

The Best Kid Ever

By

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FADE IN:

Over a photograph of a tomboyish girl and cute boy, with name tags stuck to their chests like Price Is Right contestants, "Mick" on the toilet seat wetter and "P." on the Pig Tails, the kids smile with bright, twin red lunchboxes sitting on a wooden bench at the front of an elementary school while PHOEBE (13) speaks:

PHOEBE (V.O.)

I can't even count how many soccer games I played in without shin guards before I finally got kicked in the leg and started wearing them. Over thirty, I bet. And my mother had never had a major sunburn in her whole entire life till she and Pop went to the beach for their anniversary last year. And then there was Mick. Who went twelve years and five months without ever falling off his bike...Until one day he did...and was killed.

(beat)

And it's the one thing about him that I've tried to forget. I've tried hard. And I'm sorry, I just can't do that spit. This is my story about my little big head bro. I'm Phoebe. P. for short.

INT. HARTE HOME - MICK HARTE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

We take the POV from the ceiling as Phoebe, a youthful and athletic girl, tries to get some sleep on Mick's bed, but she can't help crying her eyes out. In a fetal position, she tosses. Turns.

The only light is from the moon shining in the window. It's a dark place. A somber room to see that would totally ruin your perfect day.

She holds her brother Mick's boyish blue pillow close to her chest.

She takes in the smell of it.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. SOCCER FIELD - DAY (2012)

A year earlier. MICK (12), a childish boy, and Phoebe play a game of soccer at the field. You can just smell the fresh cut grass and feel like you're walking on sunshine. Phoebe kicks the ball halfway down the field and she looks like a pro. Mick is playing goalie.

Phoebe gets close enough to the goal.

She JUKES left.

She JUKES right.

Mick tries his best to get in position to block the goal.

Phoebe spies that Mick is not guarding the left side. She kicks the ball fiercely.

Mick lunges to block the goal but he's unsuccessful. Phoebe makes the goal effortlessly.

 PHOEBE
Freakin' goal, little bro!

 MICK
Damn! You got me, sis.

BACK TO PRESENT.

INT. HARTE HOME - MICK HARTE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The pain is unbearable, but the thought of playing soccer with her brother that day brings a smile to Phoebe's face. She wipes away a solo tear.

She continues her much needed solo pity party. Sometimes you need those.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. HARTE HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT (2010)

Mick sits on the bed in his parent's bedroom with POP (36), his dad, and Phoebe. He's teasing Phoebe and his dad. Phoebe plays hackysack.

 MICK
Phoebe was a planned birth. I was a surprise. Na-Neh-Na-Neh-Na! Isn't that right, pop?

(CONTINUED)

POP
Oh, really?

MICK
Yes, really. Before I even existed
I could outsmart two chemistry
majors with birth control pills.

Pop laughs heartily. Almost rivaling Santa Claus.

PHOEBE
You're stupid as a rock, Mick.

MICK
That's nothin'. Just imagine the
amazing stunts I'll pull when I'm a
sneaky, rebellious teenager.

Mick rubs his hands together and snaps back his head back
the way mad scientists do in the movies.

He then does a creepy, mad scientist laugh.

MICK
Muuwhaaaahahahahaha...

Phoebe RUSHES over, pushes him down, and puts him in a
headlock. Mick WAILS.

MICK
Pop, tell her to stop!

POP
(laughing)
Nuh-uh-uh. Don't even LOOK at me.

BACK TO PRESENT.

INT. HARTE HOME - MICK HARTE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Phoebe BREAKS DOWN in tears again on Mick's bed. Hits it.
WHAP!

PHOEBE
Damn.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY (2011)

Mick and Phoebe walk in their subdivision and see wet cement on a sidewalk. It's a modest neighborhood. Not many big houses. The type where you don't have to lock your doors, also.

PHOEBE
Look. Wet cement!

MICK
Let's etch something into it.

Phoebe runs and grabs a stick on the ground. Hands it to Mick.

Mick grabs the improvised writing utensil and starts to write M-I-N-O-T-F-A-R-T-K-N-O-C-K-E-R-S on the wet cement. *
After it's done, they both look at their little work of art.

PHOEBE
Cool as hell.

MICK
I know, butt munch.

Smiling, they high-five each other. They run away before they're caught.

PHOEBE AND MICK
Let's get outta here!

BACK TO PRESENT.

INT. HARTE HOME - MICK HARTE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

From the ceiling POV we see Phoebe gently rock herself to sleep.

Tears flow down from her eyes evermore. She clutches that soft pillow tighter.

PHOEBE
I really...miss you, Mick.

INT. HARTE HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

SUPER: "ONE MONTH AGO"

Phoebe crosses into the kitchen and grabs a frosted flakes cereal box out of the pantry. She spies that there's a prize inside the box:

(CONTINUED)

A COOL PIRATES OF THE DARK WATER TATTOO

PHOEBE

Cool, just like Disneyland.

Phoebe grabs a bowl and spoon from the dishwasher to eat with and sits at the table in the middle of the kitchen. It's a comfortable kitchen. A middle class shindig. She sets down the bowl and spoon and goes to the sink to wash her hands. Next, she sits down and anxiously looks inside the box for the cool pirate tattoo before she even starts her breakfast.

Just then Mick enters the kitchen.

MICK

What's in there? What're you looking for? Lemme see?

Phoebe instantly closes the box. Turns her back to Mick and tucks the box tightly under her arm with a death grip.

PHOEBE

No! Get away! Get outta here!

All of a sudden there's silence. We see Phoebe hold the box against her chest and wonder where her obnoxious little brother is. She loosens her tight grip of the box and turns around in the chair to face the table. Whew, that was close. Then from underneath the table Mick intensely snatches the box from his sister's hands and runs to the other side of the kitchen.

PHOEBE

Hey! Give that back! I mean it, Mick! That tattoo is mine!

Mick's eyes widen as he grins a big toothy grin. He reaches into the box and pulls out the tattoo with no trouble at all. Lucky him.

MICK

Well, look at what we have here. It was right at the top. Thanks for making it easier for me, Phoeb.

PHOEBE

Come on, Mick! I want that tattoo! Hand it over!

MICK

Say "please".

(CONTINUED)

PHOEBE

Please, okay? Now let me have it!

Mick taps his chin and puts the cereal box down on a nearby counter.

MICK

Gee, I don't know, Phoeb. I hate to be picky, but your "please" wasn't all that polite, ma'am. Why don't you try it again. Only this time, say "Pretty please with sugar on top".

PHOEBE

Oh my God! Pretty please with sugar on top. Now give it!

Mick shakes his head.

MICK

Nope. Sorry, but it's still not working for me, big sister.

Mick laughs hard at the fact that he has the advantage over his older sister.

MICK

Maybe we should try something different this time. How 'bout this? Try...

(singing and doing a silly dance)

"Wee Willie Winkie went to town.
Upstairs, downstairs, in his
nightgown."

Suddenly, Phoebe hops on Mick and he falls to the ground. She tries to get the tattoo but Mick holds his hand away.

Finally, Phoebe gives up on trying to get the tattoo by picking Mick up by the shirt and swinging him around by the arm. She picks up the speed of swinging and then releases Mick into the cabinets. CRASH!

Phoebe goes to pick Mick up again to put him in a headlock, but then she sees Pop staring at her, fully clad in a blue dress shirt, heart print boxer shorts, and dress socks. Unceremoniously casual.

We see Pop fold his arms. CU on Pop's serious eyes.

Phoebe backs up.

(CONTINUED)

Pop takes a giant step toward Phoebe. He handles his children with the calmness of remembering what it was like to be a child himself.

POP
(calmly)
I heard you all the way in my
bedroom. Stop it.

Mick jumps up and runs toward his father.

MICK
Here, Pop! Quick! Take this! Phoebe
wanted this pirate tattoo for
herself, but I thought you might
want to wear it to the office today
and be like Johnny Depp.

We see Mick lick the tattoo and begin to slap the tattoo on his father's hairy arm. We see Phoebe have a disgusted look on her face. Mick continues to rub the tattoo on Pop's arm.

MICK
Boy, they sure don't make tattoos
like they did when you were a young
lad, do they, Pop?

Pop stands there unamused and JERKS his hand away from Mick. The tattoo hangs on Pop's arm, loosely.

POP
(pointing at Mick)
Stop the shenanigans!
(pointing at Phoebe)
Stop the shenanigans!

Pop pivots on his dress socked feet with heart print boxer shorts on and leaves kitchen. Phoebe call out to Pop.

PHOEBE
Can I please have it back? Please?

INT. HARTE HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

Pop stops outside his door.

POP
Get to school!

Pop arrives in his bedroom and SLAMS the door.

INT. HARTE HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

Phoebe immediately gets in Mick's face.

PHOEBE
This was all your fault!

MICK
(laughing)
Thar she blows!

We see Phoebe's face get red with frustration.

MICK
(still laughing)
You look like a candied apple when
you're mad.

Phoebe rushes over to Mick and shoves him into the refrigerator door. Mick is in a little pain from this.

PHOEBE
(in an angry whisper)
You dirty rat bastard.

Mick interrupts.

MICK
Okay, Phoebe! Gosh! Do you want Pop
to come out again?

Mick looks around anticipating Pop to come in and punish them.

MICK
I don't want to get in trouble,
again. Okay?
(scared)
You're cool, Phoebe. You're cool.

Mick puts up his hands, surrendering, and Phoebe let's go of him. Mick exits the kitchen. Phoebe stands in the kitchen proud, with her arms crossed, glad that she stood up to her brother, Mick.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Phoebe and ZOE SANDIEGO (13) walk with their bikes to school on the sidewalk. Zoe is a young girl with beautiful curly half done braids. Phoebe wears a simple pony tail.

(CONTINUED)

Phoebe's bike is hot pink and Zoe's is red. Phoebe is wearing a grey soccer hoodie and Zoe is adorned in a short green dress with biker shorts underneath.

ZOE

Did you see Letterman last night?

PHOEBE

No. I hadta go to sleep. What happened, Zoe?

ZOE

Janelle Monae was on the show last night. She's so unusual. I wish I could sing like her.

PHOEBE

Yeah, Janelle Monae's okay, but she's no Britney Spears.

ZOE

Janelle is better than Britney. Hands down.

Phoebe busts out laughing.

PHOEBE

You're crazy. Britney can dance circles around Janelle. Janelle just wiggles her little hips.

ZOE

Whatever! She makes me proud to be a pretty girl. I like how she's so individualistic. You know she's a Cover Girl and all? I want to make money just like her, P.

PHOEBE

I hope you do. Then you could go to a ivy league college and learn that Britney Spears totally demolishes Janelle Monae in anything she's ever thought about doing. Even taking a poop!

ZOE

Hahaha! You're silly.

PHOEBE

I mean it. Janelle would be totally constipated compared to Britney's diarrhea booty.

(CONTINUED)

Zoe cracks up. Phoebe laughs along.

We see Mick begins to ride his bike up to where Zoe and Phoebe are. He's wearing a bicycle helmet. Zoe waves at him.

Mick rides his bike past them and doesn't say a word. He has a grimace on his face. Zoe sees Mick and notices that he doesn't say anything to her.

ZOE

Hey, wasn't that Mick?

PHOEBE

Yeah, Mister Trouble.

ZOE

He always speaks. I thought he was crushing on me. *

PHOEBE

It's not you he's mad at. It's me. We just had a fight and I called him a bad name.

ZOE

What bad name?

PHOEBE

I don't want to say. It's horrible.

ZOE

You can't tell me?

PHOEBE

No, you'll probably think I'm a bad influence.

ZOE

I won't. I'm your best friend. You sure you can't tell me?

PHOEBE

Okay, okay, okay. It's the word Louis C.K. kept saying on SNL.

ZOE

(matter of factly)

A dirty rat bastard?

PHOEBE

Whoa! You guessed that fast.

(CONTINUED)

ZOE
That's all that he kept saying.

PHOEBE
Well, that's what I called his ass.

ZOE
Don't worry. He'll be over it by lunch.

PHOEBE
You think so?

ZOE
I know so.

PHOEBE
I hope so... I can't wait to watch HBO tonight.

Phoebe and Zoe continue walking and talking.

INT. BRIAR LANE MIDDLE SCHOOL - CAFETERIA - DAY

Phoebe and Zoe eat their lunch together at the table. The cafeteria is packed with 8th grade students. We see PRINCIPAL BERRYHILL, a woman in her late thirties, by the stage in the cafeteria speaking on a microphone.

MRS. BERRYHILL
All right, lunch time is over. Time to load up go to class.

Phoebe and Zoe get up from their table and cross to the trash cans. The rest of the students get up, also. Suddenly, Zoe sees Mick outside of the cafeteria on the left side looking as if he's waiting on someone.

ZOE
(pointing to the left
cafeteria exit)
Hey, look at Mick.

Phoebe looks over at Mick.

PHOEBE
So. What about him?

ZOE
Maybe you should go and apologize to him.

(CONTINUED)

PHOEBE

I don't know.

ZOE

You better know. You don't want to be feuding with your own brother, P.

PHOEBE

(reluctantly)

Okay... How's this? I'll just walk by him and if he talks to me then I'll respond back friendly.

ZOE

Cool. Just don't stay mad at his ass.

Phoebe and Zoe dump their trash in the bins and head to the left cafeteria exit.

Both Phoebe and Zoe stare straight ahead, however, anticipating Mick to speak to them. Once they get to the exit, Mick speaks.

MICK

Good. I thought I would catch you after lunch.

PHOEBE

(plainly)

Hey, Mick. What's up?

MICK

I need you to do my a favor, okay. I need you to ride my bike home from school. Dillon Rigby's mother is taking a bunch of us to his house so we can rehearse the announcement for Friday's basketball game. He's got an expensive microphone. Something like the pros use.

Mike offers his keys to Phoebe who is standing there listening. Phoebe refuses. Holds her hand up.

PHOEBE

Sorry. I've got soccer practice after school. Plus, I've got a ton of books to carry home tonight.

Mick looks at Zoe who is standing beside Phoebe.

(CONTINUED)

MICK

How about you, Zoe?

ZOE

Can't do it either, Mick.

(pinches his cheek)

You know I like you, but if I don't take my science project home this afternoon, Mr. Garcia's gonna drop me a whole grade.

Mick throws a miniature fit and rolls his eyes.

MICK

(whining)

Great. Now I have to get directions from one of my friends. It'll be too hard. I don't even know where the kid lives.

PHOEBE

Ah, no big deal.

(patting Mick on the back playfully)

You'll be fine.

Phoebe and Zoe start to walk to class down the hall, leaving Mick in the hallway alone.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Mick rides his bike in a nearby neighborhood on the sidewalk. He looks around.

We see his bicycle helmet hanging from his handlebar.

MICK

Come on, Dillon. Where do you live?

He continues riding down the sidewalk.

Catty-corner, down the road, a big Ford SUV is driving at a normal speed.

WE GO BACK TO Mick riding his bike and looking straight ahead. There's a BIG ROCK from a piece of loose concrete in front of him at the intersection that he just doesn't see.

Mick keeps riding, unaware of any danger.

WE GO BACK TO the big Ford SUV approaching the intersection with no Stop sign.

(CONTINUED)

Mick's tire unfortunately arrives at the rock at breakneck speed and his bike tilts over. Mike FLIES off his bike.

MICK
(screaming)
No!

The big Ford SUV rolls on past the intersection and Mick's head is about to meet it's hard bumper.

We see a white light FLASH on screen.

The white light turns into the flashing sirens of an ambulance roaring down the street going to the hospital.

EXT. SOCCER FIELD - DAY

The same ambulance is approaching the soccer field. We see Phoebe running sprints on the field. The ambulance speeds past.

We see Phoebe immediately stop and look at the ambulance. We see a CU of Phoebe's eyes as she follows the ambulance. She's almost hypnotized.

The sirens start to fade out and the ambulance gets further away.

EXT. BRIAR LANE MIDDLE SCHOOL - DAY

We see the exit doors of the school, closer to the soccer field, fly open with MRS. HILL (60), one of the school's secretaries, running as fast as she can out of the school.

Phoebe takes notice of Mrs. Hill busting out of the door.

Mrs. Hill runs to meet the female coach of Phoebe's team, COACH BRODIE (28). Once Mrs. Hill reaches Coach Brodie it looks as if there's something very important Mrs. Hill is saying. Her arms are going every which-a-way. In the midst of the conversation, Coach Brodie covers her mouth in awe. Next, she runs full speed to Phoebe who's still in a daze from hearing the ambulance sirens.

Coach Brodie reaches Phoebe.

COACH BRODIE
Hey, honey.

Phoebe's still in that daze. Coach Brodie shakes her.

(CONTINUED)

COACH BRODIE
Phoebe, snap out of it.

Phoebe shakes her head to wake up and looks at Coach Brodie.

PHOEBE
W-What is it?

COACH BRODIE
Honey, something's happened to
Mick.

Phoebe's head turns to the side, still a little in a daze.

PHOEBE
I know...I had a feeling.

INT. BRIAR LANE MIDDLE SCHOOL - FRONT OFFICE - DAY

Phoebe sits outside of the principal's office, motionless. Her face is expressionless. There's a paper cup of water in between her hands.

A NURSE comes by and soothes Phoebe's hair. Phoebe doesn't say anything.

NURSE
It'll be all right. God has you in
His arms.

Phoebe takes a sip of water, wanting to respond, but she can't.

NURSE
Do you want me to get you some more
water, sweetie?

Phoebe looks up at the nurse and shakes her head.

NURSE
All right. Let me know if you need
anything. Just ask for me or the
counselor, okay?

Phoebe nods her head. The nurse walks away.

MRS. GRACE, Zoe's mom (40), enters the school. She's a tall lady. Concern written on her face.

MRS. GRACE
(looking around)
Where's Phoebe? Where's Phoebe?

(CONTINUED)

PHOEBE
(raising her hand)
I'm right here, Mrs. Grace.

MRS. GRACE
Oh, poor baby. I'm here to pick you
up, okay? How are you.

Phoebe hunches her shoulders. Mrs. Grace tries to keep a strong face.

MRS. GRACE
Your dad and mom are busy with...
They're just busy.

Phoebe nods her head.

Mrs. Grace goes to the front desk and speaks to Mrs. Hill who is sitting behind the desk.

MRS. GRACE
How are you? I'm Mrs. Sandiego.
I'mma friend of the family. I'm
here to pick up Phoebe Harte.

MRS. HILL
Okay. Just sign her out right here
and you're all set.

Mrs. Hill points to a sign-in sheet on a clip-board on the desk.

Mrs. Hill signs her out and then looks at Phoebe...

MRS. GRACE
Okay, baby. It's time to go. Zoe is
in the car.

Phoebe stands up and begins to walk toward Mrs. Grace.

EXT. MRS. GRACE'S MINIVAN - DAY

Phoebe and Mrs. Grace walk toward her red minivan.

They finally arrive at the minivan. Mrs. Grace is at the driver's side door and Phoebe is at the back door.

Zoe sits inside on the backseat. From inside, she waves at Phoebe, looking sad. Phoebe waves back with no facial expression.

Mrs. Grace unlocks the doors and she steps inside her car.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. GRACE
(to Phoebe)
It's open, sweetie.

Phoebe opens the door and steps inside. She sits next to Zoe. Mrs. Grace steps out the car and closes Phoebe's door for her.

MRS. GRACE
God. Such a shame...

Phoebe hears Grace and a look of awe crosses her face. Phoebe still doesn't say anything.

ZOE
(to Phoebe)
Are you okay? I don't know what to say.

Phoebe shakes her hand and puts her head on the door window.

Grace steps back in the car and closes the door.

ZOE
Are you okay, Phoebe? Tell me something...

MRS. GRACE
(calm)
Zoe. Leave her alone. Let her rest.

Phoebe just shakes her head on the door window.

PHOEBE
I feel sick.

ZOE
Mom, she says she feels sick!
(to Phoebe overreacting)
Oh God! Please don't cry.
Everything is going to be okay. I swear it is. Mick is going to be fine no matter what.

Phoebe turns toward Zoe instantly.

PHOEBE
Stop it! Just stop it!

Zoe backs up.

Phoebe clasps her hands together, hunches forward, and begins to pray.

PHOEBE

Oh God. Please don't let Mick be hurt. Pretty please don't let Mick be hurt. I promise I'll be nice to him from now on. Forgive me for how I acted today.

We see Zoe's eyes begin to fill with tears.

MRS. GRACE

(calm)

Just leave her alone... Let her pray and leave her alone... Good God Almighty...

Grace starts the car and backs out.

INT. SANDIEGO HOME - NIGHT

Grace enters her home. Zoe and Phoebe follow her in.

MRS. GRACE

Let me check these messages. Maybe your father has a message for you, Phoebe.

PHOEBE

Maybe, ma'am.

Grace locks the door.

INT. SANDIEGO HOME - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Grace goes to the phone in her kitchen. Phoebe follows her anticipating something, anything that could be good news.

INT. SANDIEGO HOME - CONTINUOUS

Zoe calls out to Phoebe.

ZOE

If you need me, Phoebe, I'll be in my room.

INT. SANDIEGO HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Phoebe seems to be more energized after praying. She calls back out to Zoe.

PHOEBE
 Okay. I'll be there.
 (to Mrs. Grace)
 Could you check your messages now,
 Mrs. Grace? Please?

MRS. GRACE
 (understanding)
 All right. Maybe your dad has
 called or something. I hope your
 brother is fine.

Mrs. Grace begins to check her messages on her phone. She presses the speakerphone button to activate it.

VOICE MESSENGER (V.O.)
 You have one voice message.

MRS. GRACE
 Maybe, it's your father.

PHOEBE
 (forcing a smile)
 Maybe. Maybe!

Mrs. Grace presses the code to hear the message. The message starts. It's Pop.

POP (V.O.)
 (sounding out of touch)
 I'm sorry. This is Mr. Harte again.
 Unfortunately, I need you to keep
 Phoebe a little longer.

We see Phoebe's face turn from a smile to a frown. Pop continues.

CU on the phone as the voice message resumes.

POP (V.O.)
 We're still at the hospital;
 Phoebe's mom and I.
 (beat)
 We'll be there sometime at 7 PM.
 I'm sorry for the inconvenience.

The messages stops.

(CONTINUED)

VOICE MESSENGER (V.O.)
End of voice message.

We see Phoebe's worried face.

Mrs. Grace hangs up the phone.

PHOEBE
They're still at the hospital...

Phoebe gulps.

MRS. GRACE
Oh, baby. Go to the room with Zoe.
Everything will be okay. Keep
praying.

PHOEBE
Could you please take me to the
hospital, Mrs. Grace? I want to see
if Mick is okay.

MRS. GRACE
Your father will be here any
minute. Just wait.

PHOEBE
Damn.

Phoebe walks to Zoe's room that's not too far away.

We see Mrs. Grace just smile and begin to go to the
refrigerator to start cooking dinner.

INT. SANDIEGO HOME - ZOE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Phoebe is at the top of Zoe's bunk bed. Zoe is at the
bottom.

PHOEBE
What time is it Zoe?

ZOE
It's 6:55 at night.

PHOEBE
You mean I've been here for almost
two hours?

ZOE
Yeah.

(CONTINUED)

PHOEBE

I guess. I really hope Mick is okay. I wish I hadn't talked to him like I didn't care today.

ZOE

It's okay, Phoebe. You talked to him today nicely. Remember at lunch?

PHOEBE

Yeah, but I don't think it was enough.

ZOE

You're being too hard on yourself. It was enough. Trust me and trust God.

PHOEBE

Could you pray with me Zoe?

Zoe lays on the bed and dangles her hand from the side for Zoe to see.

ZOE

No problem.

PHOEBE

Hold my hand.

CU of Zoe grabbing Phoebe's hand.

Phoebe closes her eyes and begins to pray.

PHOEBE

Father, please don't let anything happen to Mick. He's so young and he has so much to live for. He's only a little kid

(beat)

like me. And Father, if you save Mick this one time I'll go to church more. I'll even bring my father and mother, too. We'll go every Sunday. I promise. In your holy name I pray. Amen.

Phoebe lets go of Zoe's hand.

PHOEBE

I'm done.

(CONTINUED)

ZOE

Are you hungry? My mother is usually done with dinner around this time.

PHOEBE

I'm not hungry. I just want Mick to be all right.

Phoebe lays down on the bed and puts her head on a pillow. There's a beat.

PHOEBE

Zoe?

ZOE

Yes, Phoebe?

PHOEBE

What if God...
(she gulps)
DOES take Mick away?

Zoe bites her bottom lip, holding back emotions.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. HARTE HOME - KITCHEN - DAY (2011)

Phoebe sits at the table eating an apple for breakfast. There's a Halloween jack-o-lantern and a basket of mixed fruit on the table.

Suddenly, Mick comes in the kitchen with bits and pieces of a fake beard taped around his chin and jaw. He looks depressed.

Phoebe sees him and bursts out laughing.

PHOEBE

Don't tell me you're still wearing your beard from Halloween to school.

MICK

Yeah. I accidentally super glued it on.

Phoebe spits out some of her apple and laughs harder.

(CONTINUED)

PHOEBE
You silly fifth grader. That's what
you get for going as Henry... Which
one was it again?

MICK
Henry the eighth.

PHOEBE
(singing)
I am Henry the eighth I am, Henry
the eighth I am, I am. Mickey tried
to be you and he lost his mind now
everyone in school's gonna kick his
behind.

Mick looks down, ashamed. Phoebe giggles.

PHOEBE
Heads up.

Mick looks up and Phoebe tosses him an apple. Mick catches
it with little effort.

MICK
Thanks.

PHOEBE
That's what big sisters are for. If
anyone tries to beat you up or talk
about ya, tell me. I'm the only one
that can talk about ya ass,
remember that.

We see Mick smile.

BACK TO PRESENT.

INT. SANDIEGO HOME - ZOE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Phoebe still lays on the pillow.

PHOEBE
My brother.

Then the doorbell RINGS.

PHOEBE
That's probably Pop.

Phoebe jumps from the top of the bed and races out of Zoe's
room.

(CONTINUED)

ZOE

Phoebe... Don't run in the house.

Phoebe ignores Zoe. She runs out of Zoe's room.

INT. SANDIEGO HOME - NIGHT

Once Phoebe is out of Zoe's room, she sees Pop come in. Pop is wearing a long black coat.

Mrs. Grace is holding back tears.

PHOEBE

Why...why is Mrs. Grace crying?
Pop? How's Mick? Is he okay, Pop?
Is he gonna be all right?

Pop doesn't say anything. Instead he just runs up to his daughter and hugs her tightly.

We see Phoebe try to push her father away, but his grip is too tight.

PHOEBE

Pop, you're scaring me.

Phoebe tries to push away a couple more times and finally Pop releases.

We see Pop turn his head away. He wipes tears away with his coat sleeve.

Phoebe just stares blankly at her father.

PHOEBE

Pop?!

Pop just puts his head down.

He shakes it. Looks back at Phoebe dead in her eyes.

POP

He's gone.

Pop then puts his head down and cries again.

Phoebe drops to her knees and hyperventilates. Pop tries to console her, but she pushes away once more. She catches her breath as she clenches her fists and hits the carpet. WAP!
WAP! WAP!

Pop turns his head away and cries.

EXT. HARTE HOME - NIGHT

Phoebe and Pop walk in their driveway hand in hand to their front door. Both of their faces are dry.

This is the first time we see their home. It's a one story residence with beautiful landscaping.

From behind, we see Phoebe let go of her dad's hand and then hold onto his waist with both arms like a little girl would. So tender. Pop rubs his daughter's back.

They arrive at the front door and Pop unlocks it.

INT. HARTE HOME - CONTINUOUS

Pop and Phoebe step in the door with Pop leading. Pop locks the door.

We see that the house is completely dark, except for a light shining from the master bedroom. Phoebe lets go of her dad's hand and holds her stomach.

PHOEBE

I feel sick.

Phoebe then runs to all of the light switches and turns them on.

INT. HARTE HOME - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Phoebe runs into the kitchen and turns all of the lights on in there as well.

Pop meets Phoebe in the kitchen.

POP

(tired)

Baby, what are you doin' turning on all of these lights?

PHOEBE

I don't like the darkness right now.

Pop stands there. His arms are hanging limp at his sides. He doesn't know how to reply.

Phoebe watches her helpless dad as he starts to sit down in a nearby chair.

(CONTINUED)

POP
(tired)
God help us. I can't believe Mick
was hit on Holcomb Street. Nothing
ever happens there.

Pop stands back up.

POP
I should go check on your mother in
the bedroom.

Phoebe nods.

Pop leaves the kitchen and walks down the hall. Phoebe
watches him to make sure he's alright.

INT. HARTE HOME - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Pop walks down the hallway like a man twice his age. When he
gets across from Mick's bedroom, he stops. He runs his hands
through his hair. Then he reaches out to Mick's doorknob and
closes the door.

Phoebe shouts out:

PHOEBE
(shouting)
No! Don't do that! I don't want you
to do that!

We see Pop pull his hand away in awe of in daughter's
shouting.

Phoebe runs to where her father is.

PHOEBE
Please, Pop. Please.

Phoebe immediately opens the door wide open.

PHOEBE
Please.

POV POP: Pop looks into his only son's room. He sees
pictures of Mick and his pet dog, Wocket, on the dresser
mirror.

INT. HARTE HOME - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Then, Pop breaks down and kneels right where he stands. He sobs right into his hands.

POP
 Why wasn't he wearing his helmet?
 He was too young!

All Phoebe can do is stand there and stare.

Pop continues to sob and then he sees Phoebe looking down at him. He gathers himself up as best as he can and jogs to his room, still crying.

He gets into the master bedroom and closes the door behind him.

Phoebe is left standing there alone. She swallows hard.

POV PHOEBE: Phoebe looks into Mick's room. She sees the picture of Mick and Wocket on the dresser mirror.

CU of Phoebe's face as she tries to hold back tears.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. VETERINARY CLINIC - DAY (2011)

MOM (35), Phoebe, Mick, and Pop sit next to each other in the waiting room, respectively, of a veterinary clinic. Mick has a leash in his hands. This is the first time we see Mom, the mother of Phoebe and Mick. She has blonde hair that hangs to the side of her cute round face.

A VETERINARIAN (40) comes out and kneels in front of Mick.

VETERINARIAN
 (to the family)
 I'm sorry, but Wocket has bone cancer. She's in a considerable amount of pain. I'm sorry, but she must be put down.

MICK
 Oh, no!

Mick hides his face in his hands. Phoebe tries to comfort her brother.

(CONTINUED)

PHOEBE

It's okay, Mick. She'll go on to a better place.

MICK

I don't want her to go on to a better place. I want her to stay with me.

POP

(to Mick)

Buck up, old chum. We'll get you another new dog.

MICK

I don't wanna new dog. I want Wocket. I can't believe this. I just can't believe this.

VETERINARIAN

(to Mick)

I'll leave you alone right now. I can see that you are in pain. If you want to be present when we put her down, you can. It's your decision, kiddo.

Mick nods his head. The veterinarian exits.

PHOEBE

So what do you want to do, Mick?

MICK

(sad)

I don't know.

MOM

(to Phoebe)

This is the first time Mick's ever lost a real friend. Let me take a stab at it.

Mom gets out of her seat and kneels in front of Mick. She touches his face.

MOM

(to Mick)

Chipmunk, it's just like this... We all have to leave this Earth sooner or later. Some of us leave sooner than others.

(CONTINUED)

MICK

Even dogs?

MOM

Even cute "wittle" dogs. The thing we must remember is that the departed is never really gone if we keep them in our hearts.

MICK

In our hearts?

MOM

In our hearts, my chipmunk.

Mick smiles a big smile.

MICK

Okay, I want to be with Wocket when she dies.

MOM

Good choice, son.

Mick gets up, puts the leash in his pocket, and goes to talk to the RECEPTIONIST.

PHOEBE

Nice going, Mom.

MOM

I'm a pro.

Mick talks to the receptionist.

MICK

I'm the owner of Wocket.

RECEPTIONIST

Okay. The vet told me about you. Would you like to be with your friend?

MICK

Yes, I would.

RECEPTIONIST

Okay.

(pointing to the
veterinarian's door)

Just walk through there and the vet will be with you shortly.

(CONTINUED)

MICK
Okey-dokey.

Mick walks to the door and opens it. He looks back at Mom.

MICK
In our hearts, right?

CU we see Mom tap her heart twice with her hand. Mick nods.

MICK
Cool.

Mick gives the sign of the horns and sticks out his tongue.

BACK TO PRESENT.

INT. HARTE HOME - MICK HARTE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

WE GO BACK TO Phoebe looking at the picture in Mick's room. She wipes a single tear from her eye. She takes the picture and holds it close to her heart.

PHOEBE
You're in my heart, too, Mick.

Phoebe puts the picture in her hoodie's front pocket.

She turns around and exits the dark room.

INT. HARTE HOME - PHOEBE HARTE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Phoebe sleeps in her bed.

We PAN across her body as she has no sheets covering her and she's in the same clothes from the day Mick died, a grey soccer hoodie a jeans. He hair is all over the place on her head.

An alarm clock radio BUZZES. It's 7:00 AM. A radio personality comes over her clock radio.

RADIO PERSONALITY (V.O.)
This is WDRV 92.1! Wake up, wake up, wake up. It's 7 AM Saturday morning! Oh, excuse me. It is the weekend, so stay in the bed if you don't have a job to get to, party people.

(CONTINUED)

Phoebe immediately wakes. Stretches. She gets out of bed, runs to the alarm clock, and unplugs it before the radio personality says another word.

She tiredly gets back into bed, grabs Mick's picture from her hoodie pocket, holds it in her arms, and tries to go back to sleep.

POP (O.S.)

Phoebe...

Phoebe eyes open wide.

POP (O.S.)

Phoebe, it's your grandmother calling...

Phoebe rolls over on the other side.

PHOEBE

Tell her I'm sleeping. I'm grieving ya know.

POP (O.S.)

Phoebe this is important. You get up right now and I mean it...

Phoebe gets up from trying to sleep and sits on her bed.

PHOEBE

Damn.

Phoebe goes to the mirror, grabs a comb, and begins to comb her hair.

PHOEBE

Tell her I'll be there in a minute.

INT. HARTE HOME - HALLWAY - DAY

Phoebe emerges from her room. She overhears her father talking with her grandmother on the phone.

POP (O.S.)

We're getting through... Yeah, arrangements will be made by the end of the week... Yeah, we'll be sure to keep our heads high...

INT. HARTE HOME - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Phoebe walks into the kitchen and sees her father standing up, talking on the phone that's on the wall. He has a coffee mug in one hand.

Pop notices her. He looks as if he's been crying. His face is blood red.

POP
(to the phone)
Okay, Phoebe's up now. I'll let you
speak with her.

Pop hands the phone to Phoebe. She walks over and takes it. Puts it to her ear.

PHOEBE
Hi, Nana.

We intercut with NANA (70), a cozy looking plump woman, as she sits on a rocking chair with a quilt on her lap. The phone is in her left hand.

NANA
Oh, baby. How are you holding up?

PHOEBE
Not too, good. I did just loose a
brother.

Phoebe leans against the wall.

NANA
Well, baby. It is all part of God's
plan. You just count your blessings
and be thankful you're still
walking this Earth.

PHOEBE
Okay...

NANA
Phoebe, did you get enough sleep? I
think I remember your father saying
you got in late last night.

Phoebe straightens up.

PHOEBE
(with an attitude)
I did.

(CONTINUED)

NANA (V.O.)

Well, you sound really crabby.
Maybe you should get some more
sleep. I'll call you later when you
feel better.

PHOEBE

Okay...

NANA

Could you put your father back on
the phone, baby?

PHOEBE

Okay.

NANA

Thank you, sweetie. I'll be in
touch.

Nana grimaces with disgust. How rude?

Phoebe takes the phone from her ear and shouts out to her
father.

PHOEBE

Pop! Nana wants you again!

Nana grabs her sensitive ears.

Pop rushes into the kitchen and takes the phone from Phoebe.

POP

Thanks, sport.

PHOEBE

Yeah... No problem.

Phoebe is about to walk out of the kitchen when her father
calls out to her.

POP

Hey, Phoebe.
(to the phone)
Hold on, mom.

Phoebe turns around.

POP

I know you haven't eaten breakfast
yet. Would you like some cereal?
There's some on the table.

(CONTINUED)

Phoebe looks at the table and sees that it's the very same box of frosted flakes that she and her brother were arguing about.

We look back at Phoebe.

PHOEBE

No. I'm not hungry; no appetite.

POP

Okay. Well don't go all day without eating...

PHOEBE

Okay, Pop...

Pop sips his coffee.

POP

Hey! I'm gonna go walk and pick up your bike from school later on. You wanna get out with me and take a load off? Ride bikes? It'll be good for us...

Did he just say ride bikes?

Phoebe makes a loud sigh. Walks away. Pop looks on in concern.

INT. HARTE HOME - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Phoebe walks down the hall. She touches Mick's door as she passes it and walks into her room.

FADE TO:

INT. HARTE HOME - PHOEBE HARTE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Phoebe sleeps in the middle of her bedroom floor.

The doorbell RINGS. Phoebe turns over. The doorbell RINGS again. Phoebe wakes up.

PHOEBE

Pop! Could you get that?

The doorbell RINGS two more times.

Phoebe gets up in a terrible fit.

(CONTINUED)

PHOEBE
 (to herself)
 Can I grieve in freakin' peace?
 Bloody hell! God, I can't take this
 insanity!

INT. HARTE HOME - HALLWAY - DAY

Phoebe MARCHES down the hallway calling out to her father and mother.

PHOEBE
 Mom? Pop? Someone's at the door.
 Mom? Pop?

There's still no answer from her parents.

PHOEBE
 Dammit!

INT. HARTE HOME - CONTINUOUS

Phoebe MARCHES to the doorway.

PHOEBE
 (to the door)
 I'm coming!

MRS. SCHUMACHER (68) calls back from outside.

MRS. SCHUMACHER (O.S.)
 Alright, dear.

Phoebe opens the door and we see an old woman with the grace of Meryl Streep, only not so charismatic. She holds a green Jell-O mold in the shape of a heart between her hands.

MRS. SCHUMACHER
 Hello, dear. You must be the deceased-
 Oh, I mean the sister of Mick
 Harte.

What the- She looks Mrs. Schumacher up and down.

PHOEBE
 Yeah, that's me...

MRS. SCHUMACHER
 Well, I'm Mrs. Schumacher. I just
 thought I'd drop this off for you
 and your family to munch on this
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MRS. SCHUMACHER (cont'd)
Sunday morning. How are you holding
up?

PHOEBE
(wiping sleep from her eyes)
It's Sunday? I've been asleep all
this time?
(snapping out of her sleep)
I'm fine.

We see Phoebe look at the woman up and down.

PHOEBE
Do I...know yu?

MRS. SCHUMACHER
(straightening her red eye
glasses)
No, I don't think you do.

PHOEBE
Then why the hell are you here?

The old woman recoils.

MRS. SCHUMACHER
I brought you a jello mold. Don't
you want to take it inside?

PHOEBE
Not until you tell me who you are.

MRS. SCHUMACHER
I know your father from work. Is he
in right now?

PHOEBE
(right off the bat)
I can't find him.

MRS. SCHUMACHER
Well, I'll tell you what. Since
he's not in and you seem to have a
bit of an...at-ti-tude, I'll just
come back at another time.

PHOEBE
No sweat, sausage breath.

Phoebe SLAMS the door.

MRS. SCHUMACHER (O.S.)
Well, I never!

INT. HARTE HOME - HALLWAY - DAY

Pop appears in the hallway wearing wrinkled sweats and grey slipper socks. Who still wears grey slipper socks?

POP
Phoebe, who was that? I heard the door slam.

PHOEBE (O.S.)
Some old bat named Mrs. Shoe Maker. I slammed the door in her face. Where were you when I was calling you?

Pop sees Phoebe come back into the hallway.

POP
I was consoling your mother. I don't know a Mrs. Shoe Maker.
(tapping his chin, wondering)
Mrs. Shoe maker... Mrs. Shoemaker...

PHOEBE
She said she knew you from work.

POP
Mrs. Schumacher! My BOSS!

Pop runs to the door and opens it.

POP
Phoebe, are you delirious?

EXT. HARTE HOME - DAY

Pop runs out to Mrs. Schumacher's car that's backing out of their driveway.

POP
(to Mrs. Schumacher's car)
Stop! Stop! I'm here! I'm here! My daughter belongs in a crazy home! I'm here!

CUT TO:

PHOEBE
Mustard potatoe salad. Dismiss.

Phoebe looks at all of the dishes and then sees one marked with a "Post It" note from Mrs. Grace.

PHOEBE
I wonder what Mrs. Grace cooked.
Hopefully no potatoes.

Phoebe uncovers Mrs. Grace's dish and we see that it's lasagna with extra mozzarella cheese.

PHOEBE
Cool. Lasagna.

Phoebe puts a helping of lasagna on her plate.

She goes to the microwave and heats her food, BLIP, BLIP.

While waiting for her food, Phoebe stares at the potatoe salad.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. PRICKETT HOME - BACKYARD - DAY

MRS. PRICKETT (53) brings a carton of potato salad to the table. She's wearing a cap. It's one of those unimportant caps you see at a department store. Very flimsy like.

She bends down and makes space for the potato salad on the table beside the hot dogs and hamburgers.

Suddenly, a big fly lands on Mrs. Prickett's cap.

We see Mick ease up behind Mrs. Prickett. His eye is on the fly.

With one of his flip flops in his hand, he quickly SWATS at the fly on Mrs. Prickett's cap and kills it.

MICK
Gotcha!

MRS. PRICKETT
Oh, my God. What happened? What hit me?

MICK
It was a fly Mrs. Prickett. I've had my eye on it all day.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. PRICKETT

Mick, you've freakin' lost it!

Mrs. Prickett retreats and finds Mom sitting on a park bench. Phoebe sits near her mother. We see Mrs. Prickett telling Mom something and pointing at Mick very wildly. Mom looks outraged immediately. She turns to her son.

CU on Mom.

MOM

Mick, if you don't get your butt over here right now! I know you did not just hit Mrs. Prickett!

Mick just looks at his mom and shrugs his shoulders.

We see Phoebe chuckling beside her mother.

BACK TO PRESENT.

INT. HARTE HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Phoebe snaps out of her thought. The microwave beeps.

PHOEBE

(somber)

He finally killed that sucker, too.

Phoebe gets her food out of the microwave and goes straight to the trash can. She dumps the lasagna in and puts the fork in the sink. She RUNS to the bathroom holding her stomach.

INT. HARTE HOME - NIGHT

Phoebe reclines on the couch in the living room. She's tossing a soccer ball to herself.

PHOEBE

Monday, Monday, Monday. Can't believe I couldn't go to school today. Couldn't go to soccer practice, either. Grieving... really...freakin'...sucks.

She gets up and looks out the front window. It's a sunny day.

PHOEBE

I think it's supposed to rain later. Wish I could enjoy the day

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PHOEBE (cont'd)
while it is sunny...but it's
raining in my heart. Fudge.

Phoebe picks up a bean bag on the end table and plays hacks sack. She looks out the window and begins to cry. The bag DROPS to the floor, PACK. Phoebe just retreats to the couch again, balls up, and cries her heart out.

LATER -

The cordless phone RINGS nearby on an end table waking Phoebe. She uncurls herself and picks the phone up.

PHOEBE
(with an attitude only Phoebe
can muster)
Hello.

We intercut with Zoe in her room.

ZOE
Hey, Phoebe. It's me, Zoe.

Phoebe softens her voice.

PHOEBE
Hey, Zoe. I got your mom's lasagna.

ZOE
How was it? Did you like the
cheese?

PHOEBE
Didn't eat it. I haven't had an
appetite in two days. Even threw
up. Kinda need a mint or something
right now, too.

ZOE
Oh, Phoebe. I'm so sorry about
Mick. I've been so sad thinking
about him since the accident. He's
is in a better place, though.
Believe me.

PHOEBE
Why does everyone keep saying that?
His better place is with us; his
family.

(CONTINUED)

ZOE

Phoebe, I understand how you feel. I lost my grandfather two years ago. It made me feel so empty inside.

PHOEBE

Then you understand how I feel? How I don't understand how...God's plan...had anything to do with Mick's death?

ZOE

It is God's plan, Phoebe. I can't explain it, but it is.

Phoebe dismisses Zoe's comment.

PHOEBE

Whatever. Have I missed anything in school?

ZOE

Yeah, unfortunately you have. A lot of people in school are missing Mick, P. Mrs. Berryhill, you know...the principal, brought in a grief counselor to talk to the students.

PHOEBE

A grief counselor? That sounds depressing.

ZOE

Tell me about it, but the good thing is you wouldn't believe how many kids showed up to meet with him, Phoebe. So many came we had to move out of a regular classroom and into the cafeteria.

PHOEBE

(sarcastically)
Woopti-freakin'-doo.

ZOE

All I'm trying to tell you is that you're not alone. A lot of his friends are hurting, too. Richard Bowie, the guy Mick would sit with at lunch, had his hat pulled down so far you couldn't see his face.

(CONTINUED)

Phoebe sits on the couch. She rolls her eyes.

PHOEBE
(sarcastically)
You don't say.

Zoe paces in her room with the phone to her ear.

ZOE
Nobody could even say Mick's name
at first. That's how bad it was.
But the grief counsel- I mean the
counselor said that talking about
him and saying his name were two
ways we can sort of keep him with
us, ya know what I'm sayin'?

We see Phoebe swallow hard. She's tries not to cry.

ZOE
And so we did it, Phoebe. I mean
it. All of us. At the same time. We
all said 'Mick'. You should have
heard it. His name filled up that
whole cafeteria. And then we did it
again. Only this time it was even
louder. And the counselor said-

Phoebe interrupts.

PHOEBE
(lying)
I'm sorry, Zoe. My dad is calling
me.

Zoe stops in her tracks.

ZOE
Okay. Call me back, P.

Phoebe is anxious to hang up the phone.

PHOEBE
I will. Bye.

Phoebe hangs up the phone.

INT. HARTE HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Phoebe walks into the kitchen. Mom sits at the table drinking a cup of milk. She looks horrible.

Phoebe walks in front of her mother.

PHOEBE

Hey, mom.

Mom doesn't say a word.

Phoebe goes to the cupboard and gets a glass. She looks at her mother worried. Phoebe opens the refrigerator and pours some fruit juice into the glass. She puts the bottle back in the refrigerator and closes it.

PHOEBE

Mom, I've missed you. I haven't talked to you in a while. How have you been?

MOM

(coldly)

I've been sad, Phoebe. What do you expect?

PHOEBE

I understand. I've been sad, too. In fact I couldn't finish a conversation with Zoe just now because she kept talking 'bout how many peers missed him, kept saying his name, and how he's really not gone... I mean, dammit.

Mom just stares ahead.

Phoebe grabs a seat in front of her mother.

PHOEBE

Mom...I was sort of wondering...do you think he can hear us?

We see Mom shut her eyes tight.

MOM

Phoebe, please.

PHOEBE

Yeah, I know you're sad.

(beat)

but just think about it for a second? I mean, wouldn't that be so

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PHOEBE (cont'd)
cool? If he could hear us when we
talk? Because, see, I think about
him and...

Without delay, Mom gets up and storms out of the kitchen.

PHOEBE
Mom, where you going?

INT. HARTE HOME - CONTINUOUS

Mom runs into the living room and out to the back door.

Phoebe follows her out and stops at the back window. She looks as her mom cries for a while. Phoebe sees her mom take a seat on the lawn furniture.

PHOEBE
(near crying)
Mom? Why are you acting like this?

We see Phoebe's mother turn the chair around to have her back facing her daughter.

CU of Phoebe's face as it goes from sad to angry.

Phoebe RUNS to the back door and opens it wide. She starts to scream at her mother at the top of her lungs.

PHOEBE
This isn't only about you, mother!
I loved him, too! I miss him, too!
Damn! Everyone's hurting! You're
not the only one!

Mom turns around in her chair in awe.

Phoebe immediately SLAMS the back door and runs to the front door. She opens the door and darts out of the house.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Phoebe RUNS down the street.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Phoebe runs down another street. Her hair flows in the wind.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Phoebe runs down another street. She looks as if she's running track.

PHOEBE
 (to herself)
 Just one more block.

Phoebe begins to slow down as she nears a familiar corner. She looks at one street corner and a sign that reads "Holcomb" on it.

PHOEBE
 (trying not to cry and
 catching her breath)
 Dad said this was where Mick...
 Where Mick... Where Mick was last.

Phoebe stands alone in the middle of the intersection. She looks around. She sees flowers, teddy bears, and makeshift crosses near a stop sign.

Phoebe walks over to the crosses. She begins to cry.

Phoebe takes a seat on the curb near the flower. Puts her head in between her legs.

INT. HARTE HOME - PHOEBE HARTE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Phoebe sleeps in her bed. She's in her pajamas.

Suddenly, the alarm clock RINGS. The alarm clock reads 7:00 AM. Phoebe, immediately, is awoken.

A radio personality comes on the radio.

RADIO PERSONALITY (V.O.)
 It's your favorite station DRV
 92.1. Wakey, wakey, wakey. It's
 Tuesday morning. It's time to get
 your butt to work. Time's a wastin'
 and you have stuff to do-

Phoebe immediately gets up and presses the snooze button. Yawns. Smells her breath.

Makes a face.

INT. HARTE HOME - HALLWAY - DAY

Phoebe walks down the hallway. Mom is there with her head against the wall, facing it.

 PHOEBE
 Mom, you look like a zombie.

Mom turns her head at Phoebe. No expression.

 PHOEBE
 I'm sure Mick wouldn't want you to
 do that. You should be more
 relaxed.

Mom instantly cries and runs toward the kitchen.

 MOM
 Damn you, Phoebe. Damn you!

 PHOEBE
 Was it something I said?

Phoebe smirks and walks into the bathroom.

INT. HARTE HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Phoebe tosses her soccer ball to herself on the couch.
Bounces it on her head. She balances it on her foot, too.

The doorbell RINGS.

Phoebe rolls her eyes, lets the ball fall, and walks to the door.

 PHOEBE
 I'm coming.

Phoebe crosses to the doorway and opens the door. It's UPS.

 UPS WOMAN
 (holding her pad and a large
 box)
 Hey, I need you to sign for this.

Phoebe takes the pad.

 PHOEBE
 What ya got?

(CONTINUED)

UPS WOMAN

Looks like some flowers. Boxes like this, it's usually what it is. I can kinda tell a little.

Phoebe signs the pad.

PHOEBE

Sounds like you're being nosey a little.

The UPS woman recoils.

UPS WOMAN

No, not at all.

PHOEBE

No harm. No foul. I'm sure you're just riding around in your brown elephant doin' your minimum wage job.

UPS WOMAN

That's right. I have to go.

The UPS woman backs away. Slowly. Phoebe keeps walks right towards her.

PHOEBE

You know... Since you deliver flowers, you may want to hear a little story. My brother liked a particular type of flower, he's dead now.

(off the UPS Woman's weired out face)

You probably think it's weird for a boy to have a favorite flower, but my brother totally loved this one kind called Venus's-flytrap. Ever heard of it? It eats flies. Eats 'em ALIVE. Mick sort of had this thing about flies.

The UPS woman runs to her van, starts her engine, and DRIVES OFF with tires screeching and all. SCURRR!

PHOEBE shouts out:

PHOEBE

They vomit on your bread, you know... Was it something I said?!

LATER --

(CONTINUED)

Phoebe chats it up with a MAIL CARRIER at the curb with packages in her hand. He's Indian.

PHOEBE

You know my dead brother, Mick, put a rubber snake in our mailbox one time.

MAIL CARRIER

Oh, my goodness. That's vedy, vedy, bad.

PHOEBE

Tell me about it. I didn't think he would do it. We were always getting into some b.s. together anyway, so I didn't put it beside him, but he actually did it. I told him not to do it, but he did it anyway.

MAIL CARRIER

When didis occur?

PHOEBE

Oh, about three years ago. That doesn't matter, though.

MAIL CARRIER

I dink it does, lady.

PHOEBE

You don't wanna hear the rest of the story? I mean it was really funny.

(off the mail carrier's serious look)

You should've been there. The guy carrying our letters screamed the "s" word and threw our mail all over the sidewalk.

He shakes his head.

MAIL CARRIER

You veddy, veddy bad. You shouldn't use profanity.

PHOEBE

(matter of factly)

So sue me. My brother is dead.

(CONTINUED)

MAIL CARRIER
(wagging his finger)
Dijukno that snake parody was a
federal offense?

There's a beat.

PHOEBE
No...I didn't.

MAIL CARRIER
Well, idis. What is your name?

PHOEBE
(looking him up and down)
Phoebe Harte and don't you forget
it.

MAIL CARRIER
Okay, Ms. Harte. You give another
postal worker a problem, you get a
ticket. Make no mistake about it.
You gotit?

PHOEBE
Sure...
(wagging her finger at the
mail carrier and imitating
him)
You know, you should like these
parodies.
(back to normal and laughing
at him)
You people take your jobs way too
seriously.

The mail carries GRUNTS and drives away. Phoebe shouts back:

PHOEBE
Was it something I said?!?!

She smirks.

In the b.g. we see Mom standing there on the porch in her
pajamas with tears streaming down her face.

MOM
Phoebe, what is wrong with you?!

Phoebe turns around. Sees her mother.

(CONTINUED)

PHOEBE
Nothing, why?

Mom can't take her nature. Turns her head away.

 MOM
Why...are you doing this?

 PHOEBE
Doing what? What the hell am I
doing?

Mom nods her head, reluctantly. Returns in the house. Phoebe is alone.

 PHOEBE
God...

Phoebe walks into the house.

INT. HARTE HOME - PHOEBE HARTE'S ROOM - DAY

Phoebe arrives in her domicile and sits on her comfortable bed. For several beats she puts her head in her hands and looks out the window. The sun is shining bright.

Then she cries. She balls up in the fetal position on her bed and cries.

Phoebe looks out the window and the sun is still shining.

 PHOEBE
God help me.

The sun continues to shine. Nothing happens, but the sun shining.

 PHOEBE
God, please help me!

The sun goes on shining.

 PHOEBE
Jesus, anything, come down and
bring my brother back!

The sun continues to shine. Phoebe breaks down.

 PHOEBE
God, what have you done if you're
even there? I hate this.
(pounding on the bed)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PHOEBE (cont'd)
I hate this. I hate this. I hate
this.

There's a KNOCK on the door.

POP (O.S.)
Phoebe, who are you talking to?
Where did you put the mail?

PHOEBE
Go away. Go look for it. I'm fine!

POP (O.S.)
Phoebe, just tell me where you put
the mail. People are sending cards
about Mick.

PHOEBE
Just leave me alone. I'm fine.

POP (O.S.)
You don't sound fine. Your mother
told me you gave the mail man a
hard time just now. She says you're
disrespectful. Tell me what's wrong
right now.

Phoebe rises and goes to the door. Opens it.

PHOEBE
I'm fine. Leave me alone. Got it?
Go away!

Phoebe slams the door in her father's face.

POP (O.S.)
Phoebe, we're gonna talk about this
whether you like it or not, young
lady. Me and your mom love you.
You're our little girl. Don't
let...Mick's death...turn you
against us. Listen... It's no one's
fault. We love you.

Phoebe looks at the door. Almost opens it, but grabs her
cell phone instead.

EXT. PHOEBE HARTE'S ROOM - DAY

Pop knocks on the door.

POP
Phoebe, are you listening?

PHOEBE (O.S.)
I'm gonna call Zoe. I just need to
be alone. Okay?

Pop waits for several beats.

POP
Okay... I'm here for you. Don't
forget that, P.

He touches his daughter's door. Balls his hand into a fist
in frustration.

POP
God...please hear her prayers, cuz
I don't have the patience now.

He walks away.

INT. HARTE HOME - PHOEBE HARTE'S ROOM - DAY

Phoebe puts the phone on her dresser. Crosses to the door.
Peeks out of it. No one in sight. Phoebe creeps out into
the...

HALLWAY

And makes a RUN for it out the door.

POP
Where on earth are you going?

EXT. HARTE HOME - DAY

Phoebe yells back while RUNNING full speed.

PHOEBE
Out...I need to clear my head. I'm
coming back.

INT. HARTE HOME - DAY

Pop shakes his head.

POP
Teenage girls...

EXT. STREET - DAY

Phoebe arrives in front of Zoe's house. Wipes sweat off her brow. Jogs to the door.

KNOCKS on it. Phoebe looks around for her dad.

ZOE (O.S.)
Who is it?

PHOEBE
It's me.

ZOE (O.S.)
Phoebe? Okay, wait a sec.

We wait for a beat.

Zoe opens the door with a novel in her hands. It's about Selena, the Latina pop star.

ZOE
Wassup?

PHOEBE
I really need somebody to talk to.

ZOE
No problem. Can you come back in an hour when I'm done reading?

PHOEBE
No, I need to talk right now.
I'm...I'm...I'm so confused.

ZOE
Confused about what, Phoebe?

PHOEBE
I don't know. Can you just put your freakin' book down about Janelle Monae or some riff raff and talk to your bff in a life or death crisis?

(CONTINUED)

ZOE
All unannounced and stuff...

PHOEBE
Please, Zoe?

ZOE
Okay, okay, okay. Since you're in a
life or death crisis... What's up,
P?

Phoebe smiles.

PHOEBE
It's just I miss him. I can't even
explain it.

ZOE
Come in.

Phoebe walks in the house.

PHOEBE
Okay... It like this...

Zoe listens and closes the door.

ESTABLISHING - HARTE HOME - DAY

Early morning at the Harte home.

INT. HARTE HOME - PHOEBE'S ROOM - DAY

Phoebe sleeps in her bed with the same clothes she had on
the day before.

CU on a dead alarm clock.

CU on the cord that's pull out of the socket.

Phoebe wakes up and stretches. She crosses to the...

HALLWAY

She walks somberly to the...

KITCHEN

She sees her mom drinking milk again. She's also in the same
clothes from the day before.

(CONTINUED)

Phoebe ignores her mom and opens the refrigerator. Grabs a cola. Closes the door. She turns around and Mom is staring dead at her.

MOM

You..you have to lighten up on me.

She puts her head down.

PHOEBE

Huh?

MOM

You have to take it easy, Phoebe. This is hard enough for me as it is.

PHOEBE

I don't know what you mean?

MOM

Phoebe, stop! You've been a complete basketcase lately and I've had enough. It's bad that you already have a temper, but now you have to get it together. I mean that.

PHOEBE

Mom...I just miss him, okay. It's hard enough losing a brother and...

MOM

You don't think it's hard for me? He is my son. God, Phoebe... You don't ever expect to bury your own child. You just don't. I'm sure this is harder on me than it is on you.

PHOEBE

How do you figure that? Mom, we did everything together. Played soccer, went to school, got in trouble. He was my only sibling. I can't take how selfish you are.

MOM

Phoebe, I am an adult!

PHOEBE

So what?

MOM

Phoebe, you're so damn hubristic!

PHOEBE

Hu-what?

MOM

You're such a smart Alec I thought you would know.

PHOEBE

Well, I don't.

MOM

Good, then get this into your head...

(walking up to her)

That's why you're the child and I'm the adult.

PHOEBE

Then read a hint like one and realize that I can't take this.

Phoebe breaks down crying.

Mom recoils.

PHOEBE

You have no idea what I'm going through.

Mom rises and crosses to Phoebe. Hugs her. Phoebe pushes away.

PHOEBE

Don't. I don't need your sympathy.

MOM

What's on your mind, Phoebe? You can tell me.

*

PHOEBE

I don't know where Mick is, okay. I'm having a hard time believing in anything and I don't know how to feel. It's like I'm lost in the woods. I've never felt this way before. I can't handle it.

MOM

Me neither.

(CONTINUED)

PHOEBE

What?

MOM

Me neither.

PHOEBE

What are you saying?

MOM

I'm all out of faith, too.

PHOEBE

Well, what can we do?

MOM

Funny... For the first time "Momma knows best" doesn't work in this setting.

Phoebe looks at Mom. Almost sorrowful.

PHOEBE

You're...you're just like me...

Mom wipes her face.

MOM

Enough... Mick's interment is at 4:30 and I have to put on my face and do my hair. I look like God-be-damned. We plan to leave with or without you so it's best you be ready when we leave. Am I making myself clear?

PHOEBE

Crystal clear.

MOM

Good.

(brushes herself off)

Be ready or we're going without you.

Mom exits with her glass of milk. Phoebe is left standing alone.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

A MINISTER (38) actively preaches from the Bible. We hear him faintly.

Mom, Phoebe, and Pop sit in a row of chairs, respectively, in front of a tall podium like structure.

A box-shaped marble URN sits on top of it. The minister prays. All heads are bowed. They are among a sea of grass and tombstones.

The minister stops praying and Mom and Pop raise their head up. Phoebe's head is still down. Pop looks over to Phoebe.

POP
We've stopped praying.

PHOEBE
Yeah, and...

CU on Phoebe as her head steadily rises to reveal a red, puffy, tear-soaked face.

PHOEBE
I just can't bear to see him like this.

Pop puts an arm around Phoebe. Phoebe stares straight ahead at the urn that is right smack dab in front of her.

INT. HARTE HOME - NIGHT

Phoebe lays in her bed. She stares outside. She gets out of bed. Approaches the window. Stares at the moon.

PHOEBE
God, if you're there...bring my brother back.

The moon is still.

Phoebe puts her head down for a beat. Looks back at the moon.

PHOEBE
God, if you're there...just let me know if my brother is safe.

The moon sits. Glowing. Shining.

Phoebe walks solemnly to her bed. She stares at her phone. The phone stares back at her. Phoebe swallows hard.

She dials a number.

INT. SANDIEGO HOME - ZOE'S ROOM - NIGHT

On the first ring, Zoe gets up out of bed and picks up.

ZOE

Wassup?

We intercut with Phoebe in her room.

She doesn't say anything.

ZOE

Phoebe, is that you? Phoebe?

PHOEBE

(silently)

Yeah.

Zoe folds her arms with the phone at her ear.

ZOE

You okay, girl?

*

PHOEBE (V.O.)

No.

ZOE

I'll be right over, girl.

ESTABLISHING - HARTE HOME - NIGHT

We see that the living room light is dimly lit.

INT. HARTE HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Phoebe and Zoe are wrapped in covers on the couch with a bowl of popcorn in front of them.

Phoebe has a mouthful.

PHOEBE

It only took about ten minutes. It was just a few prayers at the grave. And there were only four of us there. Just my parents and the minister.

(CONTINUED)

ZOE
Sounds really quiet.

PHOEBE
I know. It was so unlike Mick.
Creepy as hell... I just can't
believe our last morning together
was an argument.

ZOE
Mick's death was not your fault.
You cannot blame yourself.

PHOEBE
But, I can't help it. I feel so
bad.

ZOE
Just remember the good times. Mick
was such a character, I'm sure you
have a lot of memories.

PHOEBE
Yeah...you're right.

Zoe smiles.

PHOEBE
And, well, ya know... The urn was
there, too. It was box-shaped. It
was ceramic. Small, though. Like
about the size of a shoe box. Which
is why it wasn't as sad as a
regular funeral, cuz it was almost
like he wasn't even there. Like
there wasn't a trace of him left,
hardly.

(beat)
Only see, that's what starting to
get to me. I mean where is he, Zoe?
Right now? Right at this very
minute?

Zoe looks confused.

ZOE
He's in heaven. We talked all about
that yesterday, remember?

PHOEBE
Yeah, but what does that even mean?
Heaven? Because I need to be able
to put him somewhere in my head. I

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PHOEBE (cont'd)
need to be able to close my eyes
and picture him. I want to know
he's okay. Just saying the word
heaven doesn't help that much, Zoe.
I mean, what is heaven, exactly?
What do they even do there? Where
is it?

ZOE
I don't know. I guess I always just
figured it was somewhere up... Like
in the clouds or something. I don't
question things like that.

PHOEBE
That's what you actually think,
Zoe? You actually think that after
you die, you float up into the
clouds? And do what? Adorn a
spotless white gown and play the
harp?

ZOE
Hey, don't make fun of me. It's
just that I've never thought much
about heaven's specific location,
okay? And anyway, the important
thing is that heaven is where God
is.

PHOEBE
Yes, but that still doesn't tell me
anything, Zoe. I mean what does it
look like there? And what in the
world do you do all day?

ZOE
You just walk around heaven all
day. You do God stuff.

Phoebe's mouth drops wide open. She begins to talk again.

PHOEBE
(confused)
God stuff? What in the heck is God
stuff? You mean like right now you
think Mick is reading Bible
stories, and going around saying
"Peace my brother, peace this, and
peace that" and stuff? Because
that's a little hard to believe
seeing that he got suspended from

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PHOEBE (cont'd)
choir practice last year for
dancing on the piano.

ZOE
(insulted)
Hey, I've got an idea. Why don't
you tell me what you want me to
say, and I'll say it? That way, you
won't have to keep mocking me.

Phoebe flops back on the end of the couch, angry. Zoe then
does the same thing, even angrier.

LATER --

Phoebe and Zoe are still at opposite ends of the couch. They
are still angry at each other.

Phoebe cuts her eyes at Zoe. Zoe looks away, not caring.

Phoebe looks at Zoe again, remorseful. Zoe looks away.

PHOEBE
I'm sorry, okay. I didn't mean to
make fun of you. It's just
that...Everyone seems to have all
these answers. Only none of them
make any sense.

ZOE
I guess I understand.

Phoebe continues to spill her guts.

PHOEBE
Like my nana from Florida keeps
saying that this is all part of
God's plan for Mick. And we're not
allowed to question the plan or
maybe think the plan has failed. We
just have to accept it. Period. And
my other grandmother says that God
must have needed Mick more than we
did. Only what kind of God is that
to just snatch somebody away from
the people who love him?

Phoebe pauses and looks away trying to hold back tears.

ZOE
Go on, Phoebe.

Phoebe looks at Zoe in the eyes.

(CONTINUED)

PHOEBE

Not to mention the fact that it's a little hard to believe that the most powerful being in the entire universe needs a seventh-grader who will throw a fit if he oversleeps and misses his favorite Saturday morning cartoon.

ZOE

(frowning)

Maybe your grandmothers were wrong. Maybe Mick's accident wasn't planned at all. Maybe it was a real, honest-to-goodness accident, and God is just as sad about it as everyone else. What about that?

PHOEBE

Yeah. Well, that's sort of what I've been thinking, too. Only that would, unfortunately, mean that God has no control. Then he can't be all that powerful, right? Unless, of course, he makes it a rule not to interfere in our lives or something.

(tired)

Or who knows, Zoe? I'm tired of thinking. Maybe there is no God at all. Only I really don't even want to consider that option right now. I really don't. I'm trying my hardest not to.

ZOE

You have to have faith, Phoebe. I learned in Sunday school that all you need is a faith as big as a mustard seed. That's not big at all, but it's enough. That's just simply saying, "I believe in God". That's basically it, P.

Zoe rubs Phoebe's shoulder.

PHOEBE

Well, I have that.

ZOE

The point is, there's no way to know if Mick is busy, where he is, or if he is saying "Peace my

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ZOE (cont'd)
brother" and that crap. You just
have to believe that God is true.

PHOEBE
(trying to hold back tears)
Do you think Mick is scared in
heaven, Zoe? 'Cause I hate it when
I think about that, but the idea
keeps coming into my head and I
can't get it to stay away.

(beat)
I mean maybe he's just gone like
dust in the wind; like that song
says. Oh God, Zoe. I want so bad to
know that he's okay, but I keep
trying to picture him somewhere
safe and I can't.

Zoe scoots over to Phoebe and holds her arms out. Phoebe
reaches over to Zoe and they embrace.

Phoebe starts to sob uncontrollably.

ZOE
(rubbing Phoebe's back)
Just put him any freakin' where,
girl.

Phoebe gets control of herself immediately. She lets go of
Zoe and looks at her in her eyes.

PHOEBE
What did you say?

ZOE
Just put Mick any freakin' where.

PHOEBE
That's...That's it.

Phoebe wipes her nose.

PHOEBE
Did your Sunday school teacher say
that?

ZOE
It just sort of came to me. But it
makes sense, Phoebe. Because if God
is everywhere the way we say he is,
and Mick is with God, then Mick
could be everywhere, too.

(CONTINUED)

Phoebe begins to smile.

ZOE
Think about it. Couldn't he?

Phoebe begins to chuckle. Leans back on the couch.

PHOEBE
That's feels right. Then Mick could
her me, Zoe.

ZOE
Yep.

PHOEBE
Then he could hear me say that I
miss him so much.

ZOE
Uh huh.

Zoe scoots over to Phoebe and puts her arm around her.
Phoebe lays her head on Zoe's shoulder.

ZOE
He hears you, Phoebe. He hears you
like God hears every word you pray.

We see Phoebe close her eyes. Zoe closes her eyes.

We slowly back away from them as they sleep. A tender
hearted moment.

INT. HARTE HOME - LIVING AREA - DAY

Pop walks into the room with a sweatshirt and sweatpants on.
He grabs the remote and turns the television on. He looks to
the side. Phoebe and Zoe are sleeping. Zoe's arm is still
around Phoebe and Phoebe's head is still on her shoulder. We
can almost feel Pop's heart warm up as he looks at them. He
crosses to Phoebe and rubs her shoulder.

POP
Phoebe, wake up.

Phoebe lifts her head.

POP
(whispering)
Try not to wake, Zoe.

(CONTINUED)

PHOEBE
I hope it was alright...if Zoe
stayed over.

POP
Sure, it was.
(beat)
What did you guys talk about?

PHOEBE
(sighing)
Everything.

POP
Everything and guys?

PHOEBE
No, just about Mick.

POP
What did you talk about?

PHOEBE
Death stuff.

POP
(laughing)
All right, sport. Do you need
anything?

PHOEBE
No, not right now.

POP
Great. I'll be in the room if you
need me.

PHOEBE
All right.

Pop turns to leave.

Phoebe calls out to him:

PHOEBE
Hey, Pop?

Pop turns around.

POP
Yeah, sport?

PHOEBE
What day is it?

POP
Thursday.

PHOEBE
Good, I think I'm ready for Mick's
funeral this weekend.

POP
Yeah, I think I am, too... Get some
rest.

Pop walks away.

Phoebe leans back against the couch. Eats some popcorn on
the coffee table. Leans back again. Looks at Zoe. Grabs a
nearby couch pillow. Hits her with it.

PHOEBE
Wake up, dork!

Zoe springs up. Looks around and sees her friend grinning.
Slaps Phoebe upside her head.

INT. HARTE HOME - BATHROOM - DAY

Phoebe crosses into the bathroom in her underwear. Picks at
her belly. She's considerably thin. She steps on the scale.

The numbers spin. It reads 98.

PHOEBE
Damn. Down a whole ass load. Losin'
weight. The good side of grief.

POP calls from outside:

POP (O.S.)
We leave at 9:30.

Phoebe steps off the scale and looks at the mirror.

PHOEBE
My brother's funeral. Never thought
I'd see the day. You're my baby
brother. Mick, I wonder what you'd
do if you were ever at my funeral.
Hmmm, I can imagine...

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. HARTE HOME - BATHROOM - DAY

In the same bathroom Mick stares at the mirror in a loose tank top.

MICK
Can't go to great-granny's funeral today. I didn't even know her. Man.

Mick looks around for something. Anything.

He sees a tube of half gone toothpaste.

MICK
Yeah...

INT. HARTE HOME - HALLWAY

Mick runs down the hallway.

MICK
Pop, Pop, Pop!

Pop pokes his head out his door.

POP
What is it, Mick?

MICK
Somethin' weird just happened I want you to see.

INT. HARTE HOME - BATHROOM - DAY

Mick pulls his father into the bathroom and points at the mirror.

We see "You Don't Have To Come To My Garsh Darn Funeral... Love, Great Granny" written in red and white toothpaste.

MICK
See Great-granny doesn't want me to come. She put the hillbilly hex on my mirror!

POP
Hillbilly HEX? Gosh, Mick, wipe that mess off and get ready right now.

(CONTINUED)

MICK

But, I don't want to. Don't you believe in the occult?

POP

(imitating choking Mick)

No, but I believe in the choke hold.

(laughing)

Get ready.

MICK

But I'm scared.

Pop kneals down to Mick.

POP

Son, grief is a part of life. It is unfortunate, that you're experiencing a little of that now being so young, but it gets better. Believe me.

Mick looks away.

POP

I know you can't take it. And that's okay. But...

(turning Mick's face to his his)

Being a growing, handsome, young man is about looking life's difficult moments squarely in the face and coming out a better man.

Mick smiles.

POP

You can do this.

MICK

All right.

POP

Good. Now go put on your suit Mr. Ladykiller.

Mick hugs his dad and hops out the bathroom.

EXT. NURSING HOME - DAY

Pop, Mick, Mom, and Phoebe walk together to the building, respectively. They have to drag Mick's scared butt.

INT. NURSING HOME - CHAPEL - DAY

The family arrives in the golden decorated nursing home.

We see down the isle as mainly elders in black and in white gowns sit with their I.V. poles. They COUGH and WHEEZ.

MICK

It sounds like a train station in here!

PHOEBE

Cut it out, Mick!

The open coffin sits at the pulpit. We can't see great-granny's face.

MICK

Is that the body?

PHOEBE

Yeah, sure is.

Mick grabs Phoebe's arm as he pulls her to the coffin. Phoebe allows him to.

MICK

C'mom. I've never seen a dead body before.

POP

Go on, Mick.

Mick looks at his dad. Makes a face of dismay. Takes Phoebe's arm and proceeds.

Mick makes his way down the isle amidst the coughing and wheezing of old people.

MICK

Ewww, gross.

PHOEBE

Shut up, Mick.

They arrive at the casket. Mick peers over and looks inside.

(CONTINUED)

POV MICK: Great-granny is pale as a ghost and fat in a purple, blue, and white flower pintuck dress. She has on a white curly wig and red hat.

MICK

Oh God, she's...she's there.

PHOEBE

If you eat my left over pizza on
Saturdays you'll be there, too,
bozo.

Mick hastily drops his sister's shoulder, hurting Phoebe, and runs down the isle to the back of the chapel into his father's legs.

Phoebe's runs after Mick with a balled fist.

Mom holds her back.

MOM

Easy, girl.

Pop shakes Mick's shoulders.

POP

What is wrong with you, Mick?

MICK

Oh, boy... Oh, boy...

POP

Oh, boy, what?!

Mick FAINTS in his father's hands.

POP

For Christ sakes.

LATER --

Pop pulls MICK down the isle.

MICK

Don't make me go in there, Pop! I mean I realize a lot of people are okay with this sort of thing, but I think it's pretty clear that I'm not handling this with the dignity we had both hoped for.

POP
Get a grip!

Pop places Mick in the seat at the very front. He sits beside him. Phoebe is already there with Mom. *

Mick bangs his back against the chair.

MICK
Man, man, man.

Phoebe laughs at him.

MICK
What are you laughin' at?

PHOEBE
You, idiot!

Phoebe continues laughing. Mick puts his head in his hands and POUTS.

LATER --

Mick stares at the casket.

MICK
(to Phoebe)
Do you think she's suffocating?

PHOEBE
Shut...up!

MICK
No, I mean for real. She's gonna swell up like Louie Anderson if she doesn't get air.

Pop SNAPS at Mick.

POP
(whispering)
Hey, cut it out.

MICK
(whispering)
Pop, I'm sorry. I can't help it if I wanted to.

POP
(whispering)
Be quiet.

MICK

(whispering)

I can't stop thinking about how uncomfortable she must be in the casket.

POP

(whispering)

Mick, that's the way funerals are. You bite the dust and they put you in a wooden box. End of story.

MICK

(whispering)

That's not how I want my story to end. Is there a healthy alternative?

POP

(whispering)

Healthy alternative? Gosh, Mick. You're a piece of work. You can be cremated.

MICK

What does that mean?

POP

Burned like you and your sister like your pizza and put in a box.

MICK

Okay, then I wanna be cremated when I die. Then my great-grand kiddies won't be ashamed and in tomfoolery when I croak.

POP

Great, and you're acting like a tom fool right now. If you wanna be cremated, FINE. Just shut your freakin' trap. Have some respect. That's my grandmother. God.

Elders behind Mick join in:

ELDER #1

Yeah, kid, shut your trap.

ELDER #2

Yeah, buddy, shut your trap.

Mick folds his arms.

(CONTINUED)

MICK
Alright. Alright. Alright.

*

BACK TO PRESENT.

INT. HARTE HOME - BATHROOM - DAY

Phoebe is fully dressed with a black bow in her hair and a black dress.

PHOEBE
Almost forgot about that... That's
how you found out about cremation.
Hmmm...

Mom calls Phoebe:

MOM (O.S.)
Phoebe, we're leaving.

PHOEBE
Alright.

Phoebe grabs a tube of toothpaste. Observes. Pops the top and squeezes. A bit of red and white pops out.

PHOEBE
Hillbilly hex...

She wipes a tear from her eye. Throws the tube in the trashcan. Leaves the bathroom.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

A black sedan roars down the road.

INT. CAR - DAY

Pop drives. Mom's in the passenger seat. Phoebe sits behind Mom. They all wear black.

Phoebe looks out the window.

POV PHOEBE: They pass stores and nice restaurants. A nice suburban city street.

Phoebe leans her head against the window. She looks at her mom in front of her.

POV PHOEBE: Phoebe sees her mother has grey hairs.

(CONTINUED)

Phoebe looks stunned. Reaches out to touch her mom's hair.

Instantly Mom puts her hand on Phoebe's. Phoebe tears up. Pop feels something in the air. Glances back at Phoebe. Sees his daughter and his sad wife's hand connected.

Mom pries Pop's hand from the steering wheel and grabs it. Pop nods his head.

Holds back tears. Phoebe cries.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

The car cruises somberly down the road.

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

The Harte car eases into the lot. Parks.

Phoebe and her family step out. Close their doors. They hold hands.

PHOEBE

Mom, I'm sorry for the new grey in
your hair.

*

MOM

(managing a laugh)
It's alright. It's alright.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

Phoebe and her family take their seats in the front pews. Nana, who we met earlier, is here, too. Keep up why dontcha.

The minister steps up.

MINISTER

Now, that the family's here. We
shall begin the service.

(turning to the choir)

Choir? Let's begin.

The choir behind the minister stands up. They all wear green, purple, and white robes.

They perform "Ave Maria".

(CONTINUED)

We fade from each choir member to another singing the song with all their heart and reactions from the funeral attendees. Zoe leans on her father's shoulder while her mother sobs. Mrs. Schumacher is also here.

*

MONTAGE:

1) MR. FINNIUS (60) steps to the podium and speaks. He shows an 8X10 of Mick's head in wrought-iron railing. Another picture of him smearing Crisco over his head. Another photo of Mick (with a greasy head) hopped on him with a humongous smile on his face with hook 'em horns. 2) MRS. WILLIAMS (53) steps to the podium with a tablet. She talks and then presses a button that shows Mick doing the "Pee-Wee Herman" dance on stage. Everyone in the church laughs. Mrs. Williams laughs and then she breaks down in tears. The minister escorts her off the stage. 3) Zoe steps up to the podium with a teddy bear with a big heart in it's hands. She talks and stares at the bear. She pulls the heart from the bears hands that's attached with velcro. She displays the bear to the crowd. Then, tosses the bear to Phoebe. She catches it. Phoebe smiles. Zoe then raises the heart up and shows the front of it that says "Harte's" and the back of it that says "Heart". Zoe hugs the heart.

END OF MONTAGE.

The minister speaks at the pulpit.

MINISTER

Now we will hear some words from
Phoebe Harte, Mick's sister.

Phoebe crosses to the podium. Arrives. Everyone is silent.

Phoebe clears her throat. Looks around. Nods her head.

PHOEBE

Umm...Howdy.

CHURCH CROWD

Hello.

PHOEBE

I would do the God Is Good All The
Time thing I learned from my
friend, Zoe, but I digress. I don't
wanna be too cliché.

Zoe smiles. Phoebe continues.

(CONTINUED)

PHOEBE

My mom wanted me to read you her favorite Mother's Day card from Mick.

Phoebe takes a red and white card from her purse and holds it up.

PHOEBE

Mick was in 5th grade when he wrote this. This was during the week of Mother's Day. He and my mother had been arguing all week about this one thing Mick really wanted, but my Mom positively refused to let him have. Well, on the Friday before Mother's Day weekend, they'd had yet another battle.

(managing a laugh)

Mick left the house totally annoyed with her. Except...as it turned out that was the day they were making cards in art.

Phoebe smiles. Her audience smiles with her.

PHOEBE

Mick told the teacher that he wasn't in the right mood to make a card for his mom. Then the teacher told Mick to get in the mood or get a big fat F. Mick got it together then.

Phoebe holds up the card with one hand. In fact, with a closer look it's a sloppy card with lace coming off of it.

PHOEBE

Mick was never much of an artist.

The audience laughs a lot at that one.

PHOEBE

However...he did have quite a way with words. This is what it reads.

Phoebe opens the card. Reads.

PHOEBE

Roses are red, violets are blue, I still don't know why...

(almost breaking down)

I can't get a tattoo.

(CONTINUED)

The crowd laughs and cries at that one.

Phoebe looks at the card. Kisses it. Puts it in her purse. Speaks into the microphone.

PHOEBE

Thanks a lot.

Zoe runs up the podium to comfort Phoebe. Puts her arm around around her friend. They walk off the pulpit together. Everyone claps.

Phoebe sits down between her mother and father. They each hug her. Phoebe holds their arms. Nana kisses her on the forehead. Phoebe nods, assured that's everything's going to be okay.

EXT. HARTE HOME - DAY

Zoe brings her bike up to Phoebe's doorstep. She steps to the grass and picks up a pebble. She walks around to the left side of the house. She tosses the pebble at the window. *

Phoebe answers at the window.

PHOEBE

Zoe, what are you doing?

ZOE

I didn't wanna ring the bell and wake your people. You ready for school?

PHOEBE

Yeah... I'll be out in a moment.

ZOE

Cool beans.

Phoebe smiles. Moves away from the window.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Phoebe and Zoe ride their bikes down the street. Phoebe pops a wheelie.

ZOE

Are you okay, P?

(CONTINUED)

PHOEBE
Yeah, I'll manage.

ZOE
Are you sure?

PHOEBE
Yeah, Zo. I'm fine.

ZOE
Okay. I knew you'd be good.

INT. BRIAR LANE MIDDLE SCHOOL - DAY

Phoebe opens the door to the school and Zoe follows behind.
They walk down the hall.

POV PHOEBE: Nearly everybody stares at her as she walks down
the way.

For the most part, Phoebe ignores them and talks to Zoe.

PHOEBE
Do you know what's for lunch today?

ZOE
Probably spaghetti, P. That's good.

PHOEBE
I know. My grandmother cooks that
when I visit.

ZOE
Her stuff is probably better than
the filth they got here.

They share a laugh.

Suddenly, a KID, a scraggly little boy, blurts out:

KID
Hey, look. There's the sister of
the dead kid.

Phoebe looks at the boy and we can feel her blood go cold.
She dry heaves. Runs into the nearby girl's bathroom.

Zoe grimaces at the boy.

ZOE
(whispering)
Jerk.

She runs after Phoebe.

INT. BRIAR LANE MIDDLE SCHOOL - RESTROOM - DAY

Zoe looks for Phoebe around in the powder blue room.

ZOE

Phoebe? Come on, Phoeb, where are you?

PHOEBE (O.S.)

Leave me alone.

ZOE

You could've just not answered and I would've.

Zoe laughs.

PHOEBE (O.S.)

Who was that damn dude?

ZOE

Don't worry about who that damn dude is. Who cares? You're better than this.

(leaning up against the stall where Phoebe is)

He isn't even POPULAR, girl.

PHOEBE (O.S.)

Zo, get real. That hurt my feelings.

ZOE

I thought you said you were okay.

PHOEBE (O.S.)

Well, I'm not. Damn!

ZOE

Listen, you have to be tougher. Come out with your arms swingin'. Lively up yourself like this one song my dad plays. Just ignore him. That kid's a total moron.

PHOEBE (O.S.)

Okay, back up.

Zoe backs away.

Phoebe opens up the door and wipes tears from her eyes.

(CONTINUED)

ZOE
(rubbing Phoebe's back)
Yeah, don't let him get the best of
you.

Phoebe makes a loud, frustrating, GRUNT and MARCHES OUT.

ZOE
Where are you GOING now?

Phoebe pushes the door open and walks into the...

HALL

She calls out.

PHOEBE
Hey, kid?

There's no answer.

PHOEBE
Hey, kid who talked about my little
brother?

KID (O.S.)
Who me?

PHOEBE
Yeah, you.

Phoebe MARCHES to where the voice is and finds the kid.
Scared out of his mind.

She pushes him against the lockers with her right hand:

PHOEBE
(pointing her finger in his
face)
You dirty rat bastard, don't ever
call my brother 'the dead kid'
again. Do you hear me? His name was
Mick Harte. And from now on, if you
want to talk about him - which your
puny behind isn't fit to do - use
his NAME. You got that creep?
(pushing him again with right
hand)
Do you have that?

KID
(scared)
Yeah, I got it. Gosh.

Phoebe backs away. Huffs and puffs.

Zoe comes and pulls her away. Laughs.

ZOE

Well, I guess you're over the incident with your brother.

PHOEBE

I am.

ZOE

(laughing)

Good. Progress already...and you got a mean right arm. Anybody else fudges with you they'll have to deal with

(thumb pointing to herself)

G.I. Zo, too.

*
*
*
*
*

MR. MARTINEZ (30) calls out from his classroom.

MR. MARTINEZ

Phoebe Harte!

Phoebe turns in his direction.

PHOEBE

Huh?

His eyes are serious.

MR. MARTINEZ

Come with me.

INT. BRIAR LANE MIDDLE SCHOOL - PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

Principal Berryhill stares at Phoebe at her desk. Phoebe slouches in her chair and sits back. Stares.

Mrs. Berryhill taps her pen.

MRS. BERRYHILL

Well, what do you have to say for yourself?

PHOEBE

I don't know?

MRS. BERRYHILL

You don't know. Really?

(CONTINUED)

PHOEBE

Really, Mrs. Berryhill.

MRS. BERRYHILL

All right. I understand your frustration. Losing a family member is tough. Everybody goes through this, but unfortunately, you're experiencing this young. I can only try to help you in this situation.

PHOEBE

OMG.

MRS. BERRYHILL

I wasn't as young as you, but I lost my own mother two years ago. I tell ya it was the worse pain there is. I couldn't sleep. I couldn't eat. I could barely talk.

PHOEBE

Oh, brother...

MRS. BERRYHILL

Really. My mother and I were as close as I'm sure you and your brother were. However, I moved on. And believe me, you can too. Maybe even quicker since you're song. In time...

(getting up and touching
Phoebe's shoulder)
you will accept this loss.

Phoebe stands up. Brushes Mrs. Berryhill's hand off.

PHOEBE

He's not my loss, ma'am. I just didn't misplace him or leave him behind somewhere. He's gone and he's not coming back. He will never be lost! So please... Don't ever say that stuff to me again!

MRS. BERRYHILL

I'm apologize P-

Phoebe turns and RUNS out the office to the...

FRONT DOOR

Phoebe RUNS out the front door and to the...

(CONTINUED)

STREET

Phoebe runs with all the speed she has down the street.

EXT. HARTE HOME - DAY

Phoebe arrives at her house. Unlocks the doors with her keys and rushes in.

INT. HARTE HOME - DAY

Phoebe marches down the hall. She passes Nana who's on the phone.

Nana snaps her fingers at Phoebe.

NANA

Hold it right there, Missy. Your principal, Mrs. Berryhill, is on the phone.

Phoebe doesn't care about what her grandmother says as she makes her way to Mick's bedroom. Once there, she opens the door and steps inside.

INT. HARTE HOME - MICK HARTE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Phoebe SLAMS the door once she's in Mick's room. She immediately hops into Mick's bed and gets under the covers.

NANA (O.S.)

(hollering)

You're supposed to be in school!

PHOEBE

Bite me.

Phoebe gets out of bed and locks Mick's door. Nana BANGS on the door.

NANA

Let me in, young lady!

Phoebe hops back in Mick's bed and gets under the cover. Cries.

NANA

Oh my, God. You have officially lost it! I can't make you come out, but you're gonna really get it when you come to dinner. You hear me?

Phoebe cries more. Covers up her face.

EXT. MICK HARTE'S ROOM - DAY

Nana stops banging.

NANA
Silly kids.

She splits.

INT. HARTE HOME - MICK HARTE'S ROOM - DAY

Phoebe pulls the covers from her face. Closes her eyes tight. Turns her head away.

INT. HARTE HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

Nana stirs spaghetti in a pot on the stove. Pop, dressed in sweats with a button up shirt, watches her.

NANA
That girl needs a good talkin' to.

POP
I know Nana, but we don't believe in disciplining her like that. Phoebe gets punished.

NANA
How?

POP
We don't let her watch TV.

NANA
That girl doesn't need punishment from no TV, she needs a riddlin IV. Have you had a psycho doctor look at her?

POP
(laughing)
No.

NANA
Well, I would consider it. It's not natural for a child to behave that way. She'll grow up into a Neo-Nazi old buzzard. Believe me. I know.

(CONTINUED)

POP

A Neo-Nazi old buzzard. Mom, you're full of jokes.

NANA

I'm not full of anything as hungry as I am. Call your wife and your daughter for dinner. I'm finished cookin'.

POP

Just one moment.

INT. HARTE HOME - MICK HARTE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Phoebe rests like a baby in her bed. There's a KNOCK on the door.

Phoebe wakes up.

POP (O.S.)

Time to eat, Phoebe. Nana cooked your favorite.

PHOEBE

I'm not ready.

POP (O.S.)

Phoebe, you have to eat something. You'll get cramps.

PHOEBE

Maybe I like cramps.

EXT. MICK HARTE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Pop stands facing the door.

POP

C'mon. You have to play soccer and cramps will never suit you on the field. You need to eat healthy for practice tomorrow.

PHOEBE (O.S.)

Pop, leave me alone.

POP

Okay, I'll make you a deal. I'll even play soccer with you like you and Mick use to do a while back.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

POP (cont'd)

We'll make a day of it. We'll go after school on a weekday and play 'till midnight if you want.

PHOEBE (O.S.)

You've got to be kidding.

POP

If I'm lying, I'm flying.

PHOEBE (O.S.)

Then you must be wearing a parachute with Hammer pants.

Frustrated overrides Pop.

POP

C'mon, Phoebe. Don't make me break this door down. You can't keep running away like Lola everytime we have a problem.

Phoebe opens the door.

PHOEBE

You'll play me in soccer like Mick used to do?

POP

...I'll try.

PHOEBE

You promise.

POP

Sure, sport.

Phoebe holds out her pinky.

Pop does a pinky swear with her. Smiles. Let's go.

POP

Now, I have to go get your mom. Don't keep Nana waiting.

Pop HUGS her dad and jogs to the kitchen.

INT. HARTE HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

As soon as Phoebe steps in the kitchen, Nana bangs on the spaghetti pot with a metal spoon. BANG, BANG, BANG.

PHOEBE
Nana, please...

NANA
Dinner time!

PHOEBE
Here?

NANA
Yes here.

PHOEBE
But we usually eat on trays in front of the TV...

NANA
The way you've been actin', you don't have no business in front of a TV... Your head is too hard.

PHOEBE
Really, Nana? Really?

NANA
Sure is. Your head is so hard you got wrecking balls for earwax.

Phoebe smirks and looks at the table.

POV PHOEBE: There are three seats at the round kitchen table.

PHOEBE
But, Nana, where's Mick's chair?

NANA
Don't worry about that. Food's gettin' cold. I cooked your favorite, remember?

PHOEBE
Spaghetti? I thought something smelled familiar.

NANA
That's right. Now sit.

Phoebe sits down at the table.

(CONTINUED)

Pop and Mom walk in hand in hand swinging their arms. Mom looks a little better now.

NANA

You too lovebirds sit down,
whydon'tcha.

Mom smiles. They takes their seats.

Grandma goes to the cupboard. Gets plates. Sits them down in front of the new family. She grabs the pot and serves each of them a fine helping of the thickest, reddest, cheesiest spaghetti imaginable. It looks so delicious.

They family chows down while Grandma watches.

POP

This is so good. Is this italian
sausage?

NANA

Sure is.

MOM

Angel hair pasta?

NANA

Only the best.
(surveying the table)
Phoebe what do you think?

PHOEBE

...It's good. I like it.

NANA

And you can get all you want.

PHOEBE

Really?

NANA

But of course.

PHOEBE

I gotta stay trim for soccer,
but...Thanks, Nana.

NANA

You're welcome, sweetie. You're all
welcome.

MOM

So, Phoebe, how was your day in school today.

PHOEBE

Fine, I ran 3 miles.

Pop laughs.

We back away on this moment as the family eats and enjoys their meal. Without dear Mick.

INT. HARTE HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Phoebe sits between Pop and Mom on the couch as they all watch TV. Nana knits a sweater on the recliner.

On television, a cheetah is about to prance on an antelope.

Mom turns her head away. Pop shakes his head. Phoebe smirks.

POP

The Serengeti sucks where those antelopes live. I've seen this episode a dozen times.

PHOEBE

Yeah, it does.

Pop turns the television off.

POP

But you know what does suck?

PHOEBE

No, what?

POP

Someone needs to put speed bumps or a stop sign where Mick had his accident.

MOM

Oh, Bruce, get over yourself.

POP

No, I mean really. I don't want to see another kid hurt and have his family in shambles like we've been.

(CONTINUED)

PHOEBE

So what can we do?

POP

I don't know. But one things for sure, I'm going to contact city hall and see what's going to come out of it.

PHOEBE

Hold on, let me check the internet.

INT. HARTE HOME - DEN - NIGHT

Phoebe surfs the internet and happens on a site she likes. Pop, Mom, and Nana are behind her.

PHOEBE

Okay, it says city hall has a meeting on Wednesdays of every week from 4:30-7:00. But that's my soccer practice.

POP

No problem, I'll go alone.

NANA

(smiling and patting her son on the back)

Good for you.

MOM

Do you think it's gonna work? We're just one case.

POP

Baby, one case or not, we have to prevent an accident like Mick's from happening again. We need someone picking up rocks on the sidewalk. Crossing guards... Something.

PHOEBE

I'm with him. I don't want someone to feel like I've been feeling.

POP

Then what do you say, Phoeb?

(CONTINUED)

PHOEBE

I'll take off from soccer. I don't want another Mick Harte accident.

POP

Are you sure?

PHOEBE

You darn skippy.

MOM

Then I'm in, too. Phoebe has a point. She's a smart girl when she's not raising hell.

POP

So it's final. This Wednesday, we approach city council about traffic calming options in our neighborhood.

NANA

Looks like you all are getting along just fine. Mick would be proud.

PHOEBE

I hope so. God, I hope so.

Phoebe logs off the computer.

SUPER: "THREE WEEKS LATER"

EXT. RADIO STUDIO - NIGHT

Phoebe and Pop exit a radio station studio and head to their car. "WDRV 92.1" is posted on the side of the building.

POP

Good session, huh?

PHOEBE

Great session!

Pop unlocks the door with his keys.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Phoebe and Pop hop in. Close the doors.

PHOEBE

They were so cool. They let us speak long and everything.

POP

Yeah, things go like that when you're making changes. Nice DJs.

PHOEBE

Yeah, now that a stop sign is put up at every intersection in our neighborhood things should really change.

POP

I hope so...I hope so.

Pop slouches in his seat. Phoebe notices.

There's a beat.

PHOEBE

Pop, what do you mean? Things will change. They'll be less accidents, safer roads, and people'll watch where they're going. Right?

POP

I know... I know.

PHOEBE

Then, why are you so down?

There's a beat.

POP

(turning to his daughter with tears)

I still miss him, Phoebe.

PHOEBE

Dad.

POP

(real low)

I'm going to make a list, Phoebe, you hear. And I want you keep count.

(gulps)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

POP (cont'd)

If only you had ridden Mick's bike home, Mick would still be here.

(off Phoebe's tears)

If only the truck had been going a little slower, Mick would still be here. If only his meeting had been scheduled one day earlier or one day later, Mick would still be here. If only it had been raining that day, I'd have driven him to school and Mick would still be here. If only ONE of his friends had kept him talking a second longer at his locker that afternoon. If only the house he was riding to had been in the other direction. If only that rock hadn't been on that

(banging the steering wheel)

dag-blasted sidewalk at that exact spot...

Phoebe reaches for her father's hand. Squeezes it. Pop sobs. Phoebe rubs his back.

Pop regains himself. We wait a beat.

POP

What number are we on, little girl?

PHOEBE

...I think we're done, Pop. I think we're done.

Phoebe and Pop sit there. Gazing at the stars. The moon shines.

PHOEBE

We're gonna be okay.

EXT. HARTE HOME - NIGHT

The Harte home sits in the cool night.

INT. HARTE HOME - MICK HARTE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

We're where we were before when we first began the screenplay. Phoebe lays in her brother's bed crying.

(CONTINUED)

PHOEBE

Damn...

MONTAGE:

1) Mick teases his sister in his parent's bedroom. 2) Mick slaps the tattoo on his father's arm. 3) Mick gives the "rock on" symbol to his mother at the vet. 4) Mick slaps the fly off Mrs. Pricket's hat with his flip flop. 5) Mick faints in his father's arms at his great grandmother's funeral.

END MONTAGE.

Phoebe stares at the ceiling. Sighs. Wipes tears from her eyes. Shakes her head.

She gets out of bed and exits the room.

EXT. HARTE HOME - NIGHT

Phoebe walks out barefoot onto the street with a camera in her hands.

She walks to the next...

STREET

Phoebe walks and takes a deep breaths as she walks to the next...

STREET

Phoebe walks and turns the camera on walking to the next...

STREET

Phoebe arrives at a spot that looks very familiar. However, there are more trees here now.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT (2011)

Phoebe arrive at a spot where there's wet cement.

PHOEBE

Look. Wet cement!

(CONTINUED)

MICK

Let's etch something into it.

Phoebe grabs a stick on the ground. Hands it to Mick.

Mick grabs the writing utensil and writes F-A-R-T on the wet cement.

PHOEBE

Cool as hell.

BACK TO PRESENT.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Phoebe smiles at the memory.

She looks down and sees that the spot is covered up with wet cement again.

PHOEBE

Just my luck...

She crosses to a tree and breaks a branch off. Approaches the wet spot.

She begins to write M-I-C-K-H-A-R-T-E-W-A-S-H-E-R-E. She marvels at her intuitive vandalism.

She takes a picture of it. SNAP!

Just then a light comes on in a nearby house. Phoebe looks at it. A HISPANIC MAN (50) opens up her door and sees Phoebe. Yells:

HISPANIC MAN

Hey! What on God's green Earth are you doin' to my property? Es loco en la cabeza!

Phoebe giggles and runs in the opposite direction. The man shuffles to the sidewalk in his tank and boxers and sees Phoebe's mess.

HISPANIC MAN

Hey, you come back here. You have to answer for this. Pronto!

Phoebe is a block down the road.

(CONTINUED)

HISPANIC MAN
Aye-yai-yai!
(observing the spot)
Damn kid!

CU on Phoebe as she looks back. Proud of that title. She shows all thirty two as she darts down the road.

FADE OUT.