

REVELATION

Written by

Bizzy Coy

INT. COSTCO - DAY

An industrial-size shopping cart rattles across the concrete floor, nobody steering.

Veering around the corner is WYLA (30s), laughing her head off, her smile as bright as the fluorescent lights above. She heaves the cart to a stop. She wears a wide leather cuff on her left wrist.

Coming up fast behind her is GRANT (40s), pushing another cart. He wears a leather cuff, too.

INT. ANOTHER AISLE - DAY

Wyla cradles an enormous jar of mayonnaise as if it's a baby.

INT. ANOTHER AISLE - DAY

Grant tastes a food sample from a tray. Wyla watches with hunger in her eyes, and her smile falls for a barely perceptible instant.

INT. ANOTHER AISLE - DAY

Grant tosses bags of ground coffee into the cart from the three-point line. Wyla glances at a distant EXIT sign.

INT. COSTCO CHECKOUT - DAY

Grant and Wyla unload items onto the conveyor belt as the CASHIER scans.

CASHIER

You folks find everything you were looking for?

GRANT

(to Wyla)

I don't know. Have you found everything you're looking for?

WYLA

I'd say so.

He puts his arm around her shoulder and pulls her close.

WYLA (CONT'D)

I'm gonna run to the--

She nods toward the restrooms.

GRANT
Go ahead. Honey.

But Wyla doesn't move.

WYLA
Never mind.

The cashier gives a confused look.

EXT. COSTCO PARKING LOT - DAY

Grant shuts the trunk of his blue SUV. Wyla maneuvers both empty shopping carts toward the cart corral. She looks back at the SUV. She looks ahead at the busy street. Her hands grip the cart handle tighter.

GRANT
Ready?

Wyla hurries back to him. Grant glances up at a security camera on the exterior of the building.

EXT. COSTCO PARKING LOT - DAY

Suddenly, the view switches to the security camera footage, gray and grainy.

Grant smiles and waves at the camera.

Wyla gets in the car.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY

The blue SUV pulls into the driveway of a cookie cutter home.

INT. GARAGE - DAY

As Grant and Wyla get out of the SUV, the door to the house opens and into the garage tumble SOPHIE (20s, adorable), CORGAN (40s, hot teddy bear), KIM (50s, prim). All wear wrist cuffs and they assist in unloading groceries.

Corgan kisses Wyla on the cheek.

CORGAN
Welcome home, baby.

GRANT
She did a great job.

WYLA
Thanks.

SOPHIE
I'm so excited for you.

Wyla smiles and nods. She carefully watches Corgan. Sophie. Grant. Wyla picks up a sheet cake with smeared blue icing that says CONGRATULATIONS! Kim grabs a case of wine.

KIM
Let's get this party started!

Kim goes inside. Sophie goes inside. Grant goes inside. But Wyla zombie-walks out of the garage and into the driveway.

CORGAN
Wyla?

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Wyla drops the cake on the lawn and breaks into a full run.

CORGAN (O.S.)
Wyla!

Corgan chases after her but she's too far gone. Down the sunny street. Past identical houses. Past a woman checking her mailbox. Past a man pushing a baby stroller. They stare.

Flashback:

YOUNG WYLA (9) runs down a similar street, chasing a red car that speeds away.

End flashback.

EXT. MAIN ROAD - DAY

Wyla runs faster. Looking behind her. Turning a corner. Beyond, loom the monstrosities of her suburban nightmare. Target. Home Depot. Buffalo Wild Wings.

EXT. INTERSECTION - DAY

She pushes the "walk" button as fast as her finger will allow. There's a faint scar on the back of her hand.

The light changes and she rushes past six lanes of traffic. In a world of cars, Wyla is the sole pedestrian.

EXT. LISSA'S HOUSE - DAY

Wyla slows in front of a vinyl-sided McMansion. Her finger, once frantic, now hesitates at the bell. She presses it once.

Two-year-old DARROW appears in the side window. Wyla waves. The door swings open to reveal his tiny grin. She crouches down to his level.

WYLA

Hi, there. You must be Darrow.

Wyla's younger sister LISSA (30s) appears -- she's tightly wound in her yoga tights and tight ponytail. Wyla stands and smiles so brightly it burns.

WYLA (CONT'D)

Lissa! I'm back!

Door slams in her face.

Wyla's palm against the door.

A flash of disconnected sounds and images:

A young girl's shriek.

A grown man's scream.

Glass shattering into prisms.

A mouth smeared with lipstick.

A mouth smeared with blood.

Bright white light.

TITLES

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Earlier that day, Wyla opens her eyes. She's in bed. Corgan kisses her shoulder.

CORGAN

Happy moving up day!

WYLA

Mmmm.

CORGAN

How do you feel?

WYLA

Um. Very hungry.

CORGAN

Aww.

WYLA

Can you even handle my ascension to your level?

CORGAN

Oh, it's absolutely killing me.
Whatever shall I do?

She kisses him.

CORGAN (CONT'D)

Once you move up.

WYLA

Yes...

CORGAN

We could request a sanctioned union.

WYLA

You love that idea.

CORGAN

I do indeed.

WYLA

Tease.

CORGAN

Love teasing you.

They wrap their arms around each other.

WYLA

Seems like only yesterday it was your turn.

CORGAN

How'd you do it so fast?

WYLA
Just brilliant, I guess.

CORGAN
You're his favorite.

She nestles against his chest, her face showing concern.

WYLA
No, I'm not.

CORGAN
You're my favorite.

MISTY
Get a room!

Across the room there is another bed with another couple:
Misty (30s) and Hannah (30s).

CORGAN
You get a room!

Corgan whips a pillow toward them. Everyone laughs.

WYLA
Everyone has to be nice to me! This
is my special day!

Another pillow flies. Laughter.

INT. COMMUNAL CLOSET - DAY

A huge walk-in closet with tons of mismatched clothes. PEOPLE
dart in and out getting dressed for the day. Wyla enters.
Sophie steams a rack of white linen robes on hangers.

SOPHIE
Oh my God!

WYLA
I know!

They do a happy dance.

SOPHIE
You don't even understand. Your
ascension is my first witnessing.

WYLA
That means so much to me.

Steam rises behind them. Sophie tears up.

SOPHIE
I promised I wouldn't.

WYLA
Your day's coming.

SOPHIE
I owe you everything.

They hug.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Wyla walks down the hall past a wall display of mason jars.
The jars are important, but we don't know why just yet.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Blenders whirl. Wyla enters. PEOPLE drink smoothies. PEOPLE
emerge from a basement door (20s - 60s).

WYLA
Hey, where's mine?

Everyone laughs.

WYLA (CONT'D)
Seriously, remind me never to fast
again.

In the adjacent living room, PEOPLE blow up balloons and hang
banners.

MISTY
Just think about cake.

WYLA
I'm never not thinking about cake.

CORGAN
You'll be glad you didn't eat.
Trust me.

Corgan kisses her.

MISTY
If you think you're going to throw
up. Here's my advice. Don't.

Grant enters.

GRANT

My girl.

Wyla bows her head to him. He touches her cheek.

GRANT (CONT'D)

Got your letter ready to go.

He opens a folder to show her a typed letter. She touches her face nervously.

GRANT (CONT'D)

Three sacred rituals. And then...

HANNAH

Party!

GRANT

Ready to get started?

WYLA

I'm ready for my family.

GRANT

And we're ready for you.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

The bathroom door opens and Wyla enters, wearing a bathrobe. Grant holds her hand and leads her inside. Kim stands next to the whirlpool bathtub.

WYLA

I can't believe this is finally happening.

Grant and Kim remove Wyla's robe. Wyla steps into the water. Grant opens a folder and looks at the page--

GRANT

And, I forgot my readers.

KIM

You've gotta put them on a chain or something.

GRANT

I'm not putting them on a chain!

He exits. Kim rolls her eyes. Wyla starts to cover herself with her hands, but stops.

WYLA

So...

Kim pushes Wyla's hair behind her ear.

KIM

After today, there are no secrets
and no shame.

WYLA

I know.

KIM

You belong. You are loved. You are
accepted. Fully, wholly,
unconditionally.

Kim leans in and kisses her on the shoulder. Wyla looks
toward the door, her eyes wide.

Grant comes back in.

GRANT

Where was I?

He reads. Kim bathes Wyla with a soapy sponge.

GRANT (CONT'D)

Cleanse the past to commit to the
future. Dissolve old ties and wash
away what no longer serves you.
Emerge from a new womb bathed in
the love of a new family. Prepare
your body, mind and heart for the
ritual ahead.

Kim cups both hands in the water and pours it over Wyla's
head. Wyla squeezes her eyes shut.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Corgan helps Wyla put on her coat.

CORGAN

One down. Two to go.

WYLA

Am I supposed to do something when
I get there?

CORGAN

Just come home. Of your own free
will.

WYLA
All I want is a hot dog.

CORGAN
Next time. I'll buy you a million
hot dogs.

Wyla rolls her eyes lovingly.

INT. BLUE SUV - DAY

Grant drives with Wyla in the passenger's seat.

GRANT
You get why we have to do this.

WYLA
No. I get it.

GRANT
It's toxic narcissism, really.
Outsiders can't imagine why anyone
would ever want to cut them off for
good. So they assume we're forcing
you to do something you don't want
to do. Instead of looking inward
and realizing how they pushed you
away.

WYLA
I understand.

GRANT
So this is a little precaution we
have to take.

He turns up the radio to full volume and sings along to
Sister Sledge's "We Are Family."

GRANT (CONT'D)
"I got all my sisters with me!"

INT. COSTCO - DAY

Grant takes another food sample from a tray.

GRANT
You're not having any fun.

WYLA
I'm having fun.

GRANT

No, no. They need to see it.

He points up at a security camera.

GRANT (CONT'D)

In case your outsiders want to make trouble. We need plenty of proof of Wyla having a grand old time. Not cowering at knifepoint!

Wyla smiles at what an absurd idea that would be.

He tosses her the industrial-size jar of mayonnaise.

GRANT (CONT'D)

Go ahead.

She cradles the jar like in the first scene, but now there is fear in her eyes. She looks up at the security camera again.

INT. COSTCO - DAY

We see Wyla through the security camera. She looks small and alone in the midst of the wide aisle.

INT. COSTCO BAKERY - DAY

Grant stands at the bakery counter talking to a BAKERY EMPLOYEE.

GRANT

Can you write Congratulations?

BAKERY EMPLOYEE

Color?

GRANT

Blue, please.

INT. COSTCO BAKERY - DAY

Grant takes the completed cake from the counter. He carries it around the corner where Wyla waits with the shopping cart. Grant cracks open the plastic cake lid.

GRANT

Will you do the honors?

Wyla smashes her fingers into the icing, ruining it.

INT. COSTCO CHECKOUT - DAY

The cashier picks up the cake.

CASHIER
Gosh, what happened here?

WYLA
The guy in the bakery said they
were going to throw it away.

GRANT
He said there's a damaged item
discount?

The cashier looks at them warily.

WYLA
Oh, honey. The baby shower!

She rubs her flat stomach. Grant grins.

GRANT
It's a boy.

The cashier sighs in defeat.

INT. BLUE SUV - DAY

Grant drives. Wyla stares out the window.

GRANT
I can see a change in you already.
You're so hungry for this.

WYLA
That's an understatement.

GRANT
Next, we'll have you sign your
letter.

WYLA
About that.

GRANT
Don't sweat it. You gotta give your
outsiders some closure.

WYLA
I guess.

GRANT

And make sure they know, they can't
come looking for you. You're
happier without them. It's green,
Grandma!

He beeps his horn.

WYLA

Is it going to hurt?

GRANT

That's kind of the point of your
whole training. Nothing worthwhile
is achieved without sacrifice.

WYLA

Yeah.

GRANT

You'll get through it. The pain is
temporary, but the blessings are
forever. Corgan did amazing. He'll
be right there with you. We all
will.

She nods and peers out the window, remembering...

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

The flashback comes to Wyla in sharp fragments:

Corgan lies on a table, surrounded by group members holding
him down.

Including Wyla.

Everyone wears long white linen robes.

Throughout, we hear Grant's words though we don't see him:

GRANT (V.O.)

Sacrifice your selfhood for the
greater good. Give up that which
holds you back. Be bonded in
eternal blood.

Candles flicker.

A woman's hand opens a leather roll, revealing shiny metal
tools.

End flashback.

INT. GARAGE - DAY

Wyla and the group unload groceries. The scene looks familiar... but it's interrupted by Wyla's micro-flashbacks to Corgan's ceremony, accompanied by the beat of her pounding heart.

CORGAN
Welcome home, baby.

Micro-flashback: Corgan's eyes shake in pain.

GRANT
She did a great job.

Micro-flashback: Grant stands over Corgan, reading.

KIM
Let's get this party started!

Micro-flashback: Kim holds up a shiny metal tool.

Wyla picks up the Congratulations cake. She breathes heavy and her heart beats faster and louder until...

EXT. LISSA'S HOUSE - DAY

Wyla bangs on the door. We're back in the present.

WYLA
Lissa. I'm sorry. Lissa!

The door opens. Little Darrow stands behind Lissa.

LISSA
You're unbelievable.

WYLA
Can I come in?

LISSA
No!

WYLA
He's so big. He's like a real person.

LISSA
If you're looking for money again...

WYLA

I just need a place to stay.
Please.

LISSA

Jeff is making a nice dinner and
then I'm doing my virtual rowing
class that I have been looking
forward to all day. I want to watch
my show and read my book and I
don't want to introduce Darrow to
Aunt Wyla only for her to
disappear, never to be seen again.
Remember how that feels?

WYLA

I'm sorry.

LISSA

You are the high priestess of
letting me down. I'm not falling
for it again.

Lissa slams the door.

A blue SUV creeps slowly down the street. Wyla gasps and
hides in the manicured landscaping.

EXT. NEIGHBOR'S LAWN - DAY

Wyla runs, exposed against the grass.

EXT. CONDO COMPLEX - DAY

Wyla is out of breath as she buzzes a condo complex buzzer.

DEEDEE (O.S.)

I told you boys to stop! I'm
calling your mother.

WYLA

It's me, mom.

DEEDEE (O.S.)

Lissa?

WYLA

No.

There's a pause.

WYLA (CONT'D)

Mom?

DEEDEE

Is it not going?

WYLA

No, it's not going.

DEEDEE

I never use this button. Hold on...

The door buzzes and Wyla pushes her way in.

INT. CONDO HALLWAY - DAY

Deedee opens the door to her unit. Wyla stands there, swaying and sweaty.

DEEDEE

Honey?

Wyla faints to the floor.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Wyla wakes up on Deedee's couch. The condo has no personality, as though a realtor came through and staged it.

DEEDEE

What is wrong with you?

WYLA

Do you have anything to eat

DEEDEE

Coffee?

WYLA

I don't drink coffee.

DEEDEE

Well. You scared me half to death.

Awkward silence.

WYLA

I'm sorry?

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Deedee rummages for food.

DEEDEE

As though I don't have enough going
on right now. Father Radler asked
me to run for parish council, so
that's taking over my life.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Wyla rubs her temple.

DEEDEE (O.S.)

They want to do a spaghetti dinner
and nobody wants to be in charge,
so I said I'd do it, but now
everyone has their two cents.

WYLA

When did you start going to church?

Deedee enters with a wrapped granola bar on a plate and puts
it on the coffee table in front of Wyla.

DEEDEE

Oh, last summer. It's nice to be
needed. I offered to babysit for
Lissa but she insists on sending
Darrow to that germ factory.

WYLA

It's probably good for him to
socialize with other kids.

DEEDEE

Don't frown. You're getting a line
right there.

WYLA

I think I need to go to bed.

Wyla gets up.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Wyla stands outside the door of the bedroom. She turns the
knob.

DEEDEE (O.S.)

Actually--

INT. MUSIC STUDIO - DAY

Wyla opens the door to reveal an upright piano and bench, bookshelves with sheet music and metronome, a handmade chart on the wall with students' names and stickers.

Wyla closes the door.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

DEEDEE

You can sleep on the couch if you put away the sheets in the morning. I have students coming in first thing.

WYLA

I don't want to get in your way.

DEEDEE

Stay as long as you want! I'm thrilled you're here. Welcome home, Muffin.

Deedee pats Wyla on the head.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Wyla sits on the couch, awake in the dark.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Flashback:

Young Wyla sits on the same couch in the dark, lit by the glow of TV. Young Lissa sits next to her.

End flashback.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A buzzing sound.

INT. FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Wyla goes to the buzzer and presses the button.

EXT. CONDO COMPLEX - NIGHT

Corgan stands at the buzzer.

CORGAN
Wyla?

INT. FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

She doesn't respond, her breathing shallow, listening.

CORGAN (O.S.)
Let's talk. Let me in.

Her finger hesitates over the button.

CORGAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I'm not mad at you. Nobody's mad.

She waits in silence. She leans her back against the door and remembers...

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

Flashback:

A blazing bonfire. A couple of FOLKS play guitar, and OTHERS sing along.

Wyla leans against Corgan. He takes her chin in his hand and tilts her face toward his. He kisses her forehead and she closes her eyes.

Pine trees stretch overhead, and stars glitter.

End flashback.

INT. FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Soft knocking, right up close. Wyla startles. She peers through the peephole. She presses her hand against the door.

INT. CONDO HALLWAY - NIGHT

Corgan presses his hand against the other side of the door.

CORGAN
(whispering)
Wyla. If you're in there. Please
come home.

INT. FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Wyla's face scrunches with conflict and confusion.

CORGAN (O.S.)
I love you, sweetheart. I miss you.

INT. CONDO HALLWAY - NIGHT

He stands silent, motionless, yearning.

INT. FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

So does she. They breathe in tandem. She reaches for the lock. She closes her eyes and stops herself.

INT. CONDO HALLWAY - NIGHT

Corgan sighs and leaves.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Wyla's on the couch, reading a book. Deedee walks a MUSIC STUDENT (12) to the front door.

INT. FRONT DOOR - DAY

DEEDEE
Great job! I can tell you've been practicing. Keep it up this week, okay?

MUSIC STUDENT
Okay.

DEEDEE
Proud of you. Really excellent work.

Deedee closes the door as the student leaves.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

DEEDEE
(to Wyla)
You know. You can go somewhere if you want.

WYLA

Where?

DEEDEE

Literally anywhere. Muffin. You've got to get out of the house.

WYLA

I will.

Deedee walks back to the music room.

INT. MUSIC ROOM - DAY

DEEDEE

Why don't you spend some time going through these boxes?

WYLA (O.S.)

What boxes?

Wyla appears in the doorway. Deedee opens the closet door to reveal two cardboard boxes.

DEEDEE

All this! Old stuff of yours. I don't mind at all that it's here. I'm happy to hold onto it as long as you need. It's just all--

She gestures at the boxes as if to say, what a burden you have left me with.

WYLA

Fine. I will.

A knock at the front door. Wyla's eyes widen in alarm. Deedee shuts the closet door.

INT. FRONT DOOR - DAY

Deedee opens the door to reveal MUSIC STUDENT 2 (14).

DEEDEE

Right on time! Your thumb feeling better?

MUSIC STUDENT 2

Yup.

DEEDEE
I told you. You've gotta stop all
that texting.

MUSIC STUDENT 2
I know.

Wyla passes through on her way to the kitchen.

WYLA
Hi.

MUSIC STUDENT 2
Hi.

There's an awkward moment as if Wyla expects Deedee to introduce her to the student, but Deedee acts as if she's not there.

DEEDEE
Well, okay! Let's get this piano
party started!

They disappear down the hall.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Wyla looks out the window. She sees an empty bench outside.

EXT. DEEDEE'S CONDO - DAY

Flashback:

Young Wyla and Young Deedee play on the bench. Two backpacks sit nearby.

INT. LISSA'S HOUSE - DAY

Wyla stands on the front step. Lissa stands in the doorway.

LISSA
He's taking a nap.

WYLA
Five minutes. Please.

EXT. DECK - DAY

Wyla and Lissa sit on patio chairs.

WYLA

Did she even know I was gone?

LISSA

Did she know. It's all she talks about. How's Wyla? Where's Wyla? How could she do this to me? When is she going to clean these goddamn boxes out of my goddamn house?

WYLA

It's like two boxes! I don't get it.

LISSA

Just throw them out so she'll stop talking about it.

WYLA

Fine.

They sip their wine.

WYLA (CONT'D)

Do you mind if I use your bathroom?

LISSA

You're not going inside.

WYLA

Are you serious?

LISSA

I still don't trust you.

WYLA

You are unbelievable.

LISSA

You have let me down again and again. I promised I wouldn't let myself get sucked back in.

WYLA

I wanted to be there for you.

LISSA

If you wanted to, you would have.

WYLA

It's not that simple.

LISSA
It's exactly that simple. They
didn't lock you in a basement.

Silence.

LISSA (CONT'D)
Oh my God. Did they lock you in a
basement?

WYLA
No! No. Every day there is. Like.
Amazing. And filled with meaning.
Depth. Connection.

LISSA
Okay. If it's so great, why are you
here?

WYLA
They wanted me to do something. I'm
almost ready. But not quite.

Silence.

LISSA
You can take that off now.

Wyla rubs her wrist cuff.

INT. MEETING ROOM - DAY

Flashback:

The group sits in neat rows of folding chairs. At the front
of the room, Corgan places the cuff on Wyla's wrist. Everyone
applauds. He wraps her in a bear hug. She beams.

End flashback.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Wyla reads a book. Deedee watches a show on her iPad. She
giggles at a punchline we can't hear.

WYLA
Mom?

Deedee takes out one earbud.

DEEDEE
Yes, darling?

WYLA
How's your show?

DEEDEE
Oh, it's wonderful. You'd love it.

She starts to put her earbud back in.

WYLA
Can we talk?

DEEDEE
Of course.

WYLA
I'm feeling. A little. I don't
know. Sad, I guess.

DEEDEE
You need something to do. Why don't
you go through those boxes? It'll
be fun to look at all your old
memories!

WYLA
Yeah, no, I will. Maybe not right
now--

DEEDEE
And you'll come to the dinner with
me tomorrow.

WYLA
These are my only clothes.

DEEDEE
I need to prep the garlic bread in
the morning, but we'll bake it when
we get there.

WYLA
Okay.

DEEDEE
I love having you home. So nice to
have someone to talk to.

Deedee stretches her hand toward Wyla but can't reach her.
Deedee returns to her show.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Wyla lays on the couch in the dark.

A knock on the door.

INT. FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Wyla peers through the peephole.

INT. CONDO HALLWAY - NIGHT

Corgan looks forlorn.

INT. FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Wyla presses her ear against the door.

CORGAN (O.S.)
Honey. Please listen to me. I have
a message. Can you please open the
door for a minute? It's important.

She waits. She bites her lip. She opens the door...

INT. CONDO HALLWAY - NIGHT

...and slips out into the hall, arms around herself.

Corgan wraps her in an enormous hug.

CORGAN
Baby.

He strokes her hair. She melts.

WYLA
Not here.

EXT. CONDO COMPLEX - NIGHT

CORGAN
What's going on?

WYLA
I'm not ready.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

They walk in the road. There are no sidewalks.

WYLA

I can't say goodbye to them
forever.

CORGAN

I know a few things about your
particular group of outsiders.
Right?

WYLA

Yeah.

CORGAN

Enough to know they've given you
more pain than love.

WYLA

I know it's hard to understand,
but.

CORGAN

You have to stop holding onto this
delusion that they're going to
suddenly change. They're holding
you back. You deserve so much more.

WYLA

I know.

CORGAN

Kim says we have to cut you off.

WYLA

No, no. Please.

A NEIGHBOR walks by with their dog.

NEIGHBOR

Beautiful night!

CORGAN

Gorgeous!

WYLA

Cute dog!

NEIGHBOR

Thanks! Have a good one!

WYLA

You too!

The neighbor continues on. Corgan sighs.

CORGAN
Come talk with me in the car.

WYLA
I shouldn't.

Corgan's face crinkles with concern.

CORGAN
Are you breaking up with me?

WYLA
No.

CORGAN
Because I don't think I could
handle that.

WYLA
I love you more than anything.

CORGAN
Look them in the eye one last time.
See how they're the same people
they've always been and will always
be. Then come home.

Micro-flashback: Blood spatters across white linen.

Wyla gasps and covers her mouth.

CORGAN (CONT'D)
Hey, hey...

Her wraps her in a soothing streetlamp hug.

CORGAN (CONT'D)
You know what you have to do. And I
know you can do it.

He kisses her. He disappears into the darkness.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Wyla considers herself in the mirror. She sips from a glass.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Flashback:

Young Wyla sips a glass of water. Her father, JOHN, sits on
the edge of her bed.

YOUNG WYLA
Is this upstairs or downstairs?

JOHN
Which one is better?

YOUNG WYLA
Upstairs.

JOHN
Yes, it's upstairs.

She takes another sip and makes a face.

YOUNG WYLA
Downstairs. I can tell!

JOHN
You're so smart. When did you get so smart?

YOUNG WYLA
I don't know.

JOHN
I want you to promise me something.

YOUNG WYLA
What?

JOHN
Listen to me. I want you to follow your heart. No matter how hard it might be. Even if people don't understand. You always have to do what's right for you.

There's a tear in his eye.

YOUNG WYLA
Daddy?

JOHN
Promise me?

YOUNG WYLA
I promise.

John caresses her cheek.

End flashback.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Wyla spits into the sink.

INT. CHURCH BASEMENT - DAY

Bustling spaghetti dinner. A pack of kids runs by, hunting for loose bingo markers on the floor from last night's game.

Wyla sits next to Deedee at a table with a basket of raffle tickets and loose dollars.

DEEDEE

Five for five dollars. Fifteen for ten dollars.

BLYTHE (30s) walks up. She's a quintessential suburban mom.

BLYTHE

Five please.

DEEDEE

Here you go.

BLYTHE

Wyla?

WYLA

Blythe.

DEEDEE

Well, isn't that nice! You two know each other?

WYLA

We went to high school together. Wow. It's been a while.

BLYTHE

How are you?

WYLA

Great, doing really well. You?

BLYTHE

Good. I have two little girls--

WYLA

Aww!

BLYTHE

Driving me up the wall.

WYLA
I hear that.

BLYTHE
Oh! Boys or girls?

WYLA
Oh, no, I mean. No kids.

BLYTHE
Thank God for my job. Gets me out
of the house.

WYLA
What do you do?

BLYTHE
I run a small business.

WYLA
Wow. That's great.

BLYTHE
You?

WYLA
Oh, um. I'm between things right
now.

BLYTHE
Well. We should catch up sometime.

WYLA
Definitely.

BLYTHE
Guys! No hitting.

Blythe chases after her kids. Wyla watches her.

DEEDEE
She's doing very well for herself.

WYLA
Yeah.

DEEDEE
Two girls and a job. Very
impressive.

WYLA
Yeah. I guess.

DEEDEE
Five for five dollars. Fifteen for
ten dollars. Five for five--

VARIOUS CHURCH LADIES walk past, paying no attention.

Wyla looks at the raffle basket. She grabs it.

DEEDEE (CONT'D)
Hey!

WYLA
Don't worry. Your money's safe with
me.

INT. MEETING ROOM - DAY

Flashback:

Grant is at the front of the room. The whiteboard behind him
says FUNDRAISING 101.

GRANT
There's two ways to win over
outsiders. In groups, create peer
pressure.

Flashback ends, but Grant's words echo in Wyla's mind
throughout the scene...

INT. CHURCH BASEMENT - DAY

Wyla scans the room. She sees groups of CHURCH LADIES and
YOUNG MOMS and BORING DADS.

GRANT (V.O.)
Alone, create deep connection.

She spots an OLDER MAN sitting by himself and makes a beeline
for him.

WYLA
Is this seat taken?

He gestures, go ahead.

GRANT (V.O.)
Get them to say yes.

WYLA
Is that spaghetti?

OLDER MAN

Yes.

GRANT (V.O.)

Generate empathy.

WYLA

They told me I couldn't eat until I
sold all of these.

OLDER MAN

Oh.

GRANT (V.O.)

Establish familiarity.

WYLA

You look so familiar.

OLDER MAN

Yeah?

WYLA

Yeah.

GRANT (V.O.)

And when in doubt, assume an older
man has served in the military.

WYLA

Did you serve in the military?

OLDER MAN

Navy.

WYLA

Thank you for your service. My
grandfather was in the Navy, too.
What ship?

OLDER MAN

Oh, a few. USS Compass Island...

GRANT (V.O.)

And turn each new revelation into a
mind-blowing coincidence.

WYLA

You're kidding. My grandfather was
on the Compass Island.

OLDER MAN

I'll be. Whenabouts?

WYLA

Oh, I can't remember. He's about your age.

OLDER MAN

What's his name?

WYLA

John.

OLDER MAN

Hm... doesn't ring a bell.

GRANT (V.O.)

And don't give up.

WYLA

He went by Jack.

OLDER MAN

Jack...

GRANT (V.O.)

Never, ever give up.

WYLA

Sometimes they called him Joe?

OLDER MAN

Joe Mitchell?

WYLA

Oh, my goodness gracious. Yes.
That's him. This is incredible.

OLDER MAN

I'll be. How is old Joe?

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

Flashback:

Grant is at the front of the room again. Wyla watches intently and takes notes.

GRANT

You'll be amazed the lengths
outsiders will go, to avoid the
discomfort of emotion.

End flashback.

INT. CHURCH BASEMENT - DAY

Wyla tears up. Or does she?

WYLA
My dad died last year. And I've
been praying. For a sign.

OLDER MAN
Aw, don't cry.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

Flashback:

Grant stands at the whiteboard again.

GRANT
That's when you go in for the kill.

End flashback.

INT. CHURCH KITCHEN - DAY

Wyla enters. Deedee is in conversation with FATHER RADLER,
her hand protectively on his arm.

DEEDEE
Honey, this is Father Radler.

Wyla hands Deedee the raffle basket. The tickets are gone and
it's filled with cash.

DEEDEE (CONT'D)
How did you--

Wyla reaches into her pocket and pulls out even more cash,
which she stuffs into the basket.

WYLA
Nice to meet you.

She bites into a piece of garlic bread and walks off.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

In Deedee's kitchen, Wyla puts a plate of spaghetti into the
microwave.

She spots a photo on Deedee's fridge of Young Wyla and Young
Lissa in happier times.

She remembers...

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Flashback:

Wyla is in the group's house, organizing files, when there's a knock at the door.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Wyla walks past the mysterious glass mason jars on the wall.

INT. FOYER - DAY

Wyla opens the door to reveal pregnant Lissa.

LISSA

You don't answer your phone now?

Wyla looks over her shoulder.

WYLA

You shouldn't be here.

LISSA

The shower. You said you would come.

WYLA

Things are kind of busy.

LISSA

Yes, wow. Look at all these papers. So important.

Lissa knocks the files to the ground.

WYLA

Hey!

LISSA

We were supposed to do this stuff together.

WYLA

I'm finally making my own choices and you can't handle it.

LISSA

I'm being induced Thursday.

WYLA
Are you all right?

LISSA
I really want you there.

Lissa gently places Wyla's hand on her pregnant stomach.

LISSA (CONT'D)
Will you be there?

Tears brim in Wyla's eyes.

We see that Kim is standing nearby, invisible to Lissa, but very present to Wyla.

WYLA
(lying)
Yes. Yes.

Microwave dings.

End flashback.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Wyla opens the microwave.

She picks up Deedee's old-fashioned landline phone. She pauses. She puts it down again.

EXT. LISSA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Deedee stands on Lissa's front step, holding a covered pan. Lissa opens the door and smiles.

LISSA
Hi!

Wyla appears, hurrying up the steps, holding a cute baby-themed gift bag. Lissa's face falls.

LISSA (CONT'D)
Mom!

DEEDEE
What?

LISSA
I told you.

Deedee pushes through the door and disappears inside. Wyla extends the gift bag to Lissa.

WYLA
Better late than never?

Lissa sighs and takes the gift.

LISSA
Don't let me down.

Lissa steps back reluctantly to allow Wyla inside.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Wyla surveys Lissa's kitchen -- KitchenAid stand mixer, oversized jars of nutritional supplements, countertop herb garden. Lissa's husband, JEFF (30s), pulls a dish from the oven. Deedee puts her pan on the counter.

LISSA
I hope that doesn't have sugar.

DEEDEE
There's no other way to make it.

WYLA
Hey, Jeff.

JEFF
Hey. Good to see you again.

DEEDEE
Where is my grandbaby? Come in here, sweetpea.

DARROW zooms into the room.

DARROW
This is my bear!

JEFF
Say hi to your Aunt Wyla, Darrow.

WYLA
Hi, Darrow.

Darrow hides shyly.

LISSA
That's okay, honey.

Lissa scoops him up.

WYLA
Hello, Mister Bear.

Deedee takes Darrow out of Lissa's arms.

DEEDEE
Do you want to show Nana your
train?

Deedee carries Darrow out of the room.

WYLA
(joking, as if to Darrow)
This was great. Let's hang out
again sometime. Call me.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Lissa adds another place setting to the table.

WYLA
Sorry I didn't tell you. Mom said
she was coming over, and--

LISSA
It's fine.

WYLA
Your place looks great.

LISSA
Uh huh.

JEFF (O.S.)
Wyla, come taste this!

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jeff stirs sauce on the stove. He gives Wyla a spoonful.

WYLA
Wow. That's really interesting.

JEFF
Local, ethical and cruelty-free.

WYLA
Isn't that... meat?

JEFF
Yeah, but they slaughter it in a
completely humane way.

WYLA

Oh. Cool.

JEFF

I think it's great you're here. I know she misses you.

Lissa enters.

WYLA

Hey. Can we talk?

JEFF

Go on! You guys catch up. I got this.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Wyla struggles to use Lissa's indoor rowing machine.

WYLA

You do this every morning?

LISSA

When I miss a day, I feel literally crazy.

WYLA

Have you talked to dad?

LISSA

Of course not.

WYLA

I'm thinking. I might need to talk to him.

LISSA

Why would you even--

WYLA

I need some closure.

LISSA

You can give yourself closure. You don't need it from anybody else.

WYLA

Who said that? Your therapist?

LISSA

My rowing coach. She's incredible.

WYLA

Hey.

LISSA

What?

WYLA

I just wanted to say. I'm sorry.
For everything.

Lissa's lip quivers.

WYLA (CONT'D)

I mean it. I should have been there
for you. When you needed me.

Wyla wraps Lissa in a hug. Lissa eventually gives in.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Deedee, Wyla, Lissa, Jeff finish their meal. Everything is neat and orderly and almost sterile. Even Darrow sits politely.

WYLA

It's really nice to be here with
you guys.

DEEDEE

See? There's nothing better than
family time.

Wyla shifts awkwardly in her chair.

INT. DINING ROOM - DAY

Flashback:

A super-quick spin around the group's vibrant dinner table:

Mismatched plates, mouth-watering food and fresh wildflowers.

Sophie perches on Kim's lap. Kim brushes Sophie's hair behind her ear.

Grant strums a ukulele while SOMEONE feeds him a forkful.

Misty scoops food onto Hannah's plate.

Corgan kicks Wyla's foot gently under the table. She smiles and leans her head on his shoulder.

End flashback.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Jeff clears some plates.

DEEDEE
Time for dessert!

LISSA
We're really trying to limit his
sugar.

DEEDEE
He can have a little.

LISSA
Why is it so hard to respect my
choices?

DEEDEE
You never appreciate anything I do
for you.

Wyla lifts Darrow from his chair.

WYLA
C'mon, bud. Show me your toys.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Darrow stacks colorful cups with Wyla's help. He topples the
cups and screeches in delight.

They start to stack the cups again when the doorbell rings.
Wyla looks up.

I/E. LISSA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Wyla opens the front door with Darrow beside her. Standing
there is BEN (30s), way too hot to be living in the suburbs.

BEN
Oh!

WYLA
Can I help you?

BEN
Is... uh... Jeff home?

WYLA
(calling inside)
Jeff!

BEN
Sorry, I got confused. I recognized
this little guy but you are
definitely not Lissa.

WYLA
The sister.

BEN
The neighbor.

They shake hands. Jeff appears.

JEFF
Hey, Ben.

BEN
Thanks for this.

Ben hands Jeff a pasta-making attachment for a KitchenAid
stand mixer.

JEFF
How'd it go?

BEN
It was kind of a disaster that
eventually resulted in fresh pasta.
But bless her heart. She prefers
the stuff out of the box and won't
hear another word about it.

He looks at Wyla.

BEN (CONT'D)
My mom.

WYLA
Wow, our moms have a lot in common.
They should hang out sometime.

BEN
Anyway, thanks. Didn't realize you
had guests.

JEFF
See you around, man.

BEN
Nice to meet you.

Ben smiles and waves. Jeff closes the door.

INT. FOYER - NIGHT

Wyla watches Ben walk away through the window.

DARROW
Aunt Wyla!

WYLA
Hey, silly boy!

She swoops him up and smiles wide.

INT. DRESSING ROOM - DAY

Wyla is cramped inside a clothing store dressing room, pulling on a t-shirt and jeans. Lissa waits outside.

LISSA (O.S.)
As though I'm the one being
difficult.

WYLA
Are you surprised?

LISSA (O.S.)
No. I guess I walk around in a
cloud of false hope.

INT. DRESSING ROOM HALLWAY - DAY

Wyla emerges.

WYLA
Ta da!

LISSA
Boring.

WYLA
Um...

Wyla gestures to Lissa, indicating that Lissa is also wearing boring jeans and t-shirt.

LISSA
I don't have time for fash-ee-own!
Let me live vicariously through
you!

WYLA

Fine.

INT. DRESSING ROOM HALLWAY - DAY

Wyla re-emerges in a hot dress.

LISSA

Ow-oww!!!

WYLA

Really?

LISSA

Hey. I know something you don't know.

WYLA

What?

LISSA

Our neighbor. Ben.

WYLA

I have a boyfriend.

LISSA

You're still with him?

WYLA

I mean. Yeah.

LISSA

Maybe it's time to move on.

WYLA

I don't know.

LISSA

Casual. No pressure. Do it for me.

Wyla looks in the mirror. She looks good and she knows it.

WYLA

I'll think about it.

LISSA

Think about THIS!

Lissa throws a brightly colored dress at Wyla.

Fashion montage! Upbeat music plays.

Wyla parades in and out of the dressing room, modeling a slew of different outfits: prairie hippie dress, bathing suit and sunhat, long evening gown. Lissa gives each look a thumbs up or thumbs down.

LISSA (CONT'D)

This ruins the whole thing.

She grabs at Wyla's cuff. Wyla pulls away.

WYLA

No it doesn't.

INT. HAIR SALON

Montage continues as Wyla spins around in a salon chair.

Lissa applauds her new look.

INT. ANOTHER STORE DRESSING ROOM - DAY

Wyla tries on girl-boss business attire with her new haircut.

INT. YET ANOTHER STORE DRESSING ROOM - DAY

Wyla tries on a sporty gym look.

INT. YET EVEN ANOTHER STORE DRESSING ROOM - DAY

Wyla tries on a stylish cocktail dress. This dress is "the one." Lissa gives a double thumbs up. They do a cute sister dance and dissolve in laughter.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Wyla and Lissa sit in the open trunk of Lissa's SUV, legs swinging over the side, smiling. Lissa holds an iced coffee, Wyla holds a bottle of water. Bags of shopping fill the trunk.

LISSA

So we were watching a movie and eating popcorn and Darrow goes "Mommy I please have more cockporn?"

WYLA

Cockporn. Remember--

LISSA
Folly-clover!

WYLA (CONT'D)
Folly-clover!

They laugh. Lissa sighs.

WYLA (CONT'D)
What?

LISSA
I didn't know if I'd ever get to do
this with you again.

WYLA
I'm sorry.

LISSA
No, I'm sorry. You never would have
gotten mixed up in all this if it
wasn't for me.

WYLA
That's not true.

LISSA
I'll never forgive myself.

Wyla rubs Lissa's shoulder. Beyond, two young women walk through the parking lot wearing yoga tights and rolled yoga mats in carry-bags. Wyla and Lissa watch and remember...

INT. YOGA STUDIO - DAY

Flashback:

A few years ago.

Candles glow. Students stretch and stand at the end of class.

Lissa sprays her yoga mat with cleaner and wipes it down.

Corgan does the same beside her. He's wearing his wrist cuff.

CORGAN
(whispering)
What's your secret?

He looks cute and harmless. Lissa smiles at him playfully.

LISSA
(whispering)
What secret?

CORGAN

You were completely in the zone the whole class. Even when I farted embarrassingly close to your head.

She smiles. They roll up their mats.

CORGAN (CONT'D)

I am very sorry about that.

LISSA

It happens.

CORGAN

This is kind of random, but--

Wyla appears, wiping wet hands on her sweatpants.

WYLA

Ugh. Get me the hell out of here.

LISSA

Everyone could hear you flushing through the wall.

Corgan looks at Wyla. Her ratty t-shirt. Her messy hair. The sloppy way she rolls her mat.

Then at Lissa. Her cute outfit. Her tidy bun. Her wedding ring.

WYLA

I guess this is my home now.

She collapses dramatically on the floor and uses the rolled mat like a pillow. Corgan smiles at her. She's perfect.

WYLA (CONT'D)

This is where I will live the rest of my days. When I perish, leave my body in the parking lot for nature to reclaim.

LISSA

Don't mind her.

CORGAN

I'm Corgan, by the way.

LISSA

Lissa. And this is Wyla.

WYLA

Am I Wyla? Or am I a rotting sack
of human flesh?

CORGAN

Aren't we all?

LISSA

Oh, my God. Get up.

WYLA

What?

Lissa gives Wyla a subtle sister-look to indicate, "Get your
shit together and talk to this cute guy, because I'm married
but you're not!"

LISSA

Are you single, Corgan?

CORGAN

It sounds depressing when you put
it like that.

WYLA

I prefer to say I'm "between
disappointments."

CORGAN

I'd love to disappoint you
sometime.

Wyla looks up at Corgan from the floor and really sees him
for the first time. He smiles down at her.

WYLA

I'd give you my number but I'm
intestinally incapacitated.

LISSA

Here.

Lissa takes out her phone and shows it to Corgan.

CORGAN

This is kind of random, but. Would
you want to go to this meditation
thing with me?

WYLA

That sounds like my worst
nightmare.

LISSA
She's kidding. She'd love to.

Lissa smiles. Corgan reaches down and helps pull Wyla off the floor. They look at each other eye-to-eye for the first time. It's electric.

INT. MEETING ROOM - DAY

First date. Corgan leads Wyla into the room, his hand hovering at the small of her back. She looks around.

PEOPLE hug Corgan and pat him on the back excitedly. Wyla looks at him with admiration--maybe he's someone special?

PEOPLE hug Wyla, take her by the hand, lead her to a seat, hand her a paper brochure. She smiles cautiously, enjoying the attention but wary.

INT. MEETING ROOM - DAY - LATER

Wyla and the rest of the CLASS sit quietly in their chairs, meditating, as Grant speaks at the front of the room.

INT. MEETING ROOM - DAY - LATER

Grant and Kim sit on stools in front of the room and talk.

The whiteboard behind them is filled with scribbles, circles, hand-drawn graphs and charts.

Wyla scribbles a few notes on the back of her brochure.

INT. MEETING ROOM - DAY - LATER

Kim and a NEW MEMBER sit on stools at the front of the room, deep in conversation.

Wyla watches, intrigued.

Corgan's hand inches towards hers. Their fingers brush. She smiles. He clasps her hand. She smiles more.

INT. MEETING ROOM - NIGHT - LATER

Kim stands at the front of the room. She looks out into the crowd and points to Wyla. Wyla looks around--me?

Kim and Wyla sit on stools at the front of the room, deep in conversation.

Wyla speaks animatedly. She wipes away good tears. Kim looks warmly at her.

The group applauds. Kim stands and offers a hand to help Wyla stand. Kim wraps her in a hug. Over Kim's shoulder, Wyla sees Corgan beaming. She beams back.

INT. MEETING ROOM - NIGHT - LATER

The room has been cleared of chairs.

Wyla and Corgan stand amidst dozens of other COUPLES, staring deeply into each other's eyes. Wyla's right hand is on Corgan's chest, his left hand atop hers. Corgan's right hand is on Wyla's chest, her left hand atop his.

They repeat unheard mantras to each other.

Wyla smiles at Corgan.

Corgan smiles back.

End flashback.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Wyla sits on the couch in the dark. She looks at the front door with expectation.

INT. FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

She peers out the peephole.

INT. CONDO HALLWAY - NIGHT

She opens the door and looks up and down the empty hallway.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Wyla sits on the couch.

She slowly, carefully unsnaps her leather cuff and rubs the pale skin of her wrist.

INT. APPLEBEE'S - NIGHT

Wyla and Ben sit in an Applebee's booth.

BEN

Is this modern dating? Drinking comically large cocktails at a never-ending progression of chain restaurants?

WYLA

The mysterious mating ritual of the heterosexual suburbanite baffles even the most accomplished scientists.

BEN

When was your last relationship?

WYLA

I'd put it in the category of "very recent."

BEN

That's cool. I'm an excellent rebound. So I've been told.

INT. APPLEBEE'S - NIGHT

Another cocktail.

WYLA

So you don't think we landed on the moon?

BEN

I'm not saying we didn't.

WYLA

Sounds like that's what you're saying.

BEN

I'm saying, it could be possible that we didn't.

WYLA

I mean. Anything is possible.

BEN

Exactly.

WYLA
But is it probable.

BEN
Look it up. I'm telling you...

She rolls her eyes, amused.

INT. APPLEBEE'S - NIGHT

Entrees on the table.

BEN
Tell me about your parents.

WYLA
Oh. Um--

BEN
Or, is that too first-datey?

WYLA
No, no. I love talking about my
parents. I think about them pretty
much all day every day.

BEN
That sounds healthy!

WYLA
So my dad. He was the best. Kind
and warm and he just listened, you
know?

BEN
I'm sorry, is he--

WYLA
Oh my God, no! No. He and my mom
split up. I don't see him much.

BEN
That sucks.

WYLA
You?

BEN
I'm still figuring out my
relationship with my mom. She's a
recovering alcoholic, but the
recovering part is pretty new.

Wyla takes a long sip of her drink.

WYLA

Oh, wow.

BEN

Yeah. There was some violence in our house growing up. Ugh. I'm minimizing it. I'm trying to stop doing that. Basically, she hit us.

WYLA

Jesus. Was your dad there?

BEN

Oh, yeah. He loved making excuses for her. Our whole life was tiptoeing around so we didn't upset her. Very dysfunctional and fucked up. What about your mom?

WYLA

If she wasn't so fucking annoying my dad wouldn't have gone.

BEN

So you're mad at your mom cuz your dad left her?

WYLA

Yeah? Maybe?

She flags down a waitress and taps on the rim of her glass.

WYLA (CONT'D)

Excuse me? Can I get another one of these?

INT. APPLEBEE'S - NIGHT

They split dessert.

WYLA

And it's like, no wonder everybody's miserable. Every social structure is set up to make you--

BEN

Feel like shit?

WYLA

Yes. Exactly.

BEN
That's what I've been saying.

WYLA
We weren't meant to live in these
bland boxes of isolation. Humans
are a social animal.

BEN
We need other people.

WYLA
Yes! And we need a purpose besides
making money and spending money and
thinking about money. I'm looking
for a job right now and it's like.
Money. It's a completely imaginary
invention. It's like the ultimate
scam.

BEN
You want to get out of here?

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Ben's car in an empty parking lot.

INT. BEN'S CAR - NIGHT

Wyla and Ben make out passionately in the front seat.

BEN
This was great.

WYLA
Yeah.

BEN
You're great.

WYLA
You're great.

The make-out sesh continues. Ben turns up the radio.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

An ELDERLY WOMAN emerges from a confessional. Wyla sits
beside Deedee in a pew.

WYLA
(whispering)
You don't like it?

DEEDEE
It's your hair.

WYLA
You don't like it.

DEEDEE
Do you want to...

Deedee gestures towards the confessional.

WYLA
Ew, no!

ELDERLY WOMAN
Shh!

Deedee genuflects and enters the confessional.

Wyla gazes at the empty pews. She closes her eyes.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Flashback:

Wyla stands in the center of the tornado that is a group "confession session." The others yell at her with twisted faces. Wyla's cheeks are stained with tears. She erupts in a primal scream.

EXT. PARK - SUNSET

Wyla and Ben sit on a bench.

BEN
Thanks for sharing that with me.

WYLA
Nobody else wants to talk about it.

BEN
People are uncomfortable with things they don't understand.

WYLA
You're not.

BEN

I think the older I get. The more I realize humanity is infinitely complex. And who am I to say what's right or wrong?

WYLA

But that's the thing. How do you, like, get better, unless you fix what's wrong?

BEN

Why do you have to fix it?

WYLA

Because it's broken?

BEN

What if it's fine the way it is?

Wyla stares at the sunset.

INT. TECH OFFICE - DAY

Wyla sits in a small cubicle with JANELLE (30s, girlboss).

JANELLE

We're not one of those lame startups that pretends to be a family. That's a trick capitalism uses to keep people overworked and underpaid. We're a therapy app, so we don't just talk the talk, we walk the walk. I expect my team to maintain a healthy work-life balance.

WYLA

That's great.

JANELLE

So you've spent the last couple years as a Director of Recruitment?

WYLA

That's correct.

JANELLE

Where, exactly?

WYLA

An internationally renowned
personal development training
program.

JANELLE

And why do you want to be a part of
our team?

WYLA

Well, Janelle...

JANELLE

It's JAN-ull.

WYLA

JAN-ull. I'm looking to head in a
new direction.

Janelle gives a skeptical look.

JANELLE

As an admin assistant.

WYLA

Has anyone ever told you, you have
the most arresting eyes?

INT. MEETING ROOM - DAY

Flashback:

A personal growth seminar is coming to an end, and ATTENDEES
get up from their chairs. Some make a beeline for the door,
others linger and mingle.

Wyla wears a name tag and holds a clipboard. She approaches
newcomer Sophie.

WYLA

Has anyone ever told you, you have
the most arresting eyes?

SOPHIE

Wow. Thank you!

WYLA

I'm Wyla.

SOPHIE

Sophie.

WYLA

I'm supposed to ask you how you learned about this seminar. Sorry. I feel like a telemarketer!

SOPHIE

My mom saw something online and sent it to me.

WYLA

Oh, my God, my mom is always sending me stuff. It's like, I get it, you're obsessed with me. Leave me alone, I'm a grown woman!

SOPHIE

My mom is my best friend.

WYLA

Oh, mine too. Do you work?

SOPHIE

Yeah. Of course.

WYLA

I wonder if you'd be interested in our session for professional women. Networking, negotiating. Can I put your name down?

SOPHIE

Oh. Um, yeah. Sure.

WYLA

Sophie. I feel really lucky that I met you.

End flashback.

INT. TECH OFFICE - DAY

A crumpled paper sails over the cubicle wall and lands on Janelle's desk. She giggles and tosses it back.

JANELLE

You guys!
(sighing)
So. Any questions for me?

WYLA

JAN-ull. All I want to know is, how does it feel to have achieved so much success at such a young age?

JANELLE
Oh, stop. Don't stop.

WYLA
You're hilarious. I feel really
lucky that I met you.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

Wyla floats down the street. The breeze caresses her. She smiles. She's on top of the world.

Suddenly, she spots a blue SUV. She sees Grant at the wheel and Sophie in the passenger's seat.

She gasps in panic, remembering...

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Corgan lies on the table, the group around him.

The forceps is in his mouth. He shakes and hisses through his nose. Wyla's lip quivers.

Inside Corgan's mouth -- teeth, forceps, thick frantic tongue. The scrape of metal on bone.

Screams. Wyla winces. Kim pulls out the forceps, dripping in blood. She holds it up. The tooth drips red.

End flashback.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

Wyla looks again at the blue SUV, but it's only a couple of STRANGERS inside. She exhales. They drive away.

EXT. FRONT YARD - DAY

Darrow runs out the door into the yard. Wyla follows behind.

WYLA
Let's go in the back, huh?

She scoops him up, looking over her shoulder.

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

Wyla spins Darrow in a circle. He squeals.

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

Wyla blows bubbles. Darrow flails at them.

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

Wyla chases Darrow, who runs away in laughter. She collapses on the grass out of breath.

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

Wyla and Lissa on children's swings.

LISSA

I think he's cheating on me.

WYLA

Really?

LISSA

He's always on his phone.

WYLA

You're always on your phone.

LISSA

I know. I think about all the horrible things I could get away with if I wanted to.

JEFF (O.S.)

Honey?

LISSA

(shouting)

Yeah?

JEFF (O.S.)

Where's the immersion blender?

LISSA

(shouting)

I've literally never touched that.

WYLA

He's not.

LISSA

But isn't he? Probably?

WYLA

You think if you're hypervigilant
all the time you can prevent
anything bad from ever happening?

LISSA

Uh, yeah.

WYLA

Bad things happen. That's life.
It's how you deal with them.

LISSA

I guess.

WYLA

Hey. Breathe.

Lissa rolls her eyes.

WYLA (CONT'D)

Breathe, dammit!

Lissa breathes.

WYLA (CONT'D)

Come here.

Wyla pulls Lissa off the swing.

INT. PLAYHOUSE - DAY

They climb a ladder into the elevated playhouse connected to
the swingset. They sit cross-legged, facing each other. Wyla
takes Lissa's hands.

WYLA

What do you feel? Tell me what you
feel. Right now.

LISSA

This is silly.

WYLA

It's okay to be silly. I'll go
first. I feel sad that you're
upset. And you feel...

LISSA

I guess a little sad.

WYLA

Sadness is anger aimed inwards. Can you think of a moment in your childhood when you were angry?

LISSA

This is dumb.

WYLA

Tell me a memory of anger.

LISSA

I mean, you already know.

WYLA

It's not about that. It's about you saying it out loud.

LISSA

I've said it a million times!

WYLA

Then why are you resisting so hard?

LISSA

Fine. Dad.

WYLA

What about dad?

LISSA

When he left.

WYLA

And before that?

LISSA

I. Um. Ugh! This is--

WYLA

It's okay.

LISSA

That time.

WYLA

Which time?

LISSA

That time.

Lissa's memories begin to mingle with Wyla's, and we see quick flashes of what she is describing.

WYLA

Close your eyes. What are you wearing?

Lissa closes her eyes.

LISSA

My new plaid jacket.

Micro-flashback: A glimpse of Young Lissa's jacket.

LISSA (CONT'D)

School was starting.

WYLA

What do you taste?

LISSA

Hot chocolate.

Micro-flashback: A paper cup of hot chocolate in a child's hand.

WYLA

What do you hear?

LISSA

Seagulls.

Flashback: Seagulls squawk in an empty parking lot.

WYLA

It's okay. I'm here with you. What happens? What do you see? Dive into the wound.

Lissa inhales and exhales. They both remember.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Flashback:

The images come in fragments.

Smiling Young Wyla and Young Lissa emerge from Dunkin' Donuts with two hot chocolates.

Young Wyla grabs Young Lissa's hand.

Young Wyla sees a red car parked in the distance.

YOUNG WYLA

Dad?

Young Wyla and Young Lissa walk across the parking lot.

John sits in the driver seat, his back to them.

YOUNG WYLA (CONT'D)

Dad!

John turns.

A WOMAN appears in the passenger's seat.

Her lipstick is smeared.

Seagulls squawk louder.

Hot chocolate splatters on the asphalt, the cup bounces.

Young Wyla releases Young Lissa's hand.

Young Wyla turns and runs, leaving Lissa behind.

Young Lissa freezes--abandoned. Her breath is ragged. Her eyes dart.

End flashback.

INT. PLAYHOUSE - DAY

LISSA

You left me.

WYLA

I'm sorry.

LISSA

How could you leave me?

WYLA

Listen. I'm never leaving you again.

They embrace fiercely.

INT. CONDO HALLWAY - NIGHT

As Wyla puts her key in the lock, she hears voices inside Deedee's condo.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Wyla enters.

Deedee sits at the kitchen table with Blythe, Wyla's former classmate. There's coffee, cookies, cake. A cardboard box sits on the floor. Dozens of candles on the table (unlit).

DEEDEE
There she is.

BLYTHE
Hi again.

WYLA
Hey, Blythe.

DEEDEE
Coffee?

Wyla shakes her head, no.

WYLA
What are you guys up to?

DEEDEE
I'm treating myself.

WYLA
Oh, yeah?

Wyla picks up a candle and looks at it skeptically.

BLYTHE
Scent is the most powerful sense we have. It activates your memory zone and stimulates your joy center.

DEEDEE
Isn't this heaven?

Deedee hands Wyla a candle. Wyla sniffs and reacts.

WYLA
(reading label)
"Sex on the Beach." Well, isn't that sassy?

BLYTHE
Your mom tells me you're looking for a job.

WYLA
Yeah, no, I've got something in the works.

DEEDEE
Blythe runs her own business.

BLYTHE
You could, too.

WYLA
Oh. No. No thanks.

BLYTHE
I get it. Being your own boss isn't
for everyone.

Wyla scoffs-laughes.

DEEDEE
You're being very rude.

WYLA
It's multi-level marketing, right?

BLYTHE
Not quite. It's--

WYLA
A pyramid scheme.

DEEDEE
Honey!

WYLA
Maybe it's time for you to go.

DEEDEE
Don't listen to her.

BLYTHE
It's fine.

Wyla sniffs another candle.

WYLA
Oh! "Suburban Desperation."

BLYTHE
I do have to get home to the kids.

DEEDEE
Stay, stay.

BLYTHE
Should I put your order in?

DEEDEE
Double it.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

Deedee closes the door as Blythe leaves.

DEEDEE

I don't even have the words. What has gotten into you?

WYLA

It's a scam!

DEEDEE

Her husband lost his job. She's trying to make ends meet. You can be so cold-hearted.

Deedee cleans up the food.

WYLA

Why do you love everyone except me?

DEEDEE

Excuse me?

WYLA

You haven't asked a single question about my life. How I am. Where I've been. But you know everything there is to know about the candle girl.

DEEDEE

I forgot. I'm a horrible monster. Raising two girls all on my own. Going back to school to support you. Taking my homeless daughter in off the streets even though she stopped talking to me with no explanation.

WYLA

I needed you. And you weren't there.

DEEDEE

I needed you, too!

WYLA

You're not supposed to need me. I'm supposed to need you! You're the mom. I'm the kid.

DEEDEE

You're not a kid anymore.

WYLA

But you're still my mother.

DEEDEE

I'm here for you. I'm right here!

WYLA

Being in the room is not the same
as being here.

DEEDEE

I'm here. And he's not. That's all
you need to know.

Deedee's nostrils flare.

INT. YOUNG WYLA'S BEDROOM - DAY

Flashback:

Deedee's nostrils flare. Young Wyla is saying something to her, urgently. We don't hear the words but we know what it is.

Deedee whips her fist into the window. Glass shatters, shards twisting and falling, almost beautiful.

Young Wyla's face fragmented in the glass, shot through with prisms.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Deedee sits at the table. Her hand is wrapped in a kitchen towel.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Young Wyla kneels backwards on the couch, looking out the front window toward the street.

INT. FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

The door opens.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Deedee looks up, angry.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Young Wyla looks up, hopeful.

FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

John enters the house with Young Lissa, her eyes red.

End flashback.

INT. LISSA'S GUEST ROOM - DAY

Lissa opens the guest room door. Wyla enters with a shopping bag filled with clothes and toiletries, which she places on the floor. She sits on the bed. She lays down. Her hand slides over the covers.

INT. YOUNG WYLA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Flashback:

Young Wyla lays on her bed.

Young Lissa snores quietly in her bed across the room.

Young Wyla's hand slides over the covers. She winces.

She picks up a shard of glass, reflecting in the moonlight.

She runs her fingers over it.

She jabs the shard into the back of her hand. A dot of blood appears. She jabs again -- another dot. She drags the glass in an arc. A rough smiley face made of blood.

End flashback.

INT. MEETING ROOM - DAY

Flash forward to Wyla recounting this moment in a group meeting. Chairs in a circle.

KIM

Dive into the wound.

WYLA

I'm trying.

KIM
How does it feel?

WYLA
I don't know.

GRANT
Avoidance.

WYLA
It feels... good. But also not.

GRANT
Generalization.

KIM
Try again.

WYLA
It feels... right to do something
bad to match how bad I feel inside.

KIM
What else do you feel?

WYLA
Fear.

KIM
What are you scared of?

WYLA
The blood will stain the sheets and
she'll be so mad at me.

INT. YOUNG WYLA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Flashback:

Young Wyla licks the blood off her hand. She grasps her hand
to staunch the blood.

End flashback.

INT. MEETING ROOM - DAY

Back to the chair circle...

KIM
What else do you feel?

WYLA
I don't know.

GRANT
Avoidance.

WYLA
It's all my fault.

GRANT
It's not your fault.

WYLA
I'm all alone.

KIM
You're not alone.

Kim wraps Wyla in a hug. Grant completes the embrace, hugging Wyla from behind. Corgan joins. Then Sophie. Misty. Hannah. And OTHERS.

End flashback.

EXT. LISSA'S HOUSE - DAY

Wyla opens the mailbox at the curb. She looks around cautiously. She sees Ben jogging.

BEN
Well, hello there.

WYLA
Hi!

BEN
Are you... stalking me?

WYLA
It's true. I had to be near you so I moved onto your street. I mean, I didn't move so much as I broke in through Lissa's basement window and refused to leave.

BEN
Walk with me?

She puts the mail back in the box and closes it.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

They walk down the street.

BEN
How have you been?

WYLA
Not great? My mom kicked me out.

BEN
Oh, God. Sorry to hear that.

WYLA
She has such a hard time admitting her mistakes. I don't know how to get her to see.

BEN
Sometimes. If you need the person who hurt you to be the person to heal you. You might be waiting for a really long time.

WYLA
Ugh. Stop being so mature all the time and indulge in some good old fashioned mom-blaming.

BEN
That used to be my favorite hobby. Hey, wait here.

He jogs up the driveway towards his house.

EXT. BEN'S HOUSE

Ben jogs back to Wyla.

BEN
For your first day.

He hands her a colorful stapler.

WYLA
Aww! It's so cute!

She pinches the stapler to make it "bite."

BEN
Think of me when you're collating.

INT. TECH OFFICE - DAY

Wyla sits at a desk wearing a wireless headset. The stapler visible on her desk. Muffled shouting comes from the office behind her. A YOUNG WOMAN opens the door and rushes out, sobbing. Janelle emerges.

JANELLE

If you're stupid enough to get pregnant you're too stupid to work here.

WYLA

Oh. Your son's teacher called. Apparently, he is still biting.

JANELLE

I'm gonna need you to stay late again.

WYLA

I actually--

Janelle ducks back into her office and slams the door.

WYLA (CONT'D)

--had plans.

INT. LISSA'S GUEST ROOM - DAY

Wyla on the phone.

WYLA

Hi, mom. I wanted to say, I'm sorry about the other day. Please call me.

INT. LISSA'S HOUSE - DAY

Music plays. Darrow and Wyla stand on their heads on the couch, waving their legs in the air, "dancing" upside down.

Lissa enters.

LISSA

Sweetie... no.

WYLA

Come dance with us!

Lissa picks up Darrow. Wyla collapses in a heap.

LISSA
Don't get him all riled up before
bed.

Wyla frowns.

INT. BEN'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Ben and Wyla sit on the couch, watching a movie.

Ben holds her hand.

He smiles at her. She smiles back at him, less brightly.

INT. TECH OFFICE - NIGHT

Wyla sits at her desk, clothes disheveled and hair messy,
bags under her eyes. She's alone in the office. Janelle
enters.

JANELLE
Is the presentation done?

WYLA
Almost.

JANELLE
Oh, good. Because I woke up this
morning with a totally new
direction. Get me a coffee and
let's talk!

Wyla exhales.

INT. LISSA'S GUEST ROOM - NIGHT

Wyla on the phone.

WYLA
Mom. It's me again.

INT. BEN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Wyla lays on her back in the bed, staring at the ceiling. She
looks bored.

BEN (O.S.)
How's that?

WYLA

Um...

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Flashback:

Wyla and Corgan make mad-passionate-sweaty love.

They're not alone. Grant joins them. Then Kim.

Wyla's back arches and her face glows in ecstasy.

End flashback.

INT. BEN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ben lays down next to Wyla and wipes his mouth on his arm.

WYLA

Let's just cuddle.

He wraps his arms around her.

INT. LISSA'S GUEST ROOM - NIGHT

Wyla wakes up to her blaring alarm.

She begins to get dressed.

The sound of Darrow crying from the next room.

WYLA

(whispering)

Shit.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Wyla brushes her teeth.

Darrow screaming.

INT. STAIRCASE - NIGHT

Wyla walks down the stairs.

Jeff emerges from Darrow's room, holding him.

JEFF
It's the middle of the night.

WYLA
I am so sorry. I have to go in.

Lissa pops her head into the hallway.

LISSA
Jesus Christ!

INT. TECH OFFICE - NIGHT

Wyla working at her desk. The office is as empty as her eyes.

INT. BEN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ben sleeps.

Wyla lays awake.

She traces the faint scar on the back of her hand.

INT. LISSA'S GUEST ROOM - NIGHT

Wyla sits on the bed, legs crossed. She looks at the phone.
She picks up. She dials. She waits.

WYLA
I'd really like to see you. Dad.

She puts down the phone. She inhales. She exhales.

INT. STAIRCASE - NIGHT

Flashback:

Young Wyla and Young Lissa sit on the stairs. Young Wyla's arm around Young Lissa, who is wrapped in a blanket. The muffled sounds of shouting from downstairs.

DEEDEE (O.S.)
So she's lying?

JOHN (O.S.)
She's confused.

The slam of a kitchen cabinet. Both girls jump.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

John hugs Young Wyla.

JOHN
I love you, baby. I'm sorry.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

John's red car pulls out of the driveway.

Young Wyla comes through the front door.

She runs across the lawn.

EXT. STREET - DAY

She chases John's car down the middle of the street.

Eventually the car disappears.

She stops running. Catches her breath.

Another car is coming down the road and honks at her to get out of the way.

She backs up to the sidewalk and sits down.

INT. IHOP RESTAURANT - DAY

Young Wyla, Young Lissa and John in a booth. Awkward.

JOHN
So. Tell me what's new?

A woman approaches -- this is JENNIFER (20s), and Young Wyla's eyes tell us she recognizes her from the fateful moment in the Dunkin' Donuts parking lot.

Jennifer gives off warm, quirky librarian vibes, with her vintage-looking dress and bright red lipstick.

John stands up to kiss her on the cheek.

JOHN (CONT'D)
They made us order already.

JENNIFER
You must be Wyla!

YOUNG WYLA

Hi.

JENNIFER

And you must be Lissa.

A waitress places a giant stack of pancakes in front of each of them. Young Wyla frowns.

INT. BARN - DAY

John and Jennifer's wedding. Young Wyla and Young Lissa stand with two older bridesmaids at the altar.

OFFICIANT

Jennifer, you may kiss your groom.

Jennifer laughs. Big kiss and swelling music.

INT. BARN - NIGHT

Wedding reception. Young Wyla stands on John's feet, dancing. He smiles down at her. She smiles up at him.

INT. BARN - NIGHT

Young Wyla and Young Lissa dance together.

INT. BARN - NIGHT

Jennifer dances with Young Wyla. They are both super silly and having a genuinely good time.

EXT. CONDO COMPLEX - DAY

Young Wyla and Young Lissa wait on the bench outside.

John pulls up in his red car.

He bear-hugs them, swinging them around. Big smiles.

EXT. CONDO COMPLEX - DAY

Young Wyla and Young Lissa wait on the bench outside.

John and Jennifer pull up in their red car.

They each take one of the girls by the hand, smiling big, leading them to the car.

EXT. CONDO COMPLEX - DAY

Young Wyla and Young Lissa wait on the bench outside.

John and Jennifer pull up in their red car.

Jennifer is pregnant. She smiles warmly and takes both girls by the hand.

EXT. CONDO COMPLEX - DAY

Young Wyla and Young Lissa wait on the bench outside.

They play around the bench, jumping on and off.

They toss little pebbles in a made-up game.

EXT. CONDO WINDOW - DAY

Deedee peers through the window at the girls, then disappears away from the window.

EXT. CONDO COMPLEX - DAY

Young Wyla and Young Lissa are both reading books when Deedee emerges from the condo. She calls over to the girls.

All three of them go inside.

EXT. CONDO COMPLEX - NIGHT

Wyla presses the buzzer.

DEEDEE

Yes?

WYLA

It's me, mom.

The buzzer buzzes.

INT. CONDO HALLWAY - NIGHT

Wyla knocks on Deedee's door.

Deedee opens the door.

DEEDEE
Hi, honey!

WYLA
Can I come in?

DEEDEE
Of course.

INT. DEEDEE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Wyla steps inside. There are too many candles.

WYLA
How are you?

DEEDEE
Well. Parish Council is organizing a toy drive. Nobody wanted to make the flyer, so I said I'd make the flyer. Then Father Radler calls me up and wants me to make about twenty changes to it. Fine. I do it. The next day, another twenty changes. I'm sorry, but I'm not getting paid for this. If he wants a flyer he can make it himself.

WYLA
Oh.

DEEDEE
Coffee?

WYLA
No thank you.

DEEDEE
I have a student coming in twenty minutes.

WYLA
I wanted to say I'm sorry.

DEEDEE
For what?

WYLA
We had a fight.

DEEDEE

I don't even remember.

WYLA

And I wanted to let you know. I'm going to meet with dad.

DEEDEE

You don't need my permission. You're a grown adult.

WYLA

Right. Just. I love you. And I'm not hiding anything from you.

Deedee picks up a candle.

DEEDEE

You have to smell this one. You'll absolutely die.

EXT. CONDO COMPLEX - NIGHT

Wyla comes out the door. Sophie is sitting on the bench, waiting. Wyla jerks to attention.

SOPHIE

Hi!

WYLA

Hi...

SOPHIE

Sorry to show up like this. Nobody's supposed to talk to you.

WYLA

Are you okay?

SOPHIE

I'm great.

WYLA

Do you need help?

Sophie nods. Wyla looks over her shoulder and leads her to an alcove.

EXT. ALCOVE - NIGHT

They huddle together.

SOPHIE
I'm going to ascend.

WYLA
When?

SOPHIE
Soon.

WYLA
You don't have to. If you don't
want to.

SOPHIE
Will you be there?

WYLA
Um...

SOPHIE
I need you at my ceremony. Please
come back.

WYLA
I don't know.

SOPHIE
You gave me my cuff. I can't do
this without you.

Wyla wraps Sophie in an embrace, caressing her hair.

WYLA
How's everyone? How's Corgan?

SOPHIE
He misses you. Oh, Wyla, he's just
heartbroken.

WYLA
Oh, God.

SOPHIE
Kim has him doing extra sessions. I
don't know if it's helping or not.

WYLA
God. I miss you.

SOPHIE
Everyone wants you back. Please
think about it.

WYLA

I will.

SOPHIE

I love you.

WYLA

I love you, too.

Sophie leaves. Wyla exhales as though she's been holding her breath the entire time.

INT. LISSA'S KITCHEN - DAY

Wyla and Lissa pick up Darrow's toys.

LISSA

I need you to start thinking about getting your own place.

WYLA

I finally got paid. I can start giving you rent. If you want.

LISSA

No. It's time.

WYLA

I would let you stay at my place forever, if you needed to.

LISSA

You don't have a place.

WYLA

Aren't we family? Isn't this what family does?

LISSA

Sometimes family is about setting boundaries so you can keep loving each other.

WYLA

This sounds like fear. Why are you scared, Lissa? Tell me what you feel.

Wyla reaches for Lissa's hands.

LISSA

Nope. Mm-mm. Not today.

WYLA

I don't understand why you're doing this to me.

LISSA

Forcing you to grow up and be responsible for once in your life?

WYLA

Is that what you think?

LISSA

You're capable of so much better than this.

WYLA

So are you.

INT. TECH OFFICE - NIGHT

Janelle stands over Wyla's desk.

JANELLE

I told you to book my salon appointment for before the photo shoot.

WYLA

I did. I thought I did.

JANELLE

How am I supposed to reschedule this late?

WYLA

I am so sorry. You're right. That is totally my fault.

JANELLE

You are such a fucking disappointment!

INT. MEETING ROOM - NIGHT

Micro-flashback: Kim yells at Wyla.

INT. DEEDEE'S CONDO - NIGHT

Micro-flashback: Deedee yells at Young Wyla.

INT. TECH OFFICE - NIGHT

Back to the present...

JANELLE

I am trying to change the world
here!

Janelle heaves Wyla's cute stapler across the room with a
grunty yell.

INT. BOWLING ALLEY - NIGHT

Wyla rushes in. Ben is on his second drink.

WYLA

Hi, handsome.

BEN

Hi. Can we talk?

WYLA

Sure.

BEN

This is the third time we've had
plans and you've been late. And it
hurts my feelings.

WYLA

Are you kidding me right now?

BEN

What?

WYLA

I've been working for eleven hours
straight and I literally ran here
to see you and the first thing you
do is attack me?

BEN

Whoa, whoa. I'm not attacking. I
want you to know how I feel.

A SERVER approaches and puts down a coaster for Wyla.

SERVER

Hiya, folks. It's Three Hole
Thursday, and our signature Three
Hole Brew is only three dollars
until 9 pm.

BEN

Thanks. Can you give us a minute?

The server sashays away.

WYLA

What do you expect me to do?

BEN

Just a few options. Text me if you're running late? Take a look at your time management? Set some expectations with your boss?

WYLA

I knew this would happen.

BEN

What?

WYLA

I'd find out what's wrong with you.

BEN

Wow. That is surprisingly mean.

WYLA

I can't do this anymore.

BEN

What are you talking about?

WYLA

You. This. This has run its course, hasn't it?

BEN

Whoa, whoa. I think you're overreacting.

WYLA

I think you're overreacting.

BEN

There's nothing wrong with expressing negative feelings or having a little conflict.

WYLA

I know that.

BEN

I'm not sure you do.

WYLA

Trust me. I have plenty of conflict.

BEN

What I mean is. Eventually. You're going to want to learn how to handle discomfort without running away.

WYLA

Ben. I know. I know. But that day is not today. I'm sorry. I really liked getting to know you.

BEN

Are you really doing this?

WYLA

Yes. I'm done.

BEN

Whoa! Hold on. Let's talk about it.

WYLA

I don't want to talk about it.

BEN

Don't walk away on a whim. Wyla. I love you.

WYLA

I love you, too. So what? It's all gonna fall apart anyway. This is what always happens.

BEN

I can't believe you would throw this all away.

WYLA

I don't want to. But I have to. I don't have a choice, Ben.

BEN

I think you're so fucking scared of being abandoned by the people you love, you push them away.

WYLA

You don't know me.

BEN

You don't know you.

He throws some cash down on the table, gives her a gentle pat on the arm and stands up.

BEN (CONT'D)

I've got to return these shoes. If you could look away, I would really appreciate it.

Wyla watches him walk away in his colorful bowling shoes.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Lissa rows on her rowing machine as Wyla sits on her bed and plays with Darrow.

WYLA

As though I haven't dedicated my adult life to self knowledge and healing.

LISSA

Well. Now I feel bad that I told you to grow up.

WYLA

Good.

They smile at each other.

LISSA

Are you okay?

WYLA

In a way, I feel. Relieved.

LISSA

You're not sad?

WYLA

It didn't feel right with him. You know?

LISSA

That's how it is with Jeff. That's just how relationships are. You get used to it.

Lissa's phone dings. Wyla picks it up casually.

WYLA

Who's Matthew?

Lissa rows faster.

LISSA
Nobody.

WYLA
(whispering)
Are you kidding me right now?

Lissa gets off the rowing machine and reaches for the phone.

WYLA (CONT'D)
No! Tell me who it is.

LISSA
He works with me. He's nobody.

Lissa grabs the phone back.

WYLA
Lissa.

LISSA
It's nothing. We're just taalking.

WYLA
I'm not judging. I'm just.
Surprised you didn't tell me.

LISSA
Don't you have to go?

WYLA
You sure you don't want to come?

LISSA
I've got nothing to say to him. And
there's nothing I want to hear.

Lissa picks up Darrow and goes into the bathroom.

INT. PANERA BREAD - DAY

Wyla sits in a booth with a cup of tea and a croissant. She glances nervously towards the parking lot.

John opens the front door. He wipes his feet on the entry mat even though it's not raining. Wyla waves and he hurries over.

JOHN
Hey!

WYLA
Hi.

She gets up and he hugs her, slightly awkward.

JOHN
Look at you! Fashion model.

He lightly touches her short hair, smiling.

WYLA
You want something?

JOHN
Oh, no, I'm good.

He takes off his jacket and sits.

WYLA
I don't want to be the only one
eating.

JOHN
Don't want to waste our time,
waiting in line.

WYLA
It's just weird if you came all the
way here and you don't--

JOHN
Okay! Okay.

He starts to walk toward the counter, but stops.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Wait. You want anything?

WYLA
No, I'm good.

JOHN
I should have paid for that.

WYLA
It's okay.

He reaches for his wallet.

JOHN
How much was it?

WYLA
Dad--

JOHN
Five dollars?

WYLA

Just go.

JOHN

Okay, okay. Stay put.

He walks toward the counter.

INT. PANERA BREAD - DAY

John sits at the table with a paper coffee cup.

JOHN

Is that upstairs tea or downstairs
tea?

Wyla smiles and stirs her tea.

WYLA

Upstairs.

JOHN

I could never remember.

WYLA

I don't think I could really taste
the difference. It was all a ploy
to extend bedtime as long as
possible.

JOHN

A very smart ploy. I've always said
how smart you are.

WYLA

So. How are you?

JOHN

I'm good, I'm good. Actually.

He takes out his phone and shows her...

JOHN (CONT'D)

I'm a grandpa again.

WYLA

Oh, wow. Adorable.

JOHN

That's Reilly.

WYLA

Congratulations.

JOHN

Seven pounds, five ounces, although I will never understand why people care what a baby weighs. Like, is it a steak? Do we pay by the ounce? And you? How are you?

WYLA

Honestly. I'm having kind of a rough time lately.

JOHN

I'm sorry, Muffin.

WYLA

Can you...

JOHN

God, they make this too hot.

WYLA

Can you just...

JOHN

Is it money? You know I'll always help you out.

WYLA

No. No. Life is just very confusing.

JOHN

I'm sorry. What can I do to help? Really. Anything.

WYLA

This is weird. But. Can you say some things to me? I need to hear. Tell me. You love me. I didn't do anything wrong. I know it's weird.

JOHN

Of course I love you. Wyla. You are the love of my life. You didn't do anything wrong, ever. I'm so, so sorry if you ever felt that way. I love you with all my heart.

WYLA

And could you tell me. Ugh! I shouldn't. But. Why did you leave?

JOHN

I didn't leave you. I left the marriage.

WYLA

But you did. You left all of us.

JOHN

No, no.

WYLA

What then?

JOHN

You're old enough. You understand. Sometimes you... you know something's not right. There's more out there. You've got to do something crazy so you don't go crazy.

WYLA

I think a lot about. You know. Before you... And how it changed everything. In my life. Who I am. And it's the thing I think about every single day. It's always this moment. Again and again. And I feel so bad for that little girl. And I keep trying to get her back.

JOHN

I'm so sorry.

WYLA

I keep poking at this wound trying to figure it out.

JOHN

If you do that too much. It's never going to heal.

WYLA

Do you regret it?

JOHN

I know it's hard to understand. But I was very unhappy then. And I'm not unhappy anymore. I'm so, so sorry I had to hurt you guys for that to happen.

WYLA

Me too.

JOHN

I can't change the past. Neither can you. But you can change your future. That, you have control of. Never forget that.

WYLA

I don't feel like I have any control at all.

Wyla begins to cry. John hands her paper napkins.

JOHN

It's okay to cry.

WYLA

Ugh.

JOHN

You have choices. You can choose to move on. You can choose to do whatever you want in this life. You can follow your heart no matter what anybody else thinks. Don't let this define you forever.

WYLA

That's easy for you to say. You got to make your choice. I didn't.

JOHN

Well. Now it's your turn.

Wyla regains her composure. She sips her tea.

WYLA

Have you met Darrow?

JOHN

I hope to someday meet Darrow.

WYLA

You'd like him.

JOHN

I bet I would.

WYLA

How are your kids?

JOHN

They're doing well. But tell me more about you.

EXT. DEEDEE'S CONDO - DAY

Bright sunny day.

INT. MUSIC STUDIO - DAY

Deedee plays the piano as Wyla empties old boxes into garbage bags.

DEEDEE

It's about time you got this stuff
out of here.

WYLA

So. I did end up going. And see
dad.

DEEDEE

That's fine. You don't need to tell
me about it.

WYLA

I want to be able to tell you about
it.

Deedee sighs.

DEEDEE

If you have to.

WYLA

I know he wasn't a great husband.
But he was a good father.

DEEDEE

Yes. He was a wonderful father to
somebody else's children.

WYLA

I'm trying to have an honest
conversation with you.

DEEDEE

Yes, I know, it's all my fault.

WYLA

It's not your fault. He did what he
did. But you never talked to us
about any of it.

DEEDEE

It hurt too much to talk about. And
it still hurts. Please stop
bringing him up. Please.

WYLA

I'm sorry. I don't want to hurt
you. But he's still my dad.

DEEDEE

Okay. You want some honesty? I love
you girls. But when I look in your
faces. All I remember is that day.
Sometimes I wish you never told me.
I could have lived with the
secrets. The suspicions. But the
truth was much harder.

WYLA

I don't know what to say.

DEEDEE

Someday. When someone hurts you.
You'll know.

Wyla looks at Deedee.

INT. PLAYHOUSE - NIGHT

Wyla sits in the swingset playhouse in Lissa's backyard.

She stares up through the roof at the stars.

She holds her leather cuff in one hand.

She closes her eyes and brushes it softly against her cheek.

INT. COSTCO - DAY

Wyla pushes Darrow in the shopping cart through the dental
care aisle. There's a Happy Birthday cake, a crudite platter
and bags of popcorn in the cart. Lissa consults her list.
Wyla picks up toothbrushes. The leather cuff is on her wrist.

WYLA

I can't believe her.

LISSA

I mean. I get where she's coming
from. I'm sick of talking about
this too.

WYLA
Well. I'm not.

LISSA
Ohh, look at these!

WYLA
(singing)
Toothbrush time, singing the
toothbrush rhyme.

DARROW
My toothbrush.

WYLA
Brush brush brush! We brush our
teeth! And what's this? This is
the...

DARROW
Toothpaste.

WYLA
Very good. The birthday boy is very
smart.

INT. ANOTHER AISLE - DAY

The egg aisle.

WYLA
What are these?

DARROW
Eggs!

WYLA
That's right.

Wyla takes a carton of eggs and places it on the floor. She
stomps on the corner with her foot.

LISSA
What are you doing?!

Wyla picks up the carton and opens it to see a few broken
eggs.

WYLA
A little trick I learned. Now we
can get it free.

LISSA
That's not a trick. That's
stealing.

Darrow laughs.

WYLA
I know, cutie! Your Aunt Wyla is a
silly goose sometimes.

LISSA
They're not even that expensive!
What is wrong with you?

Wyla sees a security camera overhead.

INT. ANOTHER AISLE - DAY

Lissa puts bags of frozen shrimp in the cart. Wyla adds jars
of cocktail sauce.

LISSA
How's the apartment hunt coming?

WYLA
I think I've got a place.

LISSA
Do you think people would eat
oranges at a party?

WYLA
Like, a whole orange?

LISSA
Yeah.

WYLA
That's incredibly disturbing.

Wyla sees the EXIT sign in the distance.

LISSA
Ugh. I hope mom behaves.

WYLA
I'm going to go pick out some wine.

LISSA
Is six bottles enough?

Wyla kisses Darrow on the top of his head.

WYLA
I love you, bubba.

Wyla walks down the aisle.

INT. COSTCO - DAY

We see Wyla through the security camera.

She turns the corner.

She walks past the wine.

She walks out of the store.

EXT. COSTO PARKING LOT - DAY

Another security camera angle. She runs through the parking lot.

She disappears beyond the frame.

A car drives by. It could be there to pick her up, or maybe not.

THE END

END CREDITS:

Over end credits, a montage:

A bloody tooth cleaned under a running faucet

A clean tooth clinking into a glass mason jar

The mason jar added to the display of jars on the wall of the group's house.