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Woman Standing

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WOMAN STANDING

A Thesis
Presented to
The Faculty of the Department of English
Western Kentucky University
Bowling Green, Kentucky

In Partial Fulfillment
Of the Requirements of the Degree
Master of Fine Arts

By
Allison Adams
December 2017

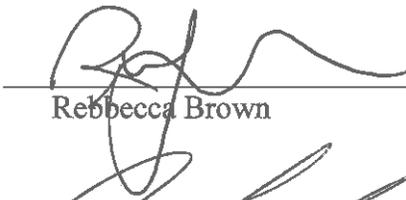
WOMAN STANDING

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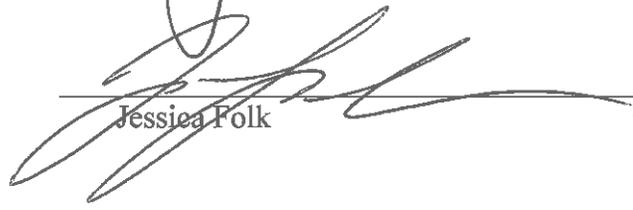
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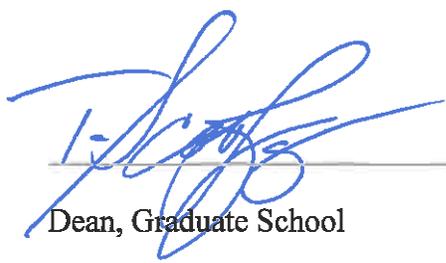
David Bell, Director of Thesis



Rebecca Brown



Jessica Folk



Dean, Graduate School

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- viii. William Hollis
- ix. The Adams Family
- x. Zsanelle Lalani
- xi. William Arnold

CONTENTS

Introduction/Context: Standing Still	1
Woman Standing	9

WOMAN STANDING

Allison Adams

December 2017

126 Pages

Directed by: David Bell, Rebecca Brown, and Jessica Folk

Department of English

Western Kentucky University

This is a feature-length screenplay following Farren Cane, a young woman living in a rural Appalachian town, as she struggles with the intersections of gender, class, and the tension between her own ambition and her familial obligation.

[ACADEMIC/CONTEXT ESSAY]

STANDING STILL: A COMPANION

The following is the culmination of my two years spent in the town of Bowling Green, Kentucky:

i. OUTSIDE OUTSIDERS

“Our interest in maps of places we’ve never been, and may never go, is evidence of our curiosity not only about where others live but about how they live, and how we would live if we were among them” (Turchi 157)

I never identified as a product of Southern California until I made the trip east. Over the past two years, I have had the following conversation so frequently I feel comfortable quoting it now verbatim:

“Where are you from originally?”

“California.”

“Really?! What part?”

“Southern. I grew up in Orange County, and then spent some time in L.A.”

“Wow. (laughs) Why would you ever want to come to Kentucky?”

The conversation would then progress to the explanation that I had moved for graduate school, that yes, I was experiencing culture shock, yes, I missed California and “real” Mexican food, and then the inevitable:

“You must hate it here. Are you planning on moving back when you’re done?”

These conversations always unsettled me. I couldn't pinpoint why, but out of them grew a deep desire to write about Kentucky. I had two years dedicated to writing this thesis. Two years two timezones away from every person I knew. Two years completely surrounded by a culture I knew literally nothing about. So, I wanted to take this time and delve headfirst into Kentucky culture. I began spending weekends exploring small Appalachian mountain towns, driving north to Louisville, and west toward Trigg. I didn't have a story or a character, just the setting of Kentucky. Somehow, I felt that if I could make Kentucky familiar to me, if I could spend the time and get to know this culture that felt so polar-opposite to everything that I knew, I would begin to bridge some gap between here and there.

ii. ALCHEMY AND CALIFORNIA DREAMING

“The idea of transformation is based on the theory that all metals are made from the same basic matter and grow within the crust of the earth like a giant tree or plant” (Abraham 86)

During my first semester of graduate school, Dr. Sandra Hughes introduced me to the concept of literary alchemical imagery and its use throughout nineteenth-century American literature. I read the short stories of Nathaniel Hawthorne and tracked his use of alchemical imagery as a means of deepening his stories, connecting themes, and showing transformation through the alchemical black, white, and red stages with the ultimate goal being gold. While the concept was technically new to me, I was already unintentionally familiar with the use of alchemical imagery in stories. In his book *Unlocking Harry Potter: Five Keys for the Serious Reader*, John Granger explores J.K.

Rowling's use of literary alchemy through the seven Harry Potter books. Being a product of the Harry Potter generation, I've read and reread the series more times than I could count, and the idea of bringing a small piece of the magic that Rowling utilized in her writing into my own, was a no-brainer.

Incorporating alchemical imagery was the first tangible concept I had for this thesis. I still didn't have a character or a narrative, all I had was a setting and now this. With the introduction of alchemy, things quickly started to fall into place. I decided to utilize each act of the script to represent one stage of the alchemical cycle: Black, White, and Red. Kentucky is known for its struggling coal industry and currently heavily involved in the debate over "clean coal" as a means of transforming the state's economy. On the other side of the coin, I was incredibly home-sick for California and, through research, discovered that I was not alone in my longing for the West, specifically California. In the article "Forward into the Past: California and the Contemporary White Southern Imagination", Robert H. Brinkmeyer and Debra Rae Cohen explore the role California plays to Southern people. They discuss a narrative flight pattern toward the West, California in particular, of White Southern literary characters that attempt to make the move west to flee from the history and traditional confinements of their lives (254). Of course, the fact that California is conveniently known as the Golden State only helped spur my desire to incorporate alchemical imagery to my story.

So, the character of Farren started to develop. Her desire for the elusive California comes not from any specific or thought-out goal, rather it's merely a fantasy that represents a life free from her current confinements.

iii. GREY

“There is an expiration date on blaming your parents for steering you in the wrong directions; the moment you are old enough to take the wheel, responsibility lies with you”
(Rowling 20)

I’ve struggled with grey areas all my life. They make me uncomfortable, they keep me silent. They make me qualify experiences and actions and reactions. Over the course of my time in Kentucky, I came to the realization that every single woman (and some men for that matter) that I had a close friendship with shared some story of assault. Whether it was rape, molestation, or attack, we all had our individual experience with a consent-less trauma. However, what was most unnerving was how long it took for many of us, myself included, to acknowledge these traumas. We would justify them, excuse them, take ownership over fault. I began to question my own agency in my assaults, and then questioned why I felt the need to take on the blame of others actions. So, while I tried to keep the acts clean, I made the actions, wants, and needs of the characters undeniably grey. While all the characters experience some sort of greyed hurt, I know that audiences will have *very* different ideas of “what happened”. This isn’t to imply that these situations should be up for interpretation, however I am more interested in why there would be different interpretations in the first place.

iv. SILENCE

Voice and lack of voice speaks for itself.

iv. FORM

“Be a mess and be bad for a while you so that you make sure you’re investigating all the possibilities” Kelly Reichardt

Like many *many* screenwriters have said before me, screenplays are meant to be seen not read. Which makes writing a screenplay and presenting it as a finished product slightly counterintuitive. Until recently, with the advent of the Internet, screenplays were almost impossible for the average person to get their hands on. If a screenplay was published for the public, it was often for a film that was so critically acclaimed that a fandom demanded the script. And after glancing at a screenplay, it’s not hard to see why. Screenplays are awful to read. I say this as someone who has read their fair share of scripts; they suck. Now, I’m sure there’s someone somewhere out there who says that they absolutely love to tuck themselves into bed at night with a cup of tea and a good 120 - page drama, but I’m telling you that they’re lying. Because screenplays are not a finished product. Because no one would rather look at a blueprint of the Eiffel Tower than see the real thing. Even people who *love* architecture. Even people who draw blueprints for a living. They’re only looking at that blueprint to try to communicate to other professionals exactly how to make their visualized dream-building a reality.

Due to this, screenplays often take an extremely formulaic approach. Blake Snyder’s book *Save the Cat*, which is one of the primary texts that aspiring writers turn to, breaks individual plot points down to the page number, so that when you’re 55 pages deep into your script and lost, you can flip open Snyder’s book to page 70 and find out “Hey, this is where the “Bad Guys Close In” and add the appropriate plot device. Some

screenwriters, such as Craig Mazin, openly and venomously express their utter umbrage for screenplay formulas (as shown repeatedly throughout the 300+ episodes of his podcast *Scriptnotes*). But, there's no doubt that the formula works, as Snyder shows repeatedly through his book. Snyder essentially reinvented the wheel that is Aristotle's three-act structure, and while a traditional structure is no doubt necessary with some stories, I had to turn to nontraditional scripts for examples of form for *Woman Standing*.

The following script is not meant to be read as a potential Summer blockbuster. The story is an exploration of the consequence of inaction, passivity, and waiting. However, writing stillness, loneliness, and loss as a screenplay proves difficult (there's only so many times you can write "She looks out the window, sad" after all). I turned to the films of Kelly Reichardt and Sofia Coppola, both whom have written and directed a host of films that expertly and successfully explore those very themes. While Reichardt's scripts are not available to the public, thankfully, Sofia Coppola's screenplays are largely published online and readily available for a quick read. And I mean quick. Her 1h 38m film *Somewhere* (2010) comes in at a short 43-pages largely ignoring the one-page-per-minute rule. The screenplay itself reads relatively simply. We read as our main character Johnny walks around a hotel, showers, makes eyes at the guests, sits in silence with his daughter, etc. The individual scenes read overly simple and slice-of-life. You can almost hear a Hollywood executive saying "Can we cut this? I mean, what is it *doing*?" But strung together, the script leaves the reader with an unsettling loneliness while the translation to film heightens the story to its full form.

But Coppola's screenplays must be taken with a grain of salt. Again, they're not meant to be read. They are simply a communicative document for her collaborators.

While she might write "Johnny drives aimlessly through LA, down Mulholland" (Somewhere 2), which alone doesn't seem to give a reader much information or evoke emotion, the translation to screen becomes a much richer moment as the culmination of the actor, set designers, producers, editors, cinematographer, all work to create multi-dimensional portrayal of utter sadness and loneliness.

Kelly Reichardt, similarly to Coppola, became famous among independent filmmakers as a filmmaker known for her silences. I was fortunate enough to work alongside Dr. Dawn Hall as she worked on a book detailing the films of Reichardt. Part of her research included a phone interview between Reichardt and Hall that I was lucky enough to participate in. Dr. Hall gave me the opportunity to ask a question during the interview and considering that Reichardt is the single most influential filmmaker in my life, it was a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity. I decided to ask her about her silences, and more specifically, what her scripts actually looked like. I was so desperate to find out how she managed to portray so much internal life with close to no dialogue and seemingly mundane situations. The opening of her film *Wendy and Lucy* (2006) shows Michelle Williams walking along the tracks of a train with her dog for close to five minutes and somehow when I watched the scene, I ended up in tears. *How?* I was desperate to know what her scripts looked like. If they were simple like Coppola's, or if they forwent any recognizable screenplay style completely. So I asked:

AA: I know you have so many silences in your films and you work with so much internal character development, and I was wondering what your scripts look like.

KR: A lot of times I'm pulling dialogue out as we go. Sometimes you can work a scene and you see if something's coming across physically, and then sometimes we'll just do a take with dialogue and do a take without dialogue, and then in the cutting you can just work your way into mixing that up as much as it feels right at the time.

Reichardt went on to explain to me that her scripts have much more dialogue in them than her films, and that her scripts were actually "kind of a mess". This alone allowed me more freedom to overwrite some of the dialogue when needed to make sure that the emotional cores of the scenes were present. Again, my script is a blueprint. It's something for the actors, for the director, for the crew to be able to interpret, and as long as I'm clear with what that emotional core is, I've done my job.

vi. FEMME DEBOUT I

"All I can do will only ever be a faint image of what I see and my success will always be less than my failure or perhaps equal to the failure." Alberto Giacometti

The Tate Modern presented an exhibit of Alberto Giacometti's sculptures that I was fortunate enough to attend. Giacometti famously produced sculptures after World War II that were skeletal in frame and utterly isolated. A singular sculpture, *Femme Debout I* caught my eye. Translated, it means *Standing Woman I*.

Woman Standing

Written by
Allison Adams

Graduate Thesis Defense
October 2, 2017

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

It's pitch black. A diesel engine ROARS in the distance, and out of the darkness bumps a BLINDING WHITE LIGHT. It grows larger and larger until a motorcycle, carrying two people, WHOOSHES past.

BYSTANDERS WHOOP and HOLLER. From a hundred yards away, a second HEADLIGHT appears. The two lights bee-line toward each other.

A BOY, skinny and helmet-less, his shoulder-length hair flying behind him, hunches over the handle bars. He pushes hard into the clutch and forces the bike faster.

Hidden behind him sits FARREN CAIN, 20s. She uses his shoulders as support and stands up on the foot rest.

Her hair whips behind her like a long mane, her eyes wild.

FARREN

Whoooo!

The bike wobbles and Boy, distracted, looks up at Farren.

BOY

Dammit, Farren!

He breaks hard and swerves. The bike SKIDS, and they both barrel-role onto the dirt path just as the opposing motorcycle rushes passed them.

The bystanders SCREAM.

The opposing motorcyclist skids to a halt. His HELMET covers his face. It's matte black with a HAND PAINTED RED BULLS-EYE painted above his eyes.

He removes the helmet to reveal JACOB, early 20s. His thin hair remains plastered to his head. Small and rat-faced, he grins down at his fallen opponents.

EXT. TOWNSQUARE - NIGHT

Huffing and puffing waddles ELI, 60s. He looks older than he is, deep purple circles engulf his eyes. Bumping gently behind him is an OXYGEN TANK.

The tubes connect around his head beneath his nostrils while a CIGARETTE hangs from his mouth.

The square is empty and run-down. Streetlights halfheartedly shine some light down onto him.

Most of the shops are boarded up, or give the appearance of being out of business, but who's to say.

Eli takes a small pause to catch his breath. He COUGHS and HACKS up a large amount of mucus that he spits out of the side of his mouth and carries on his way.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

From the sidelines hurries MALLORY, 23. Her extension-ed hair is tucked into a man's large leather jacket.

MALLORY

Oh, my God!

The Boy jumps up angrily and shakes off the dirt on his clothes.

Farren lies on her back uncontrollably laughing.

INT. CAIN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

MARY ANNE, 5, sits alone, covered with a blanket, in front of the TELEVISION. She's tiny for her age, with glasses that are held to her face with a thick strap. She's primarily NONVERBAL.

She sits entranced by the television.

EXT. TRAIN TRACKS - NIGHT

Eli has somehow found himself tugging his oxygen tank through weeds and dirt next to a winding track.

In the distance a LOUD TRAIN HORN HOWLS.

INT. CAIN HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

The muffled TRAIN HORN shakes the house.

The Farren stumbles into the kitchen with a CREAK of the door. The SOUND of the TELEVISION is heard O.S.

She opens the refrigerator, twists open the top of a Mello Yello, drinks heavily from it, and pockets a spare in her purse.

Farren flips through the pile of mail on the kitchen table until she comes across three identical envelopes addressed to Eli Cain, Farren Cain, and Mary Anne Cain from "AMERICAN GENERAL LIFE & ACCIDENT INSURANCE CO."

She picks up both her own and Mary Anne's, hesitates, and puts Mary Anne's down. She pockets her own.

INT. CAIN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Farren silently moves through the seemingly empty room until she sees Mary Anne's tiny figure. She startles.

FARREN

Mack?

Mary Anne stays fixated on the television.

INT. CAIN HOUSE - ELI'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The bedroom door is cracked open to an otherwise empty room. Farren peers quietly into the room, squinting through the darkness.

Finally, she slowly opens the door revealing Eli's unmade but empty bed.

FARREN

(whispering)

Daddy?

No one is there.

INT. CAIN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mary Anne hasn't moved. If anything, her nose is closer to the television.

FARREN

Mary Anne, where's Papa?

Mary Anne remains silent. Farren takes out her phone and begins typing.

FARREN (TEXT)

You not at the house?

She hesitates, then deletes the text.

INT. CAIN HOUSE - FARREN'S ROOM - NIGHT

A placard hangs on the door that says "FARREN'S ROOM" decorated as if by a teenager, with glitter and peeling stickers of bands and California memorabilia.

Farren doesn't bother turning on a light and moves around the clearly un-lived in room with ease.

The room is a high-schooler's stuck in 2006. A large California flag hangs above her twin bed.

On her hands and knees, Farren pulls a security box from underneath the bed and unlocks it with a little key on her key-chain.

The box is stuffed full with cash. She pulls out a tattered server's apron from inside her purse, unrolls it, and removes her sever book, faded stickers peel off the front.

She carefully counts the wadded mess of cash from her server book, flipping the bills over and placing them in order.

She pulls out all of the cash from the box, and begins meticulously counting the bills until she is surrounded by piles of 20s, 10s, 5s, and 1s.

On a small slip of paper, she writes the total amount and securely returns the money in the box under the bed.

She quickly begins to peel off her dirty clothes. She walks to her closet in her bra and underwear.

The moonlight shines in from her window revealing *slightly sagging and creped skin* covering her stomach.

INT. CAIN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Farren comes up behind Mary Anne. She's changed her clothes, her purse bulging.

FARREN

Did Papa say when he'll be back?

Mary Anne doesn't respond. Farren nervously looks around the room, and finally moves in-between Mary Anne and the television.

FARREN (cont'd)

Come on...

Farren reaches out and begins to pick up Mary Anne who immediately begins squirming and crying.

FARREN (cont'd)
 Nope. Come on. It's time for bed.

Farren attempts to keep hold of Mary Anne with one hand and punches the television off with the other.

Mary Anne lets out a SHRILL SCREAM. Her arms flail hitting Farren and herself with equal strength.

Farren drops her, and Mary Anne lands heavily on the floor, beating the carpet with her fists.

FARREN (cont'd)
 Fine!

Farren turns the television back on, but Mary Anne doesn't seem to notice.

FARREN (cont'd)
 Do whatever the fuck you want.

She walks out of the living room to the

KITCHEN

but stops short of leaving. She listens to Mary Anne SOBBING. The sobs turn to sniffles which eventually turn to silence.

Farren leaves.

INT./EXT. FARREN'S CAR - TRAIN CROSSING - SUNRISE

Farren drives down a one-lane dusty road. Her car SHAKES from the bass of an old LUCINDA WILLIAMS (or similar) CD.

Ahead, the train crossing's LIGHTS flash and BELLS bang. The bar begins to lower, and Farren floors it.

She speeds right up to the tracks, but is too late. The bar lowers, and her car SCREECHES to a halt.

A TRAIN BLOWS. It rumbles closer and closer and suddenly rushes into view.

Carriage after carriage piled high with COAL obscures the rising sun, throwing Farren in and out of sunlight.

She waits.

CREDITS.

INT. DINER - MORNING

Farren dumps a used coffee filter into the trash and bangs the edge of the canister along the edge.

A half-eaten plate of eggs and bacon sits on the side of the counter. She pops a small piece of bacon in her mouth as she works.

The front door opens with a JINGLE. Eli, oxygen tank in tow, slowly makes his way to the counter.

Farren watches him out of the corner of her eye before turning back to the coffee grinder and filling it up.

KAYLA, late 30s but childlike and youthful, glances uneasily between Farren and Eli.

KAYLA

It's your turn, hon. You okay to take him?

Farren pushes the coffee canister into place and presses the button that starts a hot stream of water.

FARREN

Yeah, I got it.

But she takes her sweet time. She finishes up the coffee, and walks passed Eli toward the cash register.

FARREN (cont'd)

You all set, Frank?

FRANK, an old regular, heaves himself up out of his booth and toward the register, ticket in hand.

FARREN (cont'd)

How was everything?

FRANK

Good, good.

They finish their transaction, Eli's RAGGED BREATHING intrudes noticeably. Frank leaves two dollar bills on the counter, which Farren carefully pockets.

FARREN

Thanks, I'll see you next time.

Frank turns and leaves. As he passes Eli--

FRANK

Mornin', Eli.

Eli grunts a response. Farren slams the register closed. Finally, she addresses Eli.

FARREN
What can I get you?

ELI
Coffee. Three eggs easy, crispy
bacon, and biscuits n' gravy.

Farren scribbles down the order and turns to slide the slip across the line to the COOK.

FARREN
Order in.

She reaches for a pot of coffee, fills it up, then retreats back to Eli's table. She pours the coffee, not making eye contact.

ELI
You left the back door unlocked.

Farren puts down the coffee cup hard, coffee splashes along the side.

ELI (cont'd)
You think you have a right? To come
to my house and leave it unlocked
with Mary Anne--

FARREN
People leave their doors unlocked all
the time.

ELI
Not my house.

Farren glances down at his untouched coffee.

FARREN
You need milk?

ELI
You're to pick Mary Anne up from the
school today.

FARREN
I'm not going to be around.

ELI
Well, you'll need to figure it out
then.

FARREN
Sugar's on the table.

Farren turns her back and goes back to cleaning the coffee maker when--CRASH.

The coffee cup explodes over her head. Eli is on his feet, fire in his eyes.

The diner goes quiet. Kayla's eyes excitedly dart between Farren and Eli.

Farren slowly bends down and picks up the larger pieces of the mug.

ELI
Don't turn your back on me.

Farren throws the broken mug in the trash can and turns defiantly to face Eli.

ELI (cont'd)
You hear?

FARREN
Yes, sir.

ELI
Three o'clock.

A plate of food slides slowly onto the line, and the cook gives a trepidatious RING of the bell.

COOK
Order up.

FARREN
(to Eli)
You'll be wanting this to go, then?

Eli takes his seat and opens his arms wide open.

ELI
I'm here for breakfast, ain't I? I'm gonna need another coffee.

EXT. DINER - DAY

It's almost changeover, the diner is empty. Farren, Kayla, and the Cook lean up against the side of the building smoking cigarettes and vapes.

Kayla is mid-story. She's a talker.

KAYLA

(laughing)

--I swear, I thought my mama was gonna shoot at him. I don't know what she's thinking though. Complains I'm there, but then shoots every man that comes knocking.

Farren's not amused.

FARREN

(sucking on her
cigarette)

Mmm.

KAYLA

He texted me that he's down in Orlando. He's in rapper school.

COOK

What the fuck is rapper school?

KAYLA

Like to be a rapper. He's so sweet, records himself rapping his songs on Instagram. He says they ain't about me, but I know they are.

COOK

You ever heading West, Fairy?

FARREN

(rolling her eyes)

I told you not to call me that.

COOK

It's cute. Little fairy. You glinting your way down to the west coast.

FARREN

Yup, to get away from you.

KAYLA

Nah, you're not going.

FARREN

Fuck you, who are you to say?

KAYLA

Cause you're a planner. Not a traveler. If you were really gonna go, you'd be gone by now.

FARREN
(shaking her head)
That's not true.

KAYLA
Yeah, it is. See, Marcus was a
traveler. One day he was here. Next,
he sees this school in Orlando and
just goes.

FARREN
That's cause Marcus is a fucking
idiot. Sure I can go now if I want,
but I'm planning it properly cause I
ain't never want to come back.

COOK
Caleb got out.

FARREN
To Asheville. That's nothing.

A PONTIAC bumps into the parking lot and parks. CINDY, one
of the night servers, a unceasingly angry older woman,
begins to make her way toward the diner.

CINDY
(calling out)
You better not be out here if y'all's
side work ain't done.

KAYLA
It'll get done, we're just taking a
break.

They all stamp out their cigarettes.

FARREN
What a miserable old woman.

KAYLA
(laughing)
Pots and kettles.

EXT. SCHOOL - PARKING LOT - DAY

Farren looks up at the old school with distaste. She shrinks
against her car and pulls out a cigarette, keeping her head
down. A over-sized jacket covers her server uniform.

A small crowd of cars begin to gather of mothers, fathers,
and siblings waiting for pickup.

A TOW TRUCK inches closer and closer behind Farren. She looks pointedly ahead, very aware of its presence.

There's a BLAST of its horn, Farren jumps despite herself. Her cigarette falls to the ground.

CAMERON leans out of the driver's side window. He's about ten years older than Farren, blonde bearded and rough. His wide grin gives view to chewing tobacco tucked in his lip.

CAMERON

Hey, Fairy. Whatcha doing out in the cold?

Farren picks up the smoking cigarette and sticks it back in her mouth. Cameron jumps down from his truck and saunters over to her.

FARREN

You scared the shit outta me.

CAMERON

What are you doing here? You need the heat? Here, come here--

He grabs her hand, but Farren shakes him off.

FARREN

I'm good.

He spits the wad of tobacco at her feet. He reaches for her pack that rests on the roof of her truck.

She swats his hand off of it, but he plucks one out anyway.

CAMERON

Relax, I'll get you a pack.

With one hanging from his lips, he takes Farren's cigarette out of her mouth and lights his own.

FARREN

(smirking)

Fucking asshole.

Cameron grins and holds her cigarette up in front of her.

CAMERON

Thanks, babe.

Her fingers shake slightly as she takes hers back and raises it to her mouth.

CAMERON (cont'd)
Whooh, it's fucking cold.

FARREN
It's not that bad.

He jumps in place, warming himself.

FARREN (cont'd)
Why don't you just wait in your car?

CAMERON
Would I be waiting for you?

FARREN
Nope.

CAMERON
Then why'd I do that?

Farren keeps the cigarette in her lips, both hands buried deep in her jacket.

CAMERON (cont'd)
Come on, don't be like that. I got a working' heater. Fireball. Warm you right up.

Farren smirks at the ground.

FARREN
You're so full of shit.

Cameron turns in front of her and presses her up against the car.

FARREN (cont'd)
(warning)
Stop.

CAMERON
I'm just trying to stay warm. You're not avoiding me, are you?

Cameron bends down and tries to kiss her around her limp cigarette.

FARREN
You're gonna get burnt.

He continues to peck at the sides of her mouth until she laughs and pulls the cigarette away.

She kisses him back.

CAMERON

Come on.

He takes her cigarette and stomps both of them out.

He leads her to his truck, opens the door for her, and helps her up into the truck with a strategically placed hand on her ass, which she swats away.

INT. CAMERON'S TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Farren's hands are pressed against the vents, warming her hands. Cameron pulls a small Fireball bottle from underneath the seat. He takes a small swig.

CAMERON

This is new, huh?

Farren takes the bottle and takes a small sip.

CAMERON (cont'd)

Come by tomorrow.

In the distance the school bell RINGS.

FARREN

Now, why would I do that?

CAMERON

Cause you're drinking my whiskey.
Soaking up my warmth.

FARREN

Oh, is that the arrangement?

CAMERON

Yeah, 'course. I'll give you your new
pack when you swing by.

She rolls her eyes slightly.

CAMERON (cont'd)

Come on, what more could you want?

She stares him down, then breaks with a smile.

FARREN

You know, I can't think of a damn
thing.

Cameron leans over, one hand placed high on her thigh, and starts to kiss her neck.

FARREN (cont'd)
Cam, they're gonna be out soon.

His hand reaches higher. He buries his face in her chest.

FARREN (cont'd)
Cam--

He kisses her hard on the mouth.

The doors of the school open, and a CROWD of kids begin to pour out.

Cameron shift himself on top of her, and his hip hits the horn with a loud HONK.

FARREN (cont'd)
Cam!

She quickly opens the door and jumps out. Her hands flatten her hair down and readjusts her jacket.

EXT. SCHOOL - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Farren walks toward the crowd of STUDENTS. The rush passes her until she spots Mary Anne held by the hand by PRINCIPAL WILSON standing off to the side of the building.

His tie tightly knotted around his large neck. He looks like his blood pressure is unhealthily high. He angrily scans the crowd until he locks eyes with Farren.

FARREN
Shit.

Farren waits for them to come, giving a small wave, as Principal Wilson huffs his way toward her.

FARREN (cont'd)
(smiling)
She do okay today?

Principal Wilson shoos Mary Anne toward Farren. She bypasses Farren and quickly climbs into the car.

PRINCIPAL WILSON
Ms. Cain, this is not a daycare.

Farren tries to decipher what he could mean by this.

FARREN
Right...

PRINCIPAL WILSON

You can not just drop her off as you please. Especially...considering.

He trails off uncomfortably. Farren has no idea what he means.

FARREN

Okay, I'm sorry. Won't--it won't happen again.

PRINCIPAL WILSON

If you would like to re-enroll her, you'll have to wait until the second quarter.

Farren processes this.

FARREN

Right. Well, I'll let my father know then. Thank you.

Farren stands there for a moment, but then hurries into her CAR.

Cameron watches her closely from his truck.

FARREN (cont'd)

(to Mary Anne)

Put your seat belt on.

She shifts roughly into gear and speeds off. Cameron gives her a BEEP of his horn as she goes.

INT./EXT. FARREN'S CAR - DAY

Farren drives, Mary Anne slumps in the passenger's seat, her face buried in an off-brand tablet.

They drive in silence through the winding roads with nothing but the soft MUSIC from Mary Anne's game.

FARREN

You learn anything new today?

Mary Anne doesn't answer. She focuses on her game.

FARREN (cont'd)

You wanna burger?

INT. MCDONALD'S - DAY

Farren and Mary Anne sit across the table from each other, each munching on their own dollar-menu burger.

Mary Anne balls up her empty wrapper and picks at the scattered crumbs left on her tray with her finger.

FARREN

Stop.

Mary Anne keeps her eyes on her tray, as she licks the salt off her finger.

FARREN (cont'd)

You ate too fast. Your stomach just doesn't know it's full yet.

Farren takes a big bite of her burger, devouring a good quarter of it.

Farren's phone BEEPS.

ELI (TEXT)

Pick me up.

Mary Anne tips the ice from her empty cup and crunches loudly.

FARREN

(to Mary Anne)

Go fill up on coke then.

Mary Anne hops off of her chair and over to the multi-flavored soda dispenser.

FARREN (TEXT)

Where's your car? I got Mack, I'll drop her off.

Mary Anne punches button after button pouring a wide variety of sodas into her cup.

FARREN

(calling to her)

Mary Anne. Nu-uh, pick one. Don't be gross.

ELI (TEXT)

Doctor's orders.

Farren shoves the rest of her burger into her mouth, picks up her tray, and dumps it into the the trash. She carries her cup over to the

SODA DISPENSER

where Mary Anne is still playing with the different buttons. Farren grabs the cup out of her hand and dumps the contents.

FARREN

You want coke or mountain dew?

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Farren hurries into the small, dingy office toward the RECEPTIONIST.

FARREN

Afternoon, ma'am. I'm picking up Eli Cain?

RECEPTIONIST

Mr. Cain?

FARREN

Yes, ma'am.

Farren glances behind her through the windows. Mary Anne is barely visible in the car.

RECEPTIONIST

I didn't see him come in, but I only got here an hour or so ago, let me check. One sec...

She wheels her chair around and disappears. Farren stands alone in the waiting room.

She fingers through a number of pamphlets and magazines.

RECEPTIONIST (cont'd)

Your daddy's not here, hon.

Farren looks up.

FARREN

Excuse me?

RECEPTIONIST

No, he's down at the county hospital in Harlan.

FARREN

Are you kidding me?

RECEPTIONIST

Sorry, you went out of your way. He didn't mention it?

FARREN

No. No, he didn't.

She turns on her heel and leaves.

EXT./INT. FARREN'S CAR - EVENING

Farren drives stony-faced down a winding road. The sun sets against her eyes.

INT. HOSPITAL - LOBBY - NIGHT

The lobby is full of mostly MEN similar to Eli. Many wear ventilators or oxygen tanks. They range from 30s-60s.

Farren and Mary Anne stand in the middle of the lobby. They're buried in their respective screens.

FARREN (TEXT)

Here.

She looks around.

A tired NURSE with a bad hip hobbles toward Farren.

NURSE

Ms. Cain?

Farren and Mary Anne look up.

NURSE (cont'd)

I can bring y'all back to yer daddy.

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Farren and Mary Anne walk through the tight, overcrowded hallway. Many rooms have their doors wide open.

A YOUNG PAKISTANI WOMAN lies alone on a gurney in the hallway.

Mary Anne lifts her arm to point toward the woman.

FARREN

Don't point. Eyes ahead.

Farren bear claws the top of Mary Anne's head and leads her along.

INT. HOSPITAL - OFFICE - NIGHT

Eli sits across the desk from DR. BADRUDDUJA. A gentle KNOCK on the door reveals the Nurse.

NURSE

I got your girls here, Mr. Cain.

ELI

'Bout time.

Dr. Badrudduja stands as Farren and Mary Anne come in.

DR. BADRUDDUJA

I'm Dr. Badrudduja.

He extends his hand which Farren takes with a furrowed brow.

FARREN

We've been working with Dr. Ahmed.

Dr. Badrudduja takes his seat and pulls his computer closer to himself.

DR. BADRUDDUJA

Yes, but Dr. Ahmed believes that your father would benefit from a specialist and so, here we are.

Farren takes a seat. Mary Anne climbs up onto Eli's lap and buries her head in his chest.

DR. BADRUDDUJA (cont'd)

It might be best if the little one stepped out for a moment.

FARREN

It's not like she'll tell anybody.

ELI

(warning)

Farren. She understands plenty.

FARREN

You wanna deal with her flipping out when we put her outside?

DR. BADRUDDUJA

She might do well hearing this information from yourself later. Give you some time to process.

None of the Cains move.

DR. BADRUDDUJA (cont'd)

Fine. Well, then. I'm afraid there is no easy way to say this. Eli's chest radiography unfortunately came back consistent with lung cancer.

The three of them are completely nonplussed.

DR. BADRUDDUJA (cont'd)

(confused by the lack of reaction)

Um, the cancer has progressed quite rapidly--

FARREN

(cutting him off)

Well, of course he has fucking cancer. Just look at him. Like he drags that tank around for shits or something.

DR. BADRUDDUJA

Ma'am, I don't think you understand the severity of the situation.

FARREN

We've been told he's gonna keel over every six months since before Mack here was even born. Excuse me if I don't fall over crying every time you mention it.

Mary Anne giggles.

DR. BADRUDDUJA

I understand that Mr. Cain has been through a variety of cancer treatments in the past.

FARREN

--Lung cancer, skin cancer, throat cancer, you fucking name it--

DR. BADRUDDUJA

Ma'am--

FARREN

I mean, Jesus, he's barely even been taking treatment for it in the last five years. Just won't fucking die--

Eli glances toward her, only slightly amused.

DR. BADRUDDUJA

The goal would be, of course, to keep Mr. Cain as comfortable as possible.

FARREN

Oh, he's plenty comfortable. Sucking up tobacco and oxygen to his heart's content.

DR. BADRUDDUJA

(interrupting)

He has a progressed form of Black Lung Disease. He might have fought it off in the past, but, ma'am, your father is dying.

Mary Anne turns to face Dr. Badrudduja.

INT./EXT. FARREN'S CAR - NIGHT

Eli drives. Farren stares out of the passenger's window, while Mary Anne is buckled in the back seat. The MUSIC from a game on her tablet clashes with the STATIC of the COUNTRY RADIO STATION.

FARREN

You gonna do chemo again?

Eli scoffs slightly as he brings a cigarette to his lips.

INT./EXT. FARREN'S CAR - CAIN HOUSE - NIGHT

They slow down the driveway. Eli cuts the engine.

ELI

You staying around tonight?

Farren busies herself with gathering her purse.

FARREN

Probably not.

ELI

Stay for dinner.

He gets out of the car and slams the door shut.

INT. CAIN HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Eli stands at the counter chopping raw venison. Mary Anne sits next to the sink, her legs dangle off the counter, her eyes fixated on the knife in Eli's hand.

A large boiling pot of water bubbles on the stove.

ELI
 Alright, nice and slow, drop the
 pieces in.

Mary Anne takes the pieces of meat in her hands and holds them over the steaming pot.

ELI (cont'd)
 One at a time, so it doesn't splash
 ya.

EXT. CAIN HOUSE - SAME

Farren sits on the porch smoking a cigarette. Above her, Eli and Mary Anne are just visible cooking in the kitchen.

Farren fiddles with her phone, scrolling through a TEXT conversation. She holds the phone up to her ear as it DIALS.

FARREN
 (on phone)
 Hey.

Loud MUSIC blares from the phone.

FARREN (cont'd)
 Caleb? (she listens) You need to come
 home--

She's cut off. She listens.

FARREN (cont'd)
 I can't hear you... No, you need to
 come-- Caleb--

He hangs up. Farren pulls the phone away from her ear.

FARREN (cont'd)
 (muttering)
 Fucking asshole.

She flicks her cigarette and walks off to her car. The engine SPUTTERS to life after the third try, and she drives away.

INT. CAIN HOUSE - KITCHEN - SAME

Eli watches as Farren's car disappears down the driveway. He turns his attention to Mary Anne.

ELI

You want to eat at the table?

She shakes her head no.

ELI (cont'd)

(playful)

Do you want to eat in the T.V. room?

She smiles and giggles and hops off the counter.

ELI (cont'd)

Again? Well, alright...

He gathers their plates and follows her out.

INT./EXT. FARREN'S CAR

Farren drives slowly down the dark road. She scrolls through her phone and holds it to her ear.

It RINGS and RINGS until--

VOICEMAIL

You have reached the voice mail box
for six--

Farren hangs up. dials some one else.

MALLORY (V.O.)

Hello?

FARREN

Hey, you doing anything?

INT. CAIN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Eli and Mary Anne cuddle together on the couch, wrapped tightly in a blanket.

Mary Anne is completely entranced by the flashing pictures.

INT. MALLORY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Mallory and Farren lay on the couch. Farren has a blanket wrapped around her shoulders. Junk food and beers litter the coffee table in front of them, and the television displaying a REALITY SHOW lights the room.

The back door BANGS open. A baby starts CRYING.

NATE (O.S.)

Mallory!

Mallory immediately skirts off the couch and out of sight.

Farren focuses on the television as NATE, 20s, comes up to hover behind her.

He wears over-sized construction clothes that reflect in the the television. He's small-framed and boyish, but increasingly short-tempered.

NATE

We're about to turn in.

Farren takes a sip from her beer, but doesn't turn around.

FARREN

We're just gonna finish this episode.

Mallory comes up behind Nate holding CHARLIE, a 6-month old.

MALLORY

You woke him up.

Mallory comes back around the couch and sits next to Farren. She pulls her tank-top down and Charlie immediately latches.

NATE

Mallory, I need to talk to you.

She leans back into the couch and closes her eyes.

MALLORY

One minute, baby, let him finish.

Nate glares down at her.

MALLORY (cont'd)

(rolling her eyes)

Well, alright then. Farren, can you take him and give us a minute.

Mallory removes Charlie from her breast, and he immediately starts SCREAMING. She holds him out for Farren to take.

Farren lifts the screaming Charlie by his armpits and carries him to the

KITCHEN.

It's messy. Dishes are piled up and cupboards are left open. Farren tries to bounce Charlie on her hip, but he slips off to the side. He screams throughout.

NATE (O.S.)

I don't want her staying here tonight.

MALLORY (O.S.)

It's late.

NATE (O.S.)

For fucks sake, she's basically living here! I'm sick of it.

Farren tries to shush him, but he screams louder. She opens up the refrigerator and squints in the light.

MALLORY (O.S.)

Don't curse at me--

NATE (O.S.)

I want her gone, Mallory.

Farren fingers through packages of LUNCHABLES. She grabs two. One she pockets in her sweatshirt, the other she hastily opens one-handed.

She picks apart a slice of lunch meat and balls it between her fingers. She puts it in front of Charlie's mouth.

FARREN

Shhh...you want some of this?

Charlie screams.

MALLORY (O.S.)

She's gonna hear you.

NATE (O.S.)

I don't give a shit.

Mallory GASPS slightly. Farren listens hard, trying to decipher the sound of INAUDIBLE WHISPERS from Charlie's screams.

Finally, a bedroom door SLAMS. Mallory comes around the corner.

MALLORY

Sorry about that.

Farren immediately holds Charlie back out for Mallory to take.

FARREN

You're fine. He's an asshole.

Mallory doesn't say anything. She shrugs off one side of her shirt to let Charlie eat again.

MALLORY

I told him it's the season finale,
and you'll be gone right after. He'll
be asleep by then. Just be gone by
the time he wakes up.

Mallory eyes the unwrapped Lunchable on the counter.

MALLORY (cont'd)

You can't keep on staying here
Farren. It's his house.

INT./EXT. FARREN'S CAR - TRAIN TRACKS - SUNRISE

Farren races down the road. The LIGHTS begin to flash.

FARREN

Come on...

Farren floors it. The bar comes down and she skids to a halt. The train bursts into view with a ear-shattering blast of its HORN.

FARREN (cont'd)

Fuck!

The train BLOWS. Farren lays on her HORN in frustration as she watches it pass.

INT. DINER - DAWN

The diner is almost empty. One man sits alone in a booth nursing a coffee.

Farren stands gazing blankly out the window, as Kayla speaks M.O.S.

Suddenly, Farren snaps out of it and cuts Kayla off mid-sentence.

FARREN

You wanna work my double tonight?

Kayla scoffs.

KAYLA

Um, no.

Farren walks away from her, untying her apron as she speaks.

FARREN

Oh, come on, I gotta thing to do, and
it's not like you'll make money if
you don't.

INT./EXT. FARREN'S CAR - DAY TO SUNSET

Farren speeds down the winding mountain highway until she reaches flatland.

The sun begins to set and she drives directly into it. She rolls her windows down. The wind whips her hair around her, as she squints into the sun.

She passes town 'welcome' signs, county signs, until finally a sign that states 'Next Exit in 20 mi'.

She purposefully drives past her last opportunity to exit and speeds on.

INT. GAS STATION - DUSK

Farren bumps into the lot. She hops out of her car and heads to the mini mart.

INT. MINI MART - CONTINUOUS

A lone CASHIER sits behind the counter. She eyes Farren carefully.

FARREN

Can I get twenty on three.

The Cashier punches into the register.

FARREN (cont'd)

And a pack of Marlboros. Red please.

CASHIER

That'll be twenty-five, seventy two.

Farren pulls her server book out of her purse. She just has enough.

INT./EXT. FARREN'S CAR - GAS STATION - DUSK TO NIGHT

Farren sits in her car smoking her cigarettes. The Cashier watches from her window.

Farren smokes her cigarette down to the butt, flicks it, and lights up another. She waits until night has fallen fully.

Finally, her phone RINGS.

FARREN
Yeah? ... You're here?

She starts her car, turns around, and heads back home.

INT. CAIN HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Farren barges into the kitchen.

FARREN
(calling out)
Caleb!

CALEB (O.S.)
Yo!

Farren walks into the

LIVING ROOM.

CALEB and Eli sit on separate couches facing a brand new flat-screen television playing a COLLEGE FOOTBALL GAME.

Caleb is only slightly older than Farren. Skinny but styled. He speaks with a GENERAL AMERICAN accent.

Farren stands behind them.

FARREN
You finally made it.

Empty beer cans litter the couches and side table. All three of them watch the game in momentary silence.

CALEB
I came in this morning--

FARREN
 (cutting him off)
 What T.V. is this?

Mary Anne peers around the corner. Caleb glances toward her, but doesn't acknowledge her.

ELI
 It's nice, huh?

FARREN
 It's huge.

ELI
 Ma's check came in.

He takes a swig of his beer.

FARREN
 So?

CALEB
 Let the man live, Fairy.

FARREN
 Did you get him to do this?

CALEB
 Course not. Anyone who buys a television nowadays is a fucking idiot. It's going to be obsolete in five years.

ELI
 Watch your damn mouth, Caleb.

CALEB
 I'm just saying. If you buy technology, at least get something innovative.

ELI
 Are you fucking kidding me? You were in the damn Walmart with me when I bought it. You're watching the fucking thing as we speak.

Caleb rolls into the couch cracking up. He throws a beer at Eli.

CALEB
 Relax, old man. It's your check. Do what you want.

Eli begins to open the beer can. His breath becomes haggard. He bows his head trying to stifle it, but he begins gasping for breath.

FARREN

Daddy?

He can't breathe. Caleb sits up, frozen in shock. Farren goes to him.

FARREN (cont'd)

Your oxygen not flowing right?

She squats down to examine the machine. Eli clutches his chest with one hand, the other hand waves toward the kitchen.

FARREN (cont'd)

What? What do you need?

Eli continues to claw at the air.

CALEB

Do you have medication or something?

Farren frantically looks around and finally sees Mary Anne watching in horror.

FARREN

Jesus Christ.

Farren jumps over the sofa and yanks Mary Anne up by her armpits. She carries her back through the

KITCHEN

And opens the door. She places Mary Anne down outside.

FARREN (cont'd)

Stay there. Okay? Stay.

Farren slams the door closed.

EXT. CAIN HOUSE - PORCH - CONTINUOUS

Mary Anne stands, shell-shocked, staring at the closed door. Breath rises from her mouth in the cold air.

INT. CAIN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Farren rushes back in. Eli is calmer, but his breathing has not completely steadied.

CALEB
(to Farren without
looking)
He's good, he's good, get him some
water or something.

Frustrated at the command, Farren turns on her heel to the
KITCHEN.

She pulls a cup out of the cabinet with a shaking hand and
fills it with water from the faucet. She downs the water in
a couple gulps before filling it up again and returning to
the

LIVING ROOM

Just in time to see Caleb walking Eli out of the room.

EXT. CAIN HOUSE - PORCH - NIGHT

Mary Anne hasn't moved. She stands straight and tall and
stares, unblinkingly, at the door until it opens to reveal
Farren.

With little care, she scoops Mary Anne up and swings her
back inside.

INT. CAIN HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Caleb slowly comes out of Eli's room and carefully closes
the door. Farren is there in a flash.

FARREN
He doing okay?

Caleb waves for her to be quiet.

CALEB
(whispering)
He's fine. Just spooked.

FARREN
(whispering)
Spooked? How's he spooked? We were
doing nothing.

CALEB
We're gonna need to talk to Damien
tomorrow.

FARREN
What, you think he's dying?

CALEB
He is dying, Farren. The doctor says,
his body says, this is what's
happening.

They make unblinking eye contact until finally Farren breaks
and looks away.

CALEB (cont'd)
Besides, Damien says he needs to
reevaluate Mom's estate.

FARREN
This has nothing to do with Ma.

CALEB
We gotta get under this, Farren.

Farren's phone BEEPS. She glances it.

FARREN
I gotta go.

CALEB
Is it Cameron?

FARREN
No. I ain't seeing him anymore.

Caleb scoffs.

FARREN (cont'd)
I don't stay here, okay? I have to
go, I have people waiting for me.

She turns and hurries back down the stairs.

EXT./INT. FARREN'S CAR - NIGHT

Farren drives slowly around the town square, her phone to
her ear.

VOICEMAIL
You have reached the voice mail box
for --

She hangs up, and tries someone else.

MALLORY
 (voicemail)
 Hey, it's Mallory! Leave a message--

Farren throws the phone to the passenger seat, and continues driving around and around the square.

EXT./INT. FARREN'S CAR - CAMERON'S HOUSE - LATER

Farren flips her lights off and slowly drives toward Cameron's house. His tow-truck is parked under a large poplar tree. She shifts her car into park and cuts the engine.

She sits, staring at Cameron's lit up house, before sliding her seat as far back as possible and closing her eyes.

INT. LAW OFFICE OF DAMIEN LOWE - DAY

Damien's office is overstuffed with boxes of files. Everything about the office is about ten years out of date.

Caleb and Farren sit across the desk from DAMIEN, 60s, worn down and overworked.

DAMIEN
 You won't be able to get life insurance for your father this late in the game.

CALEB
 Even with him being Mary Anne's guardian?

DAMIEN
 Well, Mary Anne is something to consider. She is a minor, but because of his preexisting conditions...

FARREN
 But he has those conditions because of the mines--

CALEB
 (cutting her off)
 --The company should be offering us something.

DAMIEN
 (shaking his head)
 Your father quit when your mother died.

(MORE)

DAMIEN (cont'd)

If he had quit for medical reasons that would be different. But the courts can make a case that his lung cancer is what's most dangerous to him, and that very well is due to his smoking.

FARREN

Until he chokes himself to death and the doctors say it's the Black Lung that did it--

CALEB

(cutting her off)

--He only quit to take care of Mack. He was always planning on coming back.

Farren shifts uncomfortably in her chair.

DAMIEN

But he didn't. And that's that. Once your father passes, you'll need to sell the house to cover the taxes and expenses. All the company will do is help with some--not all--of the medical expense.

They fall in to silence.

FARREN

What about Mary Anne?

DAMIEN

Well, you can petition to get her. With the history of...guardianship, it might be a hard bet. The judges won't like that. She can go to another family member--

CALEB

I mean, I work full time.

DAMIEN

(ignoring him)

Your aunt might be a good bet. You can speak to the father about--

FARREN

That's not going to be an option.

DAMIEN

...or, she can always be put into foster care to be adopted out.

(MORE)

DAMIEN (cont'd)
But with her condition, it might be
more beneficial to keep her with
family.

Farren lets this sink in.

DAMIEN (cont'd)
Between the three of you, Mary Anne
has the most money--

FARREN
She can't touch Ma's money until
she's twenty-one.

CALEB
Can we petition to change that?

Farren glares at him.

CALEB (cont'd)
I mean, to help whoever takes her
with raising her.

FARREN
We're not changing her trust.

Damien leans in, focuses on Farren.

DAMIEN
Farren-- If you decide to take her,
the state will help back you.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Farren and Caleb walk to their respective cars.

CALEB
You gonna take her?

Farren opens her car door but doesn't get in.

FARREN
I'm just trying to figure out who's
taking care of her now that Daddy's
sick.

CALEB
You live here, Farren. It just makes
sense.

FARREN
I don't live with him.

CALEB

Well, get living with him. I'm gone.
I gotta get back home. I can't be
here. I have work.

FARREN

I work, Caleb. I have the same
responsibilities as you. I'm trying
to get out.

CALEB

You have more of the responsibility
than I do.

Caleb gets into his car.

CALEB (cont'd)

Take care of your shit, Farren.

INT. DINER - EVENING

Farren watches as Cameron's tow-truck bounces into the
parking lot.

She turns her back to the door as soon as Cameron jumps out
of the truck and begins meticulously organizing the to-go
cups.

The bell RINGS and Farren squats down, out of sight.

Cameron makes his way to the counter and takes a seat.

CAMERON

You stopping by tonight?

Farren stands and turns to face Cameron. She wipes a glass
clean.

FARREN

No. I'm working.

Cameron fingers the menu.

FARREN (cont'd)

You eating?

CAMERON

Trying to.

He smiles up at her.

CAMERON (cont'd)
So, you freaked Grayson out last night.

FARREN
I don't know what you're talking about.

Farren grabs a coffee pot and walks around the counter, filling up customers' mug.

CAMERON
When's your break?

Farren scoffs, her back to Cameron.

FARREN
What break?

CAMERON
Don't be smart. I can do this right here if you'd rather that.

Farren glances around the crowded diner.

FARREN
Let me get my table's food out.

EXT. DINER - EVENING

Farren leans against the side of the building, she nervously lights a cigarette. Cameron corners her to the wall.

CAMERON
You need a place to stay?

FARREN
No.

CAMERON
Don't play this game. You can't be camping out in front of my place.

Farren tries to stare him down but breaks eye contact.

FARREN
It won't happen again.

CAMERON
You need money?

FARREN
No.

CAMERON

Farren--

FARREN

Not from you. I don't need nothing
from you.

Cameron clutches his fists frustrated.

CAMERON

You're something else, you know that?

Farren looks everywhere but at Cameron.

CAMERON (cont'd)

Let me take care of you.

FARREN

I don't need you to.

CAMERON

Mack needs me to.

FARREN

She's none of your concern.

He takes a step away from her.

CAMERON

You're gonna ruin your fucking life,
you know that? All because you're too
busy being a stubborn fucking cunt.

Cameron takes a deep breath, controlling himself.

CAMERON (cont'd)

But I'm a good man. And I'm gonna be
here for you and Mack when you come
crawling back, you hear?

He comes nose to nose to her.

CAMERON (cont'd)

Yes?

He lifts her chin and kisses her.

CAMERON (cont'd)

Yes.

He walks away leaving Farren glued against the wall.

INT. CAIN HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Eli and Mary Anne cook at the counter. Farren sits at the kitchen table. She slowly cores apples. The slices are jagged and uneven. Finally--

FARREN

Caleb and I thought it's best if someone helps out with Mack for a bit.

Eli continues at the stove, but Mary Anne looks up.

FARREN (cont'd)

So, I'll be staying in my room, if that's good for y'all.

Eli grunts and dumps meat into the pot.

INT. CAIN HOUSE - FARREN'S ROOM - MORNING

The sun barely peaks through her curtains. Farren stands, half-dressed, lost in thought.

She comes to, gives her head a little shake, and continues dressing.

INT. CAIN HOUSE - MARY ANNE'S ROOM - MORNING

Mary Anne stays in Caleb's old room. Posters, books, and awards line the walls and dressers from Caleb's high school days.

Farren stands over a sleeping Mary Anne.

FARREN

Mack, time to get up.

Mary Anne doesn't move.

FARREN (cont'd)

Mack, get up...

Mary Anne startles awake and immediately starts crying.

FARREN (cont'd)

No, no, no, shush, okay.

Mary Anne screams. Farren doesn't know what to do. She grabs Mary Anne and presses her screaming face against her chest.

Mary Anne tries to get away, but Farren presses a hand against the back of her head and smothers her with her chest.

FARREN (cont'd)

Shhh.

Farren sits down on the bed, Mary Anne clings to her. Farren reaches out and drags one of the off-white blankets to cover them both.

UNDER BLANKET.

Farren rocks Mary Anne back and forth cooing softly to her.

INT. CAIN HOUSE - MARY ANNE'S ROOM - LATER

Farren helps a calm Mary Anne pull a shirt over her head and tie her shoes.

INT. CAIN HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Mary Anne sits at the table and eats her bacon and eggs.

Farren eats her meal at the counter, while she multitasks and covers a third plate in saran wrap.

She opens the refrigerator and places the plate inside with a note that reads: MICROWAVE FOR 2.5 MIN

INT. SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY

Farren walks determinedly down the empty hall. She pulls Mary Anne along by the hand.

INT. SCHOOL - PRINCIPAL WILSON'S OFFICE - DAY

Farren sits angrily across from Principal Wilson. Mary Anne sprawls on the floor next to her.

PRINCIPAL WILSON

I'm sorry, Ms. Cain, there's nothing I can do for you right now.

FARREN

No one ever told me that she got pulled out.

PRINCIPAL WILSON

Well, Eli and I thought that she would have more success at home--

FARREN

How? What right does he have to be teaching anybody anything?

PRINCIPAL WILSON

Ms. Cain, I know you're upset--

FARREN

Well, I'm taking care of her for the time being, and I need her back in school.

PRINCIPAL WILSON

The school simply doesn't have the resources--

FARREN

My father's not fit to be seeing after anyone. He's sick, and I work, and it's her right to have schooling.

PRINCIPAL WILSON

Eli signed the waver. She wasn't going to have any type of success here.

Farren's phone BEEPS. She glances at it.

FARREN

I need to get to work.

She tries to regain composure.

FARREN (cont'd)

Look. She's here already. Can't, can't you just watch her for the day. I'll figure something else out later.

PRINCIPAL WILSON

(at a loss)

There's a liability aspect...

FARREN

Oh, for Christ's sake--

She picks up Mary Anne who immediately squirms her way back down to the ground.

FARREN (cont'd)
Next time, speak to me first, before
doing something concerning Mary Anne,
you hear me?

Principal Wilson shrinks into his chair, as Farren pulls
Mary Anne out of the room.

INT. SCHOOL - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Farren and Mary Anne march back down the hallway. They pass
an open classroom door, and a YOUNG TEACHER stands at the
front of the room.

FARREN
Come on...

Farren pulls Mary Anne toward the door and tries to shoo her
inside, much to the Teacher and STUDENT's surprise.

PRINCIPAL WILSON
Ms. Cain...

Farren turns to see Principal Wilson watching from the end
of the hall.

FARREN
Fine. Fine.

Farren and Mary Anne turn and leave down the hall.

INT. DINER - DAY

The diner is packed. Kayla sweats as she runs around. The
line is covered in tickets and food.

Farren and Mary Anne run inside.

KAYLA
Where have you been?

Farren lifts Mary Anne to the one empty counter chair.

FARREN
Don't start.

She runs around the counter and pulls out a KID'S COLORING
MENU and shoves it in front of Mary Anne.

FARREN (cont'd)
Okay, you good? You're gonna be good?

But she doesn't wait for an answer. Farren immediately starts running food, taking customers.

The diner is in chaos around Mary Anne who watches still and silent as if frozen.

Kayla hurries over and places a packet of crayons next to Mary Anne.

KAYLA

Here you go, honey--

Kayla places a hand on Mary Anne's back. Mary Anne immediately snaps out of her trance and SCREAMS as she slides off the stool.

The diner goes quiet. Farren looks wildly around just in time to see Mary Anne bolt between the swinging doors to the kitchen.

INT. DINER - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Mary Anne crawls on her hands and knees between the legs of the COOKS.

COOK

Hey, hey, hey!

Farren bursts through the door and chases after her. Her feet slide on the greasy floor and she FALLS heavily.

INT. DINER - OFFICE - LATER

Farren carries a SCREAMING Mary Anne into the tiny office, which is really more a storage closet with a desk in it.

FARREN

You need to calm down, okay. Sit.
Calm down.

Mary Anne retreats under the desk, her SCREAMING still vibrating.

FARREN (cont'd)

Okay, okay, okay.

Farren leaves. Then comes back in.

FARREN (cont'd)

Don't--don't touch anything. Just,
just breathe or--

But Mary Anne just CRIES, and Farren hurries back to her tables.

INT. DINER - LATER

The rush finally has died. Kayla rolls silverware. The Cook scrubs his stovetop with bubbling soap.

Farren is at a stragglng table when DERICK, 45 slams the front door open.

DERICK

Farren.

Farren finishes scrawling her order.

DERICK (cont'd)

In the office. Now.

Derick walks pointedly to the office.

FARREN

Wait! Wait, hold on one second--

Farren hurries after him, but it's too late.

INT. DINER - OFFICE - LATER

There's no room to sit. Farren and Derick stand across the desk from each other. Mary Anne WAILS.

DERICK

How did you think this was okay?

FARREN

I didn't know she'd freak out, I had to get her off the floor, didn't I?

DERICK

You can't lock a child in my office unattended.

FARREN

Mack, quiet. What was I supposed to do?

DERICK

Don't bring her! Don't bring her to work, how about that.

FARREN

I don't really have another option at the moment.

Mary Anne continues to wail.

FARREN (cont'd)

Look, I-- I can't leave her with, I can't leave her at home any more.

DERICK

Then you need to figure something out. I can't have you working shifts with her.

Mary Anne wails.

FARREN

Mack, shut up!

DERICK

You're not working on the floor if she's with you. You hear me?

FARREN

Yeah, understood.

EXT. CAIN HOUSE - NIGHT

It's drizzling slightly. Eli stands, breathing heavily, at the edge of the driveway and the road. His house looms behind him.

Farren's car rolls up from the road. She rolls down her window. Mary Anne sits in the back seat.

FARREN

What are you doing out here?

Eli doesn't say anything. He looks around confused, catching his breath.

FARREN (cont'd)

Daddy, why don't we go back inside.

Still nothing.

FARREN (cont'd)

You wanna get in?

Eli clears his throat which turns into a minor coughing fit.

ELI

No. No, I'll walk back.

He slowly turns and starts making his way toward the house. Farren drives at a snail's pace next to him.

INT. CAIN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Mary Anne and Eli watch television. Two plates of food in front of them.

Farren comes quietly into the room and sits on the opposite end of the couch. They don't acknowledge her.

She sits for a moment and then gets up and walks toward the kitchen.

The kitchen door CREEKS open and SLAMS shut.

EXT. CAIN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

It's pouring RAIN. Farren presses up against the side of the house, out of the way of the water. It falls off the overhang in sheets, inches from her face.

She struggles to light a cigarette eventually but manages.

INT. MALLORY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Mallory breastfeeds Charlie on the couch while Farren watches uncomfortably.

MALLORY

I'm not gonna take her.

FARREN

Just during the days. Charlie could use a friend.

MALLORY

Oh god, don't say that. Nate's already itching for another baby. He keeps on saying he wants them close in age. Ahh!

Mallory pulls Charlie off her for a moment.

MALLORY (cont'd)

I swear he has cat's teeth or something.

(MORE)

MALLORY (cont'd)
You can drop her off at Susanne's.
She takes care of kids now.

FARREN
I'm not about to pay for Susanne to
take care of Mack.

Charlie bites again.

MALLORY
Charlie! Stop! (to Farren) Just leave
her with Eli.

FARREN
I can't. He's gone funny I think. I
don't know, I just have a bad feeling
about it.

MALLORY
Or Cam. Ouch! Charlie, I'mma get the
bottle if you don't quit it.

FARREN
Cam won't take her unless we make it
legal.

MALLORY
Well, I don't know what to tell you,
Farren. You can't complain, and then
shoot down every single option you
have.

The front door OPENS, and Nate can be heard shuffling
around.

MALLORY (cont'd)
You gotta go.

FARREN
Mallory, please.

Nate comes through the hallway.

NATE
What's this?

MALLORY
She's just leaving.

Nate walks around the back of the couch and pulls Charlie
off Mallory. He immediately starts crying.

Farren watches the three of them, and then gets up.

FARREN
I'll see you around, I guess.

EXT. CAMERON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Farren's car pulls up and parks next to Cameron's truck.

She steps out and hurries up the porch steps. She opens the screen door, and sticks a key in the front door to turn the lock.

FARREN
(calling out)
Hey!

INT. CAMERON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

It's a tiny one bedroom house. The main room serves as a living room/kitchen. The sofa is pulled out into a bed.

GRAYSON, around Mary Anne's age, plays GRAND THEFT AUTO.

Cameron comes out from the kitchen, a puny apron tied around his torso.

CAMERON
Hey Fairy.

He leans in to kiss her, but Farren dodges it.

FARREN
(overly cheery)
Hey, Grayson. You having fun?

He doesn't look up from the game. Cameron reaches out for her, and she swats him off.

FARREN (cont'd)
(to Cameron)
Stop it. (to Grayson) You like staying with your daddy?

CAMERON
He loves it. You know Grayson just got a basketball hoop over his bed.

Grayson pays no attention.

FARREN
Wow, Grayson, that's really cool!

Grayson is not amused. Cameron comes behind her and starts walking her to the bedroom.

CAMERON
I'll show it to you.

INT. CAMERON'S HOUSE - GRAYSON'S ROOM - NIGHT

Cameron and Farren roll around on Grayson's bed. The plastic basketball hoop shakes over their heads.

FARREN
You got a condom?

CAMERON
(kissing her)
Mmhmm.

After a beat.

FARREN
Well, go get it, then.

Cameron reluctantly lifts himself off of her. He goes to the closet and reaches up to one of the high shelves.

FARREN (cont'd)
You are sick. This is your son's room.

Cameron returns to the bed. With a grin, he throws the condom up, it swishes through the hoop, and falls on her chest.

EXT. CAIN HOUSE - EARLY MORNING

Farren hurries up the steps of the house. A thick layer of fog hangs heavy around the yard.

INT. CAIN HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Farren and Mary Anne sit across from each other, each eating a large bowl of cereal in silence.

FARREN
Do you remember what you were learning in school?

Mary Anne doesn't respond. She keeps her eyes down to her bowl.

FARREN (cont'd)

Yeah.

She flips through the pile of mail that covers the table.

A thick envelope addressed to Eli catches her eye. She rips at the top and shakes it open to reveal a \$4,000 AMBULANCE BILL.

She stuffs it back in the envelope.

FARREN (cont'd)

Do you know colors yet?

Mary Anne doesn't respond.

FARREN (cont'd)

Or...like numbers? Were you learning numbers?

Still nothing.

FARREN (cont'd)

Do you know the number four thousand?
It's a pretty big number, huh?

Mary Anne slides off the chair and leaves Farren alone.

INT. CAIN HOUSE - ELI'S BEDROOM - DAY

Farren taps at the door as she pushes it open.

FARREN

You good?

Eli lays in bed, his oxygen tank rattling next to him, and GRUNTS a reply.

FARREN (cont'd)

Cool.

She begins to close the door, but stops.

FARREN (cont'd)

There's breakfast in the fridge.
Just, if you want.

INT. CAIN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Farren wanders aimlessly around the room. She rummages through various cupboards, flips through channels on the television set.

INT. CAIN HOUSE - MARY ANNE'S ROOM - LATER

Mary Anne lays underneath her bed. Her tiny feet are just sticking out.

FARREN

Mack?

Farren comes into the room.

FARREN (cont'd)

Mack, get up. Come on, let's do something.

EXT. PLAYGROUND - DAY

Farren and Mary Anne sit on the edge of a small playground. A few SMALL CHILDREN run around.

FARREN

Go swing.

Mary Anne watches the children.

FARREN (cont'd)

Come on.

Farren herds Mary Anne toward the swing set. She lifts her up and tries to fit Mary Anne's legs through the leg-holes of the seat.

Mary Anne immediately starts to fuss. A JUDGMENTAL MOTHER stares them down.

FARREN (cont'd)

Shhh, it's okay, just be--

But Mary Anne fights harder until Farren lets her go.

EXT. CAIN HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Farren drives up to the house. None of the lights are on. Mary Anne jumps out and runs toward the house. Farren behind her.

INT. CAIN HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Mary Anne has already disappeared into the house. Farren drops her purse on the table.

FARREN

Daddy?

No answer.

INT. CAIN HOUSE - KITCHEN - SAME

Farren returns through the doorway and turns to the refrigerator.

FARREN

Mack, you hungry?

The fridge is full. On the shelf where she left it, is Eli's untouched breakfast.

INT. CAIN HOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Farren hurries down the hall and opens the door to ELI'S BEDROOM.

The room is empty.

FARREN

Fuck.

INT. CAIN HOUSE - KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

Farren grabs her purse off the table.

FARREN

(yelling)

Mack, stay in your room.

She opens the door and lets it slam on her way out.

INT./EXT. FARREN'S CAR - NIGHT

The sun has set. Farren drives recklessly, phone to her ear.

FARREN

(on phone)

You need to answer the fucking phone and call me back, he's not home, I don't know where the fuck he is--

INT. FARREN'S CAR - LATER

Farren pulls back up to the house, defeated. The house is lit up from inside.

Farren takes a few breaths as she sits and stares up at the house until she realizes what she sees:

Eli and Mary Anne together at the kitchen counter. Eli is cooking something.

INT. CAIN HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Eli and Mary Anne carefully slice thin pieces off a hide of venison.

Farren opens the door and stays in the door frame.

FARREN

Where the fuck were you?

Eli finishes slicing the piece he was working on.

ELI

You want to try that again?

FARREN

No. No, I don't.

Eli moves slow. He pulls a long piece of saran wrap and lays the hide of deer on it. He begins to wrap it.

ELI

That just won't do, then.

Farren shakes with anger.

FARREN

I come home. You're not here. Your breakfast hasn't been touched.

ELI

(shrugs)

I didn't want it.

FARREN

If I'm here to take care of you--

ELI

(cutting her off)

You're here to take care of Mack. But for some reason, you think it's fit to leave her alone for over an hour.

FARREN

Fine. Fine.

She turns on her heel and leaves.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - NIGHT

Farren's car pulls up along the curb of an especially forgotten building. It looks as if it hasn't housed a business in decades.

EXT. ABANDONED BUILDING - NIGHT

Farren walks around the building. She clutches a liquor bottle wrapped in a plastic bag.

She reaches a broken window and ducks down to step inside.

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - NIGHT

A soft BEAT of MUSIC pounds from underneath the rotten and dirty floor boards.

She walks behind what's left of a register counter and into the

BACKROOM.

The MUSIC is even louder. In the dark, she drags her feet along the floorboards until her foot BANGS on a latch.

She reaches down, and opens the basement door. A swell of MUSIC, VOICES, and LIGHT illuminates Farren from below.

She steps down the stairs.

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - BASEMENT - NIGHT

A lone strobe light connected to a generator flashes along with the beat of M.A.I's YALA (or similiar).

A single DRUNK TEENAGER dances frantically in the center of the room.

Groups of PARTIERS huddle in various corners, drinking and smoking various substances. They range from STRUNG-OUT DRUGGIES to PUNK RAVERS.

Farren scans the crowded taking long swigs from her bottle.

Finally, from across the room she sees Jacob and Mallory. His arm rests over her shoulder, his hand prominently cupping her breast.

MALLORY
Faaarrenn! Whooo!

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - LATER

Farren is cross-faded. Her half empty liquor bottle splashes at her side, as she and Mallory grind into each other to the WHOOPS of the men watching.

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - LATER

Jacob and MIKEY, 18, are amidst a dance battle. Farren has sunk against the wall, but she moves her torso and arms to the beat as she watches.

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - LATER

Farren, Mallory, Jacob, and Mikey huddle in a corner. Jacob inhales deeply from a CRACK PIPE. They're covered in sweat and glitter. The STROBE LIGHT and MUSIC is overwhelming.

MIKEY
You Cameron's girl, right?

Farren takes the pipe and flicks the lighter open.

FARREN
What?

MIKEY
Cameron's girl.

Farren shakes her head as she inhales.

FARREN
Nah, I heard you. That's just fucking wrong.

JACOB
Step off, man. Cameron'll fuck you up.

FARREN
I'll fuck Cameron up!

JACOB
We all know that, babe.

Farren shoves him.

FARREN
Cam's weak. He's no threat to nobody.

Mikey stands and walks around to squat down by Farren.

MIKEY
You hot?

FARREN
Thanks.

MIKEY
(laughing)
Are you hot?

Farren devolves into a fit of giggles and rolls to the floor.

MIKEY (cont'd)
Come on.

He pulls her up by the hand. Mallory watches them leave until Jacob pulls her face to his and kisses her.

EXT. ABANDONED BUILDING - NIGHT

Farren dances to the unheard music below while Mikey watches. Breath rises from both of their mouths.

MIKEY
You look cold.

Farren continues to dance.

FARREN
Nope.

Mikey catches her by her hand and pulls her to him. She bobs to the beat in her head as much as she can from the constraints of his embrace.

MIKEY
You're crazy.

FARREN
(singing)
Fun, fun, fun, fun--

Mikey laughs and watches her for a moment. Until he pulls her in and kisses her hard. His tongue forcing its way into her mouth.

MIKEY

You ever eat a guy out?

The statement slowly falls onto Farren. Her face scrunches with disgust.

FARREN

You're fucking nasty.

She turns, but Mikey pins her chest against the wall of the building.

Mikey's frozen fingers fumble at the buttons of her pants.

Farren's face is pressed against the brick wall. Mikey's is buried against her ear.

MIKEY

You're fucking nasty.

Mikey finally unbuttons her pants and yanks them down.

MIKEY (cont'd)

Huh? You're fucking nasty, aren't you.

Farren nods her head.

MIKEY (cont'd)

Yeah, that's what I thought.

Farren lets out a gasp as Mikey's fingers shove inside her. His other hand pressed against the back of her head.

He squats down and buries his face in her ass.

Farren grunts. Her face contorts, not completely with pleasure.

FARREN

I'm cold.

INT. CAIN HOUSE - FARREN'S ROOM - MORNING

Farren pulls off her dirty clothes, but glitter stays plastered to her skin and hair. She's still faded and stumbles slightly getting her jeans off.

Without bothering to put on pajamas, she crawls into her bed and wraps her blankets around her. She curls up into a tiny ball.

INT. GROCER'S - FEMININE PRODUCTS AISLE - DAY

Farren slowly walks down the aisle. She hides herself in her giant sweatshirt with the hood up.

She scans the products:

Tampons, pads, liners...

She turns around and scans the "FAMILY PLANNING" side:

Condoms, lube, sponges...

CLERK

Hiya Fairy, can I help ya find anything?

Farren startles and grabs at one of the boxes of tampons.

FARREN

Nope. Got it. Thanks.

INT./EXT. FARREN'S CAR - DAY

Farren, one hand out the window with a cigarette, speeds down a back road. Lucinda William's JOY shakes from her speakers.

She passes a NOW ENTERING FLOYD COUNTY sign.

EXT. KROGER - PARKING LOT - EVENING

Farren's car rounds into the parking lot. The giant Kroger sits next to a WALMART as well as a number of small restaurants.

INT. KROGER - CONT

Farren looks around. The store is crowded with families and shoppers. Farren looks up and down the different aisles.

COURTESY CLERK

Can I help you find something?

FARREN

No...no, I'm good.

She wanders off until she finds the

FEMININE PRODUCTS AISLE

She hurries down it and quickly scopes out the products. Nothing.

INT. KROGER - PHARMACY COUNTER - CONTINUOUS

Farren, hoodie up, stands in a long line in front of the single pharmacist.

The line moves slowly until--

KROGER PHARMACIST

Ma'am, can I help you?

FARREN

Yeah. Yeah, I was looking for the um, Plan B thing, but it wasn't in the aisle--

KROGER PHARMACIST

You'll need a prescription from your doctor.

FARREN

Really? I mean, I've gotten it before...

KROGER PHARMACIST

Well, it's not something we generally encourage young girls to take over and over. So, you'll be needing a doctor's note.

Farren's in shock but admits defeat and walks away.

EXT. KROGER - PARKING LOT - EVENING

Farren walks across the lot, a plastic grocery bag swings at her side.

EXT./INT. FARREN'S CAR - NIGHT

Farren's lone car makes the long trip back to town.

INT. CAIN HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Farren drops her purse but keeps the Kroger bag tight in her hand. The sound of a POLICE PROCEDURAL blares from the living room.

Fairy? ELI (O.S.)

Yeah? FARREN

You're late. ELI

INT. CAIN HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Farren pulls a FEMININE DOUCHE BOX and a tube of SPERMICIDE from the bag.

She pulls off her clothes and steps into the SHOWER.

She leaves the shower curtain open. Her phone, displayed with instructions, rests on the sink. She checks back with each step as she:

Twists open the douche, squeezes the bag which spits the solution out of the nozzle.

Untwists the cap of the Spermicide, squeezes it onto her finger and inserts it inside herself.

She hunches over and inserts the nozzle of the douche.

The solution, cloudy with spermicide, drips down her leg.

INT. CAIN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Farren, in sweats, her hair still wet from the shower, walks around the couch and sits on the couch between Mary Anne and Eli. None of them acknowledge each other.

They watch the television show.

INT. CAIN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MUCH LATER

Farren sits alone. The television is still on. She stares blankly watching a PAID PROGRAMMING ad.

INT. CAIN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Farren sits asleep. She wakes with a start and looks around. She flips off the television and stands to stiffly stretch.

The house is quiet.

INT. CAIN HOUSE - HALLWAY - CONT

Farren hurries toward Mary Anne's room.

FARREN

Mack?

No one is there.

FARREN (cont'd)

Daddy?

She peers through the plastic blinds covering a window and sees that her car stands alone in front of the house.

FARREN (cont'd)

Fucking kidding me.

EXT. WOODS - MORNING

Farren walks slowly as leaves and twigs CRUNCH beneath her feet. A SEMI-AUTOMATIC HUNTING RIFLE hangs from her fingertips.

EXT. WOODS - CREEK - LATER

Farren sits still underneath a large tree and sinks into her bulky jacket.

Fog rises all around her. Everything is quiet, until--

With trepidation, a DOE comes into the open toward the opposite bay of the creek. It looks around for a moment, and pauses at the sound of BIRDS CHIRPING.

The doe walks to the creek and bows her head for a drink.

Farren watches the doe for a moment. Her fingers around her rifle.

Behind the doe, a small FAWN stumbles out to follow its mother.

With this, Farren raises her rifle and peers through the SCOPE.

She focuses the RED EX over the doe and then the fawn. Back and forth, she switches between the fawn and the doe until she hovers on the fawn for an extra moment.

BANG.

INT. MOVIE THEATER - DAY

Mack sits next to Eli, and they stare up at the screen. A giant bucket of popcorn covers her torso, as she watches the ANIMATED CHARACTERS on the screen chase each other.

EXT. TRANSMISSION SHOP - DAY

Farren rolls her car into the junk yard lot. She walks toward a pair of boots that are visible as someone works under a car.

FARREN

Hey.

She gives the boots a little kick. Cameron slides out from underneath the car. His face and hands are covered in grease.

EXT. TRANSMISSION SHOP - LATER

Cameron and Farren smoke against an old, shell of a car.

FARREN

How far you think I can get in it?

Cameron doesn't look at her. He peers across the street at a small gang of PUNK TEENAGERS.

CAMERON

I thought you were set on staying?

FARREN

It was just temporary. Doctor recommended, but he can take care of himself. Made that pretty clear.

Cameron gives the tire a kick with his heel.

CAMERON

It'll get you as far as it gets you, at this point.

FARREN

But realistically how far?

CAMERON

Fairy, I've been saying a prayer for years every time I get in that car. It'll get you where it'll get you.

Farren takes a deep drag of her cigarette.

FARREN

How much to fix it up?

CAMERON

I ain't doing that.

FARREN

I'll pay you.

CAMERON

I don't want your money. It ain't worth putting anything into this piece of shit. I wouldn't even waste your gas money.

FARREN

Then you selling?

CAMERON

(laughing)
Go home, Fairy.

FARREN

I'm serious.

CAMERON

Sure you are.

Farren flicks her cigarette down and stamps it out.

FARREN

I can sell it somewhere else. I was just coming to you as a friend.

Cameron grabs her by her upper arm.

CAMERON

You're not leaving, Farren. Go home to your daddy. Go home to Mack.

He shoves her away from him.

INT. CAIN HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Farren comes through the door. The kitchen table is covered in mail and a scattering of prescription pill bottles.

She smells something. It's faint, but foul. She fingers the pill bottles. Turning them over, one by one, peering at the labels.

FARREN

Daddy?

INT. CAIN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The television is on, but the room is empty. The smell is worse. She walks toward the back of the couch until she sees a LARGE BROWN STAIN on one of the cushions.

INT. CAIN HOUSE - STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Farren hurries around the corner where she sees Eli collapsed on the stairs. His sweatpants are covered in DIARRHEA.

FARREN

Shit, dad--

Eli turns his head and ROARS with frustration.

ELI

Get outta here!

FARREN

I can help--

ELI

Get out! Get! Fucking Christ!

He claws at the air, but is otherwise helpless.

Farren bolts back around the corner.

INT. CAIN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Farren stands, flustered, with her back to the wall.

FARREN

(calling up the stairs)

Can you get up?

ELI (O.S.)

What kinda bullshit, idiotic question is that?

FARREN
 Okay, okay, well...why don't I get
 you a towel or something.

ELI (O.S.)
 You're not coming up here.

FARREN
 (frustrated)
 What would you like me to do then.

ELI (O.S.)
 Just get outta here. I'll take care
 of it.

They fall silent.

FARREN
 Where's Mack?

ELI
 She's here. In her room.

FARREN
 (to herself)
 God dammit...

Farren bites her tongue.

FARREN (cont'd)
 I'm coming up.

INT. CAIN HOUSE - STAIRWELL - MOMENTS LATER

Eli struggles to his feet, his torso covered in a large
 beach towel, his arms clasped around Farren's neck for
 support.

INT. CAIN HOUSE - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Eli stands in the shower, his back to Farren, and a LARGE
 PURPLE BRUISE growing on his hip.

She stands outside the tub and slowly washes her father.

INT. CAIN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Eli, dressed warmly in sweats, watches television from the
 couch. His clothes hang loosely around him.

He's grayer, older, sicker than we've ever seen him.

Farren's voice echos from the kitchen.

FARREN (O.S.)
Right. Well, I can bring him in first
thing tomorrow...Right. Thank you.

INT. CAIN HOUSE - MARY ANNE'S ROOM - SAME

Mary Anne sits cutting the mane off of a toy horse. Farren softly knocks and opens the door.

FARREN
Mary Anne?

Mary Anne doesn't look up. She just continues cutting.

FARREN (cont'd)
You okay?

Still nothing. Farren walks further into the room.

FARREN (cont'd)
Papa's down stairs watching some T.V.
You want to watch some T.V. with him?

Mary Anne makes a small movement 'no' with her head. Farren doesn't know what to do.

FARREN (cont'd)
Well. He's downstairs waiting for
you.

Farren watches as Mary Anne cuts the last of the mane off.

FARREN (cont'd)
Okay then.

She turns and leaves Mary Anne alone in the room.

INT. CAIN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Farren sits on the opposite side of the couch from Eli. The middle cushion is noticeably absent from the couch.

They silently watch the television.

A SQUEAK from the stairs alerts them of Mary Anne's presence. Eli immediately turns his attention back to the television, Farren watches Mary Anne, who slowly makes her way down stair by stair.

Eli grunts a hello when Mary Anne finally makes it to the couch and pulls herself up, and sits on the bare couch between Farren and Eli.

The three watch the television until Eli shifts to stick a cigarette in his mouth.

FARREN
You're smoking?

He flips his lighter and inhales deeply.

FARREN (cont'd)
Mack, get away from that smoke,
please.

Farren watches as a large puff of smoke erupts from Eli. She walks up to the couch and bends over to grab Mary Anne.

She immediately starts SCREAMING.

FARREN (cont'd)
Fine. Fine. Kill yourselves, for all
I care.

She disappears back into the kitchen. The kitchen door SLAMS.

INT./EXT. FARREN'S CAR - NIGHT

Farren speeds down a country road. Thick fog obscures any sight-lines she might have. Her brights are on high and she drives blindly into the white fog.

One hand holds a phone to her ear, the other holds a cigarette that hangs out the window. Her knees steer the wheel from the bottom.

FARREN
(on phone)
Wanna race?

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

The same country road that they played chicken on before is now covered in the thick fog.

Farren pulls her car off the side of the road. She steps out and disappears into the woods.

EXT. WOODS - CONT

Half covered beneath a pile of fallen twigs and leaves, her motorbike is chained to a tree.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

Farren rides her bike, helmet-less, through the fog. She speeds down the road for a few hundred yards, before sharply turning around, and barreling back up the road until--

Jacob's helmet first becomes visible through the fog, he balances on his bike as he walks toward her. His bike's engine POPPING furiously.

Farren sees him, and takes off down the road. Jacob revs his engine before taking off in the opposite direction.

Once Farren deems herself far enough away, she turns. She REVS her ENGINE hard. In the distance, Jacob returns the signal.

Farren flips her hair out of her face and takes off into the the thick wall of fog.

Jacob's ENGINE gets louder and louder, but he's nowhere in sight. It gets LOUDER and LOUDER until finally, Jacob's blurry figure rushes past her, inches from her left side.

Farren lets a YELL of SURPRISE escape from her, as she skids to a halt.

But she turns her bike around. REVS her ENGINE hard until Jacob's return REV is heard. She takes off again, into the blind fog.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - WAITING ROOM - DAY

Farren hasn't slept. Her wind-swept hair is pulled back in a messy bun.

She and Mary Anne sit silently next to each other. Watching the different PATIENTS and their FAMILIES mill around, check-in, a mutter softly to each other.

Farren pulls out her phone.

FARREN (TEXT)
(to Caleb)
You coming up again soon?

INT. HOSPITAL - X RAY ROOM - DAY

Eli, on his back, slowly is pushed under a large X RAY MACHINE.

EXT. CAIN HOUSE - DAY

Farren rolls Eli in a wheelchair toward the porch. Mary Anne trails behind them.

They reach the three stairs that lead to the back door, and stop.

FARREN

Okay...um...

She attempts to tilt his chair up, but it's too heavy. After many failed attempts--

ELI

Leave it.

FARREN

Daddy--

ELI

(warning)

Leave it.

The three stand in tense silence.

FARREN

Mary Anne, get in the house.

ELI

She'll stay out here.

FARREN

We're not setting out in the cold--

ELI

Go grab a blanket, if you're cold.

EXT. CAIN HOUSE - LATER

Eli remains in his wheelchair, a blanket tucked over his legs. Mary Anne sits curled on his lap.

Farren sits angrily on the steps behind them. Her phone is out and she scrolls absentmindedly.

EXT. CAIN HOUSE - EVENING

Farren, Eli, and Mary Anne all carry steaming mugs of hot chocolate, but otherwise the scene remains the same.

A RUMBLE of a truck breaks the silence, and Cameron's truck comes down the lane.

Cameron hops out and walks toward them.

CAMERON

Howdy.

INT. CAIN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The living room has been transformed into a makeshift bedroom for Eli.

The couch has been pushed to the wall, and Eli's bed now takes up the majority of the room.

Cameron heaves Eli up out of his chair, and half-walks/half-carries him to the bed.

Farren and Mary Anne watch from the doorway.

Cameron carefully tucks Eli in and flips on the television.

CAMERON

And there you go. No need to leave even if you wanted to, huh? Got everything you could possibly need right here.

INT. CAIN HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Cameron and Farren gather his things to leave. Farren watches.

FARREN

Thank you.

CAMERON

It's nothing.

FARREN

No, thank you.

Cameron pats his pockets one too many times, checking and double checking for his phone, keys, and wallet.

CAMERON

Well, we're family. Whether you like it or not.

He turns to leave but stops.

CAMERON (cont'd)

I wanna take you and Mary Anne out.

FARREN

No.

CAMERON

Farren, stop.

FARREN

No. She's not good in public anyway.

CAMERON

She'll be fine. Okay, Grayson wants to see her. It'll take an hour tops. Just think about it.

He opens the door and walks out, leaving the door cracked open.

Farren slowly walks toward the door and closes it, locking the deadbolt behind him.

INT. CAMERON'S TRUCK- DAY

Cameron drives down a winding road with Farren in the passenger seat, and Grayson and Mary Anne buckled in the back.

They pass a house with a waving AMERICAN FLAG.

GRAYSON

(pointing)
American flag!

CAMERON

Whoo, good one.

Farren smiles slightly.

CAMERON (cont'd)

You're winning, man. How you spot them so fast? Hmm?

GRAYSON

I dunno...

CAMERON

You're coming up beating your daddy now. The girls need to catch up.

Cameron looks at the kids through the rearview mirror.

CAMERON (cont'd)

You playing, Mary Anne?

Mary Anne stares out the window.

FARREN

Stop that.

CAMERON

Loser gets dinner, huh, Mary Anne?

FARREN

You don't got to get nothing, Mack, he's just playing.

CAMERON

Nah, you're right. I got you.

He reaches over and squeezes Farren's thigh.

INT. CRACKER BARREL - EVENING

The four are seated around the table. A SERVER waits patiently.

GRAYSON

I want grilled cheese!

CAMERON

I thought you wanted a burger.

GRAYSON

No, I wanna grilled cheese.

CAMERON

How you gonna grow strong with no meat in ya?

GRAYSON

Mmm, I wanna burger. And mac'n'cheese and fries.

SERVER

You gonna eat all that food?

GRAYSON

Yes!

The server looks to Farren.

FARREN
Cam, it's up to you.

CAMERON
'Course he can. And we're gonna each
have the rib eye with the house
salads and baked potatoes.

SERVER
(to Farren)
And how would you like it cooked for
you?

CAMERON
Medium-well for both. Mack you wanna
order?

The Server turns to Mary Anne.

FARREN
She's just gonna have a grilled
cheese.

SERVER
Okay, I'll have that right up for
y'all.

She gathers up their menus and leaves.

CAMERON
Ain't this nice? A nice family
outing?

GRAYSON
It's not family! Mama's not here!

CAMERON
Ah, I think we make a pretty good-
looking family even without your
mama. Right, Fairy.

FARREN
I gotta take Mack to the bathroom,
'scuse us.

She gets up and grabs Mary Anne from under her arm-pits and
hoists her up out of her chair.

INT. CRACKER BARREL - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Farren stands outside of a closed stall door. Mary Anne's feet shuffle behind it.

Farren walks up to the mirror and flips her hair a few times. It becomes a wild mane around her face. Then, she slowly smooths it back down.

FARREN
You okay, Mack?

There's no answer.

FARREN (cont'd)
You need help?

MARY ANNE
Mm-hmm.

Farren stops and looks at the closed stall door in the mirror.

FARREN
Yeah? You need help?

MARY ANNE
Uh-huh.

FARREN
Okay. Okay, okay...

She turns around uncertain and presses against the locked stall door.

FARREN (cont'd)
Can you unlock it?

There's a CLICK of the lock, and Farren slips into the
STALL.

Mary Anne stands with her overall straps twisted around her waist.

FARREN (cont'd)
Okay, let's see.

Farren squats down and fixes her outfit. Once she's fully dressed, Farren stands back up.

FARREN (cont'd)
You good?

MARY ANNE

Mm-hmm.

Farren smiles in surprise.

FARREN

Good. Great. Let's, let's get back to um, let's get back to the boys.

INT. CAIN HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Farren walks gingerly around the kitchen, Mary Anne sits at the table on her tablet. A game's THEME SONG plays loudly.

She pulls out a bowl and a box of cereal and places them in front of Mary Anne and turns toward the fridge.

FARREN

Mack, can you turn that down, please?

She opens the refrigerator and unscrews the top off of a gallon of milk. She gives it a sniff and immediately GAGS.

She puts the milk down and HEAVES again.

She bolts out of the kitchen.

INT. CAIN HOUSE - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Farren vomits into the toilet. Just when she thinks she's done, another wave comes, and she continues to vomit until nothing but bile comes out.

She spits the last bit into the toilet and wipes her mouth with toilet paper.

FARREN

Shit.

INT. CAIN HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Mary Anne has made her own bowl of cereal and slurps the last of the milk out of the bowl.

FARREN

You good?

Mary Anne nods her head and hops off her seat.

FARREN (cont'd)

Okay, let's go.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Farren sits on her phone. Mary Anne slowly begins to wander farther and farther away from her.

FARREN
(without looking up)
Mack, stay close.

Farren watches as CHILDREN play around them.

EXT. CAIN HOUSE - PORCH - DAY

Eli sits alone. His oxygen tank hooked up to his face, a cigarette hangs out of his mouth. He stares down the long, dirt road toward the street.

Finally, with a final deep inhale, he flicks his cigarette and begins the slow, painful process of heaving himself up off the porch.

He stops for breath. His breathing is haggard, painful, and turns into a coughing fit.

He coughs up thick amounts of DISCOLORED MUCUS and spits it angrily away from him.

He hobbles slowly down the steps and makes his way down the road.

EXT. PARK - SAME

Farren's eyes are still on her phone. Mary Anne slowly begins to climb on an old, rusted SPINNING PLATFORM.

A wave of nausea hits Farren.

FARREN
Mack. Mack, stay there a bit.

She gets up and hurries to the public bathrooms.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Farren clutches onto the edge of the sink, she tries to take deep, steady breaths.

She spits into the sink, and swallows the desire to vomit.

She stares up at herself in the mirror, then suddenly hits herself hard on the side of her head with her fist.

She spits in the sink again.

She smacks herself in the head again. And again. And again.

EXT. WOODS - SAME

Eli slowly drags his tank behind him. It bumps over rocks and exposed roots of the towering trees.

The woods keep most of the sun blocked. Steam surrounds him.

Finally, he rips the mask off of his face and lets it fall to the ground.

He breaths deeply, and immediately falls into a fit of coughs.

EXT. PARK - LATER

Farren finally comes out of the bathroom and sees TWO BOYS, 10, surrounding Mary Anne.

FARREN

Hey!

The boys turn.

FARREN (cont'd)

You making friends Mack?

BOY 1

Nope.

BOY 2

She doesn't say nothing.

FARREN

Well, maybe she doesn't want to be talking to you.

BOY 1

Maybe she's too dumb to know how.

FARREN

Excuse me?

BOY 1

Why isn't she in school if she's so smart?

FARREN

Why aren't you, you dumb piece of
shit?

BOYS' MOTHER

Hey!

Farren turns to see the BOYS' MOTHER advance toward her.

BOYS' MOTHER (cont'd)

What'd you just say to them?

FARREN

You need to control you sons, lady.

The Boys' Mother gets nose to nose with Farren.

BOYS' MOTHER

Don't talk to them. Don't talk to
them--

FARREN

--You need to get out of my face, and
control your--

The Boys' Mother reaches toward Farren, but Farren lunges first. They scuffle briefly, and Farren forcibly shoves her away.

FARREN (cont'd)

Son of a bitch--

Farren sweeps up Mary Anne and holds her to her chest.

FARREN (cont'd)

Fuck off! Don't you fucking dare, you
hear?

Farren storms off, Mary Anne tight to her.

INT./EXT. FARREN'S CAR - DAY

Farren is livid. Mary Anne sits in the passenger seat next to her.

FARREN

You don't let people talk to you that
way. You understand me?

Her phone starts to RING.

FARREN (cont'd)
 You live whatever life you want to live, Mack, but if you start letting people say bullshit like that and you don't say anything back, you're gonna get in fucking trouble.

She presses her phone to her ear.

FARREN (cont'd)
 (on phone)
 Yeah?

MALLORY (V.O.)
 (on phone)
 Hey, where've you been?

FARREN
 (on phone)
 Here. I've been here. Just busy.

Farren makes a sharp turn.

MALLORY (V.O.)
 (on phone)
 Nate's outta town tonight. You wanna come over?

FARREN
 Where's he at?

MALLORY (V.O.)
 Some job up in Pennsylvania. I dunno.

FARREN
 Yeah, no, I can't. I gotta...I gotta catch up on some stuff tonight.

INT./EXT. FARREN'S CAR - LIQUOR SHOP - DAY

Farren cuts her engine and looks at Mary Anne in her rearview mirror.

FARREN
 Stay here for a sec.

She gets out and slams the door shut. Mary Anne watches as Farren goes into the tiny store.

She waits.

Finally, Farren reappears clutching a LARGE PAPER BAG. She comes back into the car.

FARREN (cont'd)
Okay, you ready?

EXT. CAIN HOUSE - EVENING

Farren's car bumps down the long driveway toward the house.

INT. CAIN HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Farren and Mary Anne come through the back door. The heavy paper bag, rests on Farren's hip. Mary Anne hovers around her heels.

Farren flips through a pile of mail on the kitchen table and sees the familiar envelopes from the the life insurance company.

FARREN
Mack, go watch T.V or something.

Mary Anne takes her time wandering toward the living, and Farren waits for the sound of the television.

She plucks up hers and Mary Anne's envelopes and heads through the

LIVING ROOM

Where Mary Anne sits alone in front of the television.

Farren barely glances over and hurries toward the stairs.

INT. CAIN HOUSE - FARREN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Farren kneels beside her bed, her security box open on the floor next to her. Her room is clearly more lived in.

A pile of dirty clothes overflow a laundry hamper in the corner, and her bed is unmade. She carefully opens each envelope and rips the checks away from their statements.

After signing both, she slips them into the lock box and secures it shut.

INT. CAIN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mary Anne hasn't moved from the television.

FARREN (O.S.)
Daddy?

The house creaks above Mary Anne. The sound of Farren's footsteps echo as she walks from room to room.

Farren finally comes down the stairs and curls up on the couch.

Mary Anne turns to look at Farren, but stays silent.

FARREN

What?

They stare at each other for a moment before Mary Anne turns back to the television.

INT. CAIN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The scene remains the same except now they sit in a complete darkness. Only the television gives off light.

Farren squints down at her phone. The white light blinds her. 8:10PM.

FARREN

Mack, you want food.

Mary Anne doesn't turn. She just shakes her head "no".

Farren becomes increasingly agitated.

FARREN (TEXT)

(to Eli)

Where are you?

EXT. CAIN HOUSE - PORCH - NIGHT

Farren sits outside staring off into the darkness. A small WHITE LIGHT glows from the very end of the driveway.

She smokes her cigarette and holds her phone RINGING to her ear.

EXT. CAIN HOUSE - PORCH - LATER

Finally, TWO BRIGHT LIGHTS come from a distance. The bump down the long path getting brighter and brighter. Until finally--

CAMERON

Hey, Fairy.

Cameron hops out of the car and BEEPS the truck locked.

INT. CAIN HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Cameron stands still while Farren paces around the kitchen.

CAMERON

Does Mary Anne suspect anything?

FARREN

I don't know. She's been glued to the T.V. Doesn't want to eat, doesn't want to go to bed. But she doesn't seem...distracted, or upset. I can't tell if she even notices.

CAMERON

And his phone's still on?

FARREN

It rings.

CAMERON

Do you want to go out looking for him?

FARREN

No, I don't want to give him the satisfaction... God, I feel sick.

CAMERON

You okay?

Farren takes a few deep breaths but shakes it off.

FARREN

Yeah. 'course.

CAMERON

I can drive around for a bit. You stay here with Mack.

Farren takes a deep, shaky breath.

FARREN

He's such a fucking asshole.

Cameron puts his hands gently on her shoulders, stopping her pacing.

CAMERON

Let me take care of it. I'll get him.

INT./EXT. CAMERON'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Cameron drives slowly down single-lane roads. A car tailgates behind him before angrily swerving around him and speeding off.

INT. CAIN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SAME

Farren sits behind Mary Anne on the couch. She picks at her finger nail. A hangnail appears on her thumb and she scratches it down with her index finger.

A strip of white skin peels away revealing red, raw exposed skin beneath it, but no blood appears.

She sucks it anyway.

EXT. BAR - NIGHT

A run-down, hole-in-the-wall bar. You wouldn't notice it if it wasn't pointed out.

Cameron's truck pulls up.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Cameron slides onto a bar-stool and nods to the BARTENDER.

CAMERON

Let me get a Bud Light.

The bartender pulls up a can.

CAMERON (cont'd)

You seen Eli Cain wandering about?

BARTENDER

Haven't seen him.

Cameron pops open his beer and takes a long gulp.

BARTENDER (cont'd)

He's missing or something?

CAMERON

Nah, just heard he might be here.

Cameron takes his time sipping his beer. He peels the label off until it's scatter on the bartop in front of him.

There's a SMACK from the pool table in the corner. Cameron watches as TWO MEN takes turns SMACKING the balls.

The rest of the bar is quiet other than the rhythmic SMACK SMACK SMACK of the pool balls.

Finally, Cameron finishes his beer. He peels a five-dollar bill from his billfold and places it on the bar.

CAMERON (cont'd)
Well, if you see him, make sure you
let him know I was asking for him.

INT. CAIN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Credits roll on the television. Farren takes the remote and clicks the set off, plunging Mary Anne and herself into darkness.

FARREN
Okay. Bed.

Mary Anne doesn't move.

FARREN (cont'd)
Come on.

Farren heaves herself off the couch and bends down and lifts Mary Anne up by her armpits.

Mary Anne immediately starts SCREAMING and flailing her arms and legs.

One of her fists make contact with the side of Farren's head.

FARREN (cont'd)
Son of a bitch!

Farren lifts Mary Anne up and heaves her across the room. She lands heavily on the couch, but bounces to the floor, where she lays sobbing.

FARREN (cont'd)
Fuck, Mary Anne.

Mary Anne continues to SOB into the carpet.

Farren takes a couple of deep breaths, steadying herself.

FARREN (cont'd)
Mary Anne...

Mary Anne continues to SCREAM into the carpet.

Farren hesitantly begins to move toward her, but Mary Anne bolts and runs up the stairs. A door SLAMS above Farren.

INT. CAIN HOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Farren walks down the long hall toward Mary Anne's room. She peeks in, but it's empty.

She turns and sees Eli's room's door is shut. She reaches toward it, but the door is locked.

FARREN

Mary Anne.

There's no answer.

FARREN (cont'd)

Mary Anne. I'm sorry, okay. Will you please open the door.

Still no answer. Farren shakes the door handle harder and harder.

FARREN (cont'd)

Come on, Mack...

She pulls back a hand in frustration but restrains herself from pounding on the door.

Instead, she turns and slowly slides down the wall to the floor.

INT. CAIN HOUSE - HALLWAY - LATER

Farren hasn't moved. She sits, her eyes stare blankly, until the sound of back door CREAKING open awakes her from her trance.

She bolts up and bounds down the stairs.

INT. CAIN HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Farren skids around the corner only to discover Cameron alone in the kitchen.

FARREN

Nothing?

CAMERON
He's not back yet?

Farren shakes her head "no". She's close to tears, but blinks them away.

CAMERON (cont'd)
Fairy, I'm sure he's fine.

FARREN
Mack's mad at me. She locked herself in his room.

Cameron embraces her. He holds her face to his chest.

CAMERON
She'll tire herself out.

Farren breaths heavily into his chest. He's unsure if she's crying.

CAMERON (cont'd)
Farren...

He tips her chin up and kisses her softly at first, and then harder and harder.

Suddenly, she pushes him off.

FARREN
No. Stop, Cam, come on.

Cameron lets her go.

FARREN (cont'd)
You should go.

CAMERON
Yeah. Sure.

He does.

INT. CAIN HOUSE - FARREN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Farren locks her door and turns the paper bag upside-down. BOURBON BOTTLES tumble onto her bed.

She taps on her phone until a ROCK ANTHEM begins to play from her speakers which she dials up to a max.

She opens one of the bottles.

INT. CAIN HOUSE - FARREN'S ROOM - LATER

A DIFFERENT SONG PLAYS as Farren glugs from the half empty bottle. She chokes and spits but barrels on.

INT. CAIN HOUSE - FARREN'S ROOM - LATER

Farren VOMITS into a LINED TRASH CAN. Tears stream down her face. She uses another gulp of bourbon to rinse her mouth. She spits into the trash can, then pulls the liner out of the trash can and knots it.

She double bags the soiled bag and places it next to the can. She places a fresh liner into the trash can.

INT. CAIN HOUSE - FARREN'S ROOM - LATER

Hank William's FAMILY TRADITION plays. Farren forces more bourbon down.

FARREN

(muttering to herself)

*Why do you drink, Hank, why do you
roll smoke? Why must you live out the
songs that you wrote...*

INT. CAIN HOUSE - FARREN'S ROOM - MORNING

Light pours into Farren's room. Farren lies in the fetal position in the middle of her bed.

The sheets have been pulled onto the floor, billowing on each side of her mattress.

A large BLOOD STAIN saturates the mattress stemming from the back of Farren's sweatpants.

INT. CAIN HOUSE - HALLWAY - LATER

Farren walks along the hallway, dragging a stuffed garbage bag behind her. She presses her hand against the door handle to Eli's room. It's still locked.

She doesn't break her stride, as she passes the door and heads down the stairs.

INT./EXT. FARREN'S CAR - DAY

Farren drives, windows down, through the town. She leans her head toward the open window and breathes in the fresh, chilly air.

INT./EXT. FARREN'S CAR - LATER

Farren's speeding now. MUSIC blares and she talks to an imaginary Eli loudly over the music.

FARREN

She is your responsibility! You wanted her. You're being a selfish, immature, sad, excuse for a man--

She makes a sharp turn.

FARREN (cont'd)

I mean, Christ, what are you thinking? What reason could you possibly have to be acting like this? She needs you, and you're fucking her up.

Thick tears begin to form in her eyes, but she blinks them away.

FARREN (cont'd)

This is your doing. Your fault.

She pulls sharply into--

INT./EXT. FARREN'S CAR - CEMETERY - PARKING LOT - SAME

She cuts her engine off and stares into the small graveyard. Tears fall silently, but she doesn't let herself make a sound.

She gets out of the car and takes a step forward toward the opened gate. She stops herself.

She gets back into her car and drives away.

INT./EXT. FARREN'S CAR - DAY

Still driving recklessly.

FARREN

(on phone)

I swear to god, Caleb, you need to get your ass back here and handle your shit. I'm not doing it by myself anymore.

INT./EXT. FARREN'S CAR - LATER

Still driving, Farren's phone suddenly RINGS, and she quickly fumbles to answer it.

FARREN

Yes? ...Oh my god... Uh-huh. Yeah, okay.

Waves of relief and worry wash over her as she gasps for breath and speeds away.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Farren hurries into the hospital holding Mary Anne on her chest.

INT. HOSPITAL - ICU - CONTINUOUS

Dr. Badrudduja leads Farren and Mary Anne into a large, shared ICU.

Eli lies on a bed. White curtains separate him from the other patients around him.

His eyes are closed and a number of tubes wrap around his face and connect from his arms.

FARREN

Daddy...

She lets Mary Anne slide down her, as the both rush to his bedside.

Mary Anne immediately climbs onto the bed and curls next to Eli.

DR. BADRUDDUJA

Careful...

But Mary Anne is already settled. Her head resting on Eli's giant stomach as it gently rises and falls with his breath.

DR. BADRUDDUJA (cont'd)
 (to Farren)
 Maybe we should discuss this outside.

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - DAY

Dr. Badrudduja and Farren stand next to the window to the ICU. Mary Anne and Eli lie together in the background.

DR. BADRUDDUJA
 He was found unconscious by the
 tracks. They thought he was hit at
 first, suicide attempt--

FARREN
 He's not doing suicide...

DR. BADRUDDUJA
 I think many people in his
 position...it's less than a conscious
 choice and more of a chance they're
 taking.

FARREN
 What?

DR. BADRUDDUJA
 I don't believe he went off with the
 intent to die. But, he knows what
 he's doing. He knows the risks.
 He most likely began having
 difficulty breathing and lost
 consciousness soon after.

Farren nods her head, taking it in.

FARREN
 He's just doing this to spite me--

DR. BADRUDDUJA
 Miss. Your father needs care.

FARREN
 He needs to be handcuffed to his bed.

DR. BADRUDDUJA
 Miss--

FARREN
 Thank you for finding him. Really.
 We'll get him home, and he'll be
 fine.

Dr. Badrudduja gives her a pained look.

DR. BADRUDDUJA
He'll need to remain in the hospital.

FARREN
(processing)
Okay, that's fine. Actually, that's better. I need to get Mack settled anyway. She's had a rough night...

DR. BADRUDDUJA
I think that's best.

FARREN
Can I pick him up tomorrow?

DR. BADRUDDUJA
Miss Cain, your father needs to remain in the hospital.

Farren lets this sink in.

EXT. CAIN HOUSE - BACK YARD - EVENING

Farren carries a bundle of her soiled sheets and dumps them in a make-shift FIRE PIT.

She throws twigs, leaves, and firewood to cover the sheets, then douses everything in gasoline.

She lights a match and throws the flaming match into the middle of the pit.

Nothing happens for a moment. Finally, a WHOOSH and FLAMES erupt from the pit.

EXT. CAIN HOUSE - BACK YARD - NIGHT

Farren sprawls out next to the pit. The flames have calmed down to a small smolder but CRACKLE and POP next to her. She smokes a cigarette and stares at the fire.

A gentle CRUNCH of leaves catches Farren's attention, and she turns to see Mary Anne slowly make her way toward the pit.

Farren turns her head back toward the flames, as Mary Anne sits a good ten feet behind her.

They sit together in silence.

Finally, Farren rolls over and half-scoots half-crawls over toward Mary Anne, who immediately shrugs her off and moves away.

FARREN

Fine. Fine.

Farren rolls back toward the flames.

FARREN (cont'd)

I don't know what you want, Mack. I don't fucking understand you.

Mary Anne doesn't say anything. She crawls closer to the flames and throws a leaf in.

FARREN (cont'd)

Mack, step back a bit...You know Papa is dying, right?

Mack throws another leaf in.

FARREN (cont'd)

He's real sick and he's dying and once he's gone you won't have him to run off to. You'll be stuck with me. I'll be stuck with you.

Mack crawls closer to the pit. Her hands feel around the dirt for more things to throw in.

FARREN (cont'd)

Do you hear me?

Mack throws in a stick.

FARREN (cont'd)

What do you want to do?

Mack stays preoccupied by the flames.

FARREN (cont'd)

Hmm? I need you to tell me what you want to do. I don't know what to do with you, Mack. I need you to tell me what you want... Mack. Please say something to me.

Farren stares hopelessly at Mary Anne who stares at the flames.

MARY ANNE

Yeah, mama.

FARREN

What?

Mary Anne sits a good foot away from Farren and keeps her eye on the pit.

MARY ANNE

Yeah, mama.

EXT. CAIN HOUSE - MORNING

Caleb's car rolls up and he gets out of the car.

Farren slowly walks up to him, followed by Mary Anne. They share an awkward hug until Farren breaks it off.

Farren watches as he pulls out a heavy duffle bag from the trunk. He grimaces slightly at her as he walks passed her toward the house.

INT. CAIN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Farren and Caleb lift the heavy furniture, returning the room back to its original state.

A KNOCK is heard on the backdoor.

INT. CAIN HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Farren opens the door to reveal Mallory, Charlie on her hip, and a saran-wrapped pie in-hand.

MALLORY

I heard about your daddy.

Farren shifts uncomfortably.

MALLORY (cont'd)

Um, I just want to let you know, if you need someone to watch Mack for a bit, Nate said we could take her. I mean, not permanently, obviously, but during the days if you need it.

She holds out the pie.

FARREN

No, it's good, I got her.

MALLORY

You sure?

FARREN
Yup. I've done it before.

They stand together awkwardly.

MALLORY
Cam gonna help out a bit then?

FARREN
Caleb's here.

MALLORY
It's not such a bad thing for Cam to help though.

Farren takes the pie.

FARREN
I got a bunch of stuff to take care of. Thanks for the pie.

They stare at each other for a moment.

MALLORY
Okay. Well, I'll see you around, I guess. Say 'bye-bye' Charlie.

Charlie SHRIEKS a goodbye. Mallory laughs.

MALLORY (cont'd)
Alright then.

Farren closes the door and turns to see Mary Anne peeking around the doorway.

FARREN
What?

Mary Anne walks slowly into the kitchen.

FARREN (cont'd)
You hungry?

Mary Anne comes closer. Farren lifts her up and sits her on the counter.

FARREN (cont'd)
You want a peanut butter and jelly?

Mary Anne smiles and nods, as Farren opens the fridge.

FARREN (cont'd)
Well, alright then.

INT./EXT. FARREN'S CAR - HIGHWAY - DAY

Farren, Caleb, and Mary Anne drive in silence. Caleb drums his hands against the dashboard.

CALEB
Damn, this is far.

He pulls out a vape and fills the car with a thick cloud.

CALEB (cont'd)
It might just be easier to get a motel down there.

Farren lights a cigarette and rolls down the windows.

CALEB (cont'd)
I heard those things kill ya.

He laughs uncomfortably, and they continue in silence.

INT. HOSPITAL - WAITING ROOM - DAY

Farren sits with Mary Anne nestled on her lap.

FARREN
Okay, I spy with my little eye... something red.

Mary Anne looks around, but keeps her body close to Farren's.

She points to a man's red hat.

FARREN (cont'd)
Nope.

Mary Anne looks for a moment, then points to a RED EXIT sign.

FARREN (cont'd)
Yeah. Good job. Okay, um I spy with my little eye something yellow.

Caleb comes through the rows of chairs with two coffees. He puts one down by Farren.

CALEB
They won't even let us in the room for another four hours.

FARREN
Why?

CALEB

Try to keep the germs out or something, I dunno.

Mary Anne points at a yellow plastic chair.

CALEB (cont'd)

I mean, there's...there's other things we should probably be doing with our time than just sitting here and waiting for him to--

Mary Anne starts to fuss with the frustration of being ignored.

FARREN

Shush, Mack. What? What would you rather be doing right now?

PEOPLE start to look over at them.

CALEB

It's not that I'd rather being doing something else, I'm just saying--

FARREN

We need to sit here and wait.

CALEB

We don't even know when it's going to happen! He could last another week. He could last another month for all we know.

Mary Anne starts crying.

FARREN

We need to be here, Caleb.

CALEB

There's stuff we need to prepare for. For when it happens.

Farren stands up and holds Mary Anne to her chest.

FARREN

(to Mary Anne)

Shhhh, it's okay, baby.

Mary Anne reaches up to Farren's face and buries her head in Farren's hair.

FARREN (cont'd)

I know, I know.

Farren glares over to Caleb.

INT./EXT. FARREN'S CAR - MIDNIGHT

The three are exhausted as they make the long drive back home.

INT. CAIN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Mary Anne is asleep in Farren's arms. They're about to make their way up the stairs when--

CALEB

Hey, you think I can sleep in my bed tonight?

FARREN

That's Mack's room.

CALEB

No, I know. But, just for tonight.

FARREN

Why?

Caleb glances uncomfortably around the living room.

CALEB

It's just that, I mean, the couch... the couch has been through some shitty times, you know.

Farren rolls her eyes.

FARREN

And where is Mack supposed to sleep?

CALEB

I mean, I dunno, she's like this big--

He holds out his hands.

CALEB (cont'd)

She can kind of sleep anywhere.

FARREN

Caleb!

CALEB

What!?

INT. CAIN HOUSE - FARREN'S ROOM - LATER

Farren gently lays Mary Anne down on her bed and crawls in next to her.

It takes a moment for Farren to get comfortable. Mary Anne is sound asleep. Finally, Farren closes her eyes.

EXT. FUNERAL HOME - PARKING LOT - DAY

Nestled between two abandoned store fronts in an otherwise empty strip mall is a run-down Funeral Home.

Farren's car rounds the corner and bumps over the curb. It SKIDS to a stop in front of the store.

INT. FARREN'S CAR - DAY

Farren and Caleb exchange a quick glance, and she looks back at an unbuckled Mary Anne in the rear-view mirror.

FARREN
You wanna stay here?

She kicks Farren's seat.

FARREN (cont'd)
Alright, well come on.

Farren reaches over and pulls her purse off of the cluttered mess on the passenger's seat.

EXT. FUNERAL HOME - PARKING LOT - DAY

Farren lifts Mary Anne out of the seat, places her heavily on the ground and slams the car door shut.

She takes Mary Anne's hand and starts off toward the drug store with a power walk.

Mary Anne immediately stumbles and is pulled to the ground with a CRY.

FARREN
Jesus, you hurt?

Caleb rolls laughing. Farren lifts the crying Mary Anne off the ground. Her knee is scratched, little drops of blood start to form.

Farren brushes Mary Anne's knee and blows on the scratch. Caleb continues to laugh.

FARREN (cont'd)
You're fine, you're fine...Caleb shut up.

Mary Anne fights back tears but settles down.

FARREN (cont'd)
Okay? I'm sorry.

Farren takes Mary Anne by the hand and the two walk, very slowly, toward the entrance of the funeral home. After a few steps--

FARREN (cont'd)
(picking up Mary Anne)
Okay, no, let's go.

With Mary Anne on her hip, Farren marches into the store.

INT. FUNERAL HOME - DAY

Farren and Caleb stand among a tower of DISPLAY CASKETS. Farren holds Mary Anne to her chest.

FARREN
I gotta put you down.

Mary Anne, disgruntled, slides down to the floor but keeps a hand clasped to Farren's sweatshirt. She tugs on Farren's sweatshirt, but Farren ignores her.

MR. THOMAS, a rough and overbearing man in his 50s, squeezes between two caskets toward them.

MR. THOMAS
Cains?

Farren and Caleb nod their heads.

MR. THOMAS (cont'd)
Yeah, this way. Mind the boxes.

Mary Anne continues to tug.

FARREN
What Mack?

Farren turns and sees a small trail of blood that drips down from Mary Anne's knee.

Mr. Thomas looks between her and Caleb.

FARREN (cont'd)
Give us one second.

MR. THOMAS
I can speak with Mr. Cain if you want
to take care of the little one.

Farren glares up at him, as she whips the trail of blood off
of Mary Anne's leg smearing it.

FARREN
No, I'll be right back. Two seconds.

EXT/INT. FARREN'S CAR - DAY

Mary Anne is in her car seat, her tablet in hand. A
CHILDREN'S CARTOON plays. Farren finishes covering the
scratch with a band-aide.

FARREN
Now, I want you to stay here for me,
can you do that?

Mary Anne doesn't answer.

FARREN (cont'd)
Okay, good on you then.

Farren slams the door. She takes a step toward the drug
store but stops and opens the car door again.

She turns the car just long enough to crack the windows and
leaves the keys hanging in the ignition.

FARREN (cont'd)
Okay, be good.

The door SLAMS shut.

INT. FUNERAL HOME - OFFICE - DAY

Mr. Thomas sits behind a disorganized desk. A large binder
spread in front Caleb.

MR. THOMAS
You just pick the package and we can
set the rest up. Not too much of a
hassle on your end.

Farren hurries in. The men look up.

MR. THOMAS (cont'd)
I was just showing Caleb here the
different packages we offer.

Farren takes her seat and pulls the binder closer to her.
She flips through the laminated pages.

FARREN
And you offer payment plans?

MR. THOMAS
Yes, ma'am. We finance, or you can go
through a bank. Get a loan.

Caleb shifts uncomfortably.

MR. THOMAS (cont'd)
But nowadays people will do those
funding websites on the internet. Get
the town to rally.

FARREN
We're not gonna do that.

MR. THOMAS
It's a good option. I knew your
daddy. Lots of people knew your daddy
that'll be sad to hear he's gone.

FARREN
Our dad's not dead.

MR. THOMAS
Oh...I'm sorry. I mean, that's great
news. Glad to hear.

FARREN
His doctor just thought we needed to
get affairs in order for him.

MR. THOMAS
Naturally, naturally. Well, I'll
have to stop by and see him soon.
Been a while.

EXT. FUNERAL HOME - PARKING LOT - DAY

Farren hurries outside and quickly lights up a cigarette.
Caleb follows closely behind her.

CALEB
God, that was depressing.

EXT. FUNERAL HOME - PARKING LOT - DAY

Farren runs back into the parking lot. She's in full panic.

FARREN
MARY ANNE!

CALEB
Jesus, calm down.

FARREN
Don't tell me to calm down! Don't
fucking tell me to calm down.

Her breathing is frantic. She's close to hyper-ventilation. Caleb doesn't know what to do.

CALEB
Okay, but you need to breathe.

FARREN
I can't do this. I can't do this. I'm
not ready for this.

She paces, trying to catch her breath, but the tears start flowing.

FARREN (cont'd)
It's not fair, I shouldn't have to--
I can't do this.

Caleb stares at her. He takes a half-step toward her, but thinks better of it and stops.

FARREN (cont'd)
God, I just can't-- MARY ANNE! MARY
ANNE!

She runs out of the parking lot into the middle of the
STREET

Cars SCREECH to a halt and HORNS blare, but Farren doesn't care.

FARREN (cont'd)
Mack! Mary Anne!

She turns and to the side of the strip mall sits a SOCCER MOM and Mary Anne on the curb.

Farren lets out a YELP of relief and hurries over to them.

FARREN (cont'd)
 Jesus Christ, Mack! You scared the
 shit out of me--

Farren lifts Mary Anne to her chest and squeezes her tight.
 Tears still flow freely down her cheeks.

SOCCKER MOM
 (angry)
 Is this your child?

FARREN
 I--no, I mean, (to Mack) Come on,
 baby, what were you doing out of the
 car?

Caleb runs up behind her.

SOCCKER MOM
 You don't leave a child in the hot
 car--

FARREN
 It's October.
 (to Mary Anne)
 You okay? Jesus, you scared me.

SOCCKER MOM
 She could have died! What kind of
 mother are you?

CALEB
 Hey, hey--

Farren stops and shakes her hair out of her face.

FARREN
 You need to mind your own business.

Farren starts to walk away, the Soccer Mom close on her
 heels.

SOCCKER MOM
 I had half a mind to call the cops--

Farren ignores her and hurries back to her car, Caleb behind
 her.

SOCCKER MOM (cont'd)
 That child should not be in your
 care.

Farren places Mary Anne in her car seat. She struggles to
 get the straps correctly in place.

SOCCKER MOM (cont'd)
I wrote down your license plate
number--

Farren pushes past her and jumps into the driver's seat. The engine SPUTTERS to life.

FARREN
Fuck off right to hell, lady.

Farren skids out of the parking lot, leaving the Soccer Mom in her dust.

INT. FARREN'S CAR - DAY

Farren's hands shake as she pulls out her crushed pack of cigarettes and lights one.

Caleb looks at her, and then grabs one himself.

She glances at Mary Anne in the back seat.

INT. CAIN HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Farren carries Mary Anne through the front door into their kitchen. The whole house seems dark. She lets Mary Anne slide down and run off.

FARREN
Go watch T.V. or something, 'kay? Be quiet.

Farren opens one of the cabinets and pulls out a glass. She fills it with water from the faucet and downs it with one go.

Caleb watches her from behind. The funeral home brochures in hand.

CALEB
This is gonna cost a shit-ton.

FARREN
Yeah, well, most things do.

They fall into silence.

CALEB
I can set up a Kickstarter for him.

FARREN
Stop.

CALEB

What?

FARREN

We're not going to the fucking internet to bury our father.

CALEB

I don't have the money.

FARREN

Yes, you do. Mom's checks came in again. I have some savings.

CALEB

How much you got?

FARREN

It's not just funeral costs. His medical bills are coming in.

CALEB

God, this is just like the worst fucking timing.

They fall silent.

FARREN

You need to stay up here until he's gone, Caleb.

INT. CAIN HOUSE - FARREN'S ROOM - DAY

Farren sits on the floor and slowly pulls out her security box.

She unlocks it and fingers the wad of cash.

She takes the small slip of numbered paper, wads it up, and shoves it in her pocket.

With the cash in her hand, she re-locks the box, and pushes it back under the bed.

INT. CAIN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Caleb and Mary Anne watch television in silence. Farren hurries passed them toward the kitchen.

CALEB

(calling after her)
Where're you going?

But the kitchen door SLAMS shut. Caleb looks over to Mary Anne awkwardly.

CALEB (cont'd)
Well, kiddo...yeah.

They fall silent.

INT./EXT. FARREN'S CAR - DAY

Farren speeds toward the highway. Her foot presses harder into the gas as she gains speed. She rolls down her windows and BLASTS her music against the loud WIND.

INT./EXT. FARREN'S CAR - LATER

Suddenly, Farren's engine POPS. There's a THUNDEROUS CLUNK and her car immediately loses speed.

FARREN
No, no, no, you gotta be kidding me.

Her car slowly comes to a stall. She stomps on the gas. Nothing.

FARREN (cont'd)
You gotta be kidding me. You gotta be fucking kidding me!

She smacks the steering wheel with her fist.

EXT. FARREN'S CAR - HIGHWAY - LATER

Farren sits on the side of the road. Not a soul passes. Finally, Cameron's tow truck bumps into view and slows to a halt in front of her.

Cameron hooks up Farren's dead car to his truck.

CAMERON
Come on.

Reluctantly, Farren slides into the passenger seat, and stays silent as Cameron turns the truck around and tows her back home.

INT. CAIN HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Farren comes into the house.

CALEB
Jesus, where were you?

Farren doesn't say anything. She drops her purse on the table and pushes past him.

Caleb stares at her purse. The wads of cash peek out.

CALEB (cont'd)
Shiiit, Farren, what'd you do, rob someone?

Farren turns to see Caleb grab her purse and pull her money out.

FARREN
Don't touch that.

CALEB
Fuck.

Caleb pulls wad after wad of bills out.

FARREN
Caleb!

She reaches for it, and he holds it out of her out of her reach.

CALEB
This gotta be like ten grand.

FARREN
It's not that much.

CALEB
Seriously, whose is it?

Farren hesitates.

FARREN
It's mine.

CALEB
Bullshit.

FARREN
I've been saving up. I've been saving for years.

He fingers through the cash.

CALEB

Damn, Farren, this is amazing. Like seriously awesome.

FARREN

It's mine.

Caleb laughs.

CALEB

I mean, I gotta be honest, I was kind of freaking out a bit--

FARREN

I'm not giving it to him.

CALEB

Yeah? What are you gonna use it for?

FARREN

I'm getting out.

CALEB

It's the wrong fucking timing, Farren. You want to go so bad? Go when he's dead. Go then. Not now, don't try to pull this bullshit now.

FARREN

I'm not giving it to him.

CALEB

The bills are going to come in regardless, you know that, right? And what? What, we'll just rack up credit card bills and loans and shit when you have the money right here?

Farren stands defiant.

FARREN

I guess so.

CALEB

That's the dumbest shit I've ever heard. We'll end up paying double with the damn interest rates--

FARREN

I don't care.

CALEB

Yeah, yeah, of course you don't. Take it.

He throws the cash across the room to her. The bills scatter and fall softly around her.

CALEB (cont'd)

Go. Seriously, go. That's not even ten grand? So, what, that might last you six months? You'll be crawling back here so fucking fast no one will even notice you were gone.

He turns and leaves through the back door. Farren stands alone for a moment surrounded by the bills.

Slowly, she squats down and begins to pick them up.

INT. BANK - DAY

Farren stands in line. She holds Mary Anne on her hip, gently rocking back and forth.

The line moves slowly until she reaches the TELLER.

FARREN

I'd like to make a deposit.

INT. HOSPITAL - WAITING ROOM - DAY TO EVENING

The three of them wait. Time passes with very little to show for.

Caleb continually gets up to walk around only to come back to Farren and Mary Anne.

They refill coffees, eat vending machine snacks, color with pens on napkins.

Farren's phone BEEPS. She looks at it briefly, and then--

FARREN

Watch Mack a bit.

Farren gently lifts Mary Anne off of her, stands and stretches.

EXT. HOSPITAL - EVENING

Cameron waits by the entrance. Farren comes out of the large sliding glass doors.

CAMERON

Hey.

FARREN

Hey.

They stand in silence for a moment.

CAMERON

How's he looking?

FARREN

Pretty bad.

CAMERON

Yeah...yeah, that sounds about right.

They fall to silence.

CAMERON (cont'd)

Are you gonna sell the house, do you think?

FARREN

What?

CAMERON

I mean...

FARREN

What kind of question is that?

Cameron spits.

CAMERON

I dunno. I just--are you gonna stick around? Once, once he's gone?

FARREN

I haven't really thought about it.

CAMERON

Will you let me know? Will you let me know if you decide to go?

FARREN

Yeah, I guess, if you want.

Cameron takes a breath, his jaw sets.

CAMERON

Okay, yeah. Thank you.

He turns and starts walking away.

FARREN

Did you wanna say bye?

He stops and turns.

CAMERON

Huh?

FARREN

We'll be able to go in his room in a few hours. If you wanted to see him.

Cameron looks up at the hospital.

CAMERON

Nah...no, I'm good. Just, just let him know I was here.

He turns and walks to his truck. Farren watches as he drives away.

INT. HOSPITAL - ELI'S ROOM - NIGHT

A NURSE leads Caleb, Farren, and Mary Anne into the room. Eli is covered beneath tubs and wires. A gentle BEEP fills the room.

Mary Anne quickly crawls up onto the bed.

NURSE

You'll only have about an hour. They'll need you out again for his next round.

Farren and Caleb nod their heads.

NURSE (cont'd)

He probably won't be able to wake up, but try not to disturb him too much.

Caleb immediately shrinks into a far corner of the room and watches, as Farren stands next to Mary Anne gently rubbing her back.

INT. HOSPITAL - ELI'S ROOM - LATER

Farren and Caleb sit silently across from the bed. Mary Anne is asleep across Eli's chest.

The Nurse comes back in.

NURSE

Alright, we're going to need to--

CALEB

Yup.

Caleb stands immediately. He takes a quick glance back at his father, and walks out of the room.

Farren slowly rises and walks toward the bed.

FARREN

Baby, come on.

Mary Anne stirs but doesn't move.

Farren strokes her back.

She stares down at her father and daughter. She struggles to find words, opening and closing her mouth a number times.

Finally--

FARREN (cont'd)

Let's all go rest a bit.

She pulls Mary Anne off of Eli and holds her on her chest. Mary Anne buries her sleepy head into her neck.

Farren rests a hand on Eli's chest. Her jaw's tight.

FARREN (cont'd)

Okay. Okay.

She turns and leaves with Mary Anne.

INT. HOSPITAL - WAITING ROOM - DAY

They've been there for God-knows how long. Caleb and Farren huddle around Farren's phone. They share ear buds and stream a SITCOM.

Mary Anne is curled in the seat next to them.

Dr. Badrudduja makes his way toward them. They don't notice him at first. But, Farren finally yanks the ear buds out of their ears.

DR. BADRUDDUJA

He seems to be reacting positively to the treatment.

FARREN

Oh.

Neither of them move.

FARREN (cont'd)

Okay. Um, that's great.

DR. BADRUDDUJA

Well, he's not getting worse, at least. You're welcome to stay, but at this point it's just a waiting game. And there's no way of knowing how long that wait will be.

CALEB

Okay, well, so what we just keep him here?

DR. BADRUDDUJA

We'll keep his for another couple of days, but you might want to consider hospice. You're welcome to go in and wait with him.

He smiles at them.

DR. BADRUDDUJA (cont'd)

He's a fighter. You kids got good blood in you.

INT. HOSPITAL - ELI'S ROOM - NIGHT

Farren and Caleb sit slumped in their chairs as if asleep, but both of their eyes are barely opened. Mary Anne lies chest-to-chest on Farren covering her entire torso.

The steady BEEP of Eli's machines continue as we

FADE TO BLACK.

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