

A Broken Grey

by

Jason Benoit

921 Laguna Road
Fullerton, CA 92835
Jasonbenoitkgle3@hotmail.com

OVER BLACK:

The WHISTLE OF THE WIND rises.

A SPARK

and an orange speck of light flicks against the black screen.

A FLAME

engulfs the screen. Its ardent light sways in the darkness.
Dancing with the light music of the wind.

TAYLOR (V.O.)

When the road of life breaks, head
straight as fast as you can and try
not to blink.

A hard gust of air and the flame is gone.

FADE FROM BLACK:

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

A YOUNG BOY stares wide-eyed at the seat in front of him.

TAYLOR (V.O.)

I hated planes.

DAD (O.C.)

Relax Taylor.

TAYLOR'S DAD (30's), rubs his son's head.

DAD

Statistically they say flying is
actually safer than driving.

The HUM OF THE ENGINES howl to life.

Taylor closes his eyes tight.

FADE TO BLACK:

The hum grows louder. Rising. Reaching a deafening peak.

FADE FROM BLACK:

EXT. DESERT ROAD - TWILIGHT

Wind bristles against the empty desert road. Then, the sound
of an ENGINE HUM rises overhead. Growing close.

TWO JUMBO JETS

sweep overhead. Eerily close. Followed quickly by the growl of a car engine. Approaching fast.

A FOREST GREEN FRONTIER

tears across the road. Chasing the planes.

INT. FRONTIER - CONTINUE

TAYLOR GIBSON (21) with penetrating eyes peers towards the planes. His hands taut against the steering wheel. His foot smashes the gas. The speedometer climbs.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUE

A bridge focuses up ahead. The truck quickly closing in.

IN THE AIR

the two planes diverge - pulling away from one another. One to the left. The other to the right.

INT. FRONTIER - CONTINUE

Taylor's eyes dart between the planes. His hands melting into the steering wheel.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUE

The truck rushes towards the bridge, where -

A YELLOW SCHOOL BUS

focuses into view. Sitting idle.

INT. FRONTIER - CONTINUE

Taylor's determined eyes gleam. He smashes the accelerator, but the truck slows. He checks the gas gage.

EMPTY.

EXT. DESERT ROAD - CONTINUE

The truck rolls to a stop. Taylor exits.

He sprints for the bus, his left leg dragging slightly.

BRIDGE

Taylor reaches the bus. He pounds on the glass, prying the door open and steps

ONTO THE BUS

Taylor searches the bus, his eyes immediately drawn to the back. His eyes lock on something. He takes a step forward -

A LOUD EXPLOSION BURSTS OUTSIDE

A huge bellowing ball of fire shadows the bus. Metal pieces of the plane scatter across the desert sands.

Taylor stops. Uncertain.

He takes another step.

A LOUD RUMBLE

and the second plane shoots overhead. It crashes in the river below the bridge.

Taylor hesitates, his eyes still on the back of the bus.

Finally, he drops to a knee, holding his gaze. He opens his mouth to talk. His eyes widen -

THROUGH THE BACK WINDOW

a blue Mustang speeds into view. Headed straight for the bus.

Taylor's eyes grow tight, just as the Mustang is about to slam into the bus we -

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. TENT - NIGHT

Taylor shoots up in his sleeping bag, drenched in sweat.

EXT. ELMORE RANCH - NIGHT

Taylor climbs out of the tent, into the empty open air. If it weren't for the dark of the night, this place would be quite beautiful; a luscious man-made lake secluded in the middle of a desert farm field.

ON THE DOCK

Taylor takes a seat in a lawn chair overlooking the lake.

Silent, except for the soft ripple of the water. An occasional bubble from the minnows below. The stars dance as they reflect against the surface of the lake.

Taylor stares into the sky. Lingerin'. The view is breathtaking.

Bacon SIZZLES.

EXT. ELMORE RANCH - MORNING

KYLE (21) cooks. Behind him DAVE (22) and DRAKE (20) play catch. Under the canopy ANDY (20) and JORDAN (20) eat. On the dock, RYAN WILLIAMS (23), a robust college drunk, attempts to tan.

DAVE

Dammit Ryan, put your shirt on!

RYAN

Fuck you.

Ryan cracks a beer and drinks.

Taylor stumbles across the lawn. Plops down next to Ryan and rubs the sleep from his eyes.

RYAN

Little bro! Grab a beer.

TAYLOR

It's too early.

RYAN

Never too early for a beer when you're camping.

Taylor waves him off.

RYAN

Don't be such a pussy.

Ryan picks up a can, cracks it and offers. Taylor shakes him off. Ryan shrugs, enjoys the beer himself - both of them.

RYAN

Goddamn I love camping!

DAVE
Suck a dick!

Without even looking, Ryan launches a can over his head. It hits the ground and splashes Dave.

DAVE (O.S.)
Fuck you asshole!

RYAN
I fuckin' hate Dave.

TAYLOR
Yep.

RYAN
Asshole.

Ryan calms himself with another drink.

EXT. LAKE - LATER

The guys line the dock. Beers in hand. They stare out over the lake. Behind them, Jordan holds a video camera.

RYAN
Wow, what a great day!

KYLE
It's so nice to be hot and dry!

ANDY
Wow, it is so hot!

An ENGINE HUM grows near.

Drake shoots across the lake on a jet ski. At the last second, he whips the ski sending a tidal wave over the dock.

Behind the camera, Jordan smothers his laughter.

RYAN
Tell me you fucking got that!?

JORDAN
Yeah I got it.

RYAN
Awesome! That's awesome!

EXT. CAMP SITE - SUNSET

The guys load equipment into cars. Taylor throws a cooler into his truck, gets in and rolls down the window.

Dave, in a dark blue Mustang, speeds by.

Taylor puts the car in gear, as Drake's truck slides up next to him. Ryan leans out of the passenger window.

RYAN

Last one home buys the beer.

The truck takes off, sliding across the dirt as it hauls ass. Taylor pops the clutch and calmly follows.

I/E. FRONTIER - EVENING

A neon blue light fills the cab from the radio. Taylor coasts down the empty country highway, his hair flicking in the wind.

A CELL PHONE RINGS. He answers.

TAYLOR

Hello?

We can barely make out a muffled voice.

TAYLOR

No, I'm on my way back now.

Taylor switches hands with the phone. Turns down the radio.

TAYLOR

I don't want to talk about this anymore. I'm tired of talking Kris.

He listens, growing agitated.

TAYLOR

I get it. Things aren't the same. They're awkward. So what do you want me to do about it?

A beat.

TAYLOR

Jesus, Kristin! No, it's fine! Bye.

Taylor hangs up. He tosses the phone on the passenger seat and looks out the window at the empty desert sands.

The CELL PHONE RINGS. The display flashes "KRISTIN".

He checks the phone. Ignores it and blasts the stereo.

EXT. "THE MANSION" - NIGHT

Taylor pulls into the driveway. Drake's truck is already there. Dave's Mustang takes up two spots. Taylor exits. He grabs his bag and heads for the house.

INT. TV ROOM - CONTINUE

In the front of the room, a half-working big screen plays THE GRADUATE. Ratty, old couches line the rest of the room.

Ryan lounges, beer in hand. Jordan and Drake sprawl out on couches behind him.

ON THE TV SCREEN

BENJAMIN pounds on the glass, yelling out for ELAINE.

The guys watch without any sound. Off screen, a door shuts. A few seconds later, Taylor appears in the hallway.

RYAN

I've been sitting here for over an hour. Where the hell have you been?

Taylor enters the living room. Looks at the TV.

JORDAN

Good flick.

TAYLOR

Sound not working again?

Ryan throws an empty can at the screen. It doesn't help.

JORDAN

Nope.

RYAN

I couldn't wait for your slow ass any longer, so I bought a twenty pack. You owe me fifteen bucks.

Empty cans litter Ryan. Taylor watches the screen.

TAYLOR
Why are you watching this?

RYAN
I'm going to be a graduate this year. Thought maybe I'd get a head start on the subject. Now, the money please?

TAYLOR
You don't live here. Go home.

RYAN
Is that any way to talk to your big bro? Pay up.

JORDAN
A bets a bet. Pay the man.

DRAKE
Yeah.

TAYLOR
We didn't make any bet. He yelled it out the window and you sped off.

RYAN
So?

Kyle calls out from the hallway.

KYLE
Honor code!

DRAKE
Yeah, honor code.

TAYLOR
Screw the honor code.

Taylor pulls his wallet. Tosses Ryan a twenty. Snatches a beer from the case and walks out.

RYAN
What, no goodbye kiss, honey!?

TAYLOR (O.C.)
I want a new big bro!

RYAN
Tough shit, you're stuck with me.
All of me!

Ryan pats his stomach. Takes another drink.

ON THE TV SCREEN

On the back of the bus, Elaine grabs Benjamin's hand.

DRAKE

Dude, that chick is so hot.

RYAN

No way, Mrs. Robinson is way hotter.

INT. TAYLOR'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Taylor enters. Flips on a lamp and tosses his bag on the bed. He moves to the desk and runs his finger across the laptop, waking it. An INSTANT MESSENGER BOX FLASHES:

INSTANT MESSENGER

DESTINYSLIE: *So, um, yeah good convo tonight T. ttyl. Bye!*

Taylor snaps the laptop closed and moves to the bed. He pushes the bag to the floor and empties his pockets. Keys, phone, wallet. All on the nightstand.

ANGLE ON THE WALLET

It flaps open revealing a picture of an attractive girl. Seated in front of her, a smiling baby boy.

Taylor lays on the bed, flips off the lamp.

Black. A quiet peace fills the room. Then -

LOUD ROCK MUSIC

erupts across the hall. Followed by a LOUD BANG on the door.

The lamp flips on. Taylor climbs out of bed and throws open the door. MATT (18), roommate and a stoner, clutches a sack of weed and a bong.

MATT

Dude, we're gonna smoke. Come on.

TAYLOR

You didn't wake me up for that.

MATT

Oh come on, it'll be fun.

Dave passes in the hallway. Enters Matt's room.

DAVE

Taylor doesn't smoke. He's a pussy.

Taylor closes the door on Matt. Climbs back into bed and flips off the light.

MATT (O.C.)

(through the door)

Pussy!

TAYLOR

Uh huh!

I/E. BUS - TWILIGHT - DREAM

THROUGH THE BUS WINDOW

a plane glides through the sky. Nose-diving quickly towards the ground. It explodes. A giant ball of flames fills the screen. A burnished piece of debris shoots out, tumbling straight towards the window, about to smash into the bus -

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. TAYLOR'S ROOM - EARLY MORNING

Taylor sits up in bed. Sweat beads off his forehead.

INT. AGENCY OFFICE - DAY

An endless sea of cubicles. Suit and tie-ers rush around the office. Copies. Phones. Files. An endless throng of chaos. And amid it all - TAYLOR - sits behind a desk, working the phone.

TAYLOR

There's Peter!

Across the hall, NICOLE (30's), hard-nosed and assertive, picks up the phone.

NICOLE

Peter, hey, listen we got a bit of an issue here.

Taylor turns to the computer. Types an e-mail. Over the office clatter, a VIBRATING SOUND grows. Taylor digs for his phone and checks the display: "LEIGH HOME". He answers.

TAYLOR
 Hey, I can't really talk right now.
 Can I call you back when I get off?

In the background, a phone hangs up.

NICOLE (O.C.)
 Get Debbie!

TAYLOR
 I don't know, like ten your time
 probably. I have to go.

NICOLE (O.C.)
 Are you getting Debbie!?

TAYLOR
 Okay. Bye.
 (hangs up)
 Sorry. Trying Debbie.

Taylor hastily dials.

TAYLOR
 I have Nicole Sanders trying her.
 (a beat)
 There's Debbie!

EXT. TAYLOR'S CAR - NIGHT

Red lights stretch endlessly into the night.

INT. TAYLOR'S CAR - CONTINUE

Taylor slumps. Tie slacken. Shirt unbuttoned. He flips quickly through the radio, finding nothing he likes. He picks up his phone and scrolls through the names. Finds the right one - "LEIGH HOME", and dials. It rings. A tired girl answers.

LEIGH (V.O.)
 Hello?

TAYLOR
 Hey. It's me.

LEIGH (V.O.)
 I was just about to go to bed.

TAYLOR
Think you can spare a few minutes
and entertain me?

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION - TAYLOR AND LEIGH

A quaint bedroom. Pictures of the baby boy from earlier, CAYDEN, fill the room. Walls splatter posters of off-beat, Indie music groups.

On the bed, lies LEIGH (21). Engaging in that sweet Katharine Hepburn way. Beside her, sleeps Cayden.

LEIGH
Traffic?

TAYLOR
Yep.

LEIGH
I'll try.

TAYLOR
So how was your day?

LEIGH
Busy. Work all day, then pregnancy
center til nine.

TAYLOR
Yeah?

LEIGH
I got this girl Claire tonight. Ran
away from home and moved in with
her twenty-six year old boyfriend.
So, she comes in -

TAYLOR
Wait, how old is she?

LEIGH
Fourteen.

TAYLOR
Damn, that's really young.

LEIGH
That's how old we were when we
first had sex.

TAYLOR

True.

LEIGH

Anyways, her mom basically drags her in so we can tell her how its God's will for her to have this kid and all.

TAYLOR

Did it work?

LEIGH

No. The girl just sat there for an hour and didn't say one word. It felt like the biggest waste of time. She's just going to go run off and get the abortion.

Taylor's car makes little headway.

LEIGH (cont'd)

Sorry, you probably think this is boring.

TAYLOR

Much more entertaining than traffic. How's Cayden?

Leigh looks to Cayden. His little eyelids flicker.

LEIGH

He's asleep. I think he's dreaming.

TAYLOR

Nice.

LEIGH

I wonder what he's dreaming about.
(holds on him)
He's getting big now. When's the last time you saw him?

TAYLOR

January, I think. Right before I left.

LEIGH

He's talking so well now too.

TAYLOR

I'll have to call earlier one night. Catch him still awake.

LEIGH
Yeah. You should.

TAYLOR
Is he potty trained yet?

LEIGH
Nope. But we're trying -

Leigh's phone BEEPS.

LEIGH
Hold on, I got another call.

She clicks over. Taylor's car inches forward. Stops. He looks out the window, as a plane descends for landing.

Taylor watches. Leigh clicks back over.

LEIGH
Hey, sorry, it's Nate. I gotta go.

TAYLOR
Oh, the husband. Right.

LEIGH
Whatever. I'll call you later this week. Bye.

TAYLOR
Bye.

Taylor hangs up. The car in front of Taylor inches forward. Stops quickly. A sticker on the bumper reads: "SUCKS, HUH?".

INT. "THE MANSION" - NIGHT

Taylor enters. Moves through the kitchen. Flips quickly through a stack of mail and walks into the

HALLWAY

Matt's door is open. Inside Matt, Andy and Drake smoke.

TAYLOR
Hey honey I'm home.

ANDY
I've missed you darling.

Matt takes a hit. Holds it and releases. He coughs. Taylor sits on the bed. Matt smirks seductively at him.

MATT
Wanna smoke?

TAYLOR
Yeah, sure.

Taylor doesn't move. It's obvious this happens every day.

ANDY
I bet if you ever smoked, you'd be
like a paranoid smoker man.

DRAKE
No way man. Gibson would be a chill
smoker. He'd be a giggler man.
Always laughing and shit.

MATT
Come on you know you want to.

TAYLOR
No thanks.

DRAKE
Dude, its the end of my freshman
year and I've smoked with the
President of the school and the
President of my fraternity. All I
gotta do is smoke with you, man.

TAYLOR
Good luck with that.

MATT
That's boner, man. Totally boner.

Matt takes another hit.

MATT
Before you graduate, I'm smoking
you out.

DRAKE
Yeah, dude.

ANDY
Totally.

INT. TAYLOR'S ROOM - NIGHT

The gleam of the laptop flits through the darkness. Taylor
types. An INSTANT MESSAGE BOX pops up.

ON THE MONITOR

DESTINYSLIE: *How ya doin T?*

TXSTUD17: *Fine.*

DESTINYSLIE: *How was your day?*

TXSTUD17: *long*

DESTINYSLIE: *Okay, nevermind then. Bye.*

Frustrated, Taylor snaps the laptop closed. The room is dark.

INT. GYM - DAY

Taylor runs on the treadmill. A slight limp in his left leg. Sweat pounds off him, as he pushes the last final feet. He slows to a stop and catches his breath.

Ryan, clad in all his robust glory - retro-80's wrist and headbands approaches. His shirt says: "CHICKS DIG ME".

RYAN

Hey, Greg Louganis, catch!

He tosses a bottle to Taylor. Taylor takes a long gulp.

RYAN

How's the knee?

TAYLOR

Eh, it sucks.

Taylor climbs off the treadmill. Ryan follows him to the free weights. Taylor grabs a pair of dumbbells and does curls. Ryan leans against the rack watching.

RYAN

You talk to Leigh lately?

TAYLOR

A little. She called the other night.

RYAN

How's that going?

TAYLOR

It's not. I told you, she's got a boyfriend.

RYAN
Yeah, but you're the first love.
First loves always keep the upper
hand.

TAYLOR
Not with this one.

RYAN
Okay, then what about Kristin? Or
you fucking that one up too?

TAYLOR
Me and Kristin aren't anything.

RYAN
Bullshit.

TAYLOR
We're not.

Taylor struggles with another rep.

RYAN
I see how you look at that girl.

TAYLOR
Friends. Nothing more. We don't
even talk much anymore.

RYAN
You don't have to talk with her to
have a good time.

Ryan makes a circle with one hand. Sticks his index finger
through it. Wink, wink. Taylor racks the weights.

TAYLOR
Get off it already.

RYAN
You get on it already!

Taylor takes a drink.

TAYLOR
What about you and Brooke?

RYAN
Don't bring my ex into this.

TAYLOR
You brought mine in. I can't bring
yours in?

RYAN
Shut up.

TAYLOR
Whoa, short temper.

Ryan hits Taylor's arm and leans against the wall in silence.
Taylor grabs the dumbbells off the rack.

TAYLOR
You actually gonna work out or just
stand there all day?

RYAN
Hey, showing up is half the battle
buddy.

TAYLOR
Yeah and I'm sure the pounds are
gonna start flying off with your
perfect attendance.

Ryan shrugs. Taylor does a couple more reps.

RYAN
You wanna blow this joint and grab
some grub? I'm starving.

INT. SUBWAY - LATER

Taylor and Ryan stand in line. A SEXY FEMALE SANDWICH
"ARTIST" makes their sandwiches.

RYAN
Extra mayo. Really lay it on honey.

She squirts a glob on the bread.

RYAN
Not like that. Here.

Ryan reaches across the glass, grabs the bottle and soaks the
bread in mayonnaise.

RYAN
Much better. You. You're good.

TAYLOR
 What happened to you? You used to be skinny.

RYAN
 I'm a growing boy.

Taylor flicks the skin under Ryan's chin.

TAYLOR
 A growing boy with three chins.

Ryan socks Taylor in the arm.

TAYLOR
 What?

RYAN
 That's not funny. I'm sensitive.

The Sexy Girl rings up Ryan's sandwich.

HOT SANDWICH ARTIST
 That'll be ten seventy-eight.

Ryan digs in his pockets.

RYAN
 Dude, spot me?

Taylor pays and moves to a booth. Tosses his wallet and cell phone on the table. The wallet flips open to the picture of Leigh and Cayden.

RYAN
 Okay, so seriously, what's the deal? Two weeks ago I could've swore you were fucking Kristin and now it's like she's got some disease. Like hepatitis. Maybe syphilis. Chlamydia?
 (getting back on track)
 Anyways, I mean we all know she's a fuckin' head case, but come on, she's hot man.

TAYLOR
 And fuckin' crazy. Every time we start actually having a real conversation, she gets schizo ADD on me and flips out. Girls got issues.

RYAN

You aren't exactly coming from the best track record yourself.

Ryan shoves the sandwich down his throat. No bites. Quite impressive. He motions to the picture in the wallet.

RYAN

(food in mouth)

I mean you dated a girl with a kid. That's grown up stuff. You an "adult" now?

A line of mayonnaise drips from the corner of Ryan's mouth. Taylor points it out.

TAYLOR

You got a little. Yeah right there.

RYAN

Just saving some for later.

Ryan licks it off.

RYAN

Okay, so if not Kristin then you gotta find someone quick. Mexico is about a month away and you my friend are on the streamline path to masturbation-ville. Only transvestites and guys with hairy backs live there sir.

TAYLOR

And you're not?

RYAN

I'm broke. A date means extra money that I don't have. Plus, there's no chance in hell I'm splittin' my drink money. Not happenin'.

Taylor looks at the Sandwich Girl. Ryan notices.

RYAN

What about sandwich babe?

TAYLOR

Nah, not my type.

RYAN

Not your type? She's hot, blonde and can make a mean 'wich, man.

(MORE)

RYAN(cont'd)

You teach her to bring the beer
cold and you got yourself a Mona
Lisa.

Taylor shakes his head.

RYAN

Hey, sandwich babe!

INT. TAYLOR'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Taylor starts the car. Ryan climbs in.

TAYLOR

I can't believe you.

RYAN

Did I or did I not get the number?

TAYLOR

I'm not calling her.

RYAN

Pussy.

I/E. TAYLOR'S CAR - LATER

A busy street. RAP plays on the radio. Ryan matches word-for-word with the song. Really getting into it.

RYAN

*It's the motherfuckin' D-O-double-
G, SNOOP DOGG! la, da, da, da, dah.*

Red light. The car rolls to a stop.

IN THE CROSSWALK

A young mother crosses. Her two year old son beside her hand-in-hand. Taylor watches them blankly. They pass. The sun shines through the windshield, blinding Taylor.

FLASH!

EXT. BACKYARD POOL - DAY - FLASHBACK

The sun bounces off the calm water.

CAYDEN (O.S.)

Superman!

Cayden (3) plows into frame. Crashes into the water. Moments later, he reappears, floaties clinging to both arms. Cayden spits water. Wipes at his eyes. Taylor wades into view taking Cayden into his arms.

CAYDEN
Superman again.

TAYLOR
Again?

CAYDEN
Yeah, up there.

Cayden points pool side.

TAYLOR
Alright, monkey butt.

Taylor sets Cayden on the deck. He throws his arms up. Yells.

CAYDEN
Superman!

He jumps. Taylor catches him mid-air.

CAYDEN
Hey! No fair.

TAYLOR
Who says so?

CAYDEN
Cayden says so!

Taylor lifts Cayden into the air and blows on his stomach. Cayden giggles.

CAYDEN
Stop it! Stop tickling me Taylor!

Taylor stops, pretending to catch his breath.

TAYLOR
Okay I quit.

Cayden relaxes. Taylor quickly blows again. Cayden laughs.

CAYDEN
Quit it Taylor!

Taylor tosses Cayden into the air. He splashes into the water.

A CAR HONKS!

I/E. TAYLOR'S CAR - DAY

RYAN
*Top Dogg, bite me all, nigga burn
 the shit up.*

Taylor snaps back. The light is green. A car behind him HONKS. Ryan leans out his window - mid-sentence.

RYAN
 You don't want me to get out of
 this car!?

Ryan opens the door.

RYAN
 Don't piss an overweight guy off!

Ryan shuts the door and leans back in, jumping right back into the song. He doesn't miss a beat.

RYAN
*Low life, yo life, boy we livin' it
 up.*

Taylor drives through the intersection.

EXT. "THE MANSION" FRONT PORCH - SUNSET

Taylor dials. Looks out over the long driveway below.

INT. LEIGH'S HOUSE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Cartoons blare from the TV, drowning out the phone. Cayden sits in front of the TV, enthralled.

INTERCUT FRONT PORCH AND LEIGH'S HOUSE

Taylor paces the porch. The PHONE RINGS.

LEIGH'S LIVING ROOM

Leigh enters.

LEIGH
 That's way too loud Cayden.

She turns the TV down. Finally, hears the phone.

CAYDEN

Hey!

She answers the phone.

LEIGH

Hello?

TAYLOR

Hey.

LEIGH

What's up fool?

TAYLOR

Not much. Thought I might catch Cayden still awake. Is he up?

LEIGH

Yeah. Let me see if I can get him.
(to Cayden)
Cayden, phone for you.

CAYDEN

No. Cartoon.

LEIGH

It's Taylor.

Cayden pops off the floor and dashes to the phone. He practically rips the phone from her hands.

CAYDEN

Taylor!

TAYLOR

What's up monkey butt! Whatcha doin'?

CAYDEN

Um, watching cartoons.

TAYLOR

Yeah, what cartoon you watching?

CAYDEN

Um, Spongebob.

TAYLOR

I bet that's a good one.

CAYDEN
Yeah. You come over and play?

LEIGH
Taylor's in California Cayden.

TAYLOR
I'm sorry buddy. I can't today. I'm
kind of far away.

CAYDEN
Oh.

TAYLOR
But we'll play another day, okay?

CAYDEN
Okay.

TAYLOR
I'll talk to you later. Love ya.

CAYDEN
Love you too.

Cayden hands the phone to Leigh and bounds back to the TV.

LEIGH
Hey.

TAYLOR
He's talking much better now.

LEIGH
Yeah. The only thing that seems to
shut him up anymore is the damn TV.
So, what's new with you?

TAYLOR
Not much. Just school and work and
stuff. It feels weird being back.

Leigh moves around the house. Picks up a pair of socks.

LEIGH'S BEDROOM

She tosses them into a hamper.

LEIGH
A years a long time to be gone.
You'll get used to it.

TAYLOR
What about you? Anything going on?

LEIGH
Just work mainly. You coming home
anytime soon?

TAYLOR
Prolly not til summer.

She takes one of Cayden's shirts off the top of the TV,
uncovering a picture of Leigh and a SUAVE INDIE/PUNK GUY
(NATE), deep eyes and an inviting smile.

LEIGH
How's work? Meet any celebrities
lately?

TAYLOR
Um, saw Ben Stiller the other day.

Leigh's phone BEEPS.

LEIGH
Hey hold on a sec. I got a call.

She clicks over.

Taylor mulls around the deck. Sits in a lawn chair and looks
up at the sky. High above, a blinking light drifts by.

Leigh clicks back.

LEIGH
Sorry. It's Nate. He's about to go
to bed, so I gotta go.

TAYLOR
You two talk everyday?

LEIGH
Yeah, pretty much.

TAYLOR
This getting pretty serious, huh?

LEIGH
I guess so.

TAYLOR
(sarcastic)
He propose yet? You say yes?

Leigh doesn't answer. Taylor sits up in his chair, unsure.

TAYLOR
Did he?

LEIGH
Yes.

TAYLOR
What'd you say?

LEIGH
I said yes.

Taylor's at a loss for words. Finally -

TAYLOR
You're not kidding, are you?

LEIGH
No, I'm not.

Taylor stands. Unable to mask the hurt in his eyes.
Speechless. A beat.

LEIGH
Does this mean we can't be friends
anymore?

TAYLOR
I have to go. I'm sorry.

Taylor hangs up. He stares still into the vacuous night.

INT. TAYLOR'S ROOM - NIGHT

Melancholy music fills the room. The glow of the laptop
illuminates Taylor as he types a paper.

ON THE MONITOR

An INSTANT MESSAGE BOX pops up, blocking the screen.

INSTANT MESSENGER

DESTINYSLIE: *Hey, dawg.*

He minimizes his paper. Clicks the message box and types -

TXSTUD17: *hey*

DESTINYSLIE: *how was your day?*

TXSTUD17: *Leigh told me she's engaged.*

Taylor taps his mouse impatiently. Finally -

DESTINYSLIE: *You're over her. You broke up. Move on.*

TXSTUD17: *What the hell do you want from me?*

A beat. Then -

DESTINYSLIE: *The old Taylor.*

TXSTUD17: *You freaked out, not me.*

DESTINYSLIE: *And you made things weird, T.*

Taylor closes the laptop. The room is dark.

I/E. TAYLOR'S CAR - TWILIGHT - DREAM

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD

the school bus sits idle atop the bridge.

Taylor presses the accelerator, but the speedometer drops. He taps the pedal. Nothing. Looks at the gas gage.

EMPTY.

The truck rolls to a stop. Taylor throws the door open. Darts from the vehicle. His left leg limping as he approaches --

THE BRIDGE

He pounds on the bus door, wedging his fingers into the hinges. He tries to pry it open. Tugs and finally pops the door open, slicing his index finger against the metal frame.

He steps onto the bus. Immediately, drawn to the back.

TAYLOR'S POV

In the back row, sits a NATURALLY ELEGANT BRUNETTE. Her face like an angel. Her eyes that of a swirling ocean's kiss.

She sits softly in the seat. Her eyes meet Taylor's. A tear slides down her soft face. She barely manages a smile. Still absolutely beautiful.

Taylor starts towards her, but stops. He looks at his feet, then out the window at the plane nose-diving in the air. And back to the girl again.

A LOUD BUZZER SHRIEKS.

INT. TAYLOR'S ROOM - MORNING

The bedside alarm shrills. A hand reaches into frame and lazily smacks the alarm. There's an old cut on his hand.

INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Taylor doggedly stands over the toilet. Sounds of water-hitting-water.

ABOVE THE TOILET

He eyes a poster --

Britney Spears. Seducing eyes. He blinks. Cocks his head and -

TAYLOR
(reads)
Dream within a dream tour.

Suddenly "water-hitting-water" turns into "water-hitting-leg". Taylor jumps back, now wide-awake.

TAYLOR
God Dammit.

INT. TAYLOR'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Taylor shoves a few papers aside on the desk. Flips a notebook away. It lands, open on a drawing. An intricate sketching of a pair of luring eyes.

INT. "THE MANSION" KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Taylor enters the kitchen adjusting his tie. At the counter, Ryan sits eating a bowl of cereal. Perpetually hungover.

Taylor grabs a banana from the counter, band-aid on his finger. He peers into Ryan's bowl -- Beerios.

RYAN
I crashed on the couch last night.

Taylor nods.

RYAN
I was drunk.

Nods again.

RYAN
Big party tonight. Operation Taylor
gonna get some.

But Taylor's already on his way out the front door.

TAYLOR
(calling back)
Go home already.

RYAN
I can't remember where I left my
car.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - CONTINUE

Taylor clicks his car and opens the door.

I/E. TAYLOR'S CAR/DRIVEWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Taylor drives down the driveway. In the lawn, a beat up red Geo Metro cushions a thornbush. The bumper sticker on the back - "IF YOU CAN'T DRINK IT, I DON'T WANT IT".

INT. OFFICE - DAY

PHONES RING over one another. People rush back and forth.

TAYLOR'S CUBICLE

Taylor sits behind the desk, scribbling in a notebook.

ANGLE ON NOTEBOOK

He sketches an outline of a face, to go with the finished eyes.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Bumper-to-bumper traffic. An endless highway of red lights. Cars inch forward. Stopping quickly.

FRONTIER

Taylor leans against the window, barely moving.

MUSIC BUMPS

INT. "THE MANSION" - NIGHT

LIVING ROOM

A horde of college students party. Red keg cups splatter the crowd. A couple grinds in the middle of the room.

FROM THE HALLWAY

A PRETTY GIRL bounds into frame, her cup held high, weaving her way through the crowd. She slips past a group of guys, gawking as she passes.

KITCHEN

She enters and sits at the table. Next to Taylor. Beside him is Ryan.

In unison, everyone pounds the table and claps. They chant.

ALL

Oh, big booty, big booty, big
booty, ah yeah look at that booty.

RYAN

Big booty number 9.

PRETTY GIRL

Number 9, number 6.

DAVE

Number 6, number 2.

GIRL WITH GLASSES

Number 2, number 8.

TAYLOR

Number 8, number 2.

Everyone yells. "Oh, You lose, Drink, etc."

TAYLOR

What!?

RYAN

No kickbacks. Drink bitch.

The Pretty Girl slides Taylor a beer. He chugs. Across the table, Dave whispers into a FLIPPANT RED HEAD'S ear. She giggles and takes a drink.

Ryan leans over to Taylor.

RYAN

Five says he takes advantage of her tonight.

Taylor nods. Takes a drink and stands.

RYAN

Where you going?

TAYLOR

Bathroom. That okay?

Ryan shrugs. Taylor steps back from the table and the game continues.

LIVING ROOM

Taylor moves through the party. Passes a more robust girl, SARAH (19). If it weren't for the rounded-college-beer belly, she might be cute. She squeezes his ass as he walks by. Taylor looks back. Sarah winks. He turns away, disgusted.

HALLWAY

Taylor tries the bathroom door. Locked. He leans back against the wall and waits. Behind the door, girly high pitched giggles echo into the hallway.

The lock turns and the door opens. A sexy vixen, RACHEL (19), stands in the doorway laughing. She smiles at Taylor and moves past. Taylor starts into the bathroom, when he sees her, a stunning brunette -

ALYSON

at the sink.

Taylor stops, helplessly frozen. From here she's perfect. Movie beautiful. She looks at Taylor and smiles. And that's when he sees her eyes, strongly similar to the ones in his drawing. He knows this girl, but from where?

FLASH!

I/E. BUS - TWILIGHT - DREAM FLASHBACK

On the back of the bus, Alyson sits. She smiles. Her eyes are sensuous. Intense. Innocent.

FLASH!

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Alyson stands at the sink.

ALYSON
Sorry. I'm almost done.

TAYLOR
No, no - it's okay.

She turns off the faucet. Looks around for a towel. There isn't one. She shrugs and wipes her hands on her jeans.

ALYSON
They're out of teepee.

TAYLOR
Thanks.

She starts towards the door, but Taylor's blocking the way. Embarrassed, he steps aside.

TAYLOR
Sorry.

ALYSON
It's cool.

Taylor stares at her.

ALYSON
I'm Alyson.

She extends her hand. Taylor grasps it.

TAYLOR
Taylor.

ALYSON
Nice to meet you Taylor.

She smiles again and releases her grip.

ALYSON
You probably want to use the bathroom, huh?

TAYLOR
Um, sure.

Alyson moves through the doorway and starts down the hall.

ALYSON
Catch ya later Taylor.

TAYLOR
Yeah. You too.

Taylor watches Alyson leave. He turns back to the bathroom, pauses and looks back down the hallway. He smiles and shuts the door.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Taylor moves through the hallway. The drinking game continues.

ALL (O.S.)
Big booty, big booty, big booty, ah
yeah, look at that booty.

RYAN (O.S.)
Big booty number 3

KITCHEN

Taylor enters.

MATT
Number 3 -

Matt hesitates. Everyone cheers.

MATT
Fuck.

RYAN
Drink it bitch.

Matt pounds his beer. Taylor sits. The Pretty Girl on his right hands him a beer. He takes a sip and looks up. Across from him, sits Alyson and Rachel. Alyson grins at Taylor. It takes him a second, but he smiles back.

Ryan smacks the table and the game starts.

ALL
Oh, big booty, big booty, big
booty, ah yeah look at that booty.

Alyson and Taylor stare at each other, holding their gaze.

RYAN
Big booty number 4.

GIRL WITH GLASSES
Number 4, number 6.

DAVE
Number 6, big booty.

RYAN
Big booty number 2.

The crowd bangs and claps, but nobody responds. Everyone cheers and yells. Taylor still holds his gaze on Alyson. Finally, Ryan smacks Taylor in the arm.

RYAN
Drink!

Taylor snaps out of it.

TAYLOR
What?

RYAN
Number 2. Drink, bitch.

Taylor picks up his cup. He moves it to his lips and looks across to Alyson. She winks.

SMACK!

INT. "THE MANSION" GAME ROOM - LATER

A cue ball breaks. Ryan twirls his cue and lines up another shot. Taylor sits on the couch. Party-goers wonder in and out.

RYAN
Any luck yet?

TAYLOR
Dude, cut it out.

RYAN
I'm just trying to help a friend out.

TAYLOR
Well don't.

RYAN
Fine. Be ungrateful.

Ryan smacks a ball into the corner pocket.

RYAN
I invited Kristin over.

TAYLOR
What? Why?

RYAN
She asked about the party. What was I supposed to say?

TAYLOR
How about no you can't come?

RYAN
Actually she kinda thinks you invited her over.

TAYLOR
What?

RYAN
I was using your computer. She IM'ed you.

TAYLOR
Thanks.

RYAN
Whatever, man. She's hot. If you don't want her, I'll take her.

TAYLOR
Have her.

Taylor gets up and walks out of the room into the

HALLWAY

right into Sarah, plastered. She corners him against a wall.

LARGER GIRL
Hey Taylor.

TAYLOR
Hey. What's up?

SARAH
Not much. Haven't seen you around lately.

TAYLOR
I've been pretty busy. Work and school. Yeah. Yep.

She moves in, leaning into Taylor. Real close.

SARAH
Pretty good party, huh?

TAYLOR
Yeah, its, um, pretty good.

If even possible, she leans closer.

SARAH
So you wanna dance?

Taylor's caught - literally - between a wall and a fat girl.

TAYLOR
I, uh -

GIRL (O.S.)
Oh my God, Taylor!

Alyson pops into frame and grabs Taylor by the hand.

ALYSON
I've been looking for you
everywhere. Where did you go?

She drags him into the

DANCE ROOM

Taylor leans in, whispers.

TAYLOR
You don't even know how much I owe
you.

ALYSON
Oh I think I can guess.

SEDUCTIVE HIP HOP BUMPS. Strobe lights dart about the room.
Alyson looks around. Everyone dances, except for her and
Taylor.

ALYSON
You want to dance?

Taylor scans the room, shrugs. Why not?

TAYLOR
Sure.

They begin to dance. Taylor's passable, but Alyson - she moves with rhythm. She sways like a flame dancing in the night. The strobe lights flicker a blanket of color over her, accentuating her graceful movements. She's pure beauty.

Alyson looks to Taylor, her eyes piercing him. She sways closer, dancing tight against him.

INT. "THE MANSION" GAME ROOM - MEANWHILE

Ryan lines up another shot. Behind the ball, a pair of slender legs step into frame. Ryan eyes them, gliding slowly upwards. Chic, slightly-emo punk - KRISTIN (20). She looks around the room.

Ryan smacks the ball. Sinks the shot.

RYAN

Kris.

KRISTIN

Hey Ryan.

RYAN

Drink?

KRISTIN

No thanks.

Ryan tosses the cue aside and approaches.

RYAN

How ya been?

KRISTIN

Have you seen Taylor around?

RYAN

Taylor?

Ryan looks behind Kristin.

RYAN'S POV

Out the door, the angle provides a clear view of Taylor and Alyson dancing close together. Very close.

KRISTIN

Yeah. He IM'ed me today. Said he wanted to talk.

RYAN
He did? Weird.

Kristin starts to turn around. Ryan quickly throws his arms around her.

RYAN
It's been so long. Really great to see you.

Kristin pulls back a bit, uncomfortable.

KRISTIN
Yeah, you too Ryan.

She pries Ryan off. He feels her arm.

RYAN
Have you been working out? Cause I mean it feels like you have.

KRISTIN
(cutting to the chase)
Taylor?

RYAN
Oh right, yeah I think he's outside.

Kristin starts out of the room. She's about to see Taylor.

RYAN
Here, I'll help you find him.

Ryan jumps after her, grabs Kristin by the arm and quickly drags her through the hall.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - LATER

Alyson and Taylor walk down the driveway.

ALYSON
How come I've never seen you around?

TAYLOR
I was in Texas til January.

ALYSON
What happened?

TAYLOR
Baseball game. Tore my whole knee
apart. Kinda got stuck there.

ALYSON
Ouch. Sounds bad. Can I see it?

TAYLOR
Yeah. Sure.

Taylor stops. He works his left pant leg up just above the
knee, revealing a long scar running down his leg.

ALYSON
Does it hurt?

TAYLOR
Sometimes.

Alyson reaches out. She softly runs her fingers along the
scar.

TAYLOR
Here.

Taylor grabs her by the hand and leads her through a gate.

POOL

A plush landscape surrounds a large pool. The faint echo of
the party seems far away. A distant other world.

ALYSON
Wow, its beautiful.

TAYLOR
It kind of reminds me of home.

ALYSON
Texas?

TAYLOR
Yeah. I don't know, must be the
palm trees.

Alyson laughs.

ALYSON
Right.

Alyson wanders to the side of the pool. She runs her fingers
across the water, kicks off her sandals and sits. She dips
her feet into the pool. Taylor joins her.

ALYSON

So how did a bunch of frat guys
pull a house like this?

TAYLOR

An old man used to live here with
his wife. She passed away a few
years ago. He's been trying to sell
the place ever since, but no one
was ever serious about buying it.
Finally he just put it up for rent.

Alyson flicks her feet against the water. Leans back and
stares into the sky.

ALYSON

You ever just look at the stars?

TAYLOR

Yeah. Sometimes.

ALYSON

I remember, at night, when I was a
kid. I'd lie in my backyard and
stare up at the sky for hours.

Taylor looks up at the stars. Then, back at Alyson. Her eyes
are fixed on him, trying to smother a sheepish grin.

TAYLOR

What?

Alyson stands. Taylor scrambles to his feet.

TAYLOR

Is something wrong?

Alyson doesn't answer. Taylor moves towards her. Suddenly,
she shoves him. Taylor sways on the pool's edge, almost
falling in. Quickly, he grabs onto Alyson, pulling her in
with him.

Alyson pops up and splashes Taylor. He wades towards her.
Grabs her by the head and dunks her.

Alyson pops back up, her hair matted to her face. Taylor
brushes Alyson's hair from her eyes. Their eyes lock.

They kiss softly.

ALYSON

I was waiting for that.

Taylor smiles. A beat. Then suddenly, Alyson jumps on him, dunking him. Taylor pops up. She splashes him again.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Beer cans and keg cups lather the floor. A guy singing badly echoes through the house.

GUY (O.S.)
*Ooh baby, I love your way,
 everyday, yeah - y - yeah.*

Something rustles beneath the pile. Ryan's head pops up - he's shirtless and heavily hungover.

INT. HALLWAY - MORNING

Matt and Dave stand outside the bathroom door. Ryan approaches. From inside, the singing continues over the shower. He really belts it out.

TAYLOR (O.S.)
*Ooh baby I love your way everyday.
 I wanna tell you I love your way...
 everyday. I wanna be with you night
 and day. Whoa baby, ooh baby,
 please!*

The guys stare dumbfounded at one another.

DAVE
 He's gay.

MATT
 He's high.

RYAN
 He's fuckin' horrible.

Ryan pounds the door. The water shuts off and a second later the door opens. Taylor stands in a towel, the biggest fucking smile stretched across his face.

DAVE
 You're gay.

Taylor moves down the hallway

TAYLOR'S BEDROOM

The guys pile into the room. Taylor swipes on deodorant.

RYAN
Tell me you nailed Alyson last
night.

TAYLOR
God, Ryan.

RYAN
So you nailed her?

TAYLOR
No I did not have sex with her.

MATT
Pussy. The girl's hot.

DAVE
Told you he was gay. I would've
nailed her.

Ryan and Matt nod.

MATT
Mmm hmm.

RYAN
This is true.

Taylor starts to undo his towel.

TAYLOR
Do you mind?

MATT
Oh god!

DAVE
Jesus!

Matt and Dave bolt out the room. Taylor drops the towel. Ryan
doesn't flinch. He calmly shuts the door.

TAYLOR
Dude?

RYAN
Okay, you nailed her, huh?

TAYLOR
Turn around.

Ryan turns.

RYAN
You did huh?

TAYLOR
No I didn't.

RYAN
Blow job?

TAYLOR
Nope.

RYAN
...hand job!?

TAYLOR
(strongly)
Ryan.

Ryan turns back around. Taylor has boxers on now.

RYAN
Then what are you so fuckin' giddy
about Pavarotti!?

TAYLOR
It was just a good night.

RYAN
You like her, huh?

TAYLOR
Yeah. Maybe.

RYAN
About fuckin' time. Bring her to
Mexico. Coronas and señoritas, si?

Ryan smiles. HIT ME BABY ONE MORE TIME (the ring tone) plays.
Ryan looks at Taylor accusingly.

TAYLOR
Don't play. I know that's not mine.

RYAN
(conceding)
Shit.

Ryan fishes the phone from his pocket and answers.

RYAN
Hello?
(a beat; he's surprised)
Hey Brooke. No, I'm up it's fine.

Ryan shuffles out of the room. Shuts the door behind.

RYAN (O.C.)
Yeah, it was fun.

Taylor moves to his desk and runs his finger across the touch pad. A MESSAGE BOX FLASHES. He clicks it open.

ON THE MONITOR

DESTINYSLIE: *Thanks for last night. I give up T. Bye.*

INT. "THE MANSION" KITCHEN - LATER

Taylor and Ryan sit at the counter, eating cereal. Ryan tries to pour more cereal, but the box is empty.

The Red Head from last night crosses through the kitchen, disheveled. Taylor and Ryan look away, pretending not to notice. Off screen, a door shuts.

RYAN
(under his breath)
Asshole.

Ryan takes a bite from Taylor's bowl.

INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

Taylor pushes a cart through the aisle. Ryan tosses a can into the cart. They continue down the aisle.

RYAN
Brooke called me today.

TAYLOR
Yeah I know, I was in the room.

RYAN
Oh. Yeah. Of course.

They continue walking. Taylor waits for Ryan to continue, but he doesn't.

TAYLOR
And?

RYAN
And she got a new boyfriend.

TAYLOR
And you're cool with it, because you both said you couldn't do a long distance relationship, right?

RYAN
Yeah, of course.
(a beat)
No. No, not really. You know?

Taylor keeps pushing the cart.

RYAN (cont'd)
I think I might love Brooke. I
can't just let that pass me by.

Taylor rounds the corner into the cereal aisle. Ryan pulls a
box off the shelf.

RYAN (cont'd)
I mean I feel something strong for
her, but its hard being far away.

Ryan pulls another random box and tosses it in the cart.

RYAN (cont'd)
She'll be in New Jersey. I'm in
California.

He throws another box in.

RYAN (cont'd)
And I like her a lot. And I know
she loves me.

The more agitated he grows, the more random cereal boxes he
throws in.

RYAN (cont'd)
Its just bullshit, man.

Another box.

RYAN (cont'd)
Complete...

Another box.

RYAN (cont'd)
...utter...

Another box.

RYAN (cont'd)
...bullshit.

Another box.

INT. SUPERMARKET CHECK-OUT - MOMENTS LATER

The CHECK-OUT CLERK stares.

ANGLE ON THE SHOPPING CART

filled to the brim with cereal boxes. She looks to Ryan.

CHECK-OUT CLERK
You want all -

RYAN
(aggressively)
Yes.

INT. TAYLOR'S CAR - LATER

Taylor drives down a suburban street.

RYAN (O.C.)
I should just tell her how I feel.
Should I tell her how I feel? Yeah
I should just tell her.

Ryan munches on handfuls of cereal. Taylor rolls to a stop at a red light. He looks -

OUT THE WINDOW

at a playground. A father and son play catch.

FLASH!

EXT. FRONT YARD - DAY - FLASHBACK

Taylor and Cayden stand on the sidewalk.

CAYDEN
Go really high this time, Taylor.

Taylor throws a bouncy ball against the ground. It bounces high into the air and lands on the grass. Cayden chases it.

CAYDEN
Go higher!

TAYLOR
Higher?

CAYDEN
Yeah real high.

TAYLOR
How high?

CAYDEN
All way to Cambodia!

Cayden spins around and throws his arms out. Taylor's impressed, but still laughs.

TAYLOR
Cambodia? Why Cambodia?

CAYDEN
Mom says the sun goes all way to
Cambodia at night.

Taylor laughs again.

TAYLOR
Alright, Cambodia it is.

Taylor takes the ball and bounces it again. It shoots into the air and onto the roof. Taylor and Cayden both wait for the ball to roll back, but it doesn't.

TAYLOR
Oops.

CAYDEN
Ball got stuck.

TAYLOR
Oh, man.

CAYDEN
(imitating)
Oh, man.

CRUNCH.

FLASH!

INT. TAYLOR'S CAR - DAY

Ryan chomps a mouthful of cereal.

RYAN
(still chewing)
You waiting for an invitation?

Taylor shakes his head.

TAYLOR

What?

RYAN

To drive. The light, its fuckin'
green dumbshit. Drive the car.

Taylor presses the gas.

INT. TAYLOR'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Taylor reads a book in bed. On the nightstand, his PHONE VIBRATES. He grabs it, flips it open.

ON THE PHONE

Thanks for a great night! ;)

Taylor closes the message, scrolls through the phonebook. He finds "ALYSON" and dials.

I/E. ALYSON'S CAR - NIGHT

Alyson drives. She wears a green apron. The PHONE RINGS. She digs through the console and answers.

ALYSON

Hello?

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION - ALYSON AND TAYLOR

TAYLOR

Is it bad if I haven't been able to
get you off my mind all day?

ALYSON

Absolutely terrible.

She smirks.

EXT. STARBUCKS - NIGHT

Taylor and Alyson sit drinking coffee.

TAYLOR

Favorite color?

ALYSON

Pink.

Taylor laughs, half-rolling his eyes.

ALYSON

(defensively)

But only because I love pink roses.
My mom's a florist back in San
Diego. It's kinda in my blood.

TAYLOR

Sure, whatever.

ALYSON

Okay smart ass. Biggest fear?

TAYLOR

Airplanes. Well, airplanes and the
dark.

ALYSON

The dark?

TAYLOR

Yeah, the dark can be really scary.

ALYSON

You're such a man.

TAYLOR

(kiddingly)

Ouch. That kinda hurts.

ALYSON

Girl.

Taylor takes a drink, grimaces.

ALYSON

Okay, so you're not a coffee fan
either.

Taylor shakes his head.

TAYLOR

Birthday?

ALYSON

June sixth. You?

TAYLOR

February fifteenth.

ALYSON
Ooh, almost a Valentine's baby.
Missed love by just one day.

TAYLOR
Thanks.

ALYSON
Anytime.

TAYLOR
What's the best birthday gift you
got last year?

ALYSON
All I got was a card.

TAYLOR
No flowers?

ALYSON
Nope.

TAYLOR
I thought it was like an unwritten
rule for girls to get flowers on
their birthday.

ALYSON
I know, me too. What kind of crap
is that, huh?

Taylor laughs.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX PARKING LOT - LATER

Taylor parks his truck. They're still talking.

TAYLOR
Why Chapman?

ALYSON
Scholarship.

TAYLOR
Same.

ALYSON
Virgin?

TAYLOR
No. You?

ALYSON

No.

It's college. Figures. A pause.

ALYSON

How many?

TAYLOR

Times? I never really counted.

She laughs.

ALYSON

No, people.

TAYLOR

Three.

He looks to her, unsure.

ALYSON

Two.

He nods. A beat. The car clock reads 11:11.

ALYSON

It's 11:11. Make a wish.

TAYLOR

What?

ALYSON

It's 11:11. That's when you make a wish. You never done this before?

Taylor laughs, amused.

TAYLOR

Nope. Never.

ALYSON

Well try something new for once.

Alyson closes her eyes. Taylor hesitates, but finally closes his eyes.

ALYSON

So what'd you wish for?

TAYLOR
 (opens his eyes)
 Even I know if I tell you it won't
 come true.

ALYSON
 See, you know this game. Your turn.
 Next question.

TAYLOR
 (thinking)
 Um, okay. Longest relationship?

ALYSON
 Two years. Sophomore through senior
 year of high school. He was on the
 cheer squad with me -

Taylor's taken back. She's totally not the cheerleader type.

ALYSON
 What!?

TAYLOR
 Cheerleader?

ALYSON
 I know. What about you frat boy?

TAYLOR
 Alright, okay. We're even. So what
 happened?

ALYSON
 He was pretty controlling. That and
 we graduated and I came here for
 school and he never really went
 anywhere.

A beat.

ALYSON
 Wasn't really a healthy
 relationship. What about you?

TAYLOR
 Seven years. On and off.

Alyson whistles.

ALYSON
 Wow. That's a long time.

TAYLOR
Yeah, it's kinda of a long story.

ALYSON
What happened?

She waits.

TAYLOR
You really want to know?

ALYSON
Yeah, of course. Seven years,
that's a long time.

TAYLOR
Well, um, let's see. We met in
junior high. Dated on and off for a
while. Did the same thing in high
school. Broke up. She dated this
other guy for a long time. Got
pregnant. The guy took off. We were
still good friends and I don't
know, I guess I kind of just hung
around for the next couple years.

Taylor looks to Alyson, waiting for some kind of reaction,
but she just sits there listening attentively. Taylor
continues.

TAYLOR (cont'd)
And we ended things this past
summer right before I was supposed
to leave for school again.

ALYSON
But the knee?

TAYLOR
Yep. It was a pretty rough year.

ALYSON
You two still talk?

TAYLOR
Nah. She's getting married. Thought
it would be better not to anymore.

Silence. Taylor looks at Alyson tentatively.

TAYLOR (cont'd)
Is that bad?

ALYSON
 God no. It's just, a little
 surprising is all.

TAYLOR
 Yeah.

Alyson leans over, kisses Taylor softly.

ALYSON
 But not bad.

She smiles and starts out of the car. She stops, turns back.

ALYSON
 Night Taylor.

TAYLOR
 Night.

Taylor watches her walk to the front door. She opens it,
 waves back and enters. Taylor drives off.

I/E. TAYLOR'S CAR - LATER

Taylor eyes the road coolly. The fluorescent glow of the
 street lights flicker across his face.

He passes under another light. It blankets his face filling
 the screen with a bright light.

FLASH!

INT. FORD JUNIOR HIGH CAFETERIA - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

HIP-HOP bumps. White, red and pink balloons swarm the room.

"VALENTINE'S DANCE 1999" hangs over the DJ.

A mass of Junior High kids fill the dance floor. And there's -

LEIGH

amid a group of girlfriends, shimmering in her black dress.

The song ends and a SLOW LOVE SONG plays. One-by-one the
 girlfriends get asked to dance. Leigh stands alone, sad.

FROM THE BACK OF THE CAFETERIA

two wooden double doors swing open. In the doorway stands -

TAYLOR

in his baseball uniform. A little dirty, a little sweaty. He scans the room and finds

LEIGH

alone in the crowd.

He bounds down the steps, his metal cleats clanking against the ground. The crowd opens just like in the movies. Across from him, stands Leigh. She sees Taylor, looks longing at him. Taylor offers his hand and pulls Leigh close.

They dance. As if this moment was just for them. Leigh holds Taylor tight, resting her head against his shoulder.

A CAR HORN BLARES.

FLASH!

I/E. TAYLOR'S CAR - NIGHT

The fluorescent glow of the street light is blinding.

THE HORN

Taylor snaps back.

EXT. INTERSECTION - CONTINUE

Red Light. Oncoming traffic. But it's too late to stop.

Taylor's truck whips through the intersection. A cross traffic car SLAMS ITS BRAKES. POUNDS ITS HORN.

Close call.

I/E. TAYLOR'S TRUCK - CONTINUE

Taylor blinks. Regains his composure. He looks out the window at a CONROY'S FLOWER SHOP on the corner of the intersection.

INT. TAYLOR'S BEDROOM - DAY

Taylor folds clothes from a hamper. Ryan lounges in the recliner playing video games.

TAYLOR
I almost got in a wreck last night.

This doesn't faze Ryan.

RYAN
Me too.

TAYLOR
Yeah, but I wasn't drunk.

Ryan pauses the game.

RYAN
Look, I may drink very, very...
(thinks about it)
...very heavily, but I don't drive
drunk.

He unpauses the game and continues playing.

RYAN
And if you ever do I'll fucking
kill you.

TAYLOR
I saw Leigh last night.

RYAN
(shocked)
Out here?

TAYLOR
No. When I was driving home. I
started thinking about her. Guess I
must've dozed off. When I snapped
back, I was running a red light.

RYAN
So? I run red lights all the time.

TAYLOR
Forget it.

ON THE TV SCREEN

The other team scores.

RYAN
Horse shit!

Ryan chunks the controller down and turns off the game.

Ryan (cont'd)
Dude, don't get all butt-hurt.

Ryan kicks the recliner out and leans back.

Ryan (cont'd)
Now, go ahead and tell me what
happened?

Taylor continues folding laundry on his bed.

TAYLOR
Don't be gay.

RYAN
This is not gay, Taylor. This is
what friends do.

TAYLOR
No, this - this is gay.

Ryan leans forward. Scratches his balls.

RYAN
Less gay now?

Taylor ignores him, continues folding. He picks up an
obscenely small shirt - yep, shrunk. Ryan sees the shirt.

RYAN
Do you miss Leigh or is this really
about Cayden?

TAYLOR
Both.

RYAN
So just tell her how you feel.

TAYLOR
I can't.

RYAN
Bullshit. It's not like she's
marrying this guys she's dating.

Taylor grows quiet.

RYAN
I said it's not like she's marrying
this guy.

Ryan gets it.

RYAN

Oh. Fuck man. I'm sorry.

TAYLOR

Don't worry about it.

RYAN

Well, you still have to tell her how you feel. If you love the girl you can't just let her walk down the aisle.

TAYLOR

Yeah I can. She's happy.

RYAN

Give me your phone. I'm calling her.

TAYLOR

No. Just leave it alone.

RYAN

Well, what about Alyson?

TAYLOR

What about her?

RYAN

You obviously can't start something with Alyson if you still have feelings for Leigh.

TAYLOR

I like Alyson. I don't know, but there's something there. When we talk it just comes naturally. It's like she knows me so well.

RYAN

Then it's simple. Mexico's tomorrow. Say good-bye married life and hello hot girl in Mexico.

TAYLOR

(blandly)

Yeah.

RYAN

You haven't asked her yet have you?

Taylor shakes his head. Ryan throws the remote at Taylor.

RYAN
You dumb shit.

I/E. TAYLOR'S CAR - DAY

Taylor drives, approaching the same intersection from last night. He rolls to a stop at a red light.

OUT THE WINDOW

a man walks out of the Conroy's with a bouquet of flowers.

The light turns green. Taylor hesitates, pulls a U-turn.

INT. CONROY'S FLOWER SHOP - MOMENTS LATER

Taylor enters the store. Flowers and helium balloons - "Congrats". "It's a Boy". "Happy Birthday", All that good junk. He looks around and approaches the roses, a bit unsure.

A HIPPIE FLOWER WOMAN in a green apron walks up behind him.

HIPPIE FLOWER WOMAN
Can I help you?

TAYLOR
Yeah, I wanted to get something pretty, like a bouquet or something.

HIPPIE FLOWER WOMAN
Like a bouquet, or a bouquet?

Taylor looks at her, confused. Is she serious?

HIPPIE FLOWER WOMAN
Let me see what I have. I'll be right back sweetie.

The Hippie Flower Woman leaves. Taylor looks at the roses. He leans down and smells one.

GIRL (O.C.)
Flowers for a girl?

TAYLOR
Yeah, actually. I was thinking maybe these might work.

He turns around. Alyson stands in a green apron, holding a pair of shears.

ALYSON
Lucky girl.

TAYLOR
Probably.

The Hippie Woman returns, holding a bundle of weird offbeat flowers. Flowers on crack. Maybe acid.

HIPPIE FLOWER WOMAN
These should work just wonderfully.

She hands Taylor the flowers. Taylor looks at them awkwardly, finally hands them to Alyson. She smiles. It's the thought.

TAYLOR
Guess this kind of ruins the surprise, huh?

INT. CONROY'S FLOWER SHOP - MOMENTS LATER - COUNTER

Alyson trims a bouquet. Behind her, the funky flowers rest in a vase. Taylor stands in front of the counter.

ALYSON
Random flowers. Every girl should be so lucky.

TAYLOR
Yeah, way random.

Alyson clips a thorn from a rose stem, laughs.

ALYSON
I meant because they were for no reason.

TAYLOR
Oh, yeah kinda. Look, I know this is really short notice and all, but I was just wondering. The fraternity's got this trip to Rosarito tomorrow. I understand if you don't want go or if you can't -

Alyson looks disappointed. Taylor reads her.

TAYLOR
But you can't go.

ALYSON
I have to work. I'm really sorry.

The Hippie Lady walks by, carrying a suicidal bouquet.

HIPPIE FLOWER WOMAN
Go. I'll cover your shift.

ALYSON
So, Mexico, huh?

TAYLOR
I promise it'll be fun.

She thinks about it for a second.

ALYSON
Alright. Okay. Sounds fun.

INT. CONROY'S FLOWER SHOP - MOMENTS LATER - COUNTER

Alyson watches Taylor walk out. He turns and waves, tripping into a counter. Taylor regains his composure and exits. The Hippie Lady approaches Alyson.

HIPPIE FLOWER WOMAN
He's sweet.

She picks up the shears.

HIPPIE FLOWER WOMAN
Nice ass too.

And snips the shears in Alyson's face.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - DAY

Taylor throws a bag into the back of the truck. Alyson climbs in. Taylor gets in and drives off.

EXT. HIGHWAY/I-5 SOUTH - DAY

The truck bounds down the highway. The ocean off to the right. Waves crash upon the shore.

I/E. TAYLOR'S CAR - CONTINUE

Taylor puts a CD in the player. An ACOUSTICAL MELODY plays.

ALYSON
Great song.

Taylor looks at Alyson. She sways vibrantly with the music.

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUE

The truck whips down the highway.

EXT. BORDER - DAY

Taylor carries the bags. He tosses them both into the trunk of a taxi and climbs inside.

I/E. TAXI - LATER

A HIP HOP SONG scratches through on the radio, as the taxi pounds through barren Mexico.

Taylor looks out the window, sun beating on his face.

He looks over at Alyson, asleep in the seat beside him. Then back to the blinding sun.

FLASH!

I/E. TAYLOR'S CAR - DAY - FLASHBACK

Taylor drives down the highway. Cayden next to him in a car seat. An UPBEAT HIP HOP SONG plays. Taylor turns it up. Taylor starts singing along, albeit badly.

TAYLOR
Yeah, uh, yeah.

Taylor bobs his head. He looks at Cayden. Cayden bobs along.

TAYLOR
Alright now. Uh, yeah.

Taylor puts his hand out and bounces it up and down with the beat. Cayden imitates.

TAYLOR
There you go.
(singing)
Yeah, just like that, uh.

Taylor starts to shake his shoulders a bit. Cayden follows.

TAYLOR
Yeah, come on now.

Taylor shakes a bit faster. Cayden tries to keep up.

TAYLOR
Sing it now.
(singing)
Yeah, yeah, yeah...

Cayden joins in, both of them bouncing their hands with the beat.

CAYDEN & TAYLOR
Yeah, yeah, yeah...

Taylor laughs. Cayden laughs. Taylor puts his fist out to Cayden. Cayden pounds it.

FLASH!

EXT. CARNIVAL HOTEL - ROSARITO, MEXICO - DAY

A colorful circus-type hotel. Taylor and Alyson exit the car. Taylor pays the driver and grabs the bags.

Taylor and Alyson approach the hotel. Immediately, a LITTLE SPANISH BOY approaches them, holding handfuls of Chiclets.

LITTLE SPANISH KID
Senorita, señorita!

INT. HOTEL - MOMENTS LATER

Alyson and Taylor step off the elevator, chewing gum.

THE BAR

Ryan, Jordan, Andy, Drake, and Dave sit at the bar taking shots. A few girls join them. Dave sees Alyson, looks away.

RYAN
(seeing Taylor and Alyson)
Hola!

EVERYONE
Hola!

Taylor and Alyson take a seat at the bar next to Ryan.

RYAN
Hola, Juan! Mi amigo!

The bartender turns to Ryan.

RYAN
Get my man here a sex on the beach.
In fact, make that dos.

Ryan looks to Alyson.

RYAN
Actually make it tres.

The bartender starts on the drinks.

RYAN
(smiles proudly)
I know Mexican.

TAYLOR
I think you mean Spanish.

RYAN
Yeah. Sure. So, aren't you going to
introduce me to this lovely lady?

Ryan puts his hand out. Alyson shakes it.

TAYLOR
This is -

RYAN
Alyson. Yes, I've heard all about
you. I'm Ryan. Pleasure, ma'am.

ALYSON
You too Ryan.

The bartender sets down the drinks, waits for the money. Ryan
turns to Taylor, starts to open his mouth.

TAYLOR
My treat.

RYAN
Thanks buddy.
(to Alyson)
Such a sweetheart this one.

Taylor grabs his drink, slides one to Alyson. Ryan whispers
to the bartender.

RYAN
Start a tab for this guy.

He pats the bartender on the shoulder.

RYAN
Gracias!
(to Taylor)
How was the trip down?

TAYLOR
Not bad.

ALYSON
I'll be right back.

TAYLOR
Okay.

Alyson gets up and moves to JESSICA (19), Matt's girlfriend.
Taylor checks out the group.

TAYLOR
So who brought who?

Ryan dissects the crowd.

RYAN
The cute brunette. She's with
Drake. Dave came alone. Prolly
going to hook up with some random
Mexican stripper. You know, for
sex. Matt took Jessica.

Taylor nods.

RYAN
And those two little whores came
with Andy and Jordan. Friends from
high school. Everyone else is by
the pool.

TAYLOR
Where's Brooke?

RYAN
She thought it might be
inappropriate to come. Didn't want
to piss the boyfriend off. So I'm
flyin' solo hombre.

Ryan clinks Taylor's glass, drinks. Taylor looks to Alyson.

ANGLE ON

Alyson and Jessica, laughing. Alyson looks to Taylor, smiles.

EXT. STREETS OF MEXICO - AFTERNOON

Taylor, Alyson, Ryan, Matt and Jessica. Ryan stops at a small shop. An enormous sombrero hangs on the wall.

RYAN
No fuckin' way.

Ryan snatches the sombrero. Alyson and Jessica drift to a jewelry stand. Matt checks out a display of pipes. Ryan tries on the sombrero.

RYAN
Dude, I'm buying it.

Ryan spots a poncho.

RYAN
Yes! Definitely yes!

He grabs the poncho, throws it on. Very Mexican/Vogue-ish. Ryan turns to the SLICK MEXICAN VENDOR.

RYAN
Hey ese, how much?

Taylor looks back at Alyson and Jessica. Alyson tries on a ring, holds her hand in the air and admires it.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The entire group crowds around a large table. Jessica and Matt sit across from Taylor and Alyson. Across the room, a ELDERLY ROSE LADY works the tables. Taylor pours the final glass from a bottle of red wine.

RYAN (O.C.)
So I told him, cinco dolares, and not a peso more.

At the head of the table, three humongous empty margarita glasses toil in front of Ryan. He still wears the sombrero and poncho.

JESSICA
I have to use the bathroom.

ALYSON
Here, I'll go with you.

The girls stand and exit. A waiter walks by.

TAYLOR
Excuse me, can I get another bottle
of wine?

WAITER
Si.

TAYLOR
Gracias.

Taylor turns back to Ryan's story.

RYAN (cont'd)
But all I had was four bucks. Good
thing he liked my shorts or I'd be
shit out of luck.

The waiter comes back, sets the bottle on the table. Ryan
stands. The poncho hangs down just enough to tell that under
it, Ryan has on no pants.

RYAN (cont'd)
Thank God this damn thing doesn't
itch.

Taylor tops off his glass. Alyson and Jessica enter and sit
back down. Alyson rubs Taylor's arm.

A MARIACHI BAND enters the room. Ryan calls out to them.

RYAN
Amigos!

He waves them over, motions for them to play.

RYAN
You know La Bamba?

GUITARIST
La Bamba?

RYAN
Si.

The guitarist signals to the band. They play.

RYAN
Yeah, good shit!

Ryan starts to get into the song, singing and dancing.

RYAN
La, la, la bamba!

The Rose Lady approaches the table. Ryan moves towards her.

RYAN
Senorita! Dance with me!

He throws his arms around her, starts to dance.

RYAN
Sing it honey!
(she's getting into it)
La, la, la bamba.

Ryan spins her, twirls around himself.

The rest of the table is getting a kick out of this. They all join in singing. Nobody knows anything but the chorus.

EVERYONE
Arriba, arriba!

Taylor looks at Alyson. She belts out the song with the rest of the group.

EVERYONE
La, la bamba. La la bamba!

Ryan pretends to grind with the old lady.

The band finishes the song. Everyone cheers. Ryan bows to the old lady. She grabs Ryan's cheeks, kisses him on the mouth.

Everyone cheers.

EXT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Taylor and Alyson stumble to their room. Next door, Dave and one of the RANDOM SLUTTY GIRLS from earlier laughs loudly. Taylor looks over. Dave winks and sweeps the girl into the room.

TAYLOR
Someone's getting lucky.

Alyson chuckles, scoffs slightly.

Taylor fumbles with the key, finally gets the door open.

HOTEL ROOM

It's pitch black.

TAYLOR
Where's the stupid light?

BAM!

TAYLOR
Fuck, fuck, fuck!

Finally, the lights flip on. Alyson flops on the bed, staring out the open balcony window. Outside, music floats up from the clubs below. A light breeze blows in off the ocean. Taylor flops down next to Alyson.

ALYSON
This was fun.

TAYLOR
Yeah.

Alyson rolls onto her back, stares at the ceiling.

TAYLOR
We should do this again sometime.

ALYSON
Yeah.

TAYLOR
I like you.

A pause. Finally -

TAYLOR
I had this dream about you.

ALYSON
About what?

Taylor rolls over, stares at the ceiling now too.

TAYLOR
I was driving down this empty country road and my truck ran out of gas, just as I was approaching this bridge. There was this bus on the bridge so I ran to it. And when I got on I saw this girl in the back. She looked exactly like you.

Alyson's eyes open wider.

Taylor (cont'd)
But you were crying. And when I
stepped towards you these two
planes outside crashed and
exploded. And then this car came
speeding towards the bus...

Alyson isn't sure what to think, a little freaked out.

TAYLOR (cont'd)
And just as it was about to hit I -

ALYSON
Stop.

TAYLOR
What?

ALYSON
Just stop.

Taylor rolls over, faces Alyson.

TAYLOR
You don't want me to finish?

ALYSON
No.

TAYLOR
Why?

ALYSON
You're drunk Taylor.

TAYLOR
I know. Wasn't it fun?

Alyson stands and moves towards the bathroom.

ALYSON
I'm going to get ready for bed.

TAYLOR
Okay.

Upside down, Taylor stares back out the window. He holds his
gaze. Slowly, his eyes close.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. COUNTRY - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Truck bed. Taylor lies on his back, stares up at the stars. Leigh is beside him. Between them, a bottle of wine.

LEIGH
Do you ever think about me?

TAYLOR
Yeah.
(a beat)
You ever think about me?

LEIGH
Sometimes.

Taylor looks at her. Then, back to the sky.

LEIGH
I miss freshman year. Everything's
too serious now.

Leigh drinks from the bottle. Passes it to Taylor.

Leigh (cont'd)
You ever just wonder where it all
went?

Leigh looks at him. Taylor shrugs. She looks back at the sky.

IN THE SKY

High above, blinking lights fly overhead.

TAYLOR
Did we ever have anything in common
or were we just too different?

A beat.

LEIGH
We weren't different. We were just
too similar. We would've been that
couple that sat at home watching
movies every weekend. We would've
died bored and predictable.

Taylor lets her words sink in, takes a swig from the bottle.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - MORNING - END OF FLASHBACK

The sun is blinding. The shower runs from the bathroom.

Taylor blinks his eyes open, smacks at his cotton mouth. The shower turns off. Seconds later, Alyson exits in a towel.

TAYLOR
What happened last night?

ALYSON
Lots of drinking.

She digs through her suitcase and grabs some clothes.

TAYLOR
I didn't do anything stupid did I?

ALYSON
Not really.

She goes back into the bathroom and shuts the door.

TAYLOR
(dryly)
Okay. Well that went well.

EXT. ALYSON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Taylor hands Alyson her bag.

ALYSON
I had a really good time.

TAYLOR
Yeah, it was fun.

Taylor kicks his feet. An awkward silence.

ALYSON
I'll call you.

TAYLOR
Yeah. Okay.

Alyson hugs Taylor and steps back.

ALYSON
Night.

TAYLOR

Night.

She closes the door. Taylor shuffles back to the car.

INT. TAYLOR'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Taylor unpacks his suitcase. His CELL PHONE RINGS. Taylor walks to the desk and looks at his laptop. A MESSAGE BOX FLASHES.

ON THE MONITOR

DESTINYSLIE: *Hope Mexico was fun.*

PHONE RINGS!

Taylor answers.

TAYLOR

Hello?

Nothing.

TAYLOR

Hello?

Taylor starts to hang up.

LEIGH (V.O.)

I'm sorry.

EXT. LEIGH'S HOUSE FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

The moon shines down brightly on Leigh.

TAYLOR (V.O.)

Leigh?

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION - TAYLOR AND LEIGH

LEIGH

What are you doing?

TAYLOR

Unpacking. Why are you calling me?

LEIGH

I don't really know.

Silence. Then -

LEIGH (cont'd)
I've never gone this long without
talking to you. I just got the
feeling something was wrong. I'm
sorry. Bye Taylor.

But she doesn't hang up.

TAYLOR
Do you love him more than you love
me?

A tear drips from Leigh's eye.

LEIGH
Yes.

"THE MANSION" HALLWAY

Taylor walks through the dark, quiet house.

TAYLOR
So this is actually happening?

"THE MANSION" FRONT PORCH

Taylor steps outside. The moon glints high above.

LEIGH
Yeah. I got a dress and everything.
We even booked a church today

Taylor can't take it. He's hurting.

TAYLOR
Why are you telling me all of
this!?

LEIGH
I don't know. God brought you into
my life for a reason. I just can't
figure out what that reason is. One
day you'll be happy T. I just wish
you could feel what I feel right
now. If even for just a second.
It's just so real.

TAYLOR
I always felt something real.

LEIGH

I know.

A beat. Neither of them says anything. Then, finally -

TAYLOR

How's Cayden doing?

LEIGH

Still prays for you every night.

Taylor meekly smiles. A moment of silence.

LEIGH

I'm sorry that I always hurt you
Taylor.

TAYLOR

Just do me a favor. Don't send me
an invitation. Okay?

LEIGH

Why?

TAYLOR

Because I still love you.

You can hear the wind bristle through the still night and
then its gone. And the night is empty.

LEIGH

So, I guess this is it?

TAYLOR

Yeah.

LEIGH

Call me June sixth. Maybe you can
talk me out of it. You always were
a hopeless romantic.

TAYLOR

I can't do that.

LEIGH

I know.

TAYLOR

I gotta go. Tell Cayden I love him.
Bye Leigh.

LEIGH

Bye.

He hangs up, stares out over the porch. Then, walks inside.

EXT. LEIGH'S HOUSE FRONT PORCH - CONTINUE

Leigh cries.

High above, the lights of a plane sail overhead.

INT. TAYLOR'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Taylor sleeps. Tossing and turning. Sweat beats off his forehead.

FLASH!

EXT. STREETS OF MEXICO - DAY - FLASHBACK

STREET VENDOR

Leigh takes a cheap silver ring and hands it to Taylor. He tries to hand the ring back, but she won't take it.

Finally, Taylor playfully takes a knee and offers the ring to Leigh, slipping it onto her finger.

FLASH!

I/E. TAYLOR'S CAR/HIGHWAY - MORNING - HYPER-SPEED

Taylor sits in traffic moving at normal speed. All the cars around him move in hyper-speed, flying past.

INT. AGENCY OFFICE - DAY - HYPER-SPEED

No sounds of phones ringing. No copiers humming. Nothing. Workers move in hyper-speed, whizzing through the office. In their offices, agents warp through their day.

CUBICLE

Taylor moves in normal speed, his pencil scribbling on a notepad, as people rush past him.

I/E. TAYLOR'S CAR/HIGHWAY - NIGHT - HYPER-SPEED

Taylor sits in traffic, cell phone to his ear. Red lights blanketing the highway.

The PHONE RINGS.

Cars stop and go, whizzing by in hyper-speed. Taylor's truck seems to drag along the highway.

RINGS. Then, CLICK.

ALYSON (V.O.)

Hey, this is Alyson. Sorry I missed your call. Leave a message and I'll call you back.

BEEP!

TAYLOR

Hey, it's Taylor. I just called to say hi. Call me when you get this. Bye.

INT. GYM - NIGHT - HYPER-SPEED

Feet pound the treadmill. Foot-by-foot, like the beating of bass drums drowning out the air.

Taylor runs, a slight limp in his left leg.

He moves in normal speed. Everyone else in hyper-speed. Everyone moving through the gym. Fellow runners sprint at incredible speeds.

INT. "THE MANSION" LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - HYPER-SPEED

Taylor sits on the couch, a red cup in hand. People move in hyper-speed scurrying in and out of frame -

TAYLOR'S POV

People whisk through the party: talking, drinking.

FROM THE DOORWAY

enters ALYSON

and everything SLOWS BACK TO NORMAL. She sees Taylor and walks over, standing over the couch.

ALYSON

Hey.

TAYLOR

Hey.

ALYSON
How ya been?

TAYLOR
Busy. You?

ALYSON
Same.

TAYLOR
I've called you.

ALYSON
I know. Things have just been
pretty hectic. I'm sorry.

Rachel yells out from the kitchen.

RACHEL
Alyson, come here!

ALYSON
I gotta go. We'll talk later.

She trails off towards Rachel. She looks back at the couch for a moment. Then, enters the kitchen and joins Rachel, Dave and Drake. All four take a shot.

INT. HALLWAY - LATER

Taylor stumbles down the hallway, cup in hand. He throws his bedroom door open and enters.

TAYLOR'S BEDROOM

He closes the door and sits at the desk. He wakes the computer and scrolls through his Instant Message List. Kristin's logged on. He double clicks and types.

INT. KRISTIN'S DORM ROOM - MEANWHILE

Kristin checks her e-mail. Music plays from her computer. Her desk is a clutter of papers and a thick brown envelope. A number of beautiful canvases hang on the wall.

BING!

A MESSAGE BOX pops up. She clicks on it.

INTERCUT - TAYLOR AND KRISTIN

ON THE MONITOR

TXSTUD17: *HEy, Kris!*

DESTINYSLIE: *hey. What's up?*

TXSTUD17: *I drunk*

DESTINYSLIE: *great for you.*

TXSTUD17: *Hey. Im sorry.*

TXSTUD17: *for being a bad friend*

DESTINYSLIE: *I need to talk to you. I'm coming over.*

TXSTUD17: *no. Don't. Tonights not good. I gotta go. we'll talk later. Bye.*

Kristin tries to type back. She hits enter:

INSTANT REPLY: *TXSTUD17 has signed off.*

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUE

Across the hall: Matt, Drake and Andy smoke.

MATT'S BEDROOM

Taylor enters and flops down on the couch. Drake takes a hit.

ANDY

Dude, you're so drunk.

Andy laughs.

MATT

I'm so high man.

Drake passes the bong to Matt and exhales.

DRAKE

You wanna smoke?

Taylor shakes his head no. Matt flicks the lighter.

MATT

I saw Alyson man.

Matt lights the bong, takes a rip. He holds it. Exhales.

MATT
She was looking pretty good.

ANDY
Yeah. What's up with that?

Matt passes the bong to Andy. Taylor shrugs.

TAYLOR
I don't know.

ANDY
You should smoke.

Andy takes a hit.

TAYLOR
Nah.

Taylor stands, stumbles for a sec, catches himself. Matt laughs.

TAYLOR
I need another beer.

Taylor exits.

HALLWAY

He moves down the hallway, searching faces as he passes.

KITCHEN

Taylor opens the fridge, looks for a beer.

RYAN (O.C.)
Catch.

Taylor turns. Across the kitchen, Ryan tosses him a beer.

TAYLOR
Thanks.

RYAN
What's up?

TAYLOR
Not much.

RYAN
You see Alyson?

TAYLOR

Yeah.

RYAN

What's up with that? You two together or what?

TAYLOR

Nope. Just hangin' out I guess.

RYAN

Get on that. Go.

He slaps Taylor's ass. Taylor exits the kitchen.

HALLWAY

He drags through the hallway. Stops at his bedroom door.

TAYLOR'S BEDROOM

Taylor enters and flips on the light. On the bed, face down over the trash can lies Rachel.

TAYLOR

Shit.

Taylor sits on the bed and gently shakes Rachel.

TAYLOR

Rachel.

She moans.

TAYLOR

Rachel.

Taylor stands.

TAYLOR

I'll be right back.

He exits the room.

INT. "THE MANSION" LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Taylor searches the room, scans the crowd.

INT. "THE MANSION" KITCHEN - NIGHT

He moves through the kitchen.

EXT. "THE MANSION" FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

Taylor steps out onto the porch and looks around, but only finds two guys smoking. He looks out over the driveway, down at the pool house.

EXT. POOL HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Taylor pushes the metal gate open and steps through.

BY THE POOL

He sees ALYSON AND DAVE kissing. The METAL GATE SLAMS SHUT. Dave pulls away. Alyson sits up and sees Taylor.

TAYLOR

Sorry.

Taylor starts out the gate. He pauses.

TAYLOR

Your friend's pretty sick. You might want to check on her.

And he steps through, letting the gate slam shut. Taylor starts up the driveway. He hears the gate shut again.

ALYSON

Taylor!

Taylor keeps walking. Alyson catches up with him, grabs him by the arm.

TAYLOR

I don't want to talk.

ALYSON

We were just kissing. That's all. It's college. Isn't that what you're supposed to do in college?

TAYLOR

Do what ever you want. You're not my girlfriend.

Taylor starts back up the driveway. Alyson follows.

ALYSON

What did you want me to say? You freaked me out. The phone calls.

(MORE)

ALYSON(cont'd)

The weird dream. I didn't know what to say.

TAYLOR

How about the truth?

Alyson steps in front of Taylor.

ALYSON

I'm trying to tell you. I love being around you. When I'm with you everything feels right, but you're just so intense and I'm just not ready to get into anything serious, no matter how right it might feel.

TAYLOR

What are you so afraid of?

A long beat.

ALYSON

I'm just not ready, not yet. I've always rushed in to things and I know now that's not the right thing for me. Not right now.

TAYLOR

So what am I supposed to just wait?

ALYSON

Yes. No. I don't know.

TAYLOR

Whatever.

Taylor starts up the driveway.

TAYLOR

Forget about it. School's almost out for the summer. You'll go back home. We won't talk and everything will just disappear.

(turns to Alyson)

That's what you want isn't it? For things not to be awkward?

ALYSON

Whatever Taylor.

Alyson storms away. Taylor stands there for a beat. The metal gate slams. Taylor hesitates, turns and walks up the driveway.

INT. TAYLOR'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Taylor sleeps, his eyelids flickering.

EXT. DREAM BRIDGE - SUNSET - DREAM

Taylor stands on the bus, looking at Alyson. A tear drips from her eye. Behind her, the blue Mustang speeds into view and just as its about to hit --

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. ROCKY PATH - TWILIGHT - DREAM

Taylor's feet dart across the path, his left leg drags. He moves across the rocks, sliding to a stop at a large railing.

TAYLOR'S POV

Beneath the railing, the river rushes ferociously. In its grasp, lies the second plane.

DOWN THE RIVER

He sees the school bus sinking. Beside it floats -

ALYSON

Taylor looks up to the sky. A bright white light and a dense ringing fill the screen.

INT. TAYLOR'S BEDROOM - MORNING

ON THE NIGHTSTAND

Taylor's CELL PHONE RINGS. The display flashes "LEIGH HOME". Taylor rolls over and grabs the phone, his tired eyes checking the display surprised. He answers.

TAYLOR

Hello?

LEIGH (V.O.)

Say hello.

INT. LEIGH'S HOUSE LIVING ROOM - DAY

CAYDEN
Hello Taylor.

Cayden bounces on the couch. Next to him sits Leigh.

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION - TAYLOR AND CAYDEN

TAYLOR
Hey buddy. What's up?

CAYDEN
You want to come play with me?

TAYLOR
More than anything in the world.

LEIGH
Taylor's in California Cayden,
remember?

CAYDEN
Oh.

TAYLOR
I'm sorry monkey butt.

Cayden's mood quickly brightens once again.

CAYDEN
Guess what I got Taylor?

Taylor's struggling to restrain his emotions.

TAYLOR
I don't know. What?

CAYDEN
A kitty cat.

TAYLOR
Really? What's its name?

CAYDEN
Cally. She's pretty.

TAYLOR
I bet she is.

CAYDEN

Yeah.

Cayden laughs.

TAYLOR

I miss you buddy.

CAYDEN

Miss you too. Bye Taylor.

TAYLOR

Bye Cayden.

Cayden hangs up. Taylor holds the phone to his ear, waiting for something. Anything. But there's nothing.

FLASH!

INT. LEIGH'S HOUSE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Wrapping paper scatters the floor. A grip of new toys line the ground. Cayden is asleep on the couch. Taylor scoops him up and carries him across the room and into

CAYDEN'S BEDROOM

He lies Cayden in bed, tucks the blanket softly over him. He kisses Cayden's forehead and starts out of the room.

CAYDEN

Taylor?

Taylor stops, turns back.

TAYLOR

Yeah, buddy?

CAYDEN

We forgot to pray.

TAYLOR

You're right we did.

Taylor walks over and sits on the bed. Cayden clasps his hands together, as does Taylor.

TAYLOR

Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray
the Lord my soul to keep. If I
should die before I wake, I pray
the Lord my soul to take.

CAYDEN
God bless Mommy, and Grammy and
Poppy. And Cally and Mimi. And
Taylor. Amen.

TAYLOR
Amen.

Cayden lays his head down. Taylor kisses his forehead and starts out of the room, closing the door.

CAYDEN
Leave it open Taylor.

Taylor stops, turns back.

CAYDEN (cont'd)
Just a little.

Cayden uses his fingers to show Taylor just how much.

TAYLOR
Happy birthday buddy.

Taylor starts to close the door again.

CAYDEN
Taylor?

Taylor turns back.

TAYLOR
Yeah?

CAYDEN
I love you.

Taylor looks at Cayden.

TAYLOR
I love you too.

He shuts the door, but not all the way, just a crack of light gleaming into the room.

BANG, BANG!

FLASH!

INT. TAYLOR'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Taylor sits up in bed. The door opens and Ryan enters.

RYAN
What's up you sex vixen you?

Ryan moves to the bed and sits next to Taylor.

TAYLOR
Hey.

RYAN
Where'd you go last night? You just disappeared.

TAYLOR
Rough night.

RYAN
Something you want to talk about?

TAYLOR
Nah.

RYAN
I'm here for you, man. You're my best friend. If there's anything you need...

Ryan puts his hand on Taylor's leg.

RYAN (cont'd)
You just ask.

Taylor looks down at Ryan's hand. Then, up to Ryan.

RYAN
Sorry.

His hand lingers, finally Ryan pulls it away.

RYAN
Get up. A bunch of us are playing Halo. It'll help you relieve whatever stress you got built up. Nothing like putting a bullet through the roommates' heads.

INT. JORDAN'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Taylor and Ryan enter the room. Jordan has the master bedroom. A huge open area filled with filthy garage sale couches and a few beat up tv's. The room is split into two teams: Taylor and Ryan join Jordan and Kyle on one couch. Across the room Matt, Drake, Andy and Dave sit.

Jordan plays with the controller, creating a character's name.

ON THE TV SCREEN

The cursor moves across the screen spelling out "PBITCH". He hits enter and the game loads up.

Taylor maneuvers his player, ducks behind a wall.

BAM! BAM!

He's shot from behind and dies.

TV SCREEN

"THETEXAN was killed by ALYSON'SBITCH."

BAM! BAM!

"ALYSON'SBITCH was killed by theDRUNK."

RYAN

Take that bitch.

DAVE

Like the name Taylor?

TAYLOR

It's cool to be immature in this house, right?

DAVE

You want to say that to my face?

TAYLOR

Yeah, fuck you!

Dave throws his controller down and pounces over to Taylor. Taylor stands and faces Dave.

DAVE

What'd you say?

TAYLOR

Do I have to spell it out for you.
F-U-C-

Dave shoves Taylor. Taylor steps back.

DAVE

Don't get upset, pussy.

Taylor looks to Ryan. Ryan nods.

Taylor thinks about it, scratches his head. Then, rears back and pops Dave in the face.

Taylor and Dave fight. Taylor gets a few good swings in. Finally, they topple over the couch. Taylor's left knee slams into the ground. Dave gets a clean shot on Taylor's eye.

Ryan pulls Dave off.

RYAN
What the fucks your problem?

DAVE
Blow me.

RYAN
Brotherhood mean anything to you?

DAVE
Maybe you should ask him the same thing.

Taylor climbs to his feet, limping on his left leg.

RYAN
Chill the fuck out.

Dave steps to Ryan. Ryan shoves him back.

RYAN
I said chill out.

Dave doesn't move. He glares at Taylor. Then, storms out.

DRAKE
Damn.

JORDAN
You okay?

Taylor hops back to the couch, grimacing as he steps.

TAYLOR
Yeah.

Taylor rubs his knee. Nobody says anything. Finally -

RYAN
Nice shot stud. Right in the fuckin' face. Felt good, huh?

Taylor squints his right eye.

TAYLOR

Yeah.

MATT

You should've went for the balls
dude. Cut those bastards right off.

Matt demonstrates. Taylor chuckles.

INT. MATT' BEDROOM - NIGHT

Taylor, with a nice shiner, Ryan, Matt, Andy and Drake sit around drinking and listening to music. A couple of thirty packs lie on the floor.

ANDY

I think I got an eight A.M. final
tomorrow.

DRAKE

I got a four.

RYAN

Nothin'. Not til Thursday.

MATT

Finished.

Matt grabs the bong off the desk.

MATT (cont'd)

And I'm celebrating.

He lights the bong, takes a rip. He exhales, coughs and passes the bong to Andy.

Taylor finishes a can of beer, cracks another. Rubs his knee.

TAYLOR

Only got a Friday left.

RYAN

Cheers to that.

Ryan drinks. Andy takes a hit and passes to Drake.

DRAKE

Shit man, now this is college. Its
finals and I'm drunk.

RYAN
So what? I'm drunk every night.

TAYLOR
That's cause you're a lush.

Drake takes a hit, passes the bong to Ryan.

RYAN
This is true.

Ryan flicks the lighter, takes a rip and passes the bong to Taylor. Taylor passes it to Matt, but Matt pushes it back.

MATT
Come on man. Just one time.

DRAKE
Yeah man.

ANDY
You gave Dave a black eye.
Celebrate that shit dude.

Taylor looks at Ryan.

RYAN
It won't fuckin' kill ya.

DRAKE
Yeah man, just once.

Taylor thinks about it: Leigh, Alyson, Kristin, the black eye. He stretches his leg out and rubs his knee.

TAYLOR
Fuck it. How do I do this?

MATT
That's what I'm talking about.

DRAKE
Fuck yeah.

Matt packs the bowl. Taylor holds the bong to his mouth.

MATT
Now just keep sucking. And when you
inhale try to hold it in.

Matt lights it. The BONG WATER GURGLES. Matt pulls the piece and Taylor inhales the smoke. He tries holding it, but can't. He coughs and exhales.

DRAKE
Gnarly, dude.

Taylor keeps coughing. Ryan slaps him on the back.

RYAN
Let's play basketball.

EXT. BACK DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

A truck lights the driveway. MUSIC BLARES from its stereo.

SERIES OF SHOTS - PLAYING BASKETBALL

Ryan shoots. He swishes the shot.

Everyone pounds a beer.

Drake tries to dunk. He smacks the rim with the ball and falls flat on his ass.

Everyone laughs.

Taylor shoots. Ryan grabs the rebound and puts it back up.

They all pound another beer.

Andy shoots a granny shot. Drake jumps up and blocks it.

Ryan takes his shirt off. Then his shorts. He runs around the driveway screaming. Grabs Andy and humps his leg.

Taylor and Matt nearly fall to the ground laughing.

All the guys stand in the middle of the court. Beers in hand. Dancing badly to the music. Plastered out of their minds.

EXT. TRUCK BED DRIVEWAY - LATER

Taylor and Ryan are the only two still up. They share a beer.

RYAN
You caught her and Dave making out.

TAYLOR
Yep.

RYAN
Bummer.

Taylor drinks. A moment of silence. He looks up at the moon.

TAYLOR

You ever have any weird dreams?

RYAN

Yeah all the time man. One time I had this dream I was fucking my sister. Totally weird.

TAYLOR

No, I mean like something different, like it felt real.

RYAN

Besides wet dreams?

Taylor laughs.

TAYLOR

Yeah. I don't know. I keep having this same dream and each time it feels more and more real.

RYAN

I don't know man. The mind works in fucked up ways. If you over think things it can kill ya.

Taylor thinks about this. Takes a drink. Ryan stretches.

RYAN

I can't believe after this week I'll be done with college. What a ride, man.

Taylor nods. Ryan drinks. He slaps Taylor's leg.

RYAN

Hey, thanks man. You know for everything. You're a true friend. Best little bro a guy could have.

TAYLOR

You're not too bad yourself.

Ryan puts Taylor in a headlock and noogies him.

RYAN

Man, now I actually have to find a real job.

Ryan taps Taylor's beer and drinks.

RYAN
Welcome to the real world.

They both drink. Staring into the night sky.

EXT. MAILBOX - DAY

Taylor flips open the mailbox. Pulls out some bills, ads, envelopes. Flips through them and stops on a neat white one addressed to him. He opens it -

INSERT: ENVELOPE

You are cordially invited to attend the wedding of

Leigh Wright and Nathan Brooks

June 6th, 3:00 PM

at the First Baptist Church of Richardson

Taylor flicks the invitation against his hand.

FLASH!

EXT. MANN'S CHINESE THEATRE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

It's late. A homeless man sleeps in a corner. A man with a guitar strums along, pacing the sidewalk.

By the handprints, linger Taylor and Leigh. Her foot fits perfectly into Katharine Hepburn's.

LEIGH
Look at that. Perfect fit.

The WEATHERED GUITAR MAN approaches them.

WEATHERED GUITAR MAN
A beautiful couple. Big dreams in
Hollywood. Big dreams.

He starts to play.

WEATHERED GUITAR MAN (cont'd)
This is a song about love. The
saddest story ever told.

He sings. A serenade just for them. Taylor takes Leigh in his arms. Kisses her.

WEATHERED GUITAR MAN
*Would you know my name, if I saw
 you in heaven. Would it be the
 same, if I saw you in heaven.*

Taylor leans into Leigh and whispers.

TAYLOR
 I love you, Desaro.

LEIGH
 I love you too.

WEATHERED GUITAR MAN
*I must be strong, and carry on.
 Cause I know, I don't belong, here
 in heaven.*

TAYLOR
 I do want to marry you.

She smiles and holds Taylor tight.

WEATHERED GUITAR MAN
*Would you hold my hand, if I saw
 you in heaven. Would you help me
 stand, if I saw you in heaven.*

FLASH!

EXT. MAILBOX - DAY

On the letter. A tear strikes the invitation, smearing the handwritten ink.

INT. GYM - NIGHT

The gym is practically empty. Taylor runs alone on the treadmill, his left leg dragging more with each stride.

INT. TAYLOR'S CAR/ I-5 SOUTH - NIGHT

Rain drips softly against the windshield as Taylor drives.

OUT THE WINDOW

He passes a small motel

DESTINY INN

off to the side of the highway. He watches it pass.

INT. TAYLOR'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Taylor sits in his recliner. Still in his work clothes. He holds the invitation in his hands.

KNOCK!

Ryan opens the door, sees Taylor not ready.

RYAN

Dude get dressed. We're late.

TAYLOR

For what?

RYAN

June first. Bryan's graduation party in Newport. I understand skipping graduation. The shits boring, but you can't miss the party. Andale, hombre.

(soothingly)

Throw on that white shirt you got. It brings out your eye.

Ryan smirks. Taylor doesn't budge. Ryan moves to the recliner, leans over so that he can read the invitation.

RYAN

No, no, no.

Ryan takes the invitation and tosses it on the desk.

RYAN

Not tonight we're not. I graduated. Tonight we party.

TAYLOR

I don't want to go.

RYAN

And I know this, but this will get your mind off of things. Show up, have a few drinks and we'll go home. It's better than kicking yourself in the balls all night. Now let's go.

EXT. NEWPORT - BRYAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Kids scatter the front porch. The party flows out into the street. Music bumps from inside the beach house. Nobody seems to mind the light rain.

Taylor and Ryan approach. Ryan high fives a few guys.

RYAN

Mike! Remember freshman psych?
Yeah, the hot professor.

Taylor spaces out. He scans the crowd, looking for anyone he knows. Nothing. Then, past the house, off to the right -

KRISTIN

approaches the party. She sees Taylor and heads over.

KRISTIN

Hey T.

TAYLOR

Hey.

KRISTIN

How ya been?

TAYLOR

I'm alright. Look I'm sorry I
haven't had time to talk lately.

KRISTIN

So I've noticed.

A beat.

KRISTIN

I'm leaving T. Transferring to an
art school in New York.

Taylor's a little shocked, but hides it well.

TAYLOR

Wow. That's - that's great Kristin.

KRISTIN

Yeah. Friend of my mom's saw my
portfolio and got me an interview.
Guess they liked what they saw.

TAYLOR
That's really awesome. Congrats.
We'll have to go out and celebrate.
When do you leave?

KRISTIN
Tomorrow.

TAYLOR
Oh.

KRISTIN
Yeah.

A beat.

KRISTIN
I'm glad I saw you here. I kind of
figured I wasn't going to see you
before I left.

She hugs him.

KRISTIN
Take care T.

TAYLOR
Yeah. You too.

She moves towards the party and into the house. Taylor looks
back at her. Near the front door, a guy FLICKS A LIGHTER.

FLASH!

INT. KRISTIN'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

A candle flickers. It's dark. Slowing panning past the
paintings that hang on the wall. Quietly, above the silence,
a female moans.

RYAN (O.C.)
You want a drink?

EXT. NEWPORT - BRYAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT - END OF FLASHBACK

TAYLOR
What?

RYAN
Beer. Want one?

TAYLOR

No I'm good. You want me to grab you one?

RYAN

No, I'm not drinking tonight.

TAYLOR

What? Aren't you supposed to get hammered after you graduate?

RYAN

I've been trashed at plenty graduation parties. Thought maybe I'd go on a diet. Try to shed some of this off.

(pats his gut)

Plus, I'm meeting up with Brooke later before she leaves.

Taylor nods. Understands.

RYAN

Thought sober was maybe a good choice tonight.

A BURLY BEARDED GUY (BILLY) approaches Ryan, slaps him on the back.

BILLY

Ryan Williams! You fucker!

RYAN

Billy!

They shake.

RYAN

How ya been buddy?

Taylor looks through the crowd and then he sees her -

ALYSON

smiling and laughing. A couple moves past. She's with DAVE. Alyson looks over at Taylor, sees him and stops laughing.

BILLY (O.C.)

You hear Dave and Alyson got back together? Man, that is one amazing girl.

Ryan tries to signal for Billy to cut it out, but Taylor's already heard.

TAYLOR
What'd you say?

BILLY
Dave Francis and Alyson. Yeah they were dating last semester for a while. Heard he cheated on her though. If you ask me, she's still sexy as shit.

Taylor looks back to Alyson. She gazes blankly at him. Dave grabs her by the hand and leads her into the house.

Taylor starts off down the street. Ryan chases after him.

RYAN
Hey I'm sorry man. It wasn't a big thing. I thought she would have told you.

TAYLOR
I just want to go home.

RYAN
Yeah, yeah. That's cool.

I/E. RYAN 'S GEO METRO - NIGHT

Ryan drives in silence. The rain beats down hard on the windshield. Taylor watches the rain out the window.

RYAN
Can I ask you something?

TAYLOR
Yeah.

RYAN
How'd you know you really loved Leigh? That is was actually real?

TAYLOR
I don't know. I guess - when she's not around, I have all these things I want to tell to her. And when I finally see her again, my stomach turns upside down and nothing I say comes out like I heard it in my head. That's how I know.

(MORE)

TAYLOR(cont'd)

Because after seven years it's still like the first time. I still have butterflies in my stomach.

RYAN

What ever happened between you two?

TAYLOR

He came back.

Taylor looks out at the rain pouring down.

EXT. LEIGH'S FRONT PORCH - SUNSET - FLASHBACK

Light rain falls. On the porch, Taylor and Leigh sway on a bench swing, safe from the rain.

LEIGH

Nate called me today. He wants to see Cayden.

I/E. RYAN'S GEO METRO - NIGHT - END OF FLASHBACK

Taylor looks back out the window. Water beats down.

RYAN

You have to tell her how you feel. Let everything out.

TAYLOR

It won't change anything.

RYAN

But at least you won't be holding back. Does she look at him the way she looks at you? Does she?

TAYLOR

I don't know.

RYAN

And you never will if you don't tell her absolutely everything. Greatness can't manifest without great risk. We don't live in a fairy tale world. Life blows man. It sucks you dry and spits you out, but you have to keep moving. You can't get anywhere in life standing still.

Taylor watches a drop of rain slide down the window.

EXT. "THE MANSION" DRIVEWAY - LATER

Taylor climbs out of the car. His wallet falls from his pocket, landing on the seat. Ryan grabs the wallet, opens it.

RYAN

Taylor.

Rain pours down over Taylor. He grabs his wallet.

RYAN

Don't give it up, bud.

HIT ME BABY ONE MORE TIME. Ryan answers.

RYAN

Hey baby. I'm on my way right now.

Ryan pulls the phone from his mouth.

RYAN

Ole ball and chain. Good luck. Love ya bro.

(to Brooke)

Course I didn't mean you, hun.

Ryan rolls his eyes, she's crazy. He winks and waves bye. Taylor shuts the door. Ryan drives off.

Taylor looks at the wallet in his hands, flipped open to the picture of Leigh and Cayden.

Hurt and anger build in his eyes.

ON THE PHOTO

Leigh smiles. Her eyes pierce him. Bleeding into him.

TAYLOR

Why? Huh? Why?

He throws his arms into the air. The rain beats down hard.

TAYLOR

WHY!?

He hits his chest. Throws up his arms.

TAYLOR

Why me! Huh!? Answer me Goddammit!
Why!?

Taylor throws out his middle fingers.

TAYLOR
 Fuck you! Do you hear me, God!?
 Fuck you! FUCK YOU!

Taylor stares into the sky, letting the rain rush down.
 Soaking him.

INT. "THE MANSION" KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

The house is dark and empty, except for a FAINT NOISE. Taylor
 flips a few lights on. Follows the sound.

HALLWAY

The SOUND GROWS LOUDER. A guy yelling.

GUY (O.S.)
 Elaine - Elaine!

Taylor climbs the steps into the

TV ROOM

In the dark, the TV glimmers.

ON THE TV SCREEN

Benjamin pounds on the glass window. Yelling for Elaine.

Taylor stares at the screen.

Benjamin screams.

INT. TAYLOR'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Rain continues falling. Taylor sleeps. Tossing and turning.

EXT. RIVER - TWILIGHT - DREAM

Taylor overlooks the railing -

INTO THE RUSHING WATER

His eyes meet Alyson's. She floats helpless in the water.

Taylor steps through the railing onto a large rock darting
 out into the water. He lays down and stretches for Alyson's
 hand. Just out of reach.

Something grabs him. Taylor turns to look.

THUNDER CRACKS!

RING!

INT. TAYLOR'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Still raining. Taylor fumbles around for his phone. Answers.

TAYLOR

Yeah?

His eyes open wide, his face ghostly white.

TAYLOR

What?

FLASH!

EXT. RYAN'S GEO METRO - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Raining. Ryan winks. Waves goodbye and drives off.

EXT. RAINY STREET - NIGHT

Police lights flash over a mangled red Geo Metro.

NEWS REPORTER (V.O.)

Tom Donnelly reporting live from
Newport Beach, where the storm is
causing major problems on slick
roadways for drivers.

The reporter trails off.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Familiar faces move about the room. On the couch sits

TAYLOR

A plain girl, BROOKE (20), approaches and sits.

BROOKE

Hey Taylor.

TAYLOR

Hey Brooke. How are you holding up?

BROOKE
I'll be alright. You?

TAYLOR
Hanging in there I guess.

She puts her hand on Taylor's leg, much like Ryan would.

BROOKE
It's rough though.

They sit there in silence.

BROOKE
Ryan always told me how proud he was to be your big bro. Sometimes I think he loved you more than he loved me. I just thought you should know that, just in case he never got around to telling you.

Taylor looks at Brooke. Weakly smiles.

EXT. CEMETARY - DAY

Flowers adorn Ryan's grave. Taylor stands alone over the headstone. He lays a bouquet on the ground.

TAYLOR
Yeah, so I don't know if this is gay or not. I've never done this before. I don't know, I figured friends were supposed to bring friends flowers. A pretty good guy taught me a thing or two about friendship.

Taylor smiles, looks away.

TAYLOR (cont'd)
I can't really help but feel like this is partly my fault.

Taylor remembers. A smile crosses his face. He laughs.

TAYLOR (cont'd)
I remember that night we were all drinking at my house.

EXT. "THE MANSION" DRIVEWAY - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Naked, Ryan humps Andy's leg.

TAYLOR (V.O.)
 You were naked and you ran up and
 started humping Andy's leg.

Taylor laughs harder.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Taylor poses for a picture. Ryan in his sombrero and poncho.

TAYLOR (V.O.)
 And in Mexico, when you danced with
 the old lady.

Ryan twirls with the rose lady.

EXT. "THE MANSION" DRIVEWAY - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Ryan winks. Waves and drives away.

EXT. CEMETARY - DAY

Taylor laughs. Then tears. He's crying. Hard.

INT. TAYLOR'S BEDROOM - DAY

The smudged invitation lies on the desk.

TAYLOR (O.C.)
 What's the fastest I can get to
 Dallas.
 (on the phone; he writes)
 Uh, huh. There's nothing earlier
 for the morning of the sixth?
 (listens)
 No that won't work. Thanks.

Hangs up.

ON THE PAPER

Train is crossed out. Car, crossed out. He taps plane.

I/E. TAYLOR'S CAR - DAY

Taylor stops at a red light. Off to the right -
CONROY'S FLOWER SHOP

He looks back out the windshield. Taps the wheel.

I/E. TAYLOR'S CAR/ I-5 SOUTH - DAY

Taylor drives down the highway. Phone to his ear.
OUT THE WINDOW

He passes the Destiny Inn, eyes it as he passes.
The PHONE RINGS.

INT. LEIGH'S HOUSE - DAY

RINGS.

Cayden darts through the living room laughing. Right behind
him chases Nate.

LEIGH (O.C.)
Nate, can you get that?

Nate stops and answers the phone. Cayden laughs.

NATHAN
Hello?

I/E. TAYLOR'S CAR/ I-5 SOUTH - DAY

Taylor listens.

NATHAN (V.O.)
Hello? Who is this?

Cayden giggles.

INT. LEIGH'S HOUSE - DAY

Cayden jumps on the couch, laughing.

CAYDEN
Dad!

I/E. TAYLOR'S CAR/ I-5 SOUTH - DAY

Taylor listens.

NATHAN (V.O.)

Hello?

INT. LEIGH'S HOUSE - DAY

Nathan hangs up and runs to the couch. Cayden drops down laughing. Nathan tickles him. Leigh steps out from the bedroom.

LEIGH

Who was it?

Cayden screams with laughter.

NATHAN

Wrong number.

He lifts Cayden's shirt and blows on his stomach. Cayden howls.

INT. AIRPORT - DAY

Taylor looks at the departing flights monitor.

ON THE MONITOR

June 6, 2004 - 10:25 AM

TAYLOR

Scans down the list. Finds his.

MONITOR

Flight 675 Departing Orange Country, CA 10:55 AM Gate 6B

Arriving Dallas, TX 1:46 PM

INT. GATE 6B - MOMENTS LATER

TICKET SCANNER

The ticket slides through.

INT. ALYSON'S HOUSE - DAY

Alyson opens the door. A CONROY'S DELIVERY MAN holds a bouquet of exotic, funky looking flowers.

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

The PLANE'S ENGINE ROARS to life. Taylor stares at the seat in front of him. Grasps the arm rests. Eyes closed tight.

INT. ALYSON'S HOUSE - DAY

Alyson pulls the card. Reads it -

ON THE CARD

Because every girl deserves flowers on her birthday.

- Taylor

Alyson smiles.

INT. AIRPORT - DAY

The plane levels out. Taylor opens his eyes and looks out the window. Flying high above the white clouds. He relaxes.

INT. LEIGH'S HOUSE BEDROOM - DAY

Leigh sits at the mirror applying make-up.

INT. AIRPORT - DAY

Taylor steps out of the gate. He moves to the -

MONITOR

June 6, 2004 - 1:45 PM

THROUGH THE EXIT DOORS

He's already outside, climbing in a taxi. It drives off.

INT. ALYSON'S HOUSE - DAY

The flowers rest on Alyson's dresser. On the bed, she dials. The PHONE RINGS ONCE. Then, CLICKS.

TAYLOR (V.O.)

Hey this is Taylor. Sorry I missed you. Leave a message and I'll call you back when I get a chance. Bye.

BEEP!

ALYSON

Hey it's Alyson. I got the flowers. Thank you, they're beautiful. I have something I need to tell you. Call me when you get this. Bye.

CLICK.

I/E. TAXI - DAY

The taxi rushes down the highway. Taylor looks out the window. Remembering, he grabs his phone and turns it on.

1 NEW VOICEMAIL

He dials. Listens.

EXT. LEIGH'S HOUSE - DAY

Leigh climbs into the backseat of a limo, her MOTHER helping with the dress behind her.

INT. TAXI - DAY

Taylor calls. The PHONE RINGS.

INT. ALYSON'S HOUSE - DAY

On the nightstand, the PHONE RINGS. In the background, the shower runs.

INT. TAXI - DAY

BEEP!

TAYLOR
It's Taylor. I got your message.
I'm in Texas. Call me back.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

WEDDING MUSIC rises through the rafters.

CAYDEN

walks down the aisle. The ring bearer.

INT. ALYSON'S BEDROOM - DAY

Alyson blow-dries her hair. Checks her phone.

1 NEW VOICEMAIL

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

The taxi pulls up to the church. Taylor jumps out, leaving his bag and phone behind. He tosses a twenty to the driver.

TAYLOR
Wait right here. Don't go anywhere.

He runs into the

CHURCH FOYER

The WEDDING SONG leaks from the chapel. Taylor looks around the room and sees a -

STAIRWELL

He runs up.

INT. ALYSON'S HOUSE - DAY

Alyson calls.

INT. TAXI - DAY

The PHONE RINGS on the seat.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

Leigh reaches the alter. Nathan takes her by the hand.

INT. CHURCH BALCONY - MEANWHILE

Taylor reaches the top of the stairs. The top balcony is empty. He moves to the railing -

LEIGH AND NATHAN

hold hands. Taylor gazes out at Leigh. So beautiful down there.

PRIEST
Dearly Beloved...

Taylor's eyes move to Cayden.

PRIEST
We are gathered here today to join
Leigh Wright and Nathan Brooks in
holy matrimony.

ON TAYLOR

He stands over the railing. Watching.

The ceremony goes silent. A photographer snaps a picture.

FLASH!

INT. "THE MANSION" BATHROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Taylor sees Alyson for the first time. Their eyes lock.

INT. POOL HOUSE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Alyson shoves Taylor in the pool. He pulls her in with him.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Everyone sings La Bamba. Taylor gazes at Alyson. She looks back at him and smiles.

FLASH!

INT. CHURCH - DAY - END OF FLASHBACK

PRIEST

If anyone has any objections as to why these two should be married, then speak now or forever hold your peace.

The room is silent. Leigh and Nathan look out over the crowd. Her gaze is drawn upwards to -

TAYLOR

standing at the balcony railing. He looks at her. She smiles. He smiles back.

PRIEST

Well, then. Do you have the rings?

Cayden walks the pillow to the Priest. He takes the ring from the pillow. Leigh turns back to the ceremony.

PRIEST

Marriage is an ancient ceremony binding one's love to another. The rings their eternal symbol, blessed and simple.

ON TAYLOR

He turns and leaves.

I/E. TAXI - DAY

Taylor sits in the taxi. Stares out the window.

INT. AIRPORT TICKET COUNTER - DAY

The COUNTER GIRL checks the computer. Taylor waits.

COUNTER GIRL

Let's see. There is room on the five o'clock with a layover in Denver. It's a quick switch though.

TAYLOR

That's fine.

INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - DAY

Taylor waits at the terminal. He looks up at the -
MONITOR

Flight 455 Departing Dallas, TX 5:00 PM

He checks his ticket. Pulls out his phone. He sees the missed message. Dials.

VOICE (V.O.)

You have one new voice message
from...

ALYSON (V.O.)

Alyson.

BEEP!

ALYSON (V.O.)

Hey it's me again. Guess we keep
missing each other. I had a dream
Taylor. I was floating in this
river.

Taylor looks out the window. The sunlight hits his face.

FLASH!

EXT. RIVER - TWILIGHT - DREAM

Alyson floats in the river. She looks out towards the bank
and sees Taylor against the railing.

INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - DAY

Taylor calls.

INT. ALYSON'S BEDROOM - DAY

The PHONE RINGS on the nightstand. In the background, a group
sings Happy Birthday.

INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - DAY

Taylor hangs up.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)
Now boarding, flight 455 to Orange
County.

INT. ALYSON'S BEDROOM - DAY

Alyson enters the bedroom. Checks her phone.

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

Taylor sits between an ELDERLY LADY and a BUSINESS MAN.

PILOT (V.O.)
Flight attendants ready the cabin
for take-off.

Taylor fidgets with his phone. A few seats away the stewardess checks the rows. Taylor puts the phone on silent and slips it in his pocket. The stewardess walks by, smiles at Taylor.

INT. ALYSON'S BEDROOM - DAY

Alyson texts Taylor.

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

The PHONE VIBRATES in Taylor's pocket. He digs it out.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT (O.C.)
Sir, please turn off your cell
phone during flight.

She stands there, waiting. He turns the phone off.

THE PLANE'S ENGINES GRIND.

Taylor looks nervous. He stares at the seat in front of him. Grips the armrests hard. Shuts his eyes tight.

BUSINESS MAN (O.C.)
Don't worry son. Statistically they
say flying is safer than driving.

Taylor opens his eyes. Looks to the man and relaxes his grip.

EXT. DFW AIRPORT - SUNSET

The plane takes off.

EXT. DENVER INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - NIGHT

The plane lands. It's raining.

INT. AIRPORT - NIGHT

Taylor runs through the airport.

INT. AIRPORT - NIGHT

He checks the

MONITOR

Flight 849 Denver, CO to Orange County, CA DELAYED

INT. GATE 17F - NIGHT

Taylor hands his ticket to the attendant.

INT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

He finds his seat. Next to two young boys. They fight with one another. He turns his phone on.

ON THE TEXT MESSAGE

Where are you?

Taylor types back.

INT. ALYSON'S CAR - NIGHT

Alyson drives down the highway.

ON THE TEXT MESSAGE

Coming home.

She types back.

INT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

PILOT (V.O.)

We apologize for the delay. We had some engine problems, but everything is taken care of now and we are set to go. Flight attendants please make ready for take-off.

ON THE TEXT MESSAGE

Meet me at the pool. 11:11?

Taylor smiles. Types back.

I'll be there.

INT. ALYSON'S CAR - NIGHT

She reads. Smiles. Types.

INT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

ON THE TEXT MESSAGE

I'll be waiting.

He smiles. Starts to type.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT (O.C.)

Sir -

TAYLOR

I know. The phone.

He turns the phone off. The attendant leaves. He pulls the phone back out and puts it on vibrate. The ENGINES GROWL.

EXT. POOL HOUSE - NIGHT

Alyson dangles her bare feet in the pool.

INT. AIRPLANE - LATER

The two kids are passed out. Taylor rides comfortably. Suddenly, the ride grows rough.

THUNDER CRACKS.

PILOT (V.O.)
We're experiencing some turbulence.
Please fasten your seat belts.

The plane bounces. Taylor grabs his seat belt - two end pieces. Ties them together - a makeshift seat belt.

INT. CAYDEN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Cayden sits up in bed. Leigh next to him. They pray.

LEIGH
Now I lay -

CAYDEN
Let me do it Mommy.

LEIGH
Okay.

Cayden clasps his hands.

CAYDEN
Now I lay me down to sleep...

EXT. POOL HOUSE - NIGHT

Alyson leans back. Stares up at the sky. The flashing lights of a plane fly overhead.

INT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

Taylor sits back and closes his eyes, calm. The plane starts to bounce. Taylor opens his eyes.

CAYDEN (V.O.)
I pray the Lord my soul to keep.

Probably nothing. He closes his eyes again and the plane drops suddenly. Air masks shoot out. The two boys scream. Taylor looks at the mask, ignores it.

Taylor grasps the armrest. Closes his eyes tight.

EXT. POOL HOUSE - NIGHT

Phone in hand. Alyson types.

CAYDEN (V.O.)
If I should die before I wake...

INT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

Taylor releases his grip. Grabs the phone from his pocket.

ON THE TEXT MESSAGE

Almost home?

PILOT (V.O.)
Everyone prepare for a crash
landing.

CAYDEN (V.O.)
I pray the Lord my soul to take.

INT. CAYDEN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

CAYDEN
God bless Mommy and Daddy...

INT. PLANE - NIGHT

Taylor dials.

EXT. POOL HOUSE - NIGHT

The PHONE RINGS. Alyson smiles and answers.

ALYSON
Hey you.

INT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

One of the boys SCREAMS.

EXT. POOL HOUSE - NIGHT

She can hear the commotion in the background.

ALYSON
Where are you?

TAYLOR
I'm on a plane.

Alyson doesn't speak.

CAYDEN (V.O.)
And Poppy and Grammy.

TAYLOR (cont'd)
I was coming home to you.

Her eyes start to water.

Alyson
But I had the dream. And you were
there. You were with me.

TAYLOR
I know.

INT. CAYDEN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

CAYDEN (V.O.)
And Cally and Mimi.

INT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

The plane dives fast. Outside, the wind sweeps by like
bullets piercing the air. Alyson doesn't know what to say.
She starts to cry.

ALYSON
I'm sorry Taylor.

TAYLOR
You are so beautiful.

The WIND IS DEAFENING. They can barely hear each other.

ALYSON
I love you.

It's too loud.

TAYLOR
(screaming)
What!?

ALYSON
(screams)
I love you!

TAYLOR
(screams)
I love you too!
(a beat)
I wished for you!

ON ALYSON

Tears streak down her face.

ON TAYLOR

His eyes are calm.

CAYDEN (V.O.)
And God bless Taylor.

ON ALYSON

The phone goes dead.

CAYDEN (V.O.)
Amen.

Alyson drops the phone. Sobs uncontrollably.

INT. CAYDEN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

LEIGH
Amen.

Leigh kisses Cayden's head and tucks him in.

BLACK.

FADE FROM BLACK:

EXT. DESERT ROAD - TWILIGHT

The SOUND OF THE ENGINES HUMMING RISES.

TWO JUMBO JETS

sweep overhead

A FOREST GREEN FRONTIER

tears into the foreground chasing the planes.

INT. FRONTIER - CONTINUE

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD

Taylor peers at the two planes. Then ahead -

A BUS SITS IDLE ATOP OF A BRIDGE

He smashes the gas, but the car slows down.

CHECKS THE GAS

It's out.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUE

The planes diverge - one to the left. The other to the right.

INT. FRONTIER - CONTINUE

The truck rolls to a stop. Taylor hops out.

STREET

and runs with a limp to the bus.

BRIDGE

He fights the door open and climbs the bus. His eyes dart to the back row

ALYSON

sits. A tear drips from her eye.

Taylor steps. A LOUD BANG! A huge bellowing ball of fire rises, shadowing the bus in a bright orange light.

He takes another step.

The second plane shoots overhead and crashes into the river.

Taylor hesitates, his gaze still on Alyson. He drops to a knee. Behind Alyson, through the back windshield, he sees -

A BLUE '69 MUSTANG

speeding into view, veering right for the bus.

Taylor's eyes grow tight.

EXT. ROCKY PATH - TWILIGHT

Taylor climbs down the path. Slides to a stop against a railing and looks out.

TAYLOR'S POV

Alyson floats helpless in the river.

Taylor climbs the railing and drops onto the bank. Jumps onto a rock darting out into the rough water. Jumps to another rock and lays flat, reaching for Alyson. Just out of reach.

Something jerks him. He looks back -

RYAN

holds Taylor by the legs. He winks.

Taylor reaches out into the water. His fingers straining for Alyson's hand. He lunges and grasps her, pulling her in.

They embrace, holding each other tightly.

Taylor's eyes wonder towards the bridge. From the shadows under the bridge steps -

MATT, ANDY and JORDAN.

They walk upstream, dissolve into a great light and disappear. Then, from the shadows steps -

DAVE

He looks at Taylor, smirks and starts upstream.

He too dissolves into a great light and disappears.

ON TAYLOR

He looks into Alyson's eyes and smiles.

FADE OUT.