you
see?

Joey skeptically raises an eyebrow.

FELIX
No, I'm serious, what do you see?

JOEY

I don't know. A 40-year-old Polish dude?

FELIX

Do you see an organismal biology major turned heroine addict?

Joey's eyes widen, taken aback at the abrupt turn.

FELIX (CONTINUED)

Do you see NY's #1 tattoo artist in the 90s?

Do you see a gay man?

Do you see I've been depressed, desperate, too?

No. You don't. You see a nervous therapist.

It's my second week.

You see someone who can't possibly understand your pain, but I may understand you more than you want me to.

Because, pieces of our pain hover over many lives. No one escapes unscathed.

So I fucking get it why that magazine pissed you off! And why mascara can be so much more than just "makeup" and how straight, cis, bigoted men can be entirely terrifying.

Entirely.

But I don't know what it's like to be YOU. I don't know what it's like to be an 18-year-old girl. I don't know what it's like to have a father who won't let me study where I want to.

A heavy pause.

FELIX

And I certainly don't understand what it's like to lose someone to suicide.

Joey's eyes raise to meet Felix's. Glassy tears fill them. She looks back down after the word has had time to hang in the air.

FELIX

It's entirely different...

but I do understand pain, and anger.

I do. And so what you have to ask yourself is this: are you going to let your pain callous you? Are you going to take that pain and make others feel insecure about themselves? Or will you try to transform it into something new?

JOEY

(defensive)

You don't understand my story at all!

FELIX

(desperate)

And no one will ever entirely understand it. They just won't! But can you help me try to understand?

A moment of silence. Joey taps her foot on the ground. TAP TAP TAP. Joey finally nods,

JOEY

(curt)

Okay.

A pause.

FELIX

(genuine)

Thank you.

Now... I have a difficult question.

Felix pauses, debating his next words,

FELIX (CONTINUED)

Are you mad at her?

Joey rolls her eyes.

JOEY
(emotionless)
I mean, she's annoying as all hell,
but she makes my dad happy, so it's
kind of whatever.

Felix looks surprised by Joey's response.

FELIX
Not Erica. Are you mad at your mom?

JOEY
(Confused)
Why would I be mad at my mom?

Felix's face pinches up in sympathy and pain, but he
proceeds,

FELIX
For leaving you.

Not sure what to say, Joey's brows furrow. Her eyes quickly
dart back and forth like prey searching for an escape while
cornered by a predator.

Everything is very quiet except the loud ticking of a clock.

57 EXT. FRONT PORCH. NIGHT

INTERCUT.

The ticking of the clock continues.

Police and ambulance lights reflect off "do not enter" tape,
then across a shed, then across the front of Joey's house.
Joey waits impatiently on the porch.

Scott exits the house and pulls Joey into a hug, speaking
something inaudible.

Joey collapses onto the ground, her dad not able to keep her
upright, in half speed.

JOEY (V.O.)
Is it true? Has she left forever?

It all feels like some far off dream
that I'll soon wake up from.

"I would never leave you," she'd say.

Except I'm not waking up.

Silent screams. Scott holds her as she writhes on the ground.

END INTERCUT

58 INT. KITCHEN. DAY.

A couple years prior, Jenny drinks pink, strawberry-flavored vodka straight out of its bottle at the kitchen table. Wasted.

Mascara runs down her face from crying, and she wears a red shirt that has three cartoon cat faces printed on it. The three faces share one tail, one body.

She shakily pours vodka into a shot glass before abandoning the attempt at "normalcy" and swigs straight from the bottle.

Then, she just sits there in the silence (Medium-wide to capture her isolation / loneliness).

It looks like she's about to start crying again when Scott suddenly enters the kitchen from a back door, carrying groceries.

He immediately drops them.

SCOTT
(angry)
Jenny!

Jenny looks up, bewildered, as Scott grabs the vodka and violently pours it down the sink.

Jenny stands up, unstable, and flails her body and arms as she speaks.

JENNY
(Shrieks, angry-drunk)
Hey! Thats m-mine!

I'm not doing anything illegal! I'm
not hurting anyone! I'm in my own
home.

Just leave me alone!

Jenny has crazy eyes, dark and frightening.

SCOTT
(furious)
You're so selfish!

How can you always be so selfish!?

Jenny falls back into her chair and hysterically sobs.

In response, Scott's anger slowly melts into worry and concern. He paces before pulling out a chair and sitting next to Jenny.

SCOTT
Jenny, shhh. It's okay.

I didn't mean it.

Jenny looks up at him, tangible pain and self-loathing in her red eyes.

JENNY
Yes you did.

SCOTT
No.

I didn't.

JENNY
(frantic/sad)
It's just that sometimes I don't even
feel like I'm even in my own body.

I'm always SAD!

Scott sits down next to her and takes her hands in his.

SCOTT
We can try something new.

JENNY
(scared)
No.

SCOTT
(exasperated)
Jenny, we can't just give up! Anybody
whose going through this, they need to
try many things to find something that
works. They just do. There's help out
there, but you have to take it, and

believe it.

And not every moment is going to feel
like this one.

Jenny's eyes are distant, too gone to process Scott's words,
but she stutters back,

JENNY
You must hate me.

SCOTT
(pained)
No. I love you.
(mock upbeat)
Joey loves you!
(sincere)
Joey loves you more than anything else
in this world.

What about Joey?

Realization and panic flood Jenny's face. She stands up
again, unsteady, and falls back on the stove, accidentally
opening it ajar but then closing it.

She descends into panic attack, breathing erratically and
hyperventilating.

JENNY
(high-pitched whispers)
No, no, Joey. No Joey. I love you
Joey, no. Joey!

Scott stares at her, bewildered and confused.

Jenny stumbles to a third chair at the table and falls into
it. To get closer, Scott takes the chair that had just been
hers.

As Jenny falls into her new chair, she points to a blue,
glass bird that sits above the sink.

JENNY
The bird, the bird!

SCOTT
What?

JENNY
The bird! Give me the bird!

Jenny thrashes her pointer finger toward the bird's position.

JENNY

The bird!

Scott, suddenly understanding, quickly retrieves the bird and places it in Jenny's hands. As he does so, her breathing begins to calm.

SCOTT

(frantically trying to help)

Do you remember when we got this? Do you remember? We were so happy then, Jenny. Awe, everything's going to be okay Jenny.

Scott holds her and kisses her on the top of her head.

Jenny leans into Scott's shoulder and unsettlingly smiles happily up at him as she cradles the bird.

But the smile, however genuine, is just as quickly replaced by a sob.

JENNY

I'm sorry, Scott. I'm so sorry. I didn't mean to do it again. I did it again!

Jenny's attention suddenly shifts and she begins to kindly whisper to the bird,

JENNY

I'm so sorry.

I'm sorry.

Tears fill Scott's eyes as he stares at Jenny, and he brushes her hair out of her face.

SCOTT

(calm + sincere)

Just hold onto the bird,

and you think about the bird.

Jenny's expression suddenly shifts to calm as she stares down at the fragile glass bird in her pale hands.

Scott lovingly brushes the back of his hand down Jenny's

cheek, brushing a tear away. As he does so, Jenny's eyes (simultaneous movement) flash up. There's suddenly clarity and intensity in them. Scott's eyes widen in alarm.

SCOTT

Hey,

what are you thinking?

JENNY

(a creepy/drunken revelation)

The bird.

I'm protecting it.

Jenny looks up and and the corners of her lips pull up, detached.

SCOTT

(Judgemental/concerned)

Okay... you protect the bird.

(Lovingly)

Now listen to me, Jenny. I'll be right back.

Okay?

I'll be right back.

Jenny doesn't look at him, she just continues to look into oblivion, spaced out.

Scott leaves the kitchen.

Jenny strokes the bird with her pointer finger in rhythm with the ticking of the entryway's cat clock as a single mascara-filled tear streams down her face.

59 EXT. ENTRYWAY. CONTINUED.

Joey wears a backpack and clothes much more colorful than her current style. She ascends the porch steps of her house before turning to Lucy, who walks away on the sidewalk,

JOEY

Love you Lucy!

Lucy cranes her head toward Joey in response before exiting the shot,

LUCY
Love you too!

Joey smiles at her friend, then turns around to go inside (opposite camera), and when her face is shown to camera again, her smile has turned to worried, pursed lips. Serious eyes. A seamless transition: This is not a happy place. She has returned to the dark anxiety of what is home.

She slowly twists the handle and lets herself in.

60 INT. ENTRYWAY. CONTINUED.

It's quiet inside.

JOEY
Mom! Dad?

Mom?

61 INT. KITCHEN. CONTINUED.

Joey walks into the kitchen.

Horror floods her expression.

Jenny lovingly stares down at the bird at the kitchen table, still stroking it affectionately like it's a child.

Jenny looks up at Joey,

JENNY
(matter-of-fact)
All I ever want is to protect you.

Jenny looks back down at the bird.

Joey, horrified, turns away and runs out of frame.

62 INT. THERAPY. DAY / CONTINUED FROM SCENE 52.

JOEY
(nonchalant)
I'm not angry. I'm not angry.

FELIX
You sure?

JOEY
(angry)
I said I'm not angry, okay!?

FELIX

Okay.

Joey Fidgets uncomfortably.

FELIX

Well,

is there anything that's happened
since our last session that you'd like
to talk about?

Joey is too quick to answer,

JOEY

No.

Felix stares at her for a moment, thinking,

SCOTT

You sure?

Joey's eyes dart back and forth once again, a cornered
animal.

63 INT. ENTRYWAY. AFTERNOON / CONTINUED FROM SCENE 50.

Repeat imagery: A cat-clock is hung in the entryway. It ticks
loudly as Joey stares at it, waiting. She sits on the stairs
holding the picture of the mystery-man and her mom, waiting
for her dad to come home.

JOEY (V.O.)

Every tick of a clock, a moment longer
separating times past from time
present. Ashen, granular, and gone.

INTERCUT

Jenny walks in a garden, cuts carrots, and reads next to
Joey.

JOEY (V.O.)

I wish I could peel back time, to any
seemingly simple moment.

Watch her cut carrots, or read a book,
or just look up and she walks into the
room.

END INTERCUT

Joey looks up as Scott opens the door and walks into the room.

Scott looks down at Joey sitting on the stairs a bit confused.

SCOTT
You alright?

Joey immediately stands up, determined, and hands the picture to Scott.

JOEY
(stubborn)
Who is this with mom?

Scott glances down at the picture and shakes his head in amazement/confusion.

SCOTT
Where did you find this?

64 INT. BASEMENT. CONTINUED.

Scott pulls a shoebox out from under a dresser in the corner of the room and hands it to Joey. Joey opens it to find stacks of letters and photographs.

SCOTT
Your mom and I were in an open relationship for the last three years of her life.

These are the pictures and letters between them. He was your mom's boyfriend.

JOEY
(angry)
What!?

SCOTT
Joey, it wasn't my idea! I just wanted to give her what she wanted.

A pause. Joey looks as if she may puke.

JOEY
(dissociative)
That's when you met Erica.

SCOTT
No. I was never with anyone else while
she was alive.

A heavy pause.

SCOTT (CONTINUED)
She asked for the open relationship.

Joey begins furiously pawing through the pictures.

JOEY
(curt/bitchy)
She looks happy, even if only for a
moment.

Thank you for giving that to her.

Joey throws the box to the ground, pictures and letters
spilling everywhere.

SCOTT
(gentle/loving)
The world is more complicated than
just black and white. Your mom, she
was more complicated than that.

JOEY
(furious/scary)
But how could she leave ME, dad!? How
could she leave ME,

OF ALL PEOPLE?!

SCOTT
(patient)
Sweetheart, when people are in that
headspace, they think the best thing
they can do for the people they love
is to remove themselves.

JOEY
That doesn't make any sense!

SCOTT
It's never going to make sense. It
doesn't make sense. It's not something
that can make sense.

JOEY
(screaming)
Dad, it has to make sense! Things
don't just not make sense! It has to
make sense somehow!

SCOTT
(angry)
No, it doesn't! You can't puzzle the
logic back together, Joey, because the
reasoning was wrong! Because it's
fundamentally flawed and tragic, and
not true!

Silent tears rapidly fall down Joey's cheeks.

JOEY
(broken)
I loved her so much.

SCOTT
(gentle/loving/intense)
Mom was depressed, and It's never
going to be right or fair, but she
loved you more than anything.

Joey looks up at her dad with narrowed eyes (fury and anger
and hurt all palpable in the performance).

JOEY
Did you love her?

Scott laughs a sad laugh before he starts crying to.

SCOTT
I still love your mother, Joey. Love,
real love, can never be said in the
past- tense. It is the only thing that
time cannot diminish.

Joey nods as she wipes away her tears. A long, heavy pause.

JOEY
(genuine)
I guess I'm glad you're finally doing
what will make you happy, and if that
means Erica, then you have my
blessing, or whatever.

Scott puts both his hands on Joey's shoulders.

SCOTT

Erica isn't going to change anything between me and your mom, and I will ALWAYS wish things were different...

But also, you gotta realize that Erica isn't going to change anything between you and I, either.

JOEY

Do you love her?

SCOTT

Yes. Yes I do. I really do.

Joeys expression becomes distant.

JOEY

(detached)

Good.

A heavy silence. Scott stares at her lovingly and worriedly, tears streaming down his face.

Joey's expression begins to morph back into her stoic calm, her mask.

JOEY

(hesitant)

And I know you're worried about me, and to be honest I'm a little worried about me too, but I think I need to find... my own way... to help myself feel better.

(voice becomes uncharacteristically small and child-like)

Dad, it would really mean a lot if you could reconsider letting me go study in New York.

SCOTT

(tired/disappointed)

Joey, we already talked about this. It's too far. Anything could happen out there, and... you're too young.

JOEY

(genuine plea)

Dad, please?

SCOTT
(assertive)
I'm sorry Joey, but the answer is
still no.

Joey's expression melts into anger yet again and she storms out of the room, up the stairs, and violently slams the door behind her.

65 EXT. STREET. CONTINUED.

Joey furiously rushes down an alleyway and, without warning, violently kicks over a trash can. Trash spills everywhere.

Joey pauses, debating, then bends over to pick the trash up.

Dogs bark from the commotion.

66 INT. LIVING ROOM. DAY.

An array of sculpting utensils are sprawled out before her at a living room table. Joey's face is forlorn as she sculpts one of the claymation dogs: the father dog.

The sound of a waterfall fades into the scene.

JOEY
When she painted, she liked to listen
to the sound of waterfalls. She said
it made time feel irrelevant because
it was--

67 CLAYMATION. INT. IMITATION OF MOM'S ART STUDIO. TIME UNKNOWN.

INTERCUT

JOEY (V.O.)
--a constant cascade of the same
thing: never changing.

The little girl dog stands in an art studio that has nothing on the white walls but nails tacked in. There is an easel in the middle of the room, but in place of where a canvas should be, there is a mirror.

JOEY (V.O.)
But if you never change to stop the
clock from ticking, then you end up
staying in the same place all your
life.

But time won't.

The little girl dog breaks the fourth wall, and as she does so, she transforms into an adult dog.

She turns to face the easel and looks into the mirror. She smiles and then starts painting on her face. He darkens her eyebrows and paints her lips a deep red.

Suddenly, she notices something on the wall behind her: a cat clock. It ticks. Her face falls to anger and she ferociously growls at the cat clock, animalistic.

END INTERCUT

68 INT. LIVE ACTION MOM'S ART STUDIO. DAY.

Joey stands in her mom's old art studio staring at the back wall. Now empty. The only reminder of the paintings are the nails still stuck in the wall.

Joey strokes her hands across the bare wall, lingering on a nail.

INTERCUT

Blood spatter over past paintings.

JOEY V.O.

They did a good job painting over it.
Like it never even happened.

But it did.

It did happen.

END INTERCUT

Joey turns to another wall, a wall the camera hasn't yet shown. There is a large canvas sheet draped over it.

Joey pulls the canvas sheet off, revealing paintings that have remained up.

The artwork on this wall is just as it was before: the drowning girl, the raven stealing a heart from a human hand, the girl crying colorful tears "because her prom date dumped her."

JOEY (V.O.)

Maybe she was so afraid of time, that

she couldn't stand it anymore, and finally joined it.

Joey strokes her hands over various paintings, feeling her mother's work.

On a mixed-media collage, she notices pills that Jenny glued on along with a warning label that reads "MAY CAUSE DIZZINESS." Joey plucks one of the pills off, opens it up, and spills the powdery contents into her hand.

Joey blows the pill's powder [toward camera] and as she does so, she breaks the fourth wall.

JOEY V.O.

She had belonged to physical things once, but now time keeps her in its waterfall.

69 INT. PAINT STORE. DAY.

Joey stands in a paint aisle sifting through paint swatches, picking out dozens of red and pink.

A salesman glances over and rolls his eyes, judging how many swatches she's collecting.

The salesman approaches.

SALESMAN

(cheery)

Anything in particular you're looking for today, ma'am?

JOEY

Um, yeah.

What's your most blood-like looking shade?

The salesman's eyes pop wide in awkward shock/judgement, but he quickly recomposes himself.

SALESMAN

Uhh. I think crimson--uh, deep crimson--is pretty bloody. Uh, follow me.

The salesman leads Joey further down the aisle, rolling his eyes, and gingerly picks out a swatch.

SALESMAN
I think this one should do!

He hands it to Joey. She carefully examines it.

JOEY
Oh yeah. This is pretty bloody.

Could I get a gallon of this and a
bucket of--ballerina pink?

SALESMAN
Sure thing.

70 INT. PAINT STORE. CONTINUED.

The salesman checks Joey out in silence, but he continually
looks up at her with a skeptical stare.

SALESMAN
I gave you my employee discount.

JOEY
(confused)
Thanks.

Joey turns to exit and as she does so, the salesman
dramatically rolls his eyes and quickly retreats from the
counter.

71 INT. MOM'S ART STUDIO. DAY.

Joey loudly sets the two gallons of paint down on the floor.
The floor is noticeably covered in colorful paint from
Jenny's work.

Joey opens the paint cans then submerges her hands in them--
one in red, one in pink--then examines her hands, detached.

FELIX (O.S.)
It's okay to be angry. Even at the
dead, Joey. Because if there is any
bit of anger you're harboring, which
is entirely natural, it can be helpful
to express that anger. To let it out.

JOEY (O.S.)
(Firm)
I said, I'm not angry.

Okay!?

Joey suddenly begins to hyperventilate as she stares at her hands, then she scoops up more paint in both palms, stands up, and throws the paint at the wall.

SPLAT.

Joey screams

JOEY
(scream)
I hate you! I hate you!

Joey deteriorates into an angry, sobbing mess, thrashing paint onto one of the bare walls while screaming.

As she randomly and violently smudges the paint around the wall, it begins to organically take the shape of two angel's wings: one red, one pink. Then she begins hitting the wall with furious force.

JOEY
You left us! You left us!

I hate you!

Joey turns to face the wall full of artwork. Then, she picks up the whole can of pink paint and throws it onto the canvases.

All her mom's artwork is now covered in pink. Ruined.

JOEY
Fuck you I hate you! I HATE YOU. You
left us! YOU LEFT US!

Joey furiously rips down all of the paint-covered artwork and kicks in one of the canvasses in raw, aggressive anger.

She screams out in agony then turns back to the "angel wings," falling forward toward the "wings" unable to support herself. She props her self up using the wall but slowly slides down with her face pressed up against it, smearing paint onto her face.

Her words fade into violent sobs, and her anger slowly dwindles and she strokes the wall affectionately, as if it's a friend, as her crying turns more quiet.

JOEY
Mom! mom. mom. mom. mom?

Please, mom?

Mommy?

Mom, mom, mom. I miss you, mom.

I'm all alone.

Mom I miss you. Mom?

Mom?

She glances down at her red covered hand, and fear floods her face as she examines the crimson,

JOEY
(scared)
It's my mom!

She falls backward onto the floor, out of frame.

72 INT. ART STUDIO. CONTINUED.

Joey lies on the ground staring up at the ceiling, covered in what looks to be real blood in place of where the paint was. Her breathing is hiccupy and erratic.

As she lies there staring up at the ceiling, she digs her hands into a pool of pink and red paint on the floor at her side--mixing the colors together.

JOEY (V.O.)
It feels like her blood, but it's not.

It's all over.

She's somewhere else.

She's somewhere new.

A single pink tear falls down Joey's cheek as she shakes her head "no."

73 INT. JOEY'S ROOM. LATE AFTERNOON.

Clothes are sprawled out all over Joey's bed as she packs them into a yellow suitcase. The painting of the victorious "un-hooked woman" covered in blood sits on the bed as well.

The last thing Joey packs into the suitcase is the painting. She stares at the woman for a moment as the woman stares back

up at Joey from the suitcase, then Joey shuts/zips the suitcase.

Joey retrieves a cigarette package from her night-stand drawer, and solemnly stares at it, debating.

JOEY. V.O.
I don't even like smoking--

74 CLAYMATION. INT. IMITATION OF JOEY'S ROOM. DAY.

JOEY (V.O.)
--I do it to make her angry looking down at me. Make her wish she was here so that she could grab them out of my mouth and snap them in half.

The grown-up girl dog sits on a bed in a room that looks exactly like Joey's and smokes a cigarette. She's wearing a red dress.

JOEY (V.O.)
Sometimes, we don't think about why we do something, because then we have to admit we're not okay. But if we don't admit it, then we stay the same. We stay silently angry, disguising our anger and sadness in pink.

The dog relinquishes her cigarette and puts on an identical pink dress over her red dress. She smiles for a moment once she puts on the pink dress and adjusts her earrings, but then her expression abruptly turns melancholic.

75 INT. JOEY'S ROOM. CONTINUED.

Joey opens the cigarette cartridge, pulls out all the cigarettes, and snaps them all in half.

Her hands violently quake after the fact.

(Solely O.T.S. shot: emotion only through hands)

JOEY (O.S.)
(Genuine)
Regardless of whether I'm angry or not, I can't put myself in her headspace--

76 INT. THERAPY SESSION. DAY.

JOEY

--I don't know what it's like to feel
so lost that darkness feels kind
compared to knowledge.

Bart nods, serious eyes.

JOEY (CONTINUED)

(uncharacteristically
introspective)

I think most types of pain are
temporary. And sometimes we can see
the horizon in life, but it's not
near. And it's so easy to get lost in
the fact that it's not near, to fixate
on the distance between now and then.
How far it can feel. But the horizon
is there, and if we keep on going,
then... eventually we'll reach that
point on the map.

A small smile, barely noticeable, peaks at the sides of
Bart's mouth.

JOEY (CONTINUED)

And I just wish she could have reached
her horizon, made it work for her--

Joey's voice cuts off, a knot in her throat. She clears it,
but her liquid eyes betray her.

JOEY (CONTINUED)

So that she could still be here.

77 EXT. CLIFF OVERLOOK. GOLDEN HOUR.

Joey and Lucy sit on a rock outcrop at a Colorado Springs
overlook. They can see all of Colorado Springs, a stunning
view, and in the foreground is their high-school.

They share a Twizzler while staring out at the view.

JOEY

How's Max?

LUCY

Ugh, too agreeable.

Joey laughs.

JOEY
How can someone be too agreeable?

LUCY
TRUST ME. They can.

JOEY
Fair enough.

A long pause.

LUCY
Will you miss it, Colorado Springs?

Joey thinks for a moment.

JOEY
Parts of it, yeah.

You?

Lucy shrugs.

LUCY
I'm excited to see something new.

Joey looks down, lost in a different thought. Lucy senses Joey's mood change.

LUCY
Hey Joey? Hey?

Lucy grabs Joey's hand in hers.

LUCY
Joey, look at me.

Joey looks at Lucy, tears bubbling up in her eyes.

JOEY
(belabored)
It's just that, you know, leaving
where my mom was.

I mean she always wanted to live in
New York City though so--

Joey's voice cracks.

JOEY
It's just going to be a new type of

normal, you know.

Joey looks down at the twizzler she's crumpled in her hand and Lucy nods.

JOEY

My dad always used to say that if you're unhappy, "change where you are and what you're doing.

And I've been unhappy for awhile now. But now, it's like he's completely blind to that fact. But, in a weird way,

to leave is to honor him.

Lucy suddenly begins to cry as she watches Joey struggle with her words and emotions.

LUCY

(through tears)

I know it's been harder than I can even imagine, and nothing I say can ever help any of it, but listen to me: your mom would be so proud of what you're about to do.

Lucy squeezes Joey's hand affectionately and they both glance back out at the view, together in the silence.

78 INT. KITCHEN. MORNING.

Joey sits at the kitchen table while Scott washes dishes and Erica organizes a drawer next to him.

Erica glances above the sink at a blue, glass bird in the windowsill. The bird from Jenny's drunk episode. It's been placed back in its rightful spot, where it used to be.

Erica picks it up.

ERICA

(upbeat)

I've never seen this before.

SCOTT

(defensive)

Please put it back.

ERICA
(flirtatious)
What, it's not like I'm gunna break
it.

SCOTT
(curt)
Just please put it back.

It was Jenny's.

Erica immediately places the bird back on the window sill.
Joey, with uncharacteristic sympathy in her eyes, glances
over at Erica's pained face.

JOEY
(defensive)
Dad, it's just a glass bird.

SCOTT
It's important!

Joey looks down, raises her eyebrows, and sassily mouths
"okayyy."

An awkward silence fills the room, and Erica tries to diffuse
the tension,

ERICA
Do you know what we should do?
We should make a garden.

JOEY
That could be cool.

SCOTT
There isn't enough room.

JOEY
Well, we could get rid of my old
swing-set.

SCOTT
What? You love that swing-set!

JOEY
Dad, I'm 18.

An awkward silence.

SCOTT
We aren't getting rid of the swing
set!

Scott storms out of the room, frustrated.

Joey looks down, feeling dejected now too.

Erica observes Joey's languid posture, then she grabs a box of Raisin Bran off the top of the fridge and places it in front of Joey.

Joey looks surprised.

JOEY
Thanks.

Erica nods and exits the room in the opposite direction from Scott's exit.

Joey stares at the Raisin Bran box with a distant expression on her face, thinking.

JOEY (V.O.)
One of the most screwed up dichotomies
is about struggling teens. "They're
just angsty,--

79 CLAYMATION. EXT. PARK AND BUS STOP. DAY.

JOEY (V.O.)
--angsty teens, you know how they
are."

We want to say back "No. I'm
depressed. I'm actually struggling.
Help me." But I don't think we know
how. I don't know how.

The claymation girl dog walks down a street on a beautiful, bright day with a sunken, melancholic expression. There's a pink house with a red door in the background beyond a little park.

She arrives at a bus stop and sits next to another dog who is reading the newspaper. He ignores her as she looks depressed, sulking. A bus with the word "Anxiety" written on its side stops in front of them then soon drives off.

JOEY (V.O.)
And it's hard to be a cat in a dog's

world, but at some point we have to chose. We have to chose whether to let bad things destroy or mind, or to remain. We must accept that things change, and there is still beauty in the world if we can learn to accept that change, flowing with it and not against it anymore.

The dog looks like she's about to burst into tears when a beautiful butterfly suddenly flies past her face. She watches it fly away with a curious and mesmerized expression on her face.

A bus with the word "Acceptance" written on its side stops in front of the dogs, and when it pulls away, the girl dog is no longer there. She took the bus.

80 INT. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

Joey reads a book and Erica reads a newspaper. Joey periodically glances up at Erica as the loud sound of a clock ticks.

JOEY

Erica, can I ask you something?

Erica looks surprised.

ERICA

Sure honey. Anything.

JOEY

Do you think I should go to New York to study?

Erica lets out an exasperated sigh.

ERICA

That's a hard one, Joey. I mean, I love your dad, but that doesn't mean I'm going to lie to you. I think people should go wherever life will make them the happiest, regardless of what anyone tells them.

JOEY

Is that how you live your life?

Erica shrugs.

ERICA
(tension/sadness)
It's how I'm trying to.

A pause as Joey assesses Erica.

JOEY
(hesitant)
Can I show you something?

Erica nods.

Joey thumbs through the book in her lap and pulls out a letter that was hidden within and hands it to Erica. Erica eyes it curiously as she reads.

ERICA
(excited)
Oh my gosh, Joey!

Joey smiles.

JOEY
I got off the waitlist. And I got a full scholarship. They loved my newest claymation portfolio.

Erica smiles wide, proud of Joey

ERICA
(happy)
This is--

A forlorn expression overtakes Erica's face,

ERICA (CONTINUED)
Scott is never going to let you go.

JOEY
(curt)
But I'm 18, so he doesn't really have "that" much control anymore.
(sincere)
Plus, he has you--so...

Erica smiles, affectionate.

JOEY
(Nervous)
A friend from middle-school is going to let me stay with her in her

apartment until the semester begins...

and I'm leaving next week.

Erica's face immediately melts into anger and frustration.

ERICA
(curt/angry)
Have you talked to your dad about
this?

Erica disapprovingly hands the letter back to Joey.

81 INT. DAD'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

Scott is reading a book in bed. A knock sounds on his door.

SCOTT
Come in.

Joey enters.

JOEY
Hey dad.

SCOTT
Hey sweetheart. You okay?

JOEY
Yeah, fine.

SCOTT
You sure? It's been a rough couple of
days.

JOEY
No yeah, I'm good.

What book you reading?

SCOTT
A River Runs Through It, for the third
time.

Scott laughs.

JOEY
That was mom's favorite book.

SCOTT
Yeah.

It was.

JOEY
I should probably read it.

SCOTT
You've never read it!?

Joey shakes her head no.

SCOTT
Well this book belongs to you and let me tell you why. There's a passage in it, and it just seems to fit--

Scott flips through the book to the desired page.

SCOTT
"Eventually, all things merge into one, and a river runs through it. The river was cut by the world's great flood and runs over rocks from the basement of time. On some of the rocks are timeless raindrops. Under the rocks are the words, and some of the words are theirs.

I am haunted by waters"

Scott hands the book to Joey.

SCOTT (CONTINUED)
She would want you to have that.

JOEY
Really? You're in the middle of reading it though.

SCOTT
Second times the charm.

Joey smiles, and flips through the book.

JOEY
Thanks.

Suddenly, Joey's eyes widen and her voice becomes barely a whisper.

JOEY
Are these mom's notes?

Scott laughs.

SCOTT
Yeah! One of the reasons why I love it
so much.

Joey holds the book to her chest, as if it's something holy.

JOEY
This really means a lot to me.

Joey looks up at her dad, tears bubbling in her eyes,

JOEY
I love you, dad.

JOEY
I love you too.

Joey turns to leave, but Scott stops her.

SCOTT
(sincere)
Hey Joey, and about the whole NY
thing...

I'm just trying to do what's right for
you.

Joey pauses in the entryway, thinking.

JOEY
(sincere)
I know.

Joey exits.

82 INT. JOEY'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

Joey lies in bed, eyes wide open. She tosses and turns a few
times, unable to get comfortable.

JOEY (V.O.)
Sometimes, when I can't sleep, I think
of all the things I wish I could say
to her.

83 CLAYMATION. INT. IMITATION OF JOEY'S ROOM. NIGHT.

JOEY (V.O.)
I stay like that, repeating the words

in my head.

The little-girl dog tosses and turns in her bed, then abruptly sits up: shaking in fear.

JOEY (V.O)

When I was little, and scared of the monsters under my bed instead of the very real monsters inside of our heads, she used to tell me to try and feel the heat inside of me.

That always helped.

She leans over and turns on her light, then takes a deep breath and closes her eyes. When she opens them, the mom dog is sitting right beside her. Her mom takes her into her arms, and the girl dog at last relaxes into her mom's chest.

84 INT. JOEY'S BEDROOM. CONTINUED.

Joey abruptly sits up and turns on the lamp on her bed-stand, just as the claymation dog had.

She reaches for a notebook and pen, flips open the notebook, and begins to write.

JOEY (V.O.)

Dear mom, I've been thinking about how water is the fundamental ingredient of life.--

85 MONTAGE + LETTER

[During this letter: Every sentence will have a corresponding image connoting what is being said--involving Joey and her mom or literal imagery. A montage of memories and corresponding images. The specific images are listed after the V.O.].

INTERCUT

JOEY (V.O. O.S.)

--For the anaerobic bacteria in our skin, life has evolved to thrive without any oxygen. For food-webs in the deep sea, life has evolved to harness energy in the total absence of light and photosynthesis. For animals from the desert to the antarctic, life has evolved to withstand extreme

temperature environments. But every living thing needs water. It is the fundamental ingredient of being alive. And where there is water, there is the possibility of life.

Mom, this reminds me that life is not a rigid thing. It's liquid: flowing and changing and evolving. And so are we. Constantly moving and finding our own path, picking up knowledge along the way, and in little moments of growth and accomplishment, we existed together. We were purely in the moment together somewhere in time, and those moments will always exist somewhere out there, mom.

[cliff jumping] At points, we were at the edge of what we once knew. Calculating our next steps. And it was terrifying standing over the edge. I could only remember the fun deep in my core because my immediate body contracted and demanded, "No. Stay where you are. Don't." But I don't want to live afraid of new things, and falling isn't so bad once you're already over the edge.

You wanted to share a thing that made you feel alive and present. And we were so alive as the water absorbed us and we sank silently to the bottom.

The weight of the water pressed us down, but the further up we swam, the lighter the weight became until the sun again hit our faces and the air filled our lungs.

I like to think of the girl in your painting like this: suspended in the moment before she swam back up to the horizon. At the depth about to resurface to the life she had. Hopeful that she will make it,

and so she will make it.
And I think that once people decide

that they're going to change, and I mean really change, the arduous climb out of the dark eventually becomes lighter. The steps become easier. But people have to help themselves, to evolve and change and grow,

and let go.

And nothing is black in white. Everything is grey. Especially people. No one is purely bad or good, happy or sad, or loving or angry. Everyone has all of these things. But as far as people go, you were almost: You were annoyingly almost perfect. And I'll spend the rest of my life trying to forgive where you weren't. And trying to forgive those things too that I said and did, because it confused me how you were both the funniest, goofiest person I knew, and also the most depressed and desperate. I know now that laughter and depression are of course not mutually exclusive, and that nothing really is.

But, mom, I believe we will all eventually laugh, hug, play, and talk in another time and space.

But for now I have our memories. The little moments of childhood glee where you'd take me and Lucy to the zoo to see our favorite giraffe that for some reason always stuck his tongue in his nose, or the clumsy penguins that once bit me and gave me a scar, or the pelicans that do nothing but preen each other all day. I have these memories.

I have many simple kitchen memories of us together: cooking and goofing around.

I have the time you bought M and M's and showed me how to catch them in my mouth after I had a really bad day. I have learning how to drive and

telling you I couldn't pass the test,
and you objecting, giving me a lanyard
that said "you go girl" and still
failing my first four times, but you
cheering me on anyway.

These are beautiful, sacred things.
And I hold them in my heart where they
can never fade. And I must have as
much patience and tender care for
myself as I would for a good friend,
because I still have myself and my
love and my life and sometimes we have
to be our own protector by being our
own biggest advocate and showing self-
love. I'm slowly learning to treat and
view myself how I always wanted you to
treat and view yourself.

Mom, I want to scream at the top of my
lungs to everyone: love yourself! You
are your own unique fabric of the
universe. Your consciousness and body
are irreplaceable. You are beautiful.
I love you.

Whatever is going on in your life, for
this moment you are not of dirt or
rock, you are pulsing and fluid and
powerful. No matter the turmoil, there
is still so much color around you. And
I'm not the only one who wants to
scream that to the world.

Even though you might not know it or
believe it, or always be shown it, to
someone you are everything. You are
loved.

MONTAGE IMAGES:

- 1) Anaerobic bacteria under a microscope
- 2) Hydrothermal ocean vent, Riftia worms surrounding it
- 3) Glow in the dark plankton
- 4) A pronghorn sheep and her calf stand amongst sand dunes at sunset

- 5) Penguins huddled in a blizzard
- 6) A sea star
- 7) View of sky from under water (looking up)
- 8) Salmon swimming up a stream
- 9) Young Joey and Jenny watching the salmon swim up stream
- 10) Young Joey and Jenny walk through the creek
- 11) 1000s of birds form a cloud of birds, morphing form. Swarming.
- 12) Young Joey tries to skip a rock in the creek
- 13) Drone shot of Jenny and older Joey at the cliff-jumping summit
- 14) Jenny swimming under the water: under water shot
- 15) Jenny resurfacing from the water
- 16) Jenny swimming to Joey, smiling
- 17) Jenny's painting of the drowning girl reaching for the horizon
- 18) Jenny and Joey exit the water-->pan up into a nearby tree's leaves
- 19) A flower blossoms
- 20) A bee pollinates a flower
- 21) C.U.: Joey lets go of Jenny's hand
- 22) An MRI's brain scan
- 23) Joey brakes the fourth wall in therapy
- 24) Felix cries
- 25) C.U. Jenny smiles
- 26) Scott puts a hand on Jenny's back, affectionately
- 27) Scott yells at Jenny in a parking lot
- 28) Jenny, young Joey, young Lucy, and Scott walk away from

the snow leopard Anubis

29) Jenny jokingly plays on a playground as an adult with Joey

30) Jenny and young Joey laugh in the creek

31) Young Joey lovingly looks at up at Jenny as they watch tiny penguins at the zoo

32) older Joey cries on a cliff's edge

33) Scott hugs older Joey on their porch amidst a sea of police lights-- slow-mo, C.U. of Joey's eyes in the sickening flashing of police lights as a tear blooms.

34) Jenny looks over at Scott affectionately as young Joey stands between them

35) C.U. Scott laughs

36) Jenny puts her arms around young Joey and Lucy

37) Young Joey pets a giraffe, then the giraffe sticks its tongue into its nose. Jenny laughs in response.

38) C.U. zoo penguins

39) Young Joey and young Lucy play together on a playground

40) Scott has his arm around young-Joey as they watch pelicans preen themselves on a dock

41) Older Joey jokingly scares her mom in their kitchen

42) Jenny throws an M and M into Older Joey's mouth from across the room then throws her hands up in triumph

43) Jenny hands older Joey a key fob that says "U GO GIRL!" as they stroll through a public garden

44) Young Joey, young Lucy, and another young friend all walk across a thin beam on a playground, trying not to fall. Joey is in the lead and continually glances back at her friends, making sure they're all right.

45) Time lapse of Colorado Springs at night (from an overlook's view): the lights resemble the universe

46) Shot of the milky way from earth

47) Shot of the milky way from space

48) The milky way transforms into an eye whose pupil focuses

49) older Joey and her mom walk in the creek. Jenny picks up a rock and tries to skip it.

50) As they trudge through the creek, both older Joey and Jenny break the forth wall at the same time

END INTERCUT

86 INT. JOEY'S BEDROOM. NIGHT / CONTINUED.

JOEY (CONTINUED)

And so, mom, I'm slowly beginning to learn the beauty of how we're not as alone as we sometimes may feel.

Joey shuts her notebook--a very slight smile at the corners of her lips--then sets it back on the dresser and turns off the light.

87 EXT. BACKYARD. EARLY MORNING.

It's early morning. Almost dawn. Joey gently swings on her swing-set. Her yellow suitcase sits next to her.

88 INT. CAR. EARLY MORNING.

Joey sits in the passengers seat as Erica drives. The sun is rising as they drive through the prairie.

Above them, hot air balloons soar in the sky.

ERICA

We've got a little extra time, wanna pull over and watch the balloons?

JOEY

Sure.

89 EXT. PRAIRE. EARLY MORNING.

Joey and Erica watch the hot air balloons as they soar above.

JOEY

(curt)

I'm happy you're with my dad.

ERICA
You don't have to say that.

Resentment is natural in things like
this.

JOEY
(subtext: trying to say the right
thing, even if not fully feeling
it yet)
No.

I am happy.

Erica laughs.

ERICA
I am so relieved to hear that!

They continue to watch the balloons.

ERICA
You know, my favorite cereal is
captain crunch mixed with frosted
flakes.

Joey laughs.

JOEY
That's objectively disgusting.

ERICA
Yeah, a bit!

They both laugh together, followed by a long pause as a drone
shot moves up into the air until Erica and Joey become little
more than specs in the vast landscape.

JOEY (V.O.)
Time stops for no one.

A long pause as the sounds of birds and the prairie's animals
intensify.

JOEY (V.O.)
But there's something beautiful about
that.

90 INT. KITCHEN. DAY.

Scott happily hums in the kitchen while making coffee.

He calls for Erica and Joey,

SCOTT
Erica, Joey!

Neither answer, so Scott heads for the stairs.

SCOTT
Erica?

91 INT. CAR. DAY.

From the curb, Erica watches Joey enter the Colorado Springs Airport and smiles a loving and sad smile, then pulls off to face her own fate.

[She let Joey chose her fate and she didn't let Joey have to chose it alone --> Need expression to be loving to help communicate this. Important: a loving/sympathetic stare + smile NEEDS TO BE ACCOMPLISHED]

92 INT. JOEY'S ROOM. CONTINUED.

Scott knocks on Joey's door. No answer.

He slowly opens the door.

SCOTT
Joey?

93 INT. AIRPORT. CONTINUED.

Joey rides up an escalator, a small smile budding on her face.

94 INT. JOEY'S ROOM. CONTINUED.

Scott sees a letter lying on Joey's bed. He curiously approaches it, picks it up, and begins to read.

95 INT. AIRPORT. CONTINUED.

Joey strides through the airport to her gate.

Through the airport's large windows, the airport runway can be seen as a plane takes off.

96 INT. JOEY'S ROOM. CONTINUED.

Scott weeps as he finishes reading Joey's goodbye letter.

He looks up toward the ceiling, as if toward heaven, and despite his tears and his supposed sentiment, a genuine smile emerges on his face and he begins to laugh. Proud.

97 INT. AIRPORT. CONTINUED.

Joey sits waiting for boarding to begin while reading "A River Runs Through It."

A smile suddenly crosses her face as she reads and a small laugh escapes her, then she glances up with distant eyes, as if toward heaven, thinking of a memory.

98 EXT. CLIFF. DAY.

Jenny lovingly gazes into Joey's eyes [toward camera], encouraging her to jump.

JENNY (V.O.)
Don't be scared of falling.

Just think of all the beautiful
things.

They both jump then, and the last thing to disappear from over the edge of the cliff are their fingers outstretched toward the sky.

99 INT. AIRPORT. CONTINUED.

Joey's eye are distant, remembering, then she closes her eyes.

On her blink: CUT TO BLACK.

ALL THE BEAUTIFUL THINGS

*Credits overlaid with a silent scene of Scott and Erica planting a garden