

OPEN CASKET

Written by

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Thunder echoes in the distance but seems to go further away instead of drawing closer.

1

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD (SIDEWALK) - DAY

1

One-story houses line a wide road that contains cars parked down along each side.

The sky above is sprinkled with dark clouds that allow the sun to barely gleam in.

A black truck drives down the street and when it passes, the exhaust takes up most of the noise before disappearing down the road.

The clicking of a metal bike chain perks up and down the recently soaked sidewalk cruises ROMAN (12). A boy who seems fairly thrilled while he peddles a purple bicycle that has training wheels. He wears a blue shirt a little too big for him.

While completely owning the pavement, Roman watches the clouds above. This is until he notices a woman that sits on the curb ahead of him.

The woman has her head tucked into her arms while she weeps. Slowly a high-pitched hiss becomes apparent.

Roman tugs his feet up from the peddles and comes to a gradual stop.

ROMAN

... What's wrong?

The woman doesn't answer.

ROMAN (CONT'D)

Hey!?

The woman finally twists and reveals her red soaked eyes. NORA (35) is frail as a nail and has short black hair.

NORA

Huh?

ROMAN

You cryin'?

Nora shakes her head "No", which knocks some tears loose.

ROMAN (CONT'D)

Are too.

NORA
Am not, fuck off.

ROMAN
Are too, cryin' and lyin'.

Nora smirks before avoiding eye contact. The dog whistle hiss starts to disappear before it's completely gone.

Roman rolls his feet forward to get closer.

ROMAN (CONT'D)
Do I need to go find some adult for you or somethin'?

NORA
An adult?

ROMAN
Yeah, so they can talk all adult with you?

NORA
Didn't know we had our own language.

ROMAN
Yeah, it sounds like wah-wah, wah-wah, wah-wah. Don't eat that. Wah-wah, dear god why did I bring you into this world... Wah-wah, wah-wah.

NORA
Wah-wah?

ROMAN
Charlie Brown.

NORA
You have not seen Charlie Brown.

ROMAN
(Hand over ear)
Wah-wah, Wah-wah, Wah-wah?

Nora fights a grin.

Roman comes forward some more.

ROMAN (CONT'D)
So you gonna spill it?

Nora's ears perk up as if she had never heard that before.

NORA
Spill what?

ROMAN
Why. Is. You. Cryin'?

NORA
I. Already. Told. You. I. Ain't.

ROMAN
I done already figured out you a
liar.

NORA
... You'd make a good detective.

Roman puffs his chest out and pretends to hold a spyglass.

ROMAN
"Detective Jenkins" on the case.

NORA
Your name is Jenkins?

ROMAN
(Scoffs)
That'd be like pointless to let all
the criminals know my real name.
Then they can find me when they
escape.

NORA
Well of course.

ROMAN
I would even wear a mask, hide my
face in the same way as Zorro,
or... No, Zorro.

NORA
Then why not Detective Zorro?

ROMAN
No, it's Jenkins.

NORA
If it was Zorro you co-

ROMAN
It's Jenkins!

NORA
Okay!

ROMAN

... So you gonna tell me?

NORA

Tell you what?

ROMAN

What is makin' you cry like a lame
little loser.

NORA

Jesus, you don't give up.

ROMAN

Detectives never do. Good ones at
least.

NORA

(Sighs)

It's nothing, I just uhh, I heard
something today.

ROMAN

Somethin'?

NORA

... Yeah.

ROMAN

Somethin' good... Or?

NORA

Or.

ROMAN

Oh.

Neither have an immediate thought to say and stew in silence.

Roman examines the area around them.

ROMAN (CONT'D)

Somethin' like get your car towed?
Cuz' that happened to my mah and
well, she cried in the street like
that.

NORA

... It's not my car.

Roman raises his hands again as if he holds a spyglass.

ROMAN

Cuz' it got towed huh?

Nora mimics the action.

NORA

... No.

ROMAN

Then why'd you get rid of it? Huh?

NORA

I had to se-... Why am I telling you this?

ROMAN

Because I know how to inter... intergergrate?

NORA

Interrogate?

ROMAN

Bingo.

Nora rolls her eyes.

ROMAN (CONT'D)

What did you sell it for? You broke too?

NORA

...
(Takes a deep breath)
Yep.

ROMAN

... That's like, lame.

NORA

Yeahh...
(Hints at Romans bike)
So are training wheels.

Roman feels personally attacked and gasps.

ROMAN

Uhh, I can ride perfectly without these. I can one hand it and stuff. Like ghost rider shit man.

NORA

Clearly.

ROMAN

This ain-

Roman stops himself, sits back on the seat, and lowers his head, ashamed of his answer. He quickly instead points to his shirt.

ROMAN (CONT'D)

My shirt's killer though ain't it?

NORA

Huh?

Roman shakes his torso to wiggle the shirt with the band logo of "Rammstein".

ROMAN

The shirt... Killer, right?

NORA

Killer?

ROMAN

Yeah.

NORA

Yeah, it's killer... Do you even know them?

ROMAN

(Mocks)

Do you even know them?

(Serious)

Yeah. "Ramsteen", idiot.

NORA

"Rammstein".

ROMAN

Same thing. I have diesexula.

NORA

What?

ROMAN

Diesex-

NORA

Dyslexia?

ROMAN

Same thing.

(Points to his shirt)

So, you ever listen to them?

NORA

Yeah... I get down with the stein.

ROMAN

I used to listen to them all the time. Like all the time.

NORA

Why'd you stop?

ROMAN

I don't know. I guess my brother stopped playing them.

NORA

Let me guess, found something heavier to listen to? That's what alwa-

ROMAN

No, he like... died?

NORA

... Oh.

ROMAN

Yeah...

Roman does an explosion sound and a wide hand gesture.

NORA

I'm sorry.

ROMAN

Don't worry, you didn't do it. A missile did. That's why I did the explosion noise.

Roman does it again.

This loosens Nora up some more to try and hide a smile.

ROMAN (CONT'D)

That's why I named my bike after him. This is Riley.

Roman rocks the bike back and forth with his hips.

NORA

You named your bike?

ROMAN

You never did?

NORA

No, I'm not looney.

ROMAN
Shut up, no it's not.

NORA
Is too.

ROMAN
At least I don't lie.

NORA
Saying you cry too? That's lame.

ROMAN
No... You're lame.

NORA
You are very helpful.

Roman bites the inside of his cheek as he thinks.

ROMAN
My mah has a bike she don't use no
more. Even though I'm like stupid
tall it's still too tall for me.
But you got big bones.

NORA
I appreciate the thought, never the
less, I can't.

ROMAN
Don't know how to ride a bike, do
you? I can te-

NORA
It's more along the lines of I
shouldn't.

ROMAN
(Confused)
Against your beliefs?

NORA
No... It's hard to explain.

Roman pretends again to hold the spyglass.

NORA (CONT'D)
... It'll look confusing to some
people.

Roman curls his eyebrow.

ROMAN

To who?

NORA

Anyone. They don't know if I'm a-
you don't even know if I'm a shitty
person.

ROMAN

You a shitty person?

NORA

No.

Roman gives her a thumbs up.

ROMAN

Then cool.

NORA

That's not how that works though.

ROMAN

Oh, cuz' you're a liar, that's
right. Good catch.

Roman gives a thumbs down.

ROMAN (CONT'D)

Not cool.

NORA

You should at least know someone
for a little bit before you can
trust them.

ROMAN

How long is a little bit?

Nora struggles to find a justifiable answer.

ROMAN (CONT'D)

Cuz' we've been here for a bit.
It's also been little.

NORA

It's gotta be more than thi-

ROMAN

(Loudly with eyes shut)
I just think if you rode my Mah's
bike you will stop crying on the
curb like a lame little loser.

NORA

Really on the one aren't you?

Roman gets off his bike and sits down next to Nora.

NORA (CONT'D)

Does this mean you won't leave me
alone now?

ROMAN

I think so.

NORA

Why?

ROMAN

... I don't know.

NORA

I ain't crying... now.

ROMAN

Don't matter.

Nora looks ahead at the street that has a tiny oil puddle.

NORA

... Damnit dude.

TITLE: OPEN CASKET

Neither one talks but just awkwardly sits.

ROMAN

You know, I can go grab the bike,
and mah won't even notice. She's
sleeping and I never wake her.
Ever.

NORA

You're pretty persistent.

ROMAN

What's that mean?

NORA

You don't give up.

ROMAN

Yep, yep. Is that a yep? Or a yeah?
To get the bike?

Nora takes a deep breath.

Roman pushes himself up and bolts away.

ROMAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Don't steal my bike!

Nora groans while she struggles to stand up, eventually she leans on the bike.

Her eyes drift down to the cracked pavement again before going to her forearms which are covered in bandages underneath her long sleeved shirt.

CUT TO:

The sun has gone down yet it still illuminates through the grey sky.

A teen on a bike, coasts on by, Nora doesn't pay much attention until at last weak footsteps are heard being dragged after one another.

Nora glances over her shoulder to see Roman, defeated and head hung low as he moseys back. Dry tears rest in his eyes as a bloody cut is now on his leg.

Roman stops in place a couple of feet away and wipes his nose.

NORA
What's wrong?

ROMAN
(Quietly)
Bike wasn't there.

Nora catches glimpse of the blood on his leg.

NORA
(Points)
And that?

Roman twists away to hide the mark.

ROMAN
I fell.

NORA
And I'm the bad liar?

ROMAN
I'm not. It's just... Mah was awake, and I fell.

With a deep inhale to ponder how over her head that comment is, Nora moves the bike closer.

NORA

I think it's time I head on inside.

Roman dull-fully grasps the handles except it doesn't move.

NORA (CONT'D)

Was nice meeting you and Riley.

Roman doesn't have a response but drops his head some more.

Nora gives him a moment before she goes up her driveway.

ROMAN

(Whispered)

Please don't.

Nora pivots back.

NORA

What?

Roman only grips the handle harder as he tries to hold back his tears.

ROMAN

I... I...

Nora fidgets with her fingers as she thinks.

NORA

You think... Think if we pop those training wheels off you can prove me wrong?

Roman wipes away a number of tears and peeks up.

ROMAN

What?

NORA

If you help me take those off, can you prove to me your ability to ride without?

Roman keeps his chin tucked and nods.

Nora pulls up her fake spyglass.

NORA (CONT'D)

You sure? I gotta know if you are telling the truth or...

ROMAN

Oh, I'm super sure.

Roman hops onto his bike.

Nora starts up the driveway towards the house she was just sitting in front of.

Roman peddles up behind her.

ROMAN (CONT'D)

This is your house?

NORA

I wouldn't be crying in front of someone else's.

ROMAN

So you were cryin'?

NORA

Whatcha think of it? My house I mean?

Roman looks it over from the outside.

ROMAN

I now know what I don't want my house to look like.

NORA

Yeah, I would indeed aim higher.

Nora bends over to grab the garage handle.

2 EXT. NORA'S HOUSE (GARAGE) - CONTINUOUS

2

Nora opens the door after she manually lifts it.

The garage is fairly barebones besides some tools, a tool bench, and some junk stacked in the corner.

ROMAN

How long will it take?

NORA

How long did it take to put them on?

ROMAN

Don't know.

NORA
You should.

ROMAN
Why's that?

NORA
Always good to know how to take
care of the things you own.

ROMAN
Why?

NORA
Because if it belongs to you, then
you are the only one that cares
when it's broken.

ROMAN
Why?

NORA
Okay, no more why's. Look, once
we're done you gotta go home alri-

ROMAN
I've wrecked my face, like all of
my face over here so many times.

NORA
(Points to the street)
Was it on that pothole? The one
that's tax forbidden.

Roman nods and points to a team of scars on his elbow and
knee.

ROMAN
Yeah, Devin has caused me to get
close to fourteen scars. Almost
fifteen, but I dodged out of the
way.

NORA
Devin the pothole?

ROMAN
Yeah?

NORA
Why do you name everything?

ROMAN

Because I can. I'll name your shirt
if I want.

(Points and thinks)

... Wesley.

NORA

No.

ROMAN

Too bad. Chosen. Wesleyyy.

NORA

(Points to the bike)

Hop off.

Roman stands aside and watches as Nora examines the bolts on the bike's training wheels.

NORA (CONT'D)

Hit that play button behind you.

Roman sees a stereo system on a tool bench. Wires run up the wall behind it to speakers placed at each corner.

After Roman hits play, the song "Bewitched" by the band "Candlemass" ricochets into the garage.

As it caresses his ears, Roman feels his head slightly bob, feeling the music.

Nora grabs a socket wrench and fits the right size socket to it. She notices Roman enjoy the track.

NORA (CONT'D)

Dig it?

Roman doesn't say a thing even though he gazes back at Nora, and nods his head, casually head banging.

NORA (CONT'D)

Good, now here.

Nora hands him the wrench.

ROMAN

What?

NORA

It's a socket wrench. Socket.
Wrench. Sock- Say it with me.

BOTH

Socket. Wre- Wrench.

NORA
Here, loosen the bolts.

Nora points to the wheels.

ROMAN
Aww, really.

NORA
Yeah, really.

Roman stops his rock back and forth, crouches down, and struggles to put the wrench on. Though once it fits, he blandly stares, unsure of what to do next.

NORA (CONT'D)
Righty tighty', lefty loosey'.

ROMAN
Okay.

Roman doesn't do a thing.

NORA
(Sighs)
Rotate right to tighten, left to loosen. We want to loosen, so rotate...

ROMAN
Left?

NORA
Bingo.

Roman thinks about it before he twists left. Enjoying the small success, Roman goes back to head banging.

Nora mouths the words while she leans on the tool bench and faintly groans in pain.

NORA (CONT'D)
Like it?

Roman switches over to her.

Nora points up.

ROMAN
Who is it?

NORA
Candlemass.

Roman takes off the first bolt and lets it fall on the ground.

NORA (CONT'D)

Always keep whatever you take out together.

ROMAN

(Points to his shirt)

Do you have any music by these guys?

NORA

Uhh, yeah a couple CDs inside.

ROMAN

I love the one where the guy goes-

Roman does a high-pitched shriek that pierces Nora's eardrums.

NORA

Stop. Stop... Stop.

ROMAN

You know the one?

NORA

Yes.

ROMAN

I think that was my brother's favorite. That or the other one they sang.

NORA

Gotta love that other one.

ROMAN

Me too.

NORA

So you were already into the heavy stuff it seems.

Roman finishes one side and pivots the bike to do the other.

ROMAN

Yeah. It's awesome when I don't know what they're saying.

NORA

Rammstein isn't that heavy.

ROMAN
There's heavier?

NORA
It took me a while to build to them
but yeah "Job for a cowboy", "Infant
Annihilator" and "We Butter The
Bread With Butter."

ROMAN
... Those are names?

Nora skips the next couple of tracks. The song "3008" plays
from the stereo as Roman finishes.

ROMAN (CONT'D)
Done.

NORA
Both wheels off?

Roman holds up both wheels.

NORA (CONT'D)
Put it over here with the bolts.

After he places everything on the tool bench, Roman hops onto
the bike.

NORA (CONT'D)
(Points to the stereo)
Like this one?

Roman listens, however it doesn't click right away and makes
him shrug.

ROMAN
Nah.

NORA
Fair enough. You will at some
point.

Roman whips out of the garage and shows off in the driveway
that he can in fact ride without training wheels.

ROMAN
See!

NORA
I see.

ROMAN

(Does an evil laugh)
I told you. You're wrong. Wrongo,
buddyo.

NORA

You did... You did. But you also
said the bike is yours.

Roman stops and becomes a deer stuck in the headlights.

ROMAN

What?

NORA

Why would you know how to ride a
bike without training wheels, then
put them on?

Roman doesn't have an answer and comes to a stop.

NORA (CONT'D)

My gut says it's not yours. Is it?

Roman keeps his head low.

NORA (CONT'D)

Is it?

Roman shakes his head "No".

NORA (CONT'D)

Whose is it then?

Roman shrugs.

NORA (CONT'D)

Off.

ROMAN

Bu-

NORA

Off.

Roman steps off the bike, upset with being found out.

Nora does a cliché evil laugh while rubbing her hands
together.

NORA (CONT'D)

(Villain like)
I figured you out, weakling.

Roman doesn't respond.

NORA (CONT'D)
(Villain like)
Didn't take you for a poor thief.

ROMAN
I only took it because someone took mine.

NORA
And that's a good enough reason to steal someone else's things?

ROMAN
It's not fair.

NORA
Well, life ain't fucking fair. If it was, it would be fair for that kid to steal this bike back from you.

ROMAN
No.

NORA
No, I think it would.

ROMAN
Well-

Nora gestures for him to bring back the bike.

Roman solely does so as Nora scans at the ever growing dark sky.

NORA
Tomorrow, you're putting the wheels back on and returning the bike from wherever you took it.

ROMAN
What?

NORA
It's getting dark and by the time you'd be done, it'll be too dark.

ROMAN
I gotta walk all the way back alone?

NORA

Maybe.

ROMAN

But... it's not safe.

NORA

You're a thief. Thieves thrive in
darkness.

Roman doesn't say anymore and simply starts to go down the
driveway.

(Beat)

Nora groans.

3 EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD (SIDEWALK) - LATE AFTERNOON 3

Nora is on the footpath while Roman balances on the curb, an
awkward silence is all there is in between the two.

A black truck passes by, stirring up the dark green grass
below.

(Beat)

Roman almost trips, which Nora sees.

NORA

Walk on the sidewalk.

ROMAN

Why?

NORA

You might fall. Come on.

Roman meanders over and they continue.

ROMAN

I'm... I'm sorry.

NORA

For?

ROMAN

Lyin'.

NORA

Are you sorry about stealing it
though?

Roman doesn't answer.

NORA (CONT'D)

A pause sometimes is enough of an answer.

ROMAN

I feel sorry for who I took it from.

NORA

Do you?

ROMAN

I do. I truly do.

NORA

Why?

ROMAN

Uhh... because... they... feel like... like I feel? Which is... Not good.

NORA

Took you a second but yeah, that's the gist.

More silence fills the gap.

4 EXT. ROMANS HOUSE - NIGHT

4

The house is in the process of becoming considered run down. Nora and Roman stop at the bottom of the driveway.

Roman stares up at the doorway as Nora does the same, seeing the light from the TV in the living room.

NORA

So this is your house?

ROMAN

I guess.

NORA

... And you talked smack about mine?

ROMAN

They are both ugly.

NORA

Yours is worse. Much worse.

ROMAN

You haven't even seen the inside.

NORA

Oh, I bet it gets even wors-

ROMAN

If I come over tomorrow, can I listen to "Rammstein"? I haven't heard it in... in a while.

NORA

How about I give you the CD and you can have it to listen to whenever?

ROMAN

... Do I have to? Listen to it here?

NORA

Better than my house.

ROMAN

Why?

NORA

Because kids shouldn't go into stranger's houses.

ROMAN

I've been in the garage. You're not a stranger now.

NORA

You still don't know me, or my name.

ROMAN

You don't know my name either.

NORA

Yeah, you're not helping your point.

ROMAN

What about my training wheels?

NORA

We are doing that tomorrow. Then I'll give you the cd-
(To herself)
God, I have plans now.

ROMAN
Where do you live?

NORA
Uhh, where you found me?

ROMAN
Oh yeah... Can I come over after school?

NORA
Ain't it the summer?

ROMAN
(Ashamed)
Kind of.

NORA
You come over whenever you can.

ROMAN
Can it be early?

NORA
How early- wait, what about school?

ROMAN
Tomorrow's Saturday.

NORA
Then why did you say after scho-
You know what, never mind. I uhh, I
guess... Come over whenever, if I'm
not awake, keep ringing my doorbe-

ROMAN
You're gonna regret saying th-

NORA
Yeah, once I said it, I knew I done
screwed the pooch.

Roman starts up the driveway.

ROMAN
Bye.

NORA
(Sighs)
See ya' Detective Jenkins.

The two hold their imaginary spyglasses towards each other.

They laugh before turning their separate ways.

The moment Roman looks at the house, his feet glue to the grass below.

His heart begins to race as he works up the courage to take the next step.

5 INT. ROMAN'S HOUSE (KITCHEN) - NIGHT

5

A TV blasts from the living room across the house as Roman sneaks in the back door. He discreetly shuts it behind him, then heads over to a nearby corner to peer down the hall and listen.

After hearing nothing except the television, Roman heads for a cabinet. He reaches up to reveal inside only a small number of cans of food and a bag of stale chips.

Unable to see much with the lack of light besides the blue hue from the hall, he hauls the chips and opens the fridge.

A creek comes from the hall and brings Roman's eyes up.

His breath stays quiet, he doesn't move.

(Beat)

Roman shuts the fridge door, grabs a dirty cup from the sink, barely turns on the faucet, and fills the glass. All while looking towards the hall.

He shakes out the water to sort of rinse it before refilling. Constantly peeking over his shoulder towards the hall. Truly making it feel as if he is about to see someone.

When he's done, he steps away and tip-toes down the hallway. Attempting to not move his arms to let the bag of chips make a sound.

6 INT. ROMAN'S HOUSE (HALLWAY) - CONTINUOUS

6

Roman stops at the corner and peeks into the living room.

Sitting on the couch, with only her feet showing is his mother. Bags of fast food sit around her with cups of soda, all glowing from the TV right in front of it.

Roman keeps his eyes down as he passes the doorway. He gets about midway until he steps to the side because of trash on the ground. His arm squeezes a little which crinkles the plastic on the chips.

Roman stops in place and pinches his eyes shut.

A spring bends from movement on the couch.

Roman stays quiet and sneaks ahead. His eyes spring to his door handle and he moves quickly. He halts at his door to open it, however, when his feet stop, someone else's sound closer.

Roman hears this and wheels around.

Immediately behind him silently racing towards him is JOCELYN (36). Not much is seen of her before she grabs Roman's hair and the two end up O.S.

7 INT. NORA'S HOUSE (LIVING ROOM) - MORNING 7

Nora doesn't sleep, instead stares at a coffee table beside her. A ringing noise annoys and ruins her attempt to try and fall asleep.

The house lacks ideal furniture to make one feel comfortable. The living room has one couch and a TV.

To get comfortable she repositions herself on the couch but nevertheless, it doesn't work-

DING! DONG! DING! DONG!

The doorbell reverberates multiple times in the house and stirs Nora's brain awake.

DING! DONG! DING! DONG!

Nora groan as her arms extend to lift her up.

8 EXT. NORA'S HOUSE (FRONT PORCH) - MORNING 8

The door flings open to reveal Roman, who still keeps ringing the doorbell. He has a minor cut on his chin, yet a huge smile sits on his face that only gets bigger once he sees Nora.

NORA
Alright!

ROMAN
Hey, you said-

NORA
I know, I know, shut up, I know.

Roman hesitates before he rings the doorbell again.

NORA (CONT'D)

Dude... Why?

Roman shrugs and sees Nora's scar down the forearm towards her wrist.

ROMAN

(Roman points)

Did you wreck too?

NORA

Huh, oh... Uhh no.

ROMAN

That how you lost your car, huh?

NORA

Listen here you little shit, I can't mentally do a damn thing until I feel the taste of caffeine on my tongue, so you'll have to shut up and wait.

ROMAN

That's okay. Can I wait here?

NORA

On the porch?

ROMAN

If I have to.

NORA

Do you want... I don't know, food or something?

Roman's eyes light up.

Nora sighs and opens the door.

ROMAN

But you're a stranger.

NORA

And I'm offering food. Both are big no, no's. But... fuck it. I know it's a moral teaching lesson, but life doesn't follow morals.

Nora walks away into her house.

Roman follows and shuts the door behind him.

ROMAN (O.C.)

Woah.

NORA (O.C.)

What?

ROMAN (O.C.)

... It's worse than the garage.

9

INT. NORA'S HOUSE (KITCHEN) - MORNING

9

A spoon is dunked into cereal before being tossed into Roman's mouth that already has chewed-up bits inside.

Nora holds a piece of toast and takes a petite bite from it before she drinks her coffee.

Her house seems to have a very subtle hint of red all around it.

NORA

How is it?

Roman happily nods his head. There's more food in his mouth than on his plate.

ROMAN

(Mouthful)

Bes-

NORA

Finish chewing.

Roman breathes through his nose while he takes a sip of his milk.

ROMAN

Best I've ever had... ever.

NORA

It's just cereal. No need to exaggerate.

ROMAN

What's that?

NORA

Cereal or exaggerate?

ROMAN

I know what cereal is. What's... exaberdate?

NORA

Exaggerate is uhh, over
embellishing. Saying something is
way bigger or better than it
actually is.

ROMAN

Oh... Like... Like-

Roman eats another bite.

ROMAN (CONT'D)

Like...

NORA

Like hearing someone drum very well
in person and then concluding they
are the greatest drummer to ever
exist.

ROMAN

Maybe they were?

NORA

No.

ROMAN

How do you know?

NORA

How do you?

ROMAN

How do you not?

NORA

How do you not?

Roman squints and leaves a full bite of cereal at his lips.

ROMAN

Never mind, what's your favorite
band? Ever.

NORA

See like that's-... Ever?

ROMAN

Yeah.

NORA

Uhh, I don't know, "Kill-switch
Engage". With Howard.

(MORE)

NORA (CONT'D)

Not because he's black, doesn't hurt though, but yeah.

ROMAN

Cool, cool... Uhh who are they?

NORA

I guess you are stupid young.

ROMAN

And you're old and stupid, stupid.

NORA

(Moves on)

I'll play some later. You might vibe with them.

ROMAN

You said Kill-

NORA

Just finish up. You eat how I read.

Roman blandly stares back.

NORA (CONT'D)

Really fucking slow. Come on.

Roman drinks the milk to only stop midway.

ROMAN

You didn't ask me my favorite.

NORA

Who is your favorite, of all time, without a doubt... favorite band?

ROMAN

Can it be "Rammstein"?

NORA

You don't have to ask.

ROMAN

Then "Rammstei-

NORA

Are you just choosing that because it was your brother's?

ROMAN

... No?

NORA

You ready?

ROMAN

Yeah... What are we ready for?

NORA

Fixing the bike.

Roman sighs.

ROMAN

Detectives don't fix bikes.

NORA

They do if they stole them and ruined them.

Nora stands and begins to pick up the food after a few of blinks due to seeing spots.

Roman doesn't help at first as he seems to be lost in his head while he gazes at the empty bowl.

NORA (CONT'D)

I ain't cleaning up your mess as well.

Roman pops out of thought, grabs his bowl and stands up.

10

INT. NORA'S HOUSE (GARAGE) - DAY

10

Nora and Roman enter the garage as it opens automatically.

Nora heads to the tool bench by the wheels and bolts.

NORA

All right, remember which one is the socket wrench?

ROMAN

Yeah.

NORA

Show me.

ROMAN

Uhh.

Roman reaches forward and points to a screwdriver.

NORA

Boy, I thought you was a truther.

ROMAN

I is.

NORA

Had me fooled.

Nora grabs a wrench and puts it in Roman's hand.

NORA (CONT'D)

Socket. Wrench.

ROMAN

Socket. Wrench.

NORA

Do what you did yesterday, just backwards now.

Roman grabs the wheels and crouches down.

NORA (CONT'D)

Then slide that guy on.

Roman does so and grunts in his effort.

Nora flicks on some music from the stereo but keeps the volume low.

ROMAN

... Thank you.

NORA

For?

ROMAN

The food.

NORA

'course.

ROMAN

Wish I didn't eat it all though.

NORA

Why, still hungry?

ROMAN

No.

NORA

What is it then?

ROMAN

I should have brought some of the food home.

NORA

For your mom?

ROMAN

Yeah.

NORA

That's nice of you. But it would be soggy by then.

ROMAN

Where's your boyfriend?

Nora, caught off guard, tries to respond quickly.

NORA

Where's yours?

Roman laughs.

ROMAN

Good one... I don't have one.

NORA

Why not?

ROMAN

Well... I guess cuz' people don't usually like me cuz' the way I am.

NORA

... Can I use the same excuse?

ROMAN

Sure.

NORA

That's an odd question to jump to by the way.

ROMAN

Mah says no one will ever love you if you're over forty and single. And you look single.

NORA

Ow... and you think I'm over forty?

ROMAN

No... Wait, how old are you?

Nora doesn't answer.

Roman picks up on this.

ROMAN (CONT'D)

Ahh... No answer is an answer.

NORA

Your Mom's wrong though.

ROMAN

It's Mah, not Mom.

NORA

She's still wrong.

ROMAN

... How old you think I am?

NORA

Give me a hint.

ROMAN

Uhh... it's only one number.

NORA

Nine?

Roman shakes his head "No".

NORA (CONT'D)

Well, you're not eight.

ROMAN

Yep.

NORA

So eleven.

Roman nods.

NORA (CONT'D)

Sneaky little riddle.

ROMAN

I know a real riddle.

NORA

What is it?

ROMAN

What do you-

NORA
Don't look at me, keep working.

ROMAN
What do you call someone with no
arms, no legs in front of a door?

NORA
What?

ROMAN
Matt.

Nora holds back a laugh.

NORA
That's more of a joke.

ROMAN
What do you call someone with no
arms and no legs in the water?

NORA
(Scoffs)
Jesus.

ROMAN
No, Bob... What do you call someone
with no arm and no legs in a hole?

NORA
Hmm?

ROMAN
Doug.

Nora exhales through her nose, which brightens Roman up even more.

ROMAN (CONT'D)
What do you ca-

NORA
How many of these do you know?

ROMAN
Couple more... I used to know even
more.

NORA
How did you forget?

ROMAN

Haven't heard them in a while.
Brother used to tell me.

NORA

He knew quite a bit of them.

ROMAN

Jokes and music. Said he either
wanted to be a comedian or
musician.

NORA

Why not both?

ROMAN

What?

NORA

Nothing. How... how long ago was
the last time you talked to him?

ROMAN

Don't know, last year? Can we
listen to "Rammst-

NORA

Before we listen to that, I want
this bike fixed and returned.

ROMAN

What?!

NORA

I want you to knock on the door and
tell them you took it and that you
truly are sorry. Then we can jam
some tunes, not until then.

Roman stops his work on the bike.

NORA (CONT'D)

No, don't stop. Tighten that one.

Roman proceeds but keeps his despaired eyes down.

NORA (CONT'D)

Hard to work on something if you're
not looking at it.

Roman lifts his head and keeps working.

NORA (CONT'D)

You almost got it... Then what do you do last?

Roman points to a section on the bike.

NORA (CONT'D)

Close. But we want to raise the wheels up some.

ROMAN

Why?

NORA

Because if it's flat, they aren't much training wheels rather than they are just extra wheels to make it a quadcycle. You raise them up a little so you try to balance and have a safety net.

ROMAN

Wah-wah, wah-wah?

NORA

Loosen that one and raise it a hair.

Roman leans forward and does it.

ROMAN

Did you learn with training wheels?

NORA

Don't remember. Like to believe I didn't.

ROMAN

Why?

NORA

Because it would make me badass if I didn't.

ROMAN

I don't know about badass.

NORA

Did you learn with? Or did Riley show you?

ROMAN

I watched Riley, got a pair of gashes but learned all by myself... like a badass.

NORA

Exactly.

Roman finishes his attempt to tighten.

NORA (CONT'D)

There.

The two stand up and Roman hops on.

NORA (CONT'D)

How does it feel?

ROMAN

... Different.

NORA

Then let's take another look.

ROMAN

It's good enough though, I think.

NORA

No, if it's not how they had it before then we'll fix it. Don't be lazy.

Roman rides back over and gets off the bike.

ROMAN

I think this side needs to go down.

NORA

All right.

Roman proceeds to fix the wheel while Nora watches. He struggles to finish so Nora bends over and helps.

Roman notices that Nora's fingernails are black and blue underneath.

ROMAN

What happened to your fingers?

NORA

What? Oh... just a bruise.

Roman examines his own fingernails.

NORA (CONT'D)

Try it now.

Roman sits on the bike, rides around, and leans both ways. He then proudly gives a thumbs up.

Nora gives one back with an equal amount of enthusiasm.

11 EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD (SIDEWALK) - AFTERNOON 11

Roman rides on the edge of the street while Nora stays on the footway. They work their way down the road.

NORA

(Exasperated)

Where is this god-forsaken house of yours?

Roman points behind him to a house they just passed.

NORA (CONT'D)

You sly dog.

ROMAN

I was distracted.

They spin around and hike back to the house.

Roman comes to a stop and points to a put together house that could use a cut to the grass.

NORA

This it?

Roman nods.

ROMAN

It was in the front yard.

NORA

(Points)

After you.

The two head up the driveway and towards the front door.

NORA (CONT'D)

Wait.

She stops Roman and turns him around.

NORA (CONT'D)

Answer me honestly, all right?

Roman nods his head.

NORA (CONT'D)
Honestly.

ROMAN
I already-
(Nods again)

NORA
Are you sorry you stole it? Truly
sorry.

ROMAN
Yes.

NORA
Because saying sorry when you don't
mean it, don't mean shit.

ROMAN
I know.

NORA
Then why? Why are you sorry?

Roman lets his thoughts attempt to find the correct answer.

ROMAN
Because I... Because I caused
someone else to feel awful like me.
And that's like... Not good.

NORA
You know, there's more to you than
what meets the eye.

ROMAN
Okay.

NORA
... You know Charlie Brown but not
transf-

Nora pushes Roman out of frame.

Ding! Dong!

The front door opens and reveals Roman next to the bike,
while Nora stands a handful of feet back.

A woman OLIVIA (29) stands in front of them. Brown glasses that match her short brown hair. Her blue and black striped shirt catches Nora's eye from all the way back.

OLIVIA

Can I, can I help you?

Olivia's eyes drift up to Nora who she seems to recognize. She faintly adjusts her posture before switching back to Roman.

ROMAN

My uhh, my name is Roman and I uhh,
I uhh...

OLIVIA

That bike behind you looks awfully
familiar.

ROMAN

Yeah... yeah, I kinda stole it. And
I'm sorry, like real sorry. Not
fake sorry.

OLIVIA

Are you now?

ROMAN

Yeah, because I know if I don't
mean it, it don't mean shit.

Nora rushes forward to stop him as Olivia smirks.

NORA

No, no. Yes, but no, not like that.
(To Olivia)
Sorry, it's a work in progress.

OLIVIA

No worries. No matter what you say,
they cling on to the wrong words.

Nora smiles as Olivia briefly holds eye contact while she bends down towards Roman.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

Well, I'd like to say thank you and
I want you to know it was very
brave of you to apologize, very
brave... And I mean it, I'm not
just shitting around either.

Roman snickers and turns to Nora.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
I also happen to know someone who
will be floored to see this.

Olivia whirls around to yell into her house.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
Zachary!

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
(To Nora)
I didn't catch your name.

NORA
Nora.

They both shake hands.

OLIVIA
Thank you.

NORA
Thank Roman, he's the one that
stole it.

Roman nudges Olivia.

OLIVIA
He felt so terrible about leaving
the bike outside. Little beast
doesn't even want me to leave the
car in the driveway.

After a moment, a kid, ZACHARY (8) comes to the door. He
wears a purple shirt that bounces against his green eyes that
light up once he sees the bike.

ZACHARY
Ben!

The kid steps out the door and hugs his bike.

Roman smacks Nora's arm.

ROMAN
See, he named it.

Zachary gives Roman a hug.

ZACHARY
Thank you!

ROMAN
I'm sorry I took it from you.

ZACHARY

It's okay, you found him.

Zachary hops on the bike and rides it down to the driveway.

OLIVIA

Thank you, again.

ROMAN

You're welcome.

NORA

Alright, let's head on out. Before anything else catches his eye and he snatches it.

13

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD (SIDEWALK) - LATE AFTERNOON

13

Nora is a little behind Roman as they wander along.

NORA

Why are you all fussy?

ROMAN

What?

NORA

What's got you all huffy and puffy?

ROMAN

You made a joke.

NORA

About what?

ROMAN

Me stealing.

NORA

Yeah, well, jokes hurt a whole lot less than stealing.

ROMAN

I said I'm sorry.

NORA

I heard you when I was, you know, there.

ROMAN

Then stop talking about it.

NORA

I'll stop it if you don't ever steal again.

ROMAN

How do I know you'll actually do it?

NORA

I'm not a liar. Unlike you.

ROMAN

Uhh, the cryin'? And last night, you said you'd let me listen to the CD.

NORA

I forgot. People forget. It just means you gotta come over tom-

ROMAN

Oh, I'll be over, unless you have church. You go to church?

NORA

Depends on the church.

Nora does her evil laugh that Roman joins in on.

14

EXT. ROMAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

14

Standing at the bottom of the driveway, both Nora and Roman look at the house. Neither one say much until Roman decisively perks up.

ROMAN

So your name's like... Nora?

NORA

It like... is. Yours is Wesley?

ROMAN

No... That's your shirt.

NORA

What? This is a different shirt.

ROMAN

So.

NORA

All my shirts are named Wesley?

ROMAN

Yeah. Deal with it.

NORA

What if I name that pothole by my house Roman?

ROMAN

You can't, it's already named Devin.

NORA

Things change their name all the time. Better get used to it... or else.

ROMAN

My name is Roman.

NORA

I know... It's nice to meet you, Roman.

ROMAN

You too.

They shake hands.

NORA

Can uhh, can you do me a favor?

ROMAN

Hmm?

NORA

I'd appreciate it if your mom were to meet me.

Roman's shoulders drop.

ROMAN

What?

NORA

If you're gonna be over at my place then she needs to at least talk to me.

Roman thinks about it while his fingers twiddle with one another.

ROMAN

Why?

NORA

Because.

ROMAN

That doesn't count.

NORA

Because... It's not a common friendship we have. It could be viewed as... Wrong by those who don't know the context.

ROMAN

(With a shy smile)

We're... friends?

NORA

Well, let's let your... mah decide.

ROMAN

(Hesitant)

I don't... I don't want to.

NORA

Why?

ROMAN

... Because?

Nora cracks a smile.

NORA

For me?

Roman gives Nora a look of angst and plea before he solemnly approaches his front door and enters.

After some silence, a few hollers are heard before more silence.

Nora steps a little closer to the door and stops once she sees Jocelyn. She has short blonde hair and has a stern face that seeps into Nora's eyes from behind the dark screen door.

JOCELYN

Chu' want?

NORA

Hi, names Nora.

JOCELYN

... And?

NORA

I uhh, I had the little guy grab you so we could meet. I uhh well, I recently became acquainted with your son-

JOCELYN

You what?

NORA

Met him. Conversed with and-

JOCELYN

And?

NORA

... And I wanted to make myself known to you I guess.

Jocelyn doesn't respond.

NORA (CONT'D)

Figure if you met me you'd know my intentions were innocent. He seems to fancy metal music, and metal fans stick together until they get into sub-genres. But that's beside the po-

JOCELYN

The fuck you on 'bout?

NORA

He cheered me up yesterday and I really apprecia-

JOCELYN

Where you live?

NORA

Just down the road. 892 Kitner.

Nora points to her right.

JOCELYN

What's your name?

NORA

Nora.

Jocelyn surveys Nora up and down.

NORA (CONT'D)

I only wanted to bring myself up so that it wouldn't be weird if him and I hung out and I showed him some music.

JOCELYN

Why is it weird?

NORA

From an outsider's eye-

JOCELYN

You one of them kiddie touchers? They usually don't come in your color.

NORA

No, no not at all. That's why I wanted him to grab you. So you could meet me. We just returned the bike he stole, apolog-

JOCELYN

You what? He wh-

NORA

No, he apo-

Jocelyn circles around, slams the door shut, and stomps away from the door.

Nora, heartbroken and knowing she messed up, hears Roman cry out in pain as she watches the house.

Unable to bear the noise of Roman's howls of pain Nora proceeds down the street.

15 INT. NORA'S HOUSE (LIVING ROOM) - NIGHT

15

The creak of rusted metal on the front door opening matches Roman's weeps.

Nora steps into the house, locks the door behind her, and rests her head against it with her eyes closed. She takes a moment for herself before she moves towards the couch.

Upon sitting down, the TV is flicked on and Nora's head rests into the palm of her hand.

She's barely pays attention while her foot anxiously taps as the ringing seems to grow in Nora's ears.

Nora attempts to take a deep breath but when she is unable to, she tenses up and tries again. Her focus on her breathing drags her attention away from the movie enough for her to switch it off.

She sucks air in, which seems to take her a second until finally a breath reaches her lungs.

A car drives past as the ringing seems to get more intense.

CUT TO:

The morning sun fills the room while Nora leans on the armrest, still awake. She watches TV, however, nothing important catches her attention.

Her eyes drift to the door, in long hopes that it would ring.

CUT TO:

The sun has gone down a great amount and Nora snores while the running TV stays the course. Her arm is hung over the side of the couch, which reveals more of the long scar up it. Her heavy eyes seem to wander themselves closed before a doorbell rings, just once.

Nora's eyes open-

16

INT. NORA'S HOUSE (FRONT PORCH) - AFTERNOON

16

The door opens and Nora steps forward with her eyes squinted.

Standing before her is Olivia, holding cherry cheeks that try not to smile.

OLIVIA

Oh I, I didn't wake you did I?

NORA

No, I was already awake.

OLIVIA

You sure?

NORA

I wish you did wake me up, would imply I got some sleep.

OLIVIA

Ahh, well... Names Olivia by the way. Didn't get to really slip it in yesterday.

NORA

Nora, again.

They both shake hands.

OLIVIA

I was cautiously pessimistic that I had the wrong house.

NORA

Can I be curious about how you found the right one?

Olivia points to the light next to the door.

OLIVIA

I had seen you a few times outside trying to fix your light.

Nora reaches inside and flicks the switch.

The light doesn't click on.

NORA

Apparently not well enough.

Olivia smiles.

OLIVIA

Well, I suppose I better get on to the reason I rang... First off, I wanted to say thank you again. Zachary refused to hop off the bike until he damn near crashed from falling asleep.

NORA

Something about being on wheels as a kid just feels right.

OLIVIA

He brought the bike into his room and hid it in his closet.

NORA

(Smirks)

Lesson learned on both ends of the straw.

OLIVIA

The other reason I came over... Unfortunately due to things out of his grasp, Zachary doesn't have that many...

(MORE)

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

fellow children around his age who... He doesn't have friends. It's not his fault, it's mine but... I'm desperate for him to connect with someone. And I know there is an age gap but would Roman, it was Roman right?

Nora nods.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

Would Roman want to play with Zachary at some point? You know as in a little play date? For how lame that sounds. I know he might have made a mistake but I want to teach my Zach that not everyone is based on one action. I hoped to give you this,

(Hands over phone number)

So that if Roman ever wants to play, you can just give me a call.

Nora stares down and struggles to respond.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

Where is Roman?

NORA

Uhh... It's not exactly up to me what goes on with Roman.

OLIVIA

Let him decide for himself I got it. Very progressive.

Nora, caught in feeling a bit uncomfortable, tries to find the answer.

NORA

Roman isn't my son, nor family for that matter. I only just met him the other day.

Olivia waits for her to explain more.

NORA (CONT'D)

I was outside when he rolled up on Zach's bike. Started talking away similarly to a goblin who just robbed a cradle.

OLIVIA

Ah...

NORA

Yeah... he kept pestering and pestering. Eventually found out it wasn't his bike. Made him bring it back if he wanted to keep pestering.

Olivia searches for a response.

NORA (CONT'D)

He seemed like a nice kid who did something dumb...

Feeling like a fool herself, Olivia tucks her arms beside herself.

OLIVIA

Happens to the best of us.

NORA

So I can't speak for Roman but if I see him, I can sure ask him.

OLIVIA

Thank you... Well, I didn't mean to pester.

Olivia steps back.

NORA

No worries, you weren't. I'd take a dame like you than a dolt like Roman.

OLIVIA

... It was nice talking to you.

NORA

You too.

Olivia goes away while Nora closes the door, getting a small glimpse of her before shutting it.

17

INT. NORA'S HOUSE (LIVING ROOM) - NIGHT

17

Nora crawls onto the couch and stares up at the ceiling. The ringing grows in intensity as her eyes stay dully focused on the ceiling.

Time races past as she rolls left, then right before she flips and lays reversed with her head at the other end.

CUT TO:

DING! DONG! DING! DONG!

Nora shoots awake, her heart races as she looks around. She stands with the blanket around her and starts for the door as the bell keeps ringing.

DING! DONG!

About midway Nora gets dizzy and leans on the nearby wall. She struggles to take a deep breath and begins to have a slight panic attack before her eyes shut to focus.

DING! DONG! DING!

Slow shallow breaths come in until Nora, in due course, finally takes a deep breath.

18

EXT. NORA'S HOUSE (FRONT PORCH) - MORNING

18

The doorbell finally stops as Nora opens with a blanket wrapped around her shoulders.

ROMAN

Morning!

NORA

Gahh.

Roman rushes past Nora into the house.

NORA (CONT'D)

What time is it?

ROMAN

Five or seven o'clock.

NORA

Not six?

ROMAN

Definitely not six o'clock.

NORA

Don't you have school?

ROMAN

Mah said I didn't have to go. Where are the CD's-

Nora opens the door and points.

NORA

In the corner.

Roman enters quickly.

Nora swings the door shut, yet it doesn't close all the way.

19

INT. NORA'S HOUSE (LIVING ROOM) - CONTINUOUS

19

Roman sees a stack of CDs on a shelf and gasps.

ROMAN
Holy shit that-

NORA
No.

ROMAN
What?

NORA
No more cussing. Especially if
that's the only one you seem to
use.

ROMAN
Which one?

NORA
Shit.

ROMAN
How come you can cuss?

NORA
Guess.

ROMAN
Because you're an adult?

NORA
Bingo.

Roman begins to sift through. Going over a plethora of CD's
and their ridiculous grotesque covers.

ROMAN
Woah.

NORA
Yeah, be careful. You're bound to
see one you shouldn't.

Roman uses his fake spyglass while going over a case.

ROMAN

Like what?

NORA

Just hand me the "Rammstein" case.

ROMAN

What was it called again?

Nora points to it for Roman to pluck it out and study the case.

ROMAN (CONT'D)

Yeah! This was... yeah.

NORA

Hand me the disc.

Roman hands it over and keeps looking over the case.

ROMAN

The cases are so... Brutal.

NORA

Where did you hear that word?

ROMAN

Riley used it a whole bunch.

Nora heads to the CD player and puts it in.

NORA

Watch me, put i- watch. Put it here, close it, and hit play. That's it. No scratching or fooling, okay?

Roman nods.

NORA (CONT'D)

And whatever you take out, put right back in order.

ROMAN

Okay.

NORA

And don't listen to it too loud. It'll mess up your ears.

ROMAN

Gahhh.

NORA
I'm not kidding about that.

ROMAN
I got it.

NORA
... You hungry?

ROMAN
Yeahhh.

Roman hops up and hits play, mimicking the guitar as the music starts.

Nora joins in and the two pretend to play along and head bang.

In the long run, Nora gets a little dizzy and puts her hand on the wall.

20 INT. NORA'S HOUSE (KITCHEN) - DAY

20

Nora makes her way in and rapidly blinks as she uses the table to keep balance.

Once in the clear Nora starts to make a sandwich with what she has left in her fridge as the music plays in the background.

NORA
Hey, turn it down some!

ROMAN (O.C.)
What?

NORA
Turn it down! You don't nee-

Roman lowers the volume down a little.

NORA (CONT'D)
You don't need it that loud.

As Nora finishes up the food and starts to put the chips onto the plate is when the phone rings.

This stops her in her tracks and leaves her eyes upon the landline. She eventually works over there she picks it up.

NORA (CONT'D)
Hello?

PHONE
Hey, it's me.

NORA
Hey.

PHONE
Meant to call yesterday but got
held up at work with unloading tote
and tote off the truck.

NORA
All good. Was it Les Paul or
Ibanez?

PHONE
Jackson.

NORA
Ahh.

PHONE
How are you doing?

NORA
Good.

PHONE
How did it go?

NORA
Good.

PHONE
What did they say?

NORA
That everything's all good.

PHONE
You gotta find a new word.

NORA
... I'm good.

PHONE
Anyways, that means I was right,
right?

NORA
Guess so.

PHONE

Well, see! I told you it's just stress.

NORA

Yep.

PHONE

In no time, we'll be pinching finger under boxes again.

NORA

Yep.

PHONE

What are you up to today?

NORA

Nothing.

PHONE

Should go outside, it's a great day. Miranda and I walked over to grab a gyro.

NORA

How is she doing?

PHONE

Good. Hey, I may try and stop by sometime next week.

NORA

Alright.

PHONE

Don't sound enthusiastic.

NORA

... Alright.

PHONE

Okay well, I was calling to check up. I'll let you go, we miss you.

NORA

Sounds good.

PHONE

Alright. Talk to you later.

NORA

Bye.

PHONE

Bye.

Nora goes to hang up the phone but stops to hear the other side click off. Her eyes linger on the dials before she hangs up.

Nora closes her eyes to hold back any emotions.

NORA

... Come eat!

Roman takes a moment to enter, just long enough for Nora to hide her tiny tear.

Nora hands a plate to Roman, who takes it.

ROMAN

This ain't cereal.

NORA

I'm out of cereal.

ROMAN

Oh... Okay.

NORA

Want chips?

ROMAN

Duh.

NORA

What kind?

ROMAN

Chu' got?

NORA

I gots-

(Opens a cabinet and
clears her throat)

Barbecue, potato... Barbecue and
potato.

ROMAN

Barbecue

NORA

Solid choice.

Nora grabs the chips and brings them over with the plates to the diner table.

ROMAN

Thank you.

NORA

Of course, best use all the food...
So I was thinking.

ROMAN

You can do that?

NORA

Yeah, want me to teach you?

ROMAN

Will it make me smarter?

NORA

Couldn't make you any dumber.

He takes another bite of their food in between chuckles.

NORA (CONT'D)

So anyway... I was thinking about
your bike. Or should I say-

ROMAN

Yeah, yeah.

NORA

Well, when I was younger, I got
into music thanks to my dad.

ROMAN

What kind?

NORA

Metal of course but that's beside
the point.

ROMAN

It's what?

NORA

When I told him, my dad, I wanted a
guitar, he said "You want it, you
earn it".

ROMAN

You get a job or something?

NORA

Not many places were hiring twelve-
year-olds.

(MORE)

NORA (CONT'D)

Instead, Dad scrounged together some money and bought me a lawnmower. Figured if I earned the money for it, I could keep earning after and buy something else I want.

ROMAN

Your dad paid you to mow?

NORA

Nope. I started mowing other people's lawns for money.

ROMAN

How? Just did it and made them pay?

NORA

No, I went house to house and asked people to let me mow for a price.

ROMAN

I hate mowing the lawn. I hat-

NORA

So did I... Until I realized I undoubtedly wanted a guitar. I also needed to pay him back the cost of the lawnmower. Dad also taught me about debt... But after I bought myself a guitar, I damn near went to bed with that thing.

ROMAN

Do you still have it?

NORA

The guitar?

ROMAN

Yeah.

Nora, defeated by the question dwells on it for a moment.

NORA

No... No, had to get rid of it a few months ago.

ROMAN

Why?

NORA

For money.

ROMAN

Why didn't you mow some lawns?

Nora smiles but doesn't answer.

ROMAN (CONT'D)

Sorry... How often did you play guitar?

NORA

When I could, often.

ROMAN

How good were you?

NORA

Everyone thinks they are amazing or terrible. I was about average. I knew how to play some stuff, only wrote a few songs.

ROMAN

You wrote a song?

NORA

Couple. It's that or learn other people's stuff. But that's what you can do.

ROMAN

... So, you're saying I need to buy a lawnmower to buy a guitar? I didn't even know I wanted a guitar.

NORA

Would you rather it be something else, I don't know, a bike?

ROMAN

Ohhh.

NORA

And also you don't have any debt. I still own the lawn mower.

ROMAN

The same one?

Nora moves some of objects around to heave out an aged gas lawnmower.

ROMAN

Woah... that's hideou... Hidouise?

NORA

Hideous and you don't need to call everything I own ugly.

ROMAN

But it is.

NORA

All right, well... stop. Also, that word is too big for you.

ROMAN

No, it ain't.

NORA

Be thankful it's gas. My dad always groaned about how he had to mow two or three times.

ROMAN

Why?

NORA

Back then lawnmowers didn't have engines.

Nora maneuvers the mower out and Roman starts to examine it.

ROMAN

Can we paint it blue?

NORA

I don't have blue... I got purple and black.

Roman thinks about it as he takes his last bite of food.

ROMAN

That'll do pig...

NORA

That'll do?

ROMAN

Can I start it?

NORA

Well, not yet. It's been a while since it ran, so we'll need to drain the gas and oil.

ROMAN

It doesn't work anymore?

NORA

It does, just after a while both liquids can go bad.

The two kneel down and start to work on the lawnmower.

ROMAN

I heard oil is from dinosaurs.

NORA

Ehh, yes and no. In a vague way somewhat, but in actuality, if I'm not mistaken it's a lot of other things. Dead plants, ugly ass bugs, or fossilized fish.

ROMAN

Oil is just leftover dead ooze?

NORA

Could look at it that way.

Nora pops open a lid and oil drains out the bottom.

NORA (CONT'D)

You haven't learned about that yet?

ROMAN

Nah.

NORA

What grade are you?

ROMAN

Fourth.

NORA

What's your... Wait, fourth?

ROMAN

I had to take Mrs. Wakalenkos class twice.

(Proudly)

That's why I'm this tall.

NORA

You're not that tall.

ROMAN

I'll be taller than you.

NORA

Not really saying much. What's your favorite subject?

ROMAN

I love science.

NORA

Why's that?

ROMAN

The experiments.

NORA

Which ones exactly?

ROMAN

We've done a few.

NORA

Like?

ROMAN

The one where you build a case thingy for a egg and chuck it off the roof, hoping it cracks.

NORA

I think the goal was to have it not crack.

Roman is blown away by this realization.

NORA (CONT'D)

What was yours made of?

ROMAN

A McDonalds cup wrapped in plastic bags.

NORA

I think mine was a water jug. Cut a hole in the top, filled it with water and the pre-bubbled wrapped egg. Taped the top on and put on one more layer of wrap on the outside.

ROMAN

And?

Nora squeezes the air from the side of her cheek and does a thumb down.

NORA
Felt fairly foolish.

ROMAN
Did anyone else's work?

NORA
Nope.

ROMAN
Then why do you feel dumb?

NORA
Woah, woah, don't be trying to
teach me the moral of a lesson.

ROMAN
Why?

NORA
Because you're young.

ROMAN
Because I'm young I can't know
something?

NORA
... Exactly.

They share a smile and continue working on the mower as it's
taken apart and cleaned. Sweat builds on both of their
foreheads as their hands get dirtier.

NORA (CONT'D)
Can I ask you a question?

ROMAN
What?

NORA
You enjoy going home?

ROMAN
(Defensive)
Don't really have a choice.

NORA
Wasn't my question.

ROMAN
I love my mah.

NORA
Again, not my question.

ROMAN

What is it then?

NORA

Is it just you and your mah that live there?

ROMAN

Yeah.

NORA

Where does she work?

ROMAN

... She really doesn't.

NORA

Then what does she do all day when you're not there?

ROMAN

She's coo-coo for ghost shows. And if she's not watching those, she's either sleeping on the couch or crying on it.

Nora doesn't have a response, instead moves past it.

NORA

You don't have to answer this... But what was he li- Your brother, what was he like? Besides liking great music?

Roman seems to recollect and keep his eyes down.

ROMAN

He was funny... like real funny. Even Mah laughed. He used to place googly eyes on everything. And I mean everything. I even found some on my toothbrush, after I brushed my teeth... I think he should have been a chef instead of singing. Because he used to make the best, and I mean it, the best food.

NORA

And you don't exaggerate, at all.

ROMAN

Nope.

NORA

What did he make that was cream of
the crop?

Roman gives her a scrutinizing gaze, not knowing what that means.

NORA (CONT'D)

What was your favorite?

ROMAN

Quesadilla with applesauce.

Nora scrunches her eyebrows, caught off guard.

ROMAN (CONT'D)

Mhmm.

NORA

That doesn't sound right.

ROMAN

It was for lunch after school
almost every day.

NORA

I see.

ROMAN

I'll have to try and make it for
you sometime.

NORA

All right... Do googly eyes go on
it?

ROMAN

No, never on food.

NORA

Obviously... Think we might call it
on this guy for the day. I'm uhh-

ROMAN

Can I listen to more before going?

Nora sighs which makes Roman stand with extreme enthusiasm and dart for the door.

NORA

You better clean those dirty little
fingers before you touch any discs.

ROMAN (O.C.)

I will.

Nora pushes herself up a little too quickly and gets light-headed. She rests her hand on a nearby tool bench to stay up but it slips and she slams into the ground, chipping her teeth on the pavement.

CUT TO:

Nora lays on her back now with blood in her mouth.

Olivia stands behind two paramedics that pick up Nora on a stretcher and move her out of the garage. Behind her cowers a worried Roman who watches Nora be taken away.

22

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD (SIDEWALK) - AFTERNOON

22

Roman and Olivia meander down the driveway as the garage door behind them closes.

ROMAN

(Muted)

Is she gonna die?

OLIVIA

No... She'll just look a little funky but I think she'll be fine.

They both start down the pathway.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

You said you were helping fix what now?

ROMAN

Kyle. A lawnmower. She was going to let me use him to mow lawns and buy back Riley.

OLIVIA

... Okay, I think I know what you're saying.

ROMAN

Riley is the bike I want to buy.

OLIVIA

Already have it picked out and named?

ROMAN

Just named. They do it with babies
don't they, why can't I name a
bike?

OLIVIA

True.

An awkward silence fills the gap.

ROMAN

I'm sorry again for taking Zach's
bike.

OLIVIA

It's okay, I know you mean it by
now... How did you find Nora?

ROMAN

I already told you-

OLIVIA

No I mean, the first time.

ROMAN

I was riding around and I saw her
on the sidewalk... She was crying
like a lame little loser.

OLIVIA

Kind of rude.

ROMAN

What, she was.

OLIVIA

Why?

ROMAN

Didn't say... I thought her car was
towed but nope.

OLIVIA

And you two just started chatting?

ROMAN

Pretty much.

OLIVIA

Is she... Nice? To you?

Roman glares down the road.

ROMAN

I should probably be getting home about now. It's dark so...

OLIVIA

If you want, I can see if Zach wants to come out, and maybe he'll let you ride the bik-

ROMAN

Sorry, I can't.

OLIVIA

Yeah, all right... well, anytime you want I know Zach would love to play, so... Take care, and nice job today on saving the day.

Roman moseys away as Olivia briefly watches him before her foot steps into the street.

23 EXT. ROMAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

23

Roman's foot stomps into the dead grass taking his time. He watches the windows as he slow down. There is no TV on so he makes his way to the front door.

His hand carefully tugs the screen door open. Free hand grabs the door handle, turning it clockwi-

The door swings open from the other side and shows Jocelyn. She has tears in her eyes and immediately yanks him in and slams the door shut.

Romans muffled weeps bellow out and grow intensely. Going on for a little too long, hearing the fear in Roman's voice.

24 EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

24

Romans dire cries echo as Nora wanders with an icepack on her mouth and papers under her arm.

She makes her way towards the street until stopping on the curb. Her shirt has her blood on it and she looks to be covered in dry sweat.

Nora pulls the papers out in front of her to show a collection of medical bills. She cackles to herself and flings the folder of papers behind her and treads down the barren footpath.

25

EXT. NORA'S HOUSE - MORNING

25

The melted ice pack drips from Nora's hand while her feet drag behind her.

The dormant house rests as Nora makes her way up the driveway.

Resting against the garage door is Roman. He wears a black hoodie and jeans, polar opposite from his usual choices.

ROMAN

How are the teeth?

Nora plucks away the bloody ice to show that her two front teeth are missing.

ROMAN (CONT'D)

(Cringes)

Ooohh.

NORA

Yeah.

ROMAN

Does it hurt?

NORA

Feels funky.

ROMAN

Olivia said you'd look it.

NORA

Funky?

Roman nods.

NORA (CONT'D)

Bet you looked pretty goofy when you lost yours.

ROMAN

(Gestures to his cheeks)

Yeah, but I had leftovers.

NORA

Eww.

Roman enters and shuts the door behind him.

26

INT. NORA'S HOUSE (LIVING ROOM) - CONTINUOUS

26

Roman stays near Nora as she gingerly travels toward the couch.

NORA

Sorry to give you a scare like that.

ROMAN

I had to get Olivia and she called the hospital.

NORA

(Sighs)

Oh trust me, I know.

ROMAN

Huh?

NORA

Nothing, thank you for stepping up. Was very big of you.

ROMAN

Told you I'm tall... Did they say what happened to you?

NORA

It's uhh, kind of hard to explain.

ROMAN

Don't think I'm smart enough, ehh?

NORA

Pshh, more so the incapacibilities that incumbent me will prohibit my process in defining to you why exactly the entirety of the situation is below both our combined intellect.

ROMAN

... Now you sound doofy.

NORA

Try looking it.

ROMAN

So what were you saying?

NORA

No, I stood up too fast, which
rushed all the blood to the tip-top
of my head, making me blackout.
That's pretty much it.

ROMAN

You can stand up too fast?

Nora nods.

ROMAN (CONT'D)

Then how should you stand up?

Roman sits on the couch and stands up painfully slow .

NORA

Could probably do it a little
quicker.

Roman tries again.

ROMAN

Like that?

NORA

You know, I'm not exactly sure.
Only know, however I did it
yesterday, ain't it.

ROMAN

You gonna get new teeth?

NORA

Teeth cost money.

ROMAN

You got a house.

NORA

Don't mean I got money.

ROMAN

What do you have then?

NORA

Not a whole lot.

ROMAN

Like your teeth.

Nora grins and nudges Roman towards the CD's.

NORA
Put on something so I can sleep.

ROMAN
Uhhh... How about this?

Roman whips out "Animals as leaders"

ROMAN (CONT'D)
What is it?

NORA
(Smiles)
Take a seat and close your eyes.
Listen and just... listen.

ROMAN
What?

NORA
Shh.

Nora hits play and rests on the opposite side of the couch.

ROMAN
Later can we paint the lawnmower?

NORA
'Course.

They listen to the music as Nora ends up falling asleep and loudly snoring. Roman doesn't seem to care and watches the movie by himself.

CUT TO:

Nora's face is smushed into a pillow as a plate of burnt toast is held in front of her nose. It takes a moment for Nora's nose to cringe at the smell and whip her head up.

Roman jumps back and almost drops the plate.

Nora frantically scans the TV that plays the end credits. At long last she notices Roman extend the plate of toast back out to her.

NORA (CONT'D)
Ohh... Thanks.

ROMAN
I tried to not burn it. Tried.

NORA

It's fine, I tried to stay awake,
but...

Nora takes the plate and rests it on her lap. She grabs the two slices and rubs them together, knocking all the burnt bits onto the plate.

ROMAN

Woah.

NORA

Not quite sure if it's worth a
"Woah" but it's a trick that only
works after you made a mistake.

ROMAN

I see. Is there a word for those?

NORA

I don't think so.

ROMAN

Maybe mistricks?

NORA

You eat?

Roman bounces his head up and down while Nora chews.

NORA (CONT'D)

What'd you have?

ROMAN

Two pieces of burnt toast. I'm zero
and two.

NORA

That's not breakfast.

Roman's eyes drop down to the plate Nora eats from that has two pieces of toast then back up to her.

NORA (CONT'D)

You need more nutrition than me

ROMAN

Hey what's a closed casket?

Nora coughs mid-bite and takes a second to catch her breath.

NORA

What?

ROMAN

What is it?

NORA

Where do you get that from?

ROMAN

There were papers near the toaster.

Holds up a spyglass.

ROMAN (CONT'D)

I read them.

NORA

Don't detectives take an hour off?

ROMAN

Not the good ones.

Nora sits on her thoughts before answering.

NORA

Well... You ever heard of the term casket?

Roman shakes his head "No".

NORA (CONT'D)

What about uhh coffin?

ROMAN

Oh.

NORA

For example, my dad. Before they buried him, they had a showing. There it is decided whether you have an open or closed casket for the showing.

ROMAN

What does it mean if it's open?

NORA

You can see the body.

Roman thinks about it and is undoubtedly weirded out by it.

ROMAN

Why would you want to see them?

NORA

For some, it's the last time you
get to say goodbye.

ROMAN

You can't when it's closed?

NORA

You can... But when it's closed
there's always a sliver of a
thought that maybe they're not
truly in it. To hope that it's
similar to the movies... It ain't
though.

ROMAN

But you don't know that. If it's
closed, anyone could be in there.
Right?

NORA

Maybe... It's just a stem from
Schrodingers cat.

ROMAN

Who?

NORA

No one.

The two sit in silence as Nora takes another bite.

ROMAN

Who decides?

NORA

Whoever was closest with them. Some
people decide, a long time
beforehand, to go a third way and
get cremated.

ROMAN

What's that?

NORA

Burned into ashes.

Roman seems to think about it before he points to the black
crumbs on the plate.

NORA (CONT'D)

Thanks again for the food.

Nora gives him a thumbs up.

Roman responds with his own thumbs up.

27 INT. NORA'S HOUSE (GARAGE) - DAY

27

The garage door is wide open as Roman gets purple paint on his thumb. He paints the lawnmower with streaks of black and purple as Nora stands next to the tool bench.

ROMAN

Can I do the wheels?

NORA

I'd let those be. Paint won't stick to 'em over time.

ROMAN

Okay, then what's next?

NORA

Gotta let him dry.

ROMAN

Did you name it? Can I name it?

NORA

... Fine.

ROMAN

Kyle.

NORA

I don't like how quickly you came up with that.

ROMAN

It looks like a Kyle. And you know a Kyle when you see one.

Roman proudly ogles over the freshly painted lawnmower.

ROMAN (CONT'D)

Kyle the mower.

NORA

Doesn't look like a Kyle.

ROMAN

But it does.

NORA

You don't have to keep i-

ROMAN

He'll help buy Riley back.

NORA

All right, well he needs to dry
while we scour for your first
victims.

Nora rubs her hand menacingly together, Roman replicates and they both do their evil laugh that falls apart into them genuinely cracking each other up.

28

EXT. OLIVIA'S HOUSE (SIDEWALK) - AFTERNOON

28

Nora and Roman stand at the end of a driveway in front of a house. Neither one moves as Roman stares ahead, feeling comparatively to an ant in front of an enemy's anthill.

ROMAN

Can't you ask for me?

NORA

My toothless ass can-

ROMAN

Hey.

NORA

Sorry, guess my teeth were filters.
No, my toothless behind can't ask
for you.

ROMAN

Then why are you here?

Nora punches Roman's arm.

NORA

Moral support.

ROMAN

But what do I sa-

NORA

We went over the blueprints.

Roman fidgets in place.

ROMAN

She's gonna say "No".

NORA

Well... Yeah, probably. But you just gotta accept it and move on to the next.

Roman doesn't answer so Nora pushes him up the driveway.

NORA (CONT'D)

If we stand out here any longer someone will rightfully call the cops.

Roman makes his way up to the front door, mentally reassuring himself the entire way.

Before he knocks he twists around to Nora who gives him a huge thumbs up and a wide toothless smile that makes Roman grin and ring the doorbell.

29

EXT. OLIVIA'S HOUSE (FRONT PORCH) - AFTERNOON

29

The door reveals Olivia who smiles once she sees Roman.

OLIVIA

Well howdy, howdy.

ROMAN

Hi... I'm lowing mawns and trying to make mon- my name is Roman. I'm mowing lawns I mea-... Do you need money for your yard to mow by Kyle?

OLIVIA

I... I think I get what you are asking. Do I want you to mow the front yard?

ROMAN

Yeah. And... yeah, just that.

OLIVIA

(Dwells)

You know what?... I'm always about giving young convicts a chance.

ROMAN

Really?

OLIVIA

How much will it put me back?

ROMAN

Fifteen smackers.

OLIVIA
How will a "tenner" do you?

ROMAN
Thirteen and you got a deal.

Olivia gives Nora a perplexed look to Nora.

OLIVIA
Fifteen because you earned it.

Olivia shakes Roman's hand before she peeks up to Nora who waves and stays back.

ROMAN
Sucker, Nora told me to say ten.

OLIVIA
I was honestly willing to pay
twenty.

ROMAN
... Shit.

OLIVIA
(Points to Nora)
How's she doing?

ROMAN
You were right.

Roman points to his teeth.

ROMAN (CONT'D)
Funky.

30 EXT. OLIVIA'S HOUSE (SIDEWALK) - CONTINUOUS

30

Nora stands in the middle of the driveway as Roman draws near.

NORA
Well?

ROMAN
Our first victim.

The two chuckle evil like before Nora stops, fairly shy when Olivia works her way over.

OLIVIA
How's it going?

Nora keeps her lips mostly closed to hide her mouth.

NORA
Good. Yourself?

OLIVIA
Great... How you feeling?

NORA
Been better.

OLIVIA
I could figure that.

ROMAN
Wah-wah, Wah-wah, show her your
teeth already.

Nora nudges Roman with a look of disappointment.

NORA
Dude.

ROMAN
What, just show it.

OLIVIA
(To Roman)
Would you wanna come in and play
with Zach? Sure he would adore a
play buddy.

Roman switches up to Nora as he gets antsy.

ROMAN
Can I? Can we?

OLIVIA
(To Nora)
I could put on some tea or coffee
for us.

ROMAN
Please... Pretty plea-

Nora takes a breath in-

31 INT. OLIVIA'S HOUSE (LIVING ROOM) - CONTINUOUS

31

Nora and Roman enter the house behind Olivia.

OLIVIA
Zach!... Zachary Alan Moore!

ZACHARY (O.C.)

What?

OLIVIA

Someone's here to see you! Get down here!

Footsteps dart towards the stairs and down them before Zachary hits the bottom step.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

Remember him?

ZACHARY

The one that found my bike.

Olivia briefly debates in her head as to what to say as Roman looks up at her, afraid to admit it.

OLIVIA

Yeah. Roman. Why don't you show Roman some of your toys and games?

ZACHARY

Want to see my "Bionicles"?

ROMAN

What are "Bio-

Zachary grabs Roman's arms and the two scamper upstairs while Olivia gestures to the kitchen to which Nora follows.

32 INT. OLIVIA'S HOUSE (KITCHEN) - CONTINUOUS

32

Olivia goes behind the counter and opens a drawer, dragging out a selection of tea.

OLIVIA

Any particular kind?

NORA

Surprise me.

Olivia closes her eyes and chooses one.

OLIVIA

The gods have decided... Vanilla chai.

NORA

Bless be thee, gods.

Olivia starts to boil some water in an electric kettle.

NORA (CONT'D)

Did Roman officially set up an appointment?

OLIVIA

We haven't gotten past the agreement, if that's what you mean.

NORA

I guess, when works best for you?

OLIVIA

Is this how you two do business? You're the negotiator, he's the muscle?

NORA

Yeah, I figure he'll get into digesting contracts when he's much, much older, you know, twelve or so.

OLIVIA

By then he'll have the entire neighborhood on lock.

NORA

That's what I tried telling the little bastard. Only hope it sticks.

OLIVIA

... You've truly embraced this haven't you? Really took him under your wing.

NORA

Think it's more like my wings are clipped and I can't shake him loose.

OLIVIA

You're like a dog with two tails when you're around him. Don't try and tell me you're not.

NORA

He ain't no hornet's nest, if that's what you mean.

Olivia smirks while she withdraws two teacups.

OLIVIA

He was sincerely worried about you.

NORA

I am just a ball of guaranteed trauma.

OLIVIA

Nah, things happen... Speaking of, how did it go by the way? At the hospital?

NORA

Went expensively.

OLIVIA

What did the doctor say?

NORA

... Wah-wah, wah-wah.

OLIVIA

Okay, what is that? He did it, now y-

NORA

"Charlie Brown".

OLIVIA

He's seen "Charlie Brown"?

NORA

That's what I said.

(Beat)

OLIVIA

... What did they say? The doctors I mean.

NORA

Drink more electrolytes and take multi-vitamins.

(Moves on)

What is it you do? Work-wise. Being you can afford such high-quality lawn care services.

OLIVIA

I numbingly handle property insurance claims... I also see you changed the subject.

NORA

Calling it out doesn't help me any.

OLIVIA
My apologies.

NORA
You enjoy it?

OLIVIA
My job? Uhh, no. "Numbingly" sums
up my overall opinion, but I mean,
do you enjoy yours?

NORA
I did.

OLIVIA
And why don't you?

NORA
All about the personal questions
aren't you?

OLIVIA
Is it a crime to want to know more
about someone?

NORA
I'd save yourself the effort.

Olivia's eyes sink down to Nora's hands.

OLIVIA
...
(Smacks lips)
Ahh.

Olivia leans back in her seat mildly embarrassed.

NORA
Sorry.

OLIVIA
Maybe you ask me the questions
instead? Would that be better?

NORA
Sure, uhh, favorite food?

OLIVIA
Noodles with Pesto and sliced
tomatoes.

NORA
Favorite movie?

OLIVIA

Are you just going to ask me all my favorites?

NORA

It was how I planned to start.

OLIVIA

Adaptation. Change up the questions.

NORA

The Nic Cage and Meryl Streep one?

OLIVIA

Yeah, next question.

NORA

Uhh,
(Points up)
Was Zach born here in Indiana?

OLIVIA

(Twists head "No")
I had him in good old Colorado. The home of middle-class egos.

NORA

If you don't mind me asking, why'd you pack up and hike it out here?

OLIVIA

Don't mean to be a wet blanket but... But after Zachary's father passed we wanted to try somewhere new... I say we, when in fact... I asked my boss if there was anywhere I could transfer. She gave me a decorated list, I closed my eyes, tossed up a prayer to whatever god listened, and placed my finger down.

NORA

... And god said Indiana?

OLIVIA

Some god, somewhere said Indiana.

NORA

Gods are notoriously cruel.

OLIVIA

It could have been Virginia.

NORA

Fair enough, best they got going
for them is they aren't West
Virginia... Any thoughts so far on
the holy land of corn?

OLIVIA

It's not hell but it sure doesn't
stop itself from trying to be.

Nora agrees with a nod.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

How many years have you been
hassling with that faulty light out
front?

NORA

I, funny enough, remember the
weekend when my dad put it in...
Installed it on a Saturday,
complained about it Sunday, and
every night after.

OLIVIA

So your whole life I take?

Nora nods while Olivia hands her a tea and takes a sip.

NORA

Tis' good.

OLIVIA

Years of practice.

Olivia sits across Nora and they share a smile while sipping.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

Should I give you the money or him?

NORA

You do it. He deserves to know how
it feels to earn something.

OLIVIA

... I know I said this but it's
special that you're doing all this
for him.

NORA

It's nothing.

OLIVIA

It's not. I was taken aback at first... But he won't ever forget this.

This hits Nora and she tries to hold a stern face except her jaw quivers.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

What?

Nora shakes her head "No".

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

What??

NORA

It's nothing to tell a stranger.

OLIVIA

We're still considered strangers?

NORA

What word suits you?

OLIVIA

I hope you don't take this the wrong way-

NORA

I am well renowned in that field.

OLIVIA

I sort of, well not sort of... I... I enjoy your company.

Nora keeps her eyes down.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

Even without the teeth, you're not so appalling. Little funky? Yeah, but aren't we all?

NORA

Thanks for being sympathetic.

OLIVIA

It's not sympathy... If it was, I would't have offered tea.

Nora takes a swig.

NORA

I don't taste the empathy either.

OLIVIA
Can't be empathetic if you don't
let me... What did the doctors
precisely say?

NORA
... Only what I knew.

OLIVIA
Which was?

NORA
Please...

Nora justifiably tries to hold back her emotions.

NORA (CONT'D)
I don't want to... It's just... not
ideal.

Olivia has a snowball in her head that begins to avalanche
down.

OLIVIA
Is... Is there any family?

Nora barely turns her head back and forth "no".

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
What does Roman know?

NORA
Nothing.

OLIVIA
Doesn't he deserve to know?

NORA
Does he?

Olivia doesn't respond but listens to Nora's foot tap itself
to death underneath the table.

NORA (CONT'D)
I keep asking myself if I should
still even see the little shit.
Won't it just make it worse? Get
his hopes up? Give him another
reason why life fucking sucks. Show
him that there is no meaning to
this fucking existence?

Nora's arms are tensed up as tears fall.

OLIVIA

... Every second you try and make the effort, he doesn't know it, but it matters. You got the kid who stole my son's bike to not only bring it back but agree to mow my lawn in order to buy his own new bike... He's already grown every second just knowing you and he needs every minute he can get.

Nora closes her eyes.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

Which is... How lon... Long exactly?

Nora delicately shakes her head, which breaks her, and lets out a cry that she feels ashamed of.

This hits a little too close to home for Olivia.

Nora recedes back and attempts to stand.

NORA

Sorry, I shouldn't have-

Olivia holds her hands to keep Nora seated.

OLIVIA

No, it's... It's fine.

NORA

You're the first person I've told.

Neither one say a thing as they both dwell on their thoughts.

NORA (CONT'D)

If you don't mind me asking... What happened to Zachary's dad?

OLIVIA

Only if I can ask why you want to know?

NORA

I've always felt that there was a sense of irony in my life.

OLIVIA

How so?

NORA

This is what did my dad in.

OLIVIA
That's not ironic, that's genetics.

NORA
But at the same age?

Olivia holds tight lips.

OLIVIA
Paul passed due to something...
similar.

NORA
How long did he live knowing?

OLIVIA
About seven months.

NORA
Did Zachary ever meet him?

Olivia shakes her head.

OLIVIA
He at least got to hold Zach... He
was weaker than his bedsheets
but... But he held him... Couldn't
take his eyes off Zach.

NORA
Sure that meant everything to him.

Olivia smiles yet it lowers as her mind seems to slip on the
huge snowball in her head.

NORA (CONT'D)
Sorry, I'm not usually like that.
Tea must have went straight to my
head.

Nora chuckles at her own joke but Olivia doesn't. She instead
closes her eyes and tucks her hands back.

NORA (CONT'D)
What?

OLIVIA
God damnit... God fucking
damnit.... It took me so fucking
long to get out of that rut. So...
long... And the longer I was in it,
the more it molded Zachary... I put
SO much on his shoulders and... and
I can't go down that path again.

This makes Olivia break into tears.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
I, I know this isn't about me, but
I have to be selfish right now... I
have to be. Not for my sake but
Zach's. And I'm so-

Olivia closes her eyes briefly again and reaches back out and squeezes Nora's hand tighter.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
So, so sorry.

NORA
... That's a lot of "so's".

Olivia smiles from the side of her mouth, almost afraid to show it.

The sound steps come down the stairs.

OLIVIA
Can... Can I ki-

Zachary strolls in with Roman behind him.

ZACHARY
Mom, can Roman come to my baseball
practice?

Nora stands and wipes her eyes with the back to the boys.

Olivia heads into the kitchen with her tea, turning her back as well.

OLIVIA
I uhh, I think thats up to Roman.
Not sure he'd have fun with that
though.

ROMAN
I would.

NORA
Come on Roman, we gotta head out.

ROMAN
Awww.

NORA
It's getting late.

Nora covers her face as she squeezes past them and heads towards the door.

Olivia watches her leave before biting her lip and looking at Zach.

OLIVIA
Start getting ready.

33 EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD (SIDEWALK) - LATE AFTERNOON 33

Nora keeps her hands in her pockets with a slight grimace she tries to hide as Roman parades beside him on the curb, always avoiding the crack.

NORA
Step on a crack?

ROMAN
Break your momma's back.

NORA
Step on a line?

ROMAN
Uhh.

NORA
Snap your father's spine.

Roman cringes as a black truck speeds past the two on the road.

NORA (CONT'D)
That's why we only say the first one.
(Points to the sidewalk)
I've told you.

Roman hops off and stays next to Nora.

ROMAN
I guess. Did Ms. Olivia say anything about-

Roman gestures to his teeth.

NORA
No. And her eyes don't glance down at them every couple of seconds unlike someone else.

ROMAN

What, it's hard not to.

NORA

... I know, my tongue keeps going over the smooth gap. Feeling how smooth it is.

ROMAN

I hate losing teeth.

NORA

Most do.

34 EXT. ROMAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

34

The two stop at the bottom of the driveway, this time neither one looks up at the house.

ROMAN

When am I mowing?

NORA

Whenever you show up tomorrow, we'll head over.

ROMAN

Once I get Riley back, I'm gonna show Zach how to ride without training wheels.

NORA

Can you teach?

ROMAN

No, but you can teach me how to teach. Which shouldn't be hard.

Nora smirks.

ROMAN (CONT'D)

Can we have a handshake? A cool handshake?

NORA

Ehh, it's gotta be like... cool. At the very least.

ROMAN

That's what I said, cool.

NORA

Got any ideas?

They attempt to try and create except nothing comes to fruition.

NORA (CONT'D)
You can't force it to happen or
else it'll be cheesy.

Nora plops her hand on Roman's head.

NORA (CONT'D)
All right, see you tomorrow,
Detective.

ROMAN
See ya'.

Roman backs up towards his house to give a final wave to Nora who walks away.

He twists around and looks at the house he, unfortunately, calls home. His jaw clenched to stop him from quivering.

He gazes back and glares at the window, seeing the TV on. Roman's feet dig into the dirt below as tears come down his cheek.

35 INT. ROMAN'S HOUSE (KITCHEN) - NIGHT

35

The door gently opens as Roman's forehead peeks in. He searches but doesn't see anything, persuading him to enter.

He shuts the door behind himself as quietly as he opened it.

Roman's heart beats a thousand miles an hour when he doesn't hear the TV. This raises all the red flags in the world for him, but his quench for thirst exceeds all else.

Keeping one eye over his shoulder, Roman picks out a glass and fills a cup with water from the faucet.

As the glass nears the top Roman wastes no time before taking a sip. Once about midway he puts it back under and keeps refilling.

Finally turning off the faucet he takes another drink.

JOCELYN (O.C.)
How was school?

Roman coughs on the water and almost drops the glass. He doesn't even look over but keeps his eyes down.

Barely shown, tucked by the hallway is Jocelyn. Staring at her son in almost a situation of catching him in the act of stealing a cookie.

ROMAN

... Good?

Jocelyn doesn't answer.

Roman peeks up at her but not for long.

ROMAN (CONT'D)

It was.

Jocelyn hurls the TV remote at Roman and makes it shatter on the wall.

Roman cowers down in fear, to only drop a glass of water and follow the remotes same destiny.

This only enrages Jocelyn even more, enough for her to bolt towards Roman and grab him by the hair.

ROMAN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry! I'm sorry!

JOCELYN

Do you not know what'll happen if you get held back again? Huh!?

Jocelyn shoves Roman's head down into the puddle of water and glass.

JOCELYN (CONT'D)

They'll take me. They'll fucking take me away because your piss brain can't pass a test.

ROMAN

I'll change, I promise. I'll change Mommy. I'll chan-

Jocelyn stands up and paces away.

ROMAN (CONT'D)

(Muffled)

I'll change Mommy... I'll change Mommy... I'll cha-

JOCELYN (O.C.)

Shut up... SHUT UP!!

ROMAN

I'll change Mommy. I'll change Momm-

JOCELYN (O.C.)
SHUT THE FUCK U-

Jocelyn comes stomping back into the kitchen. As she closes in and nearly snatches Roman's shirt, he jumps away behind the table.

His mother tries to follow but he stands and sprints towards the hall then down it.

36 INT. ROMAN'S HOUSE (RILEY'S ROOM) - CONTINUOUS 36

Roman races down the hall toward us and soon after Jocelyn follows behind.

She starts to catch up and snatch him.

Feeling her get closer Roman, swings into a room and slams the door that Jocelyn proceeds to wallop against.

JOCELYN (O.C.)
AHHH!!! FUCK!!! OPEN THIS DOOR!!!
OPEN IT NOOOOWWWW!!!

Roman watches the door violently shake in its hinges. Which makes him drop to his knees and bawl into his arms which are wet with water and tears.

JOCELYN (O.C.) (CONT'D)
THAT'S NOT YOUR ROOM!!!!

ROMAN
(Hushed)
Please stop, please stop, please
stop, please sto-

37 EXT. NORA'S HOUSE (FRONT PORCH) - MORNING 37

Nora's doorbell could use a cleaning as the morning birds awaken the world to a new day.

Roman's hands reaches up and rings the doorbell, only doing so once.

Nora, after some time, answers the door.

NORA
That's a first.

Roman tucks his chin down and pushes pass Nora into the house.

NORA (CONT'D)
What's wrong?

38 INT. NORA'S HOUSE (LIVING ROOM) - CONTINUOUS

38

Nora shuts the door and follows Roman who plops onto the couch.

NORA
Do I have to ask again?

ROMAN
I don't want to talk about it.

NORA
Not even with me?

Roman whips his head back and forth "No". The fresh cuts on his cheek and eyebrow have fresh scabs on them.

NORA (CONT'D)
I can't allow us to start the movie
if you are not going to have a
clean palate and enjoy it.

ROMAN
I will.

NORA
Liar.

ROMAN
(Sadly)
But I'm a truther now.

NORA
Talk to me.

ROMAN
How come I have to talk when I'm
sad but you don't?

NORA
Huh?

ROMAN
Still never told me why you were
cryin' when we first met.

Nora raises her fake spyglass.

NORA

Is that Detective Jenkins asking
me?

Roman looks back at her but doesn't do the spyglass back.

Nora grinds her teeth as she lowers her hand, trying to
simplify her thoughts.

ROMAN

Still don't trust me?

NORA

I do... I do.

ROMAN

(Tears fill his eyes)

If you can choose to not talk, so
can I.

NORA

I'm uhh...
(Fake coughs)
I'm sick.
(Fake coughs again)

ROMAN

How sick?

NORA

Pretty.

ROMAN

What is it?

NORA

They uhh-

Nora shrugs which only makes Roman's eyes fill with more
tears as well.

NORA (CONT'D)

They just... They just don't
know... All I heard when they told
me was mwuah, mwuah, mwuah.

Roman doesn't laugh.

Nora squeezes his shoulder with her hand.

NORA (CONT'D)

But that shouldn't be any worry of
yours. Okay?

(MORE)

NORA (CONT'D)

I bet they find a miracle cure just in time. They always do in the movies.

ROMAN

But this isn't a movie.

NORA

Well... Again, it doesn't matter. I spilled my beans, your turn.

Roman closes down and doesn't answer.

NORA (CONT'D)

That's only fair. Deals a dea-

ROMAN

Why does she hate me so much?

Nora doesn't have an answer which has Roman growing with worry.

NORA

She doesn't hate yo-

Romans looks up at her with his fresh scars

NORA (CONT'D)

How could she hate you? I mean, look at you.

Nora pushes Roman back some.

NORA (CONT'D)

Look at you. You're adorable, you're superb on a bike, even with training wheels-

ROMAN

Stop.

NORA

I mean it, not to even mention you have all your teeth.

Roman touches his two front teeth.

NORA (CONT'D)

You also have a new rad friend to hang out with.

ROMAN

You?

NORA

Well, I was aiming for Zachary but you could include me. I'd hope I'm a better word than rad.

ROMAN

You'r-

NORA

But this ain't about me. You're fantastic at enjoying music, one of the best might I say. Fucking killer taste in music. Extremely inquisitive-

ROMAN

What's that?

NORA

(Smiles)

We'll just say smart.

ROMAN

Then... Then why do I keep getting held back?

NORA

Because... Because... Becau-

ROMAN

See.

NORA

Because you make all the rest of the kids in your grade feel so damn dumb that they thought it'd be easier to hold you back than it would be to keep all of them back.

ROMAN

... Twice?

NORA

Shows how smart you certainly are.

Roman lowers his head.

NORA (CONT'D)

Don't ever let school dictate how smart you are. Some of the biggest fools I ever met were the most "Educated".

This seems to stick with Roman.

NORA (CONT'D)

I know there isn't a lot in life that walks you through the things you need to know. But one of the few things my dad made sure to tell me was that "This too shall pass". This great feeling you have? Enjoy it, because it will end... But this pain you feel? This pain too shall pass. I promise.

ROMAN

Can we just watch a movie or something?

Nora exhales.

NORA

... Sure.

Nora stands up and heads to the player. She starts hits play, grabs the heavy blanket, tosses it over her and Roman before an idea strikes her mind.

Nora's head revolves to Roman who peeks up.

NORA (CONT'D)

I'll call Olivia and tell her we can mow tomorrow instead.

ROMAN

What are we gonna do?

NORA

Well... let's just watch some movies, life can afford to wait.

The two snuggle up together for the first time as they watch the TV.

39 EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD (SIDEWALK) - LATER AFTERNOON 39

Nora stays on the curb while Roman is on the pavement, stepping on every crack on the sidewalk this time.

ROMAN

So that can actually happen?

NORA

Well, no. It's a unique way of thinking about it but no, it's not genuinely possible.

ROMAN

Why?

NORA

Do you want to know the truth or
want to live in a world thinking
dinosaurs could come back?

ROMAN

... Dinosaurs.

NORA

Figured. Ignorance is bliss.

Roman gives her a funny look.

NORA (CONT'D)

Sometimes life's easier not knowing
than it is knowing.

Roman thinks about it.

NORA (CONT'D)

Think a goldfish can be happy with
only a thirty-second memory?

ROMAN

Actually, that's not true.

NORA

It's an exaggeration. Remember that
word? Of course, it's not that
short, what I'm getting at is they
don't have anything to ever be glad
or glum about.

ROMAN

... How do you know?

Nora doesn't answer.

ROMAN (CONT'D)

What if goldfish are sad because we
think they're all too dumb to be
sad?

NORA

... Goldfish don't know jack.

ROMAN

Who's Jack?

NORA

It's a saying. "It ain't worth Jack". It's Nothing. Worthless.

ROMAN

Oh...

NORA

You uhh, you got somewhere you can save the money from Olivia?

ROMAN

Can you keep it for me?

NORA

Actually I'm not too certain that's the greatest idea.

ROMAN

Why? Gonna be like me and steal it?

NORA

No, I don't steal. But what if, I'm no-, I'm not home and you want it?

ROMAN

Then I'll just wait outside.

NORA

What if it's a while?
(Fake coughs)

ROMAN

I'll wait a while then.

Nora, not wanting to clarify, moves on.

NORA

There's nowhere in your house or room maybe?

ROMAN

She'll find it. She still has the Mom vision.

NORA

What about-

ROMAN

Why can't I just keep it there?

NORA

You can't place all your eggs in one basket.

ROMAN
Olivia's giving me eggs?

NORA
It's a figure of speech.

ROMAN
Oh.

NORA
Gotta be somewhere your Mah
wouldn't find it?

ROMAN
Riley's old room... It's where I
sleep sometimes.

NORA
When it's bad?

ROMAN
Did your dad yell at you?

NORA
All parents holler at some point.

ROMAN
No matter what you do?

NORA
Well, no. They yell for a reason,
their reason.

ROMAN
You don't yell.

NORA
I'm not a parent.

ROMAN
You haven't yelled at me.

This keeps Nora speechless.

ROMAN (CONT'D)
Can I stay the night at your house?

NORA
Uhh.

ROMAN
Just one night.

NORA

I don't know about tha-

Nora runs out of excuses, considering taking him up on the offer.

NORA (CONT'D)

F-

ROMAN

Then I can live there and forget I ever had a mom.

Nora sighs.

ROMAN (CONT'D)

What?

NORA

You shouldn't say things like that.

ROMAN

Why? It's true.

NORA

Even if it is, you shouldn't.

ROMAN

(Perplexed)

... That's bullshit.

NORA

Don't say that either.

ROMAN

It is though.

NORA

I said no cussing.

ROMAN

That's what chu' care about?

NORA

No... No, it's just you shouldn't cuss.

ROMAN

Well, that's fuckin' dumb.

Roman stops walking which stops Nora.

ROMAN (CONT'D)
If adults know everything why do
they keep leaving me?

ROMAN (CONT'D)
Dad left... Riley left... Mah...

Roman curls his shoulders down and sobs down his shirt.

Nora steps close to put her arm around but stops herself.

NORA
I...

Nora doesn't know what to say as Roman lowers his head
further down.

Crouching down to a knee, Nora hugs Roman tightly.

NORA (CONT'D)
(Muffled)
It's not all hate. I promise. It
isn't.

Nora withdraws back to see his eyes that stay down.

NORA (CONT'D)
Look at me... Some people just
think the world just beats down on
them. And how they handle it is...

She wipes a tear away on Roman's cheek with her thumb before
it meets a scab.

Getting our best glimpse at the scars down Nora's arm, they
run down the forearm in a single slice.

NORA (CONT'D)
Some keep it in until they can't
deal with it anymore. Some take it
out on the ones they know.

Nora sniffs and wipes her nose.

NORA (CONT'D)
It's not right. Because it hurts
the ones closest. But... we're just
human, flawed apes from the start.
Living in a grey puddle that
disguises itself as black and
white.

Roman fidgets his foot in place.

ROMAN

Apes?

NORA

Yeah, we all came from monkeys.
It's a whole big thing. Don't worry
about it. It's not black, it's not
white. It's grey. Everything in
life lives in a grey ugly puddle...
Do you get what I mean?

Roman shakes his head "No".

NORA (CONT'D)

What I am saying is nothing is ever
simple. There are reasons why
people do things. Whether you know
them or not depends on your
perspective and if you're willing
to learn and understand... And I
know that doesn't help you or make
things any easier for you. Even
though I'd like to believe that you
knowing that will help some odd
day... at some odd point.

ROMAN

... Like spiders?

NORA

Uhh, maybe? What do you mean?

ROMAN

They are nasty, but they do good by
eating worse bugs. Right?

Roman takes a big sniff from his nose.

NORA

... Yeah, but they're fucking ugly
so that doesn't count.

Nora pretends to use her fingers as fangs to bite Roman's
arm.

Roman laughs and tugs Nora back in for another hug.

NORA (CONT'D)

... Handing out hugs today aren't
you?

ROMAN

(Muffled)

Sorry.

NORA

It's okay... Thank you.

ROMAN

For?

NORA

Stopping by that day... And being a good detective.

They separate and Nora wipes her eyes.

ROMAN

It's what good detectives do...

NORA

It is... They also help me up.

Nora rests her hands on Roman's shoulder and attempts to stand.

NORA (CONT'D)

Not too quick. Or I won't have any teeth left.

ROMAN

I'll just give you my leftovers.

NORA

Again, eww dude.

ROMAN

I know.

Nora tenderly pushes herself up from one knee. Once she fully stands she smiles.

NORA

How 'bout that? Not a single dizzy.

They carry on their venture, this time closer to one another than ever before.

40

EXT. ROMAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

40

Nora and Roman stop at the bottom of the lawn.

Roman stares up at the house as he has time and time again.

NORA

... We could probably use the spyglass as part of the handshake?

ROMAN

Huh?

NORA

I don't know, I'm just trying to think, like the last night.

ROMAN

Are you sure I can't spend the night?

NORA

... I'll think about it. How about that?

ROMAN

So, no?

NORA

Maybe in the futur-

Roman, frustrated with the answer, paces away and heads around the side of the house.

Nora watches Roman travel and feels guilt build in her stomach before she pivots around and starts to head home.

The TV inside is barely heard playing as the house rests motionless.

(Beat)

More time passes until a sliver of Roman is seen walking back towards the sidewalk.

41 EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD (SIDEWALK) - NIGHT

41

Nora treads by herself but keeps tabs on the concrete below. Her hands dig into her pocket and stay there as she goes.

Something is evidently on her mind, contemplating back and forth as her fingers squeeze one another.

Short-lived tire squeals come from far behind her in the distance.

(Beat)

The faint sound of thunder rolls in over the ugly sky above.

A brisk breeze smacks Nora's skin and gives her goosebumps. She rubs the back of her arm as her feet try and avoid the cracks below.

The gradual build of a massive vehicle riles up and is heard getting closer. Just as Nora's eyes drift over the black truck speeds away down the road.

As the truck hightails past, way quicker than ever before, the it shifts gears which briefly dips the engine lower making a pair of items fall from the front. Clicking on the pavement as if tiny pebbles.

Upon high tailing it away, Nora doesn't take much note while her eyes go back down to the sidewalk below. She seems to be going back to her original thoughts as one foot mistakenly steps on a crack.

42 EXT. NORA'S HOUSE (DRIVEWAY) - NIGHT 42

Nora staggers her way back to her house and reaches the bottom of her driveway.

Before heading up, she stops and looks up at the house. Her breath starts to shallow out as her knees almost give in. Nora catches herself on her mailbox and struggles to catch a full grasp of air.

More thunder cascades in from far away.

After pushing herself to stand on her own, Nora drags herself up the driveway to the front door.

Upon her first steps up she glances left and sees something O.C. from where she just walked from. It doesn't seem clear what it is, nor important to her so she enters her home.

Giving one last look out her door, Nora closes the door-

Rain starts to fall in front of camera.

Distant sirens start to build momentum underneath the nearing storm.

The sirens approach, followed by red and blue lights that whip past Nora's house heading where she just came from.

As the downpour remains constant, the rest of the credits take place over the sound of rain. That is until a horrified shriek echos from somewhere down the street.

43 EXT. NORA'S HOUSE (FRONT PORCH) - DAWN 43

The doorbell rings, only this it is just once.

Before the doorbell rings again, the door opens to reveal Nora.

NORA

I don't mind the one ring-

Nora stops when she sees Olivia. Who holds a cheek full of tears.

NORA (CONT'D)

Wh... what?

Olivia struggles to find the right words to start with.

OLIVIA

I... Last... Last night...-

NORA

What?!

OLIVIA

He followed you home last night.

Nora's gut drops.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

And... and you know that truck that speeds?

NORA

No... no.

OLIVIA

Nora... Nora he tripped and fell into the str-

NORA

NOO-

44

EXT. FUNERAL HOME - MORNING

44

*

A tree bounces around in the chaotic wind takes over Nora's cries.

*

Below stands a frail Nora in dirty clothes. She glares ahead at the home, afraid to move with her hands clenched shut as people travel past her, dressed in black.

*

*

*

(Beat)

Nora takes on step forward but stops when she sees Jocelyn stagger the front door. Her drenched eyes stay ahead as she pushes past, not even noticing her.

*

*

*

Nora watches her leave before a coughing fit starts up which makes her hang her head low while covering her mouth. *

45 INT. FUNERAL HOME - CONTINUOUS 45 *

The room is filled with chairs that have guests scattered throughout. At the far end is an open casket that people walk past. *

Nora enters the room and dully treads forward. Everything seems foggy to her while she maneuvers her way up to the coffin, cutting a few people in line. *

After finally arriving, Romans body is a massive blur to Noras tear filled eyes. Her palm rests on the dark brown casket and leaves a blood streak underneath. This seems to be the lever to let loose the waterfall kept in her eyes which brings her knees to shake in their attempt to keep her up. *

A hand is rested upon Nora's back that makes her turn to see Olivia, who gives her a hug. She pulls her in tight, burying her head in Olivia's shoulder. But before too long Nora weakly coughs and pushes away to start towards the door. *

Olivia solemnly watches her leave until her arm is tugged upon by Zach who looks over his shoulder at Romans body. *

46 EXT. SIDEWALK - MORNING 46 *

Nora trudges down the sidewalk with heavy eyes that watch the pavement ahead of her. Eventually she glances up at her house that now owns a "Yard Sale" sign. *

She doesn't hold the look long before she takes a seat on the curb and takes shallow breathes that become more and more hollow with each attempt. *

A black car drives down the street and whisks by as the beginnings of a storm are heard off in the distance. *

THE END: