

The Seaglass Exchange

by

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FADE IN:

INT. NYC APARTMENT - DAY - PRESENT DAY

A semi-swanky apartment in mid-town Manhattan. ADULT CRYSTAL (32) stares out in quiet reflection at the skyline from her living room window. Moving boxes surround her.

At ease in bluejeans and hoodie, Crystal embodies a quiet grace. A sea green scarf complements her silky brown skin.

Her friend, TIFFANY (30s), enters the room with a box from the kitchen.

TIFFANY

Do you really need this fondue set?
So two thousand six.

Crystal doesn't answer.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

Crystal?

Crystal turns. Tiffany sets the box atop another.

ADULT CRYSTAL

Sorry. I'm gonna miss this.

TIFFANY

End of an era.

ADULT CRYSTAL

Yeah.

Crystal takes visual stock of the boxes and frowns. The boxes are labeled: kitchen, bathroom, winter, books, etc.

TIFFANY

We're gonna need a bigger van.

ADULT CRYSTAL

Hmm-hmm. I might need to lose a couple things. You're probably right about the fondue set.

Tiffany directs her gaze at something on an opposite wall.

TIFFANY

What about that?

Crystal follows her look and sighs.

ADULT CRYSTAL
Absolutely not.

INT. SAN FRANCISCO APT. - DAY - 20 YEARS EARLIER (1998)

Similar moving situation, but in a more modest apartment in North Beach. YOUNG CRYSTAL (12) sulks on a moving box watching her mother, DAWN (late 30s) scurry about the room.

Dawn wears a work dress with nameplate, her frizzy hair defying the constraints of a tight bun. She dumps a pile of clothes into an open box.

DAWN
Crystal, come on. Don't make me do
this all myself.

Crystal doesn't budge.

CRYSTAL
It was your idea to leave.

DAWN
It wasn't my idea to raise the
rent. That was the dot-commers.

Dawn hastily stretches packaging tape across the box. She cuts her finger with the dispenser's blade.

DAWN (CONT'D)
Ah shhh-

Crystal springs up and rushes to her mother's aid.

CRYSTAL
Are you okay?

Dawn sucks at the nick on her finger, defeated.

DAWN
I'll be fine. Could you please just
help me?

Crystal grabs a box and drags it to a pile of housewares.

EXT. 101 FREEWAY - SALINAS - DAWN'S CAR - DAY

It's a bright summer day. A late 80s model sedan, with attached U-Haul trailer, cruises south through the central valley.

INT. DAWN'S CAR - DAY (DRIVING)

Dawn drives, holding a flip phone to her ear. Crystal, sneakers up on the dash, gazes at the passing live oaks.

DAWN

(into phone)

Look, I have an interview at the Biltmore tomorrow. We won't be staying long.

(beat)

No dad. I appreciate it, but it's best for us to get our own place.

Dawn rolls her eyes and sighs.

DAWN (CONT'D)

Can we talk about this later? We'll be there around six.

Dawn holds space for another moment. Unintelligible final words leak from the phone ending with:

DAWN'S DAD

(through phone)

I love you.

DAWN

Okay, bye.

Dawn flicks the phone shut and continues driving. Crystal studies her mother's expression.

CRYSTAL

Am I gonna hate him too?

Dawn looks over to Crystal and her feet on the dash.

DAWN

Put your feet down.

Crystal complies.

EXT. 101 FREEWAY - MONTECITO EXIT - DAWN'S CAR - DAY

The sedan takes the Hot Springs Road exit.

EXT. MONTECITO - COAST VILLAGE DRIVE - DAY

The sedan in traffic amongst BMWs, Land Rovers, and other luxury cars. SHOPPERS in summer attire saunter about the fancy boutiques, cafes, real estate offices, etc.

INT. DAWN'S CAR (DRIVING)

Crystal examines the shoppers and the spectacle outside.

CRYSTAL

You grew up around here? It's so wonder bread.

DAWN

It's not so bad. There's more color back on State Street.

EXT. JERRY'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY

Dawn's sedan pulls into the driveway of a spacious but cluttered beach house. The front yard is filled with mosaic tile-adorned boulders, animal sculptures and kinetic art.

CRYSTAL (O.S.)

What's this, Marioland?

Dawn snickers.

INT. JERRY'S HOUSE - FOYER

Dawn clambers through the front door with luggage. Crystal trails her. An Australian Shepherd, GOLDIE, dashes toward them, barking. Dawn struggles to keep her at bay.

DAWN

Dad?

JERRY (DAWN'S DAD) (O.S.)

Don't let her out!

Dawn turns to Crystal who pulls her wheeled suitcase in. She recoils as if she never encountered a dog before.

DAWN

Close the door.

Crystal turns to close the door but Goldie squeezes past her and runs outside. She turns back around and sees her grandfather, JERRY (late 60s), approaching them, wiping his hands with a hand towel.

His shaggy gray beard covers the neckline of an apron, his long white hair tied in a ponytail. He passes them and steps out the door.

JERRY
Goldie! Get in here!

He whistles and the dog returns. He steps back in, closing the door.

JERRY
You girls hungry? I'm making jambalaya.

He leans in for an awkward half-hug with his daughter and steps back to take in the sight of his granddaughter.

JERRY (CONT'D)
Hello.

Crystal stares back at the man. Though wrinkled with age, his eyes shine with the brightness of a child.

Dawn puts her hand on Crystal's shoulder.

DAWN
Crystal, this is your grandfather.

Jerry beams a smile at her. Crystal stares back.

CRYSTAL
What do I call you?

INT. JERRY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

They sit at a table next to the island. Crystal scoots pieces of shrimp around her plate with her fork.

Jerry hands Goldie a piece of chicken under the table. He pours himself a glass of red wine and looks to Crystal.

JERRY
What's the matter? Too spicy?

DAWN
She doesn't like seafood.

JERRY
It's your grandmother's recipe, you know.

Crystal looks to her mother.

CRYSTAL
Mom, I'm tired.

Dawn looks to her Dad. He smiles and looks at Crystal.

JERRY
You had a long day, kid.

He sets down his fork and napkin and gets up.

JERRY (CONT'D)
I've prepared your mommy's old room
for you. Come on.

DAWN
Dad...

JERRY
What? You can have the guest room.

Dawn gets up.

DAWN
I'll show her. Come on.

Crystal gets up and casts a shy look at Jerry.

CRYSTAL
Thanks for dinner. It wasn't too
spicy.

Jerry smiles.

INT. JERRY'S HOUSE - CRYSTAL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Family art adorns the walls of a palatial room. Crystal sits
on the made bed. Her packed suitcase stands next to her.

Dawn stands in the doorway and studies her daughter.

DAWN
It could be worse. We could have
moved to the Tenderloin.

Crystal pouts.

CRYSTAL
Gabbie lives in the Tenderloin.

DAWN
Gabbie lives in the Tendernob.
There's a difference.

Crystal is on the verge of tears.

DAWN (CONT'D)

Suck it up Crystal. Let me get us situated here and there will be plenty of opportunities to visit your friends in the city.

CRYSTAL

Okay.

Dawn crosses to Crystal and kisses her cheek.

DAWN

Good night.

Dawn exits and closes the door. Crystal takes a look around the room. She gets up and crosses to the window.

Outside, palm trees sway in a night breeze. Beyond, a crescent moon looms (hovers luminescent) over the ocean.

INT. JERRY'S HOUSE - CRYSTAL'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Crystal sleeps, engulfed in fluffy covers and pillows. A knock at the door. It opens.

DAWN (O.S.)

Crystal. Time to get up baby.

Crystal opens her eyes. Dawn approaches in a business suit.

DAWN (CONT'D)

Hey, I have to get to my interview.

Crystal wipes the sleep from her eyes.

CRYSTAL

Why do I have to get up then?

DAWN

Because you're coming with me.

Crystal groans.

EXT. BILTMORE HOTEL - STREET - DAY

Dawn checks her hair and make-up in the sedan's passenger side mirror. Crystal observes with disinterest.

DAWN

Okay, I should be about an hour.
Don't go too far.

CRYSTAL
But what am I gonna do?

Dawn touches up her lip gloss.

DAWN
I don't know, you're a kid. Play
with an imaginary friend or
something.

CRYSTAL
That's not funny.

DAWN
I'm sorry. Look, just stay out of
trouble okay? Wish me luck.

Dawn leans down to kiss Crystal on the cheek.

CRYSTAL
Knock 'em dead mom.

Dawn rushes off into the hotel. Crystal remains and looks
across the street to the beach.

EXT. BUTTERFLY BEACH - SEAWALL - CONTINUOUS

Crystal crosses the street and walks up to the seawall.

She looks onto the beach and watches COUPLES strolling,
SUNBATHERS laying out. A group of TEENS play spikeball.

She hops onto the seawall and sits with her feet dangling.

A LONE WOMAN (60s) strolls along the beach, occasionally
leaning down to pick something up, then moves along. She's
old money Santa Barbara in her linen skirt, silk shawl and
wide-brimmed hat.

Crystal furrows her brow and looks off at something else.

EXT. BUTTERFLY BEACH - SEAWALL - LATER

Crystal daydreams as she watches the ocean waves. She hears
a group of BOYS (early teens) cackling from behind.

BOY #1
... I broke a fin there last week!

BOY #2
Dude, I broke a BOARD there last
summer -- in HALF!

BOYS

Dude! / No way! / That sucks!

Crystal glances over her shoulder to check them out. Four boys scurry along the sidewalk with surfboards.

BOYS

Hi. / Hi. / Hello. / Hey.

Crystal shoots a curt smile back to them. They walk along.

BOYS

My brother's giving me his old board. / Lucky! / Let's get tacos after this...

Crystal sulks and looks out to sea.

One of the boys, a lean, blonde-haired kid, FLASH (13), takes another look over his shoulder at her.

DAWN (O.S.)

There you are.

Crystal turns around and sees her mother approaching with a stern expression.

CRYSTAL

How'd it go?

DAWN

Let's go.

Crystal hops off the Seawall.

INT. JERRY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Crystal sits on the couch petting Goldie. Dawn circles the kitchen table as Jerry prepares lunch at the island.

JERRY

I don't get it. Banquet manager, assistant banquet manager. You still got the job. What's the difference?

DAWN

The difference is being able to afford a decent home or living in a hovel!

Jerry sets his knife down.

JERRY

But sweetie, this place might be a little messy, but it's no hovel...

DAWN

Dad, for the last time. We're not living here.

JERRY

But why? There's plenty of space, you're by the beach... it's Montecito for crying out loud!

Dawn stops in her tracks and glares at her dad.

DAWN

Because I am not letting my daughter grow up in a house of ill-gotten privilege.

Dawn and Jerry pause in an awkward stalemate.

Crystal gets up and heads for the door.

EXT. JERRY'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR

Crystal walks down the walkway. The front door opens behind her. Jerry steps out with Goldie.

JERRY

Hey kid, hold up!

Crystal looks behind her. Jerry rushes up.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Let's go for a walk. Give your mom some time to process.

EXT. HAMMOND'S BEACH

Jerry and Crystal walk along a quiet stretch, followed by Goldie. Jerry splashes barefoot through the swash. Crystal strolls further up in the dry sand in her sneakers.

JERRY

You should take your shoes off. Beach feet is a family trait.

CRYSTAL

I'm fine.

Jerry leans down to pick something up off the sand. Crystal watches but returns her gaze forward.

CRYSTAL
Why does my mom hate you?

JERRY
It's complicated.

CRYSTAL
Oh.

JERRY
But please know that I love her.
And I love you too.

CRYSTAL
You don't even know me.

JERRY
You remind me of your grandmother.

CRYSTAL
I wouldn't know.

Jerry spots something in front of him.

JERRY
Ooh!

He bends over to pick it up. Crystal looks over.

CRYSTAL
What's that? What do you keep
picking up?

Jerry walks to her and shows her a piece of green seaglass.

JERRY
It's seaglass. Mermaid's tears.

She takes it in her hand and examines it in the sunlight.

CRYSTAL
Seaglass?

JERRY
That one's from an old bottle that
someone dumped into the ocean years
ago. Over the years, the waves and
sand smoothed it down.

CRYSTAL
It's pretty.

He reaches into his pocket.

JERRY

Here.

He hands her a handful of the glass -- bits of brown, green and clear. She picks at the glass in her hand. Jerry watches her expression.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Brown's the most common around here. And green, and clear. Aquamarine's my favorite. Red, yellow and cobalt, or blue, are very rare though.

CRYSTAL

What do you do with it?

JERRY

Well, some people collect it. Other people, like me, make art out of it.

CRYSTAL

That's cool.

They continue walking.

JERRY

How are you liking it here.

CRYSTAL

It's boring. I miss my friends.

JERRY

I know what that's like.

Jerry picks up another piece, inspects it.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Tell you what. Whenever you get bored, come down here and gather up some seaglass. I'll give you a dollar a piece, no matter how big or small.

CRYSTAL

Um. I don't know. Isn't that like picking up trash?

Jerry chuckles.

INT. JERRY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

It's a few days later. Crystal sits on the couch petting Goldie. Jerry reads the paper in his recliner.

Dawn enters in her business attire.

DAWN

They have a bunch of Hollywood people doing a table reading my first day. This should be interesting.

JERRY

You'll do fine.

DAWN

Not my first rodeo.

(to Crystal)

Find something to do. I don't want you to become a childhood obesity statistic.

She kisses Crystal on the cheek. Crystal rolls her eyes. Dawn turns to Jerry.

DAWN (CONT'D)

OK, I'm checking a place out after my shift so I'll be home late. Will you two be okay for dinner?

JERRY

Not our first rodeo.

DAWN

Good. OK, I'm out.

Dawn exits.

JERRY

Nice day out there. Mind taking Goldie for a walk?

Crystal huffs and gets up.

EXT. MIRIMAR BEACH - DAY

Crystal struggles to keep up with Goldie, who tugs the leash, leading them down the beach.

CRYSTAL

Goldie! Chill!

Goldie drags Crystal another fifty yards down the beach. She stops to sniff at a clump of seaweed.

Crystal catches her breath then sniffs.

CRYSTAL

Eew!

Nearby, the lone woman from the other day, MRS. INGLISH, bends down to pick up a piece of seaglass.

Goldie jolts over to the woman, dragging Crystal along, and barks, jumps, sniffs, etc at her.

MRS. INGLISH

Ooh! Hello girl!

CRYSTAL

Goldie!

Goldie continues barking, but her tail wags happily. Crystal struggles.

MRS. INGLISH

Okay. You can get your dog away from me now!

CRYSTAL

She's not my dog!

Crystal tugs and tugs and succeeds in backing away a bit.

MRS. INGLISH

Wait a minute, this is Jerry Downey's dog. Goldie is it?

CRYSTAL

Yes ma'am.

MRS. INGLISH

Oh, so your mother cleans his house?

Crystal pouts.

CRYSTAL

I'm his granddaughter.

MRS. INGLISH

Oh. Forgive me. I just assumed...

She spots a piece of aquamarine seaglass a few feet from Crystal.

MRS. INGLISH (CONT'D)
Oooh! Excuse me.

Crystal watches her pick up the seaglass and marvel at it.

MRS. INGLISH (CONT'D)
I've been seeing nothing but brown
all day.

The lady puts the glass in her beach bag.

MRS. INGLISH (CONT'D)
Well welcome to Montecito. Keep
that dog on a leash now.

Mrs. English saunters off. Crystal glowers. She looks down
and sees a tiny piece of brown seaglass.

She snatches it up.

EXT. BUTTERFLY BEACH - LATER

Crystal saunters down the beach, picking up seaglass here
and there as she goes.

Flash, the boy from the other day approaches with his
surfboard.

FLASH
Hi.

CRYSTAL
Hi.

FLASH
You new around here?

CRYSTAL
Yeah.

Crystal barely looks at him and focuses on the sand.

FLASH
Watcha doing?

CRYSTAL
Collecting seaglass.

FLASH
Oh so you're like picking up trash?

CRYSTAL
No. My grandfather makes art out of
it.

Flash blushes.

FLASH
I was just teasing.

CRYSTAL
Okay.

FLASH
I'm Flash.

CRYSTAL
I'm Crystal.

Crystal resumes scoping the sand. Flash stammers.

FLASH
Okay, see ya around Crystal.

Flash runs off.

INT. JERRY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Crystal enters the room. Jerry approaches wearing a smock
covered in plaster dust.

JERRY
How was your walk?

CRYSTAL
Here.

Crystal unloads a small handful of seaglass onto the dining
room table.

JERRY
Wow. That's a nice haul. Let's take
a look.

Jerry takes a seat and puts on his reading glasses. He
scatters the glass around the table, arranging by color.

JERRY (CONT'D)
Hmmm. This one's not ready. Neither
is this one.

CRYSTAL
Why aren't they ready?

He holds it up for her to see.

JERRY
See how clear and jagged it is?
It's not seaglass, just a piece of
broken glass.

He flicks it aside and picks a brown piece.

JERRY (CONT'D)
But look at this one. See how
smooth and frosted it is?

CRYSTAL
Yeah.

JERRY
These are keepers. Well-marinated.

CRYSTAL
So many brown ones.

JERRY
What's wrong with brown?

CRYSTAL
They're boring.

JERRY
They can be beautiful. Check this
out.

Jerry grabs a small jar of olive oil and blots a paper
napkin. He polishes the nugget and holds it up to her.

JERRY (CONT'D)
Now isn't that lovely?

Crystal holds it up to the light. It shimmers with hints of
amber.

CRYSTAL
Yeah.

Jerry resumes inspecting the collection. He picks up another
"unmarinated" shard.

JERRY
Where'd you get this one, behind a
dumpster?

Crystal chuckles.

INT. JERRY'S HOUSE - CRYSTAL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Crystal lays in her bed fiddling with the polished brown nugget of seaglass. She hears a faint discussion from downstairs:

DAWN (O.S.)
I'll get another job if I have to.

JERRY (O.S.)
Now why would you go and do that?

DAWN (O.S.)
For sovereignty.

JERRY (O.S.)
You don't even have to work. I have more than enough money to support us all.

DAWN (O.S.)
Don't get started on money Dad.

JERRY (O.S.)
Oh come on. That happened so long ago. Can't you let it go?

DAWN (O.S.)
Oh, like you did for mom?

The house falls silent. Crystal stares out the window at the waning moon.

A knock on the door. Dawn enters. She eye make-up is a little smudged and her cheeks are flushed.

DAWN
Hey baby, it looks like we're going to be here a while. The place I checked out smelled like corn chips.

CRYSTAL
Are you okay?

DAWN
It's been a long day.

Dawn looks over to the dresser and sees the shards of bad glass.

DAWN (O.S.)
 What's this?

CRYSTAL
 Jerry told me to throw it back into
 the ocean.

Dawn scoops it up.

DAWN
 Yeah, all we need is for some
 surfer kid to step on it and cut a
 toe off.

Dawn kisses Crystal's cheek and returns to the door.

DAWN
 Call him 'grandpa'. We don't need
 another hippie in the family.

EXT. MONTECITO BEACHES - VARIOUS - DAY

MONTAGE of Crystal's seaglass collecting.

- Crystal picks up seaglass along Hammond's Beach.
- Crystal chases after Goldie on the beach.
- Crystal and Jerry in the living room pouring seaglass into jars.
- Flash checking out Crystal on the beach from afar.
- Crystal chasing after Goldie in the opposite direction.
- Mrs. English frowning at Crystal picking up glass.
- Crystal and Jerry add to the growing jar collection. Jerry holds up a cobalt nugget.

JERRY
 Okay, two dollars for this one.

INT. JERRY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Crystal pours herself a glass of water from the sink. She looks out the window.

EXT. JERRY'S HOUSE - BACK YARD - DAY

A small fire pit with open flame circled by six MEN (40s - 60s), standing before deck chairs, all facing the house.

JERRY

... We welcome the ancestors and energies of the east. Aho!

MEN

Aho!

Jerry turns a quarter and the men follow his lead.

JERRY

Men, we now direct our attention to the south. Direction of the warrior. The color is red. The spirit animal is the wolf...

BACK INSIDE

Crystal makes a confused face and sets her glass in the sink.

EXT. HAMMOND'S BEACH - DAY

Crystal walks along with a tame Goldie. Mrs. English approaches her.

MRS. ENGLISH

I see you two are getting along okay.

CRYSTAL

I've been giving her treats.

MRS. ENGLISH

That's good.

They look around themselves and both spot a piece of red glass at the same time. Crystal looks to Mrs. English.

MRS. ENGLISH (CONT'D)

She seems well behaved.

CRYSTAL

Yes ma'am.

Crystal awaits her next move.

MRS. INGLISH
You may call me Mrs. English.

CRYSTAL
Okay. I'm Crystal.

MRS. INGLISH
Out collecting seaglass, Crystal?

CRYSTAL
Yeah.

MRS. INGLISH
That's wonderful. Well you're
headed in the right direction.

Mrs. English smiles. Crystal doesn't move. Mrs. English
diverts her eyes to the piece of glass.

MRS. INGLISH (CONT'D)
Better hurry though, the tide's
rolling in.

CRYSTAL
Okay.

She looks down and picks up the glass. Mrs. English scowls
but Crystal hands it to her.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)
Here.

MRS. INGLISH
Oh! Are you sure you don't want it?

CRYSTAL
Okay.

Crystal withdraws her hand but Mrs. English snatches the
glass out of it.

MRS. INGLISH
But if you insist!

She walks off. Crystal glares at her as she walks away.

FLASH (O.S.)
Hey Crystal!

Crystal turns to see Flash approach her. He smiles.

FLASH (CONT'D)
How's it going?

CRYSTAL
I'm okay.

FLASH
I see you met Mrs. English. She
babysat me once when I was little.
She tried to feed me sardines and
crackers. Eew!

CRYSTAL
Eew!

Crystal lightens up.

FLASH
She's mean to everyone. Consider
yourself broken in.

CRYSTAL
Thanks.

FLASH
I'm having a pool party at my house
later. Want to meet my friends?

Crystal smiles.

INT. JERRY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Crystal walks in and Goldie runs off to lap up some water
from her bowl. Crystal looks around.

CRYSTAL
Jerry?

A cough from behind a door. Crystal approaches it.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)
Grandpa?

Another cough. Crystal reaches for the door handle, but
before she touches it the door swings open. Jerry steps out
and shuts the door behind him. His eyes are sleepy.

JERRY
Oh hi. Hey, do me a favor. Please
don't ever go in here. It's where I
work and it contains, well, stuff
that isn't suitable for young
audiences. Okay?

Jerry shoos her away.

CRYSTAL
Okay. Is mom home?

JERRY
No, not yet. You hungry?

CRYSTAL
I was invited to a pool party. I think they have food there. Is it okay that I go?

JERRY
Of course. Glad you're making friends.

EXT. FLASH'S HOUSE - POOL

A stately Montecito mansion. Flash is the quintessential rich kid. A half-dozen other KIDS (tweens) frolic in and beside the pool to pop music.

Crystal sits with Flash on poolside lounge chairs, eating tortilla chips. They're joined by two girls, HEATHER and BECCA (both 13), eating hot dogs and drinking coconut water.

HEATHER
Oh my god, I'm so jealous. My mom took me shopping in Union Square once. Did you ever go there?

CRYSTAL
Sometimes. Sure.

BECCA
What about the Haight?

CRYSTAL
I hang out there more.

BECCA
That's so rad!

HEATHER
So fleek!

Crystal smiles shyly. She looks at the pink streaks in Becca's hair and the light blue in Heather's blonde locks.

CRYSTAL
I like your guyses hair.

HEATHER

Thanks!

She looks at Becca then back at Crystal.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

We could do yours if you want.

CRYSTAL

Really?

INT. JERRY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Dawn and Jerry sit at the dining table with the remains of a pizza. Dawn swigs down the rest of her glass of wine.

DAWN

Who is this Flash kid?

JERRY

He's Tom Gelsen's boy. He's a good kid.

DAWN

I still can't believe you let her go out unchaperoned. What were you thinking?

Jerry sits still. She looks at the clock.

DAWN (CONT'D)

And it's going on ten o'clock. This girl's got some-

The front door opens and closes. Dawn gets up.

DAWN (CONT'D)

Nice of you to join us. Now where were-

Crystal enters the room. Her hair now with vibrant streaks of green.

CRYSTAL

Hi. I was with some new friends. Didn't Jerry tell you?

DAWN

What the...

CRYSTAL

What? Too much color?

DAWN

I swear girl, you'll be the death
of me!

JERRY

Oh come on. It's not so bad.

Dawn waves him off.

DAWN

What on earth were you doing with
those kids? Were you drinking?
Smoking pot?

Jerry coughs. Dawn glares at him.

CRYSTAL

No mom. Geeze, you told me to make
some new friends.

DAWN

Not with people who are gonna make
you look like a deranged fairy!

CRYSTAL

Fine. I'll just go play with my
imaginary friends then.

Crystal runs up the stairs.

INT. JERRY'S HOUSE - CRYSTAL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Crystal lays in bed, staring out the window. She hears
another faint argument from downstairs:

DAWN (O.S.)

And I saw you laugh when I
mentioned pot!

JERRY (O.S.)

I wasn't laughing.

DAWN (O.S.)

Well you look high right now.

JERRY (O.S.)

It's not what you think.

DAWN (O.S.)

So you admit it?

JERRY (O.S.)
I'm sorry dear.

DAWN (O.S.)
I bet you are.

JERRY (O.S.)
No. I'm sorry, but this isn't your
business.

DAWN (O.S.)
What?! Is that what you told mom
when you were out with that rich
lady?

JERRY (O.S.)
(voice raised)
You're way out of line!

Sudden silence. Footsteps clamber up the stairs. A door
slams.

Crystal covers up and turns away from the door.

A knock at the door.

CRYSTAL
Mom, I'm sleeping.

The door opens. Crystal looks over her shoulder. It's Jerry.
Crystal rises.

JERRY
Hey kid. Real quick. I think your
hair looks fleek.

Crystal smiles.

Jerry leans in to kiss her but stops. He pats her hand
instead.

JERRY (CONT'D)
Good night.

EXT. MIRIMAR BEACH - DAY

Mrs. English walks down a stretch of beach, perusing the
sand around her for seaglass.

In the distance she spots a strange green-headed creature
approaching her, doing the same, with Goldie in tow.

Mrs. English's mouth drops.

Crystal comes closer, humming along, picking up glass here and there.

Mrs. English stands in shock.

CRYSTAL
Hi Mrs. English. Ooh!

She spots a blue piece of glass next to her adversary, snatches it, and continues on humming.

INT. JERRY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Crystal and Jerry sit at the dining table laughing. Jerry marvels at the lovely ruby (blue?) piece of seaglass.

JERRY
Haha! Well I would have loved to see the look on that ol' dowager's (trout?) face when you found this!

CRYSTAL
She wasn't too happy. But I don't care.

JERRY
Eh, well she has enough money to buy a truckload of the stuff.

He sets the glass into a smaller jar, filled with other pieces of unique color: blue, yellow, red, etc.

He reaches into his pocket and pulls out his wallet.

JERRY (CONT'D)
So what's that today, hmmm...

He counts out some bills.

JERRY (CONT'D)
With the red one, let's make it an even thirty.

CRYSTAL
Thirty?! Are you sure?

JERRY
You deserve it kid.

Crystal gives him a big kiss on the cheek.

JERRY (CONT'D)
Just for that, here's another five.

The front door closes from the other room. Dawn enters.

DAWN
You wouldn't believe the people
they let into that brunch. Bunch of
drunk hool-

She stops and sees Crystal with a wad of cash.

DAWN (CONT'D)
What's this?

Crystal looks to Jerry.

JERRY
Oh, it's just a little cash for
helping me out. The seaglass.

He sweeps his hands at the full jars of seaglass on display
on the table. Dawn bats her eyes.

DAWN
You've been giving her money to
collect all this seaglass?

JERRY
Not a lot, just a dollar a piece.

Dawn studies the collection.

DAWN
A dollar a piece?! She could buy a
Honda with all this!

CRYSTAL
I'm just saving it up so we can go
back to San Francisco-

DAWN
Go get the money.

CRYSTAL
But Mom!

DAWN
Now!

Crystal sulks and exits the room.

JERRY
Honey, look-

DAWN
I can't believe this happening all
over again. Now she gets to be a
part of it.

Jerry coughs.

JERRY
Sweetie, the thing between your
mother and I...

DAWN
And your voluptuous patron?

JERRY
We were already having our
problems. Way before she got sick.
But I stuck it out.

DAWN
Yeah, you stuck it out alright.
Long enough for the money to keep
rolling in from art favors.

JERRY
You have your stories about it, but
dammit it was between her and me,
and ourselves only!

DAWN
That's great. So I didn't have a
say in the matter.

JERRY
No Dawn. You didn't, okay? That's
why I kept you out of it.

DAWN
But after all these years, you
couldn't tell me anything?

JERRY
I quietly stood by being the bad
guy all these years.

DAWN
That's right.

JERRY

But did you ever think that there was anything I could ever say that didn't make your mother sound like the bad guy?

Dawn stares at him.

JERRY (CONT'D)

That's why I never told you anything.

Dawn takes a breather.

DAWN

Well I still think you're a bad influence on Crystal. I know what you've been doing, coughing and giggling in your man cave.

JERRY

It's not what you think.

DAWN

Oh, so it's medicinal? Like that makes a difference.

JERRY

It's CBD oil.

DAWN

Huh?

JERRY

I'm not going the conventional route.

DAWN

What are you talking about?

Crystal returns with a envelope of cash. Dawn snatches it. Crystal watches quietly.

DAWN (CONT'D)

Never mind. Here.

She hands the envelope to Jerry.

JERRY

Sweetie, please.

CRYSTAL

Mom!

DAWN

My girl is not getting by with the
easy buck.

Jerry gently takes the envelope. Dawn turns to go.

JERRY

It's stage four.

Crystal looks to her mother. *What does that mean?*

Dawn's jaw floats. *Oh, it's bad.*

Crystal turns to Jerry. Tears well in her eyes.

DAWN

Dad...

Crystal walks to the table and rounds up the jars of
seaglass in her arms.

CRYSTAL

Let's just pretend this never
happened!

JERRY

Please don't...

Crystal rushes out of the room. Goldie follows her.

Jerry closes his eyes and sighs.

Dawn fights back tears.

DAWN

Is this why you took us in?

JERRY

Of course not.

She hugs him, weeping.

EXT. HAMMOND'S BEACH - DAY

Crystal marches toward the beach, right past a man and boy
packing up their surf gear. It's Flash and his father, TOM
(40s), athletic with greying sideburns.

FLASH

Hey Crystal! Where you going?! This
is my dad!

Crystal ignores him and marches up to the swash. She sets
the jars in the sand and holds one up.

Tom and Flash stop what they're doing and watch her.

TOM

Jerry Downey's granddaughter?

FLASH

Yeah.

Crystal whirls the jar. Glints of sunlight sparkle in the
glass as it scatters into the surf.

TOM

She must know.

Crystal does the same with the next jar.

FLASH

Know what?

EXT. HAMMOND'S BEACH - LATER

Crystal perches on a bluff and stares out to sea. She's
cried out.

Dawn walks up and sits down next to her. She's flushed.

They stare out at the waves together in silence.

DAWN

Funny. When I was your age I
couldn't wait to get away from this
place.

Crystal nods.

DAWN (CONT'D)

Now I wish this moment would last
forever.

Crystal sobs and inches closer to her mother. Dawn puts her
arm around her and draws her in close.

INT. JERRY'S HOUSE - JERRY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Jerry, weaker with a cane, and Dawn watch two NURSING AIDS position medical equipment around his bed. Crystal comes up to check things out.

DAWN

I'd better get to work.

She kisses her dad, tousles Crystal's hair and exits.

EXT. HAMMONDS'S BEACH - DAY

Jerry and Crystal walk along the beach together with Goldie. Jerry hobbles along with his cane.

JERRY

So as you might have gathered,
there are going to be some people
around the house.

Crystal doesn't answer.

JERRY (CONT'D)

I still have a crack of the ol'
whip left in me though.

CRYSTAL

I've seen people with you in the
back yard.

JERRY

My men's circle.

CRYSTAL

What are you guys doing?

JERRY

Well, we talk about things. Being
men. How to be better men. We tell
stories.

Crystal processes this.

CRYSTAL

Can you tell me a story?

JERRY

Aren't you a little old for that?

CRYSTAL

You've never told me one. Isn't
that what grandfathers are supposed
to do?

JERRY

Good point.

(beat)

Well, okay here's one.

He stops her and points out to an island in the distance.

JERRY (CONT'D)

It's a clear day so you see that island out there?

Crystal gazes out?

CRYSTAL

Yeah.

JERRY

That's Anacapa island and you can't see it, but there's a lighthouse on it.

Crystal squints and tries to make it out.

CRYSTAL

Okay.

JERRY

A long time ago, there was a lighthouse keeper who lived there with his wife and daughter.

Every day he'd go about his work and his wife and daughter would collect bottles and driftwood and seaglass that would wash ashore.

And every night, as they had no tvs, radio or internet, the lighthouse keeper would listen to his wife sing. And they did that for many years until the day came that she could no longer sing.

She fell sick and passed away. The daughter was so heartbroken she got in a boat and sailed away.

He scans about the sand around him.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Every day he would check the seas for a sign of the boat, or a bottle that would wash ashore with a note

JERRY (CONT'D)

in it, anything, but there was no sign of her.

One day he decided to get in his boat to go find her but the seas were rough - so rough that he had to turn back, but he was too tired to go any further. And then he heard the most beautiful singing he'd ever heard.

He wanders away, still searching. Crystal stays put.

JERRY (CONT'D)

He mustered up all of his strength to row toward the source of the singing and found himself on the far part of the island, where sitting on rock, was a mermaid.

At first she was shocked to see him there, but she kept singing and saw that he enjoyed it. He fell asleep in exhaustion and she jumped in the water and started towing his boat.

When he awoke, he was at the lighthouse. And he thanked the mermaid profusely. She welcomed him but made him promise not to go out to sea again lest the waves swallow him up.

Jerry sees a decent-sized piece of clear seaglass.

JERRY (CONT'D)

And so every week the mermaid would swim up to the lighthouse and would sing for him. And the lighthouse keeper would share with her the treasures that washed ashore that week.

This continued for a long time but the mermaid could see that the lighthouse keeper was sad.

The mermaid asked why he was sad and the lighthouse keeper replied that he missed his daughter. So the mermaid, happy with all the driftwood, bottles and seaglass

JERRY (CONT'D)
he'd given her, promised to help
him find her. She went underwater
and swam away.

Jerry picks up the piece of glass.

JERRY (CONT'D)
The next day, the mermaid appeared
with a big piece of red seaglass
that shone like a ruby. She told
him to put it in the lighthouse
lens.

So he climbed up into the
lighthouse and placed the seaglass
on the lens. It shone brighter than
ever and that night his daughter
returned.

He looks to Crystal and hands her the piece.

JERRY (CONT'D)
It was the mermaid's gift that
helped his daughter find her way
home.

Crystal looks at the seaglass.

CRYSTAL
You just made that up, didn't you?

They share a laugh.

JERRY
Will you bring me some more?

EXT. BEACH - DUSK

Crystal scrambles hither and thither, picking up specks of
seaglass from the washed up gravel and stones. She's
flustered.

From a distance, Mrs. English and Flash watch her. Flash
gestures Mrs. English closer and speaks into her ear. She
makes a start.

INT. JERRY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Crystal enters the living room from the hallway. Dawn comes out of Jerry's workshop and closes the door.

DAWN

Hi sweetie. Any colorful ones by any chance?

Crystal holds out her hand: tiny specks of brown and green.

CRYSTAL

Nothing but specks today.

Dawn offers a commiserate frown.

The doorbell rings.

INT. JERRY'S HOUSE - FOYER

Dawn and Crystal walk to the front door and Dawn opens it.

Flash and Mrs. English stand before them holding mason jars of seaglass. Flash offers his jar to Crystal.

FLASH

I found most of what you threw in.

Mrs. English extends her jar to them.

MRS. ENGLISH

From my personal collection.

The red piece she took from Crystal sits at the top of the jar's contents: red, blue and other rare-colored pieces.

INT. JERRY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Crystal and Dawn stand outside the study. Coughing from behind the door.

CRYSTAL

Why can't I go in?

DAWN

Baby, come on. You know the rules.

CRYSTAL

But mom!

The door opens. Jerry steps out and smiles at them. He looks at the jars and his smile widens.

JERRY

Perfect!

He takes the jars from Dawn, gleams a smile and a wink to Crystal and closes the door behind him.

INT. JERRY'S HOUSE - CRYSTAL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Crystal sleeps. Commotion and terse voices sound off in another room. Electronic beeping. She awakens.

DAWN (O.S.)

Dad?! Dad?! Daaaaad!!!

A tear leaks out of Crystal's eye.

INT. JERRY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

It's several days later. PEOPLE in formal dress mill about with plates of hot food. A spread of sterno-heated chafing dishes repose on the dining room table.

Crystal sulks on the couch, mindlessly petting Goldie. Teary-eyed Flash picks at a plate of pasta next to her.

An older lady hugs Dawn.

DAWN

Thank you. Thanks for coming.

She releases the hug and the lady walks away. Dawn pats her eyes with a wadded up tissue and approaches Crystal.

DAWN

How you holding up, baby?

CRYSTAL

Okay, I guess.

Dawn fights back a tear and looks to Flash.

DAWN

Flash, can you excuse us a second?

Flash nods and Dawn holds out her hand. She leads Crystal to the door to the workshop.

DAWN (CONT'D)

I need to show you something.

Crystal nods.

CRYSTAL

In here?

Dawn nods and reaches for the door handle.

INT. JERRY'S HOUSE - WORKSHOP - CONTINUOUS

They walk in and Dawn turns on the light. They see the cluttered work space: paintings, statues, packages of plaster, supplies, etc. Hanging above a workbench in the opposite side, a canvas drop-cloth covers something.

Dawn crosses to it and grabs a corner of the cloth.

DAWN

I had to put in a few finishing touches, but this is your grandfather's gift to you.

She lifts the canvas up and off the object: a beautiful framed mosaic made of hundreds of pieces of seaglass - Crystal's portrait.

Light shades of brown and clear glass compose her complexion; dark brown and green for her hair; clear for the highlights; and a red bow in her hair.

Crystal runs her fingers over the fine, smooth pieces of glass. Tears well up in her eyes.

DAWN (CONT'D)

(sobbing)

And you made this all possible.

She puts her arm around her and they quietly marvel at the beautiful work of art.

INT. NYC APARTMENT - DAY - PRESENT DAY

Adult Crystal stares at the opposite wall in her empty living room. Tiffany watches with her.

TIFFANY

My god, I'm such an idiot. That's you, isn't it?

Crystal wipes away a tear and smiles. Tiffany brings her in for a hug.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

Narcissist.

A cellphone on a box rings. They release the hug and Crystal picks it up.

CRYSTAL

Hey sweetheart.

(beat)

Yeah. Sorry you have to pick me up in LA, nothing was available going into Santa Barbara.

(beat)

Oooh! Dinner in Hollywood sounds fantastic!

(beat)

Okay, Love you too. Bye.

Crystal puts the phone down and sighs. The caller ID reads "Flash".

Tiffany fights back tears of her own.

TIFFANY

I can't believe I won't get to see you again til summer!

Crystal takes her in for a hug.

CRYSTAL

Aw, we were thinking of a June wedding but you know, Santa Barbara June gloom.

They release.

TIFFANY

Hey, I'm not complaining, you're getting me out of New York in August.

Crystal smiles.

CRYSTAL

We'd better finish packing.

They turn back to the opposite wall where they marvel at the beautiful mosaic one last time.

THE END