

Sex and Sylvia Plath

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FADE IN:

EXT. MICHIGAN RURAL ROAD - DAY

1977. A FORD STATION WAGON winds down the two-lane road past centuries-old pine trees.

KATE (V.O.)
Sylvia Plath committed suicide by
sticking her head in the oven.

OVERLAPPING SOUND: A woman's MUFFLED CHATTER

INT. STATION WAGON - DAY

OVERLAPPING: the same MUFFLED CHATTER. The car is jammed with LUGGAGE.

KATE (V.O. CONT'D)
She left a note for the man
downstairs,--

MAISY MACLEAN, 9, peers out the back seat's open window. The wind caresses her ethereal curls.

KATE (V.O. CONT'D)
--sealed off the room,--

LIZ MACLEAN, 39, drives, chatting indecipherably. She is tan, stunning, practically glowing in her sexy white pants.

KATE (V.O. CONT'D)
--and turned on the gas.

In the passenger seat, KATE MACLEAN, 16, looks like another piece of luggage in her baggy brown shirt. She writes in a NOTEBOOK.

KATE (V.O. CONT'D)
I don't know definitively why
Sylvia did it, but I'm pretty sure
it was because of her mother.

Liz's chatter grows audible.

LIZ
-- The way she slept around, I
expected she'd end up in lying dead
in a gutter someplace. What are
you writing?

KATE
Ways to commit suicide.

LIZ
You shouldn't write in the car.
You'll get sick.

EXT. RURAL ROAD - DAY

The station wagon drives alongside Lake Michigan.

INT. STATION WAGON - DAY

Liz and Maisy bop to the MUSIC from the radio. Kate reads Sylvia Plath's ARIEL.

EXT. BIG COTTAGE - DAY

The station wagon pulls up to the big, old Victorian cottage.

MINUTES LATER

Kate exits the house as Liz and Maisy carry suitcases into the house. As Kate lugs a huge SUITCASE into the house, she passes Liz and Maisy leaving the house.

INT. BIG COTTAGE LIVING ROOM - DAY

Kate lugs her heavy suitcase into the dim, large, pine-panelled room. It looks as if nothing has changed since 1950.

INT. MAISY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Maisy opens her suitcase on the floor of the blue bedroom. A pair of shiny TAP SHOES lies on top of the clothes.

INT. KATE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Kate opens her suitcase in the sparse yellow bedroom. The suitcase is stuffed with POETRY BOOKS by Sylvia Plath, T.S. Eliot, Dylan Thomas, etc.

Kate unpacks her books onto the oval rag rug and lovingly stacks them.

She looks through the suitcase and produces a PHOTO.

INSERT: PHOTO

A tall, handsome man, early 40's, has his arm around Kate, 14.

Liz pops her head in the door.

LIZ
Don't let that photo cross my line
of vision again, or it's going down
the garbage disposal. Understand?

KATE
We don't have a garbage disposal.

LIZ
I'll buy one.

Kate tucks the photo under socks in her suitcase.

INT. BIG COTTAGE LIVING ROOM - DAY

Maisy and Kate sit on the couch as Liz paces in front of them.

LIZ
We're due at Grandma's in a half-
hour. We need to rehearse.

MAISY
Are we putting on a show?

LIZ
No, Maisy. We need to practice
acting normal.

Kate opens her mouth to speak.

LIZ (CONT'D)
Shut up, Kate. This is important.
No matter how Grandpa looks, you've
got to smile and say, "Grandpa, you
look great!" Maisy, you first.

MAISY
Grandpa, you look great!

LIZ
Nice. Relax your smile a little.

Maisy tries smiling again.

MAISY
Grandpa, you look great!

LIZ
Terrific. Kate? I hope to God you
were watching. Your turn.

Kate sits with her arms folded.

KATE
No way.

LIZ
Way. You're going to make one of
your expressions.

KATE
What expressions?

LIZ
No one has the time or patience for
your feelings right now, Kate, so
you better say, "Grandpa, you look
great," and say it like you mean it
or you're not stepping foot in that
house.

KATE
Grandpa, you look great.

Liz points to her own smile.

LIZ
Upbeat. Positive.

Kate forces a smile.

KATE
Grandpa, you look great!

INT. STAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Liz GASPS.

LIZ
You look horrible!

She bursts into TEARS.

The bedroom is elegant except for the eight PILL BOTTLES on
the bedside table. STAN FINCH, late 60's, lies gaunt and
pale on the twin bed.

Kate looks at her grandfather, shell-shocked.

Maisy smiles.

MAISY
Grandpa, you look great!

STAN
Nice try, Maisy.

Liz wipes away her tears.

LIZ
Maisy won most beautiful in her
class poll.

MAISY
And best hair.

LIZ
That's right. And Kate won a
poetry contest through the local
paper.

KATE
I didn't win.

Uncomfortable silence.

STAN
What was the poem called?

KATE
It's stupid.

LIZ
It was a happy little poem about a
bird learning to fly. Tell your
grandfather what it was called.

KATE
I don't want to.

LIZ
Tell him!

KATE
The Slow Death of a Sparrow.

INT. LITTLE COTTAGE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

MARYBETH FINCH, 60's, a true lady, sits on a chair reading THE NEW YORKER and sipping a SCOTCH AND WATER.

Liz, Maisy, and Kate sit on the couch.

LIZ
Why didn't you tell me he was so bad?

MARYBETH
What good would it have done?

LIZ
He needs to be in a hospital.

MARYBETH
He wants to die at home.

LIZ
He needs a full-time nurse.

MARYBETH
He hates strangers.

LIZ
Damnit, Mom, aren't you going to do anything?

MARYBETH
I was considering starting dinner.

Liz throws up her hands in frustration. She turns to Kate.

LIZ
Say something to her!

KATE
Is he in pain?

MARYBETH
If there's any justice in the world.

Liz glares at Kate.

LIZ
You're a great help.

MARYBETH
I wish he'd just die and get it
over with.

LIZ
Mom!

Marybeth sets down the magazine.

MARYBETH
Do you realize I missed the
migration of the Blackpoll Warbler
this summer?

Maisy bursts into TEARS.

MAISY
Grandpa's going to die?

Liz wraps her arms around Maisy.

LIZ
I'm sorry, honey. I know, it's
very, very sad.

MARYBETH
We all die sometime, Maisy. It's
the only certainty of life. Top me
off, Katie?

She hands her glass to Kate. Kate refills the Scotch.

MARYBETH (CONT'D)
Your grandfather's going to die,
I'm going to die, your mother's
going to die, you're going to die,
Kate's going to die--

Kate hands her the Scotch.

MARYBETH (CONT'D)
Thank you.

INT. LITTLE COTTAGE KITCHEN - NIGHT

Kate opens the refrigerator: It's bare except for a can of V-8.

She opens the freezer: Bag upon bag of FROZEN PEAS.

She opens the cupboard: An open bag of PRETZEL STICKS.

INT. LITTLE COTTAGE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A large plate of PEAS garnished with PRETZEL STICKS. Kate looks at the plate and takes a bite. Liz, Maisy, and Marybeth eat their peas in dead silence.

KATE

"Dying is an art, like everything else." Sylvia Plath.

LIZ

Jesus. Why can't you read something normal, like "Nancy Drew" or "My Friend Flicka?"

Kate looks pointedly at Maisy.

KATE

I hate horses.

MARYBETH

Sylvia Plath was a vulgar depressive. I prefer the subtlety of Elizabeth Bishop.

She bites into a pretzel stick.

MARYBETH (CONT'D)

We have new neighbors.

LIZ

Someone bought the Connelly cottage?

MARYBETH

Rented. Teenage boys.

INT. KATE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Kate reads "Ariel." Suddenly, ROCK MUSIC lofts from downstairs.

INT. BIG COTTAGE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Kate pauses on the stairs. Liz, Maisy, and PAMMY FOSTER, 39, dance to the music.

Kate watches Liz. Her hair falls over her face. She has her hands over her head and moves her hips seductively to the music.

Pammy notices Kate. Kate walks down the last three stairs.

KATE

Hi, Pammy.

PAMMY

Holy shit, look at those boobs!

Pammy turns down the music and scampers over to Kate.

PAMMY (CONT'D)

You've really popped. I think they're bigger than Fiona's. She's going to be so jealous.

Kate looks down at her boobs.

LIZ

Lift up your shirt, Kate. Show her your boobs.

KATE

I'm not going to show her my boobs.

LIZ

Come on, we're all girls here.

(to Pammy)

They're her best feature, but she ruins it with all those baggy clothes.

MAISY

I'd show my boobs if I had them.

Liz tries to pull up Kate's shirt, and Kate struggles to keep her shirt down.

KATE

Stop it.

PAMMY

It's O.K., Liz, I can see how big they are.

Liz pulls harder. Kate struggles to keep her shirt down.

LIZ

That's not the point. Kate has to learn how to stop being such a Goddamned prude. She's never going to get a boyfriend.

KATE
I have to flash my boobs to get a
boyfriend?

LIZ
It's not as if you have a sparkling
personality.

Kate violently yanks herself away from Liz and runs upstairs.

INT. KATE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Kate reads "Ariel." She looks down her top at her boobs.

PAMMY (O.S.)
I went through a Sylvia Plath
stage.

Kate startles and quickly closes her top. Pammy walks in and
picks up the book.

KATE
It's not a stage.

PAMMY
I wish Fiona were more literary.

KATE
Fiona's perfect.

PAMMY
You don't live with her.

Pammy sits down on the bed and puts her hand on Kate's knee.

PAMMY (CONT'D)
Kate, your mom's going through a
really hard time.

KATE
I know.

PAMMY
She's had a tough year.

KATE
I know.

PAMMY
And now her father.

KATE
I know.

INT. BIG COTTAGE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Maisy sits next to Liz as she sips a beer.

Kate follows Pammy down the stairs.

PAMMY
(to Liz)
Kate has something she wants to say
to you.
(to Kate)
Don't you, Kate?

Kate sheepishly approaches Liz.

Liz envelopes Kate in a big hug.

LIZ
It's O.K., honey. I just worry
about you.

Kate relaxes into the hug.

LIZ (CONT'D)
It would kill me if you turned into
a lesbian.

INT. KATE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Moonlight streams into the room. Kate wakes with a start,
GASPING for breath. She puts her hands over her heart.

INT. LITTLE COTTAGE KITCHEN - DAY

Liz, Kate, and Maisy unpack GROCERIES. Marybeth watches
sipping a Scotch.

LIZ
Mom, I think we should do something
nice for Dad. Like a party. I
think we should throw him a party.

MARYBETH
Your father hates parties. He's a
terrible mingler.

KATE
Not to mention, he can barely stand up.

MAISY
I love parties.

LIZ
A party where people get up and say nice things about him.

KATE
Mom, that's called a funeral.

MARYBETH
Your father hates funerals, too.

LIZ
Well, it will be like a funeral, but before he dies. A pre-funeral.

KATE
Is that what you're going to call it?

Liz glares at Kate.

INT. BIG COTTAGE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Liz does leg lifts on the rug.

LIZ
Two, three, four. I don't care what she says, I still think we should throw a party.

Kate sits next to Maisy on the couch holding up a hand-written FLASHCARD that reads "Hemingway."

MAISY
Overdose?

KATE
No, gunshot to the head. How many times do we have to go over it?

LIZ
I could make my famous artichoke dip.

Kate holds up another FLASHCARD that reads "T.S. Eliot."

MAISY
Gunshot to the head?

KATE
Natural causes.

MAISY
That was a trick question.

LIZ
But no balloons. I hate balloons.

Kate holds up a third FLASHCARD: "Anne Sexton." Maisy thinks for a second.

MAISY
This is a stupid game.

Maisy gets on the floor and does leg lifts with her mom. They look like two synchronized swimmers. Kate watches for a second.

KATE (CONT'D)
(to Maisy)
Do you want to play Name That Poet?

MAISY
No.

KATE
I'll make it easy, I promise. Only really famous poems. That rhyme.

MAISY
No.

Liz switches legs. Maisy switches legs.

KATE
Only first lines.

LIZ
Leave your poor sister alone. Come and get some of that cottage cheese off your thighs.

Kate looks down at her thighs.

KATE
I have cottage cheese thighs?

INT. KATE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Kate sits on her bed and reads Sylvia Plath's "Ariel."

KATE
(reading out loud)
"Ash, ash. You poke and stir.
Flesh, bone, there is nothing
there." There is nothing there.

She pokes at her thighs.

EXT. TENNIS COURT - DAY

The most beautiful man you've ever seen, BRAD DAVIS, 18, serves the tennis ball. He is playing in a heated match against MR. DAVIS, late 40's, intense.

MR. DAVIS
That all you've got?

Brad slams the ball into the net.

MR. DAVIS (CONT'D)
Pussy.

BLEACHERS

Kate sneaks glances at Brad as she reads T.S. Eliot's "The Wasteland." Liz, Maisy, and Pammy sit on the bleachers staring dreamily at Brad.

LIZ
Like a Michelangelo statue.

PAMMY
Like my wildest fantasy.

MAISY
Like a horse.

PAMMY
Get a load of those shoulders.

LIZ
Those legs. Don't you think he's
cute, Kate?

KATE
He looks dumb.

LIZ
Not all pretty people are stupid.
Look at Maisy.

MAISY
I got all A's and B's last
semester.

LIZ
(to Kate)
You should take tennis lessons from
him.

KATE
I don't want to take tennis
lessons.

LIZ
It would improve your pigeon toe.

Kate looks down at her feet and turns her right foot out.

FIONA FOSTER, 16, makes her way up the bleachers. She wears
over-sized sunglasses and is the epitome of sexy teenage-girl-
cool.

FIONA
Make way. Coming through.

Fiona plops down next to Kate and waves to an OLD COUPLE.

FIONA (CONT'D)
Hi, Mr. and Mrs. Fitzgerald, great
to see you!
(to Kate)
I'm so fucking hung over.

She gets a look at Kate.

FIONA (CONT'D)
Shit, Mom was right, your tits are
bigger than mine. Katie Maclean,
we can no longer be friends. I
officially hate you.

KATE
It's an optical illusion, I swear.

FIONA
(indicating)
See Brad?

Kate nods.

FIONA (CONT'D)
I'm fucking his brother.

INT. STAN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Stan SNORES loudly in his bed. Kate sits on the bed across from him just watching.

INT. LITTLE COTTAGE LIVING ROOM - DAY

Marybeth and Kate both sit reading THE NEW YORKER. Marybeth sips a Scotch.

Kate sets down her magazine and looks at the CHAIR in the corner. It is made of black leather and has a high back and wheels.

KATE
That chair looks empty without
Grandpa in it.

Marybeth glances over at the chair.

MARYBETH
That chair's an eyesore.

KATE
It's nice.

MARYBETH
It's hideous. I've hated that
chair from the moment I laid eyes
upon it. He went out and bought it
with his first big bonus check.
Liz was two. She had the measles.
A one-hundred and four degree
temperature and nonstop crying.
Nonstop. Relentless. I was home
with the baby and the crying and
the sickness and he was off
shopping for that Goddamn chair.

She takes a sip of Scotch.

MARYBETH (CONT'D)
He was so proud when he brought it
home. As if he had really
accomplished something. As if he
expected me to stand up and
applaud.

Marybeth holds back tears. She takes a sip of Scotch.

STAN (O.S.)
Marybeth.

Marybeth flips through the magazine pages without even looking at them.

KATE
Grandpa wants you.

STAN (O.S.)
Marybeth.

Marybeth acts as if she doesn't hear, flips faster.

KATE
Grandma?

STAN (O.S.)
Marybeth!

INT. STAN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Kate hurries into the room. Stan lies helpless on the floor in his undershirt and boxer shorts. His legs look emaciated.

Kate rushes to his side.

STAN
Get me Marybeth.

KATE
She's busy.

Kate tries to help him up. Stan pulls his arm away.

STAN
I want Marybeth.

KATE
Let me help you.

She tries to hoist Stan up. He twists out of her grasp.

STAN
Leave me alone!

Kate backs away, hurt. She watches as Stan agonizingly and slowly pulls his weak body onto the bed.

STAN (CONT'D)
She hates me.

KATE
That's not true, Grandpa.

INT. LITTLE COTTAGE LIVING ROOM - DAY
Marybeth reads her magazine.

MARYBETH
(murmuring to self)
I hate him. I hate him. I hate
him.

INT. STAN'S BEDROOM - DAY
Stan settles into the bed. He catches his breath.

STAN
Get me my snuff.

He gestures toward the dresser across the room.
Kate opens the top dresser drawer. A HANDGUN lies next to
the silver SNUFF BOX. She looks at the gun.

KATE
Are you allowed to have it?

STAN
Does it matter?

Kate takes out the snuff box and hands it to him.

STAN (CONT'D)
No one loves a dying man, Kate. No
one even wants to look at him.

Stan takes a pinch of SNUFF and inhales it.

KATE
I love you. Remember how much fun
we used to have? Remember when we
sat in your chair and you read to
me?

Stan SNEEZES loudly.

STAN
Go away, Kate. Let me rest.

INT. LITTLE COTTAGE LIVING ROOM - DAY

Kate walks into the room. Marybeth isn't there.

KATE
Grandma?

No answer. Kate looks at the corner. The chair is gone.
She looks toward the open back door.

EXT. LITTLE COTTAGE - DAY

Kate emerges from the house. The chair lies on its side in the driveway. Marybeth showers it with CHARCOAL LIGHTER FLUID.

KATE
Grandma, don't do that.

Marybeth discards the empty container and picks up FIREPLACE MATCHES.

KATE (CONT'D)
Please don't.

Kate tries to grab the matches. Marybeth lights a match and holds it up.

MARYBETH
Step aside, Kate. I have
firepower, and I'm not afraid to
use it.

Marybeth brandishes the match at Kate.

MARYBETH (CONT'D)
Back away.

Marybeth throws the match onto the chair. FLAMES ERUPT.

Marybeth walks calmly back into the house.

Kate looks at the burning chair. She runs to the GARDEN HOSE, turns it on, and sprays WATER onto the flames. The chair continues to smoulder.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

Kate and Fiona traipse down the stairs to the beach. Fiona carries a six-pack of HEINEKIN. MUSIC and LAUGHING in the distance.

Kate stops.

KATE
I told you we were late.

FIONA
It's cool to be late.

KATE
Everybody's already there.
Everybody's already drunk.

Fiona produces a pink BOTTLE-OPENER from her pocket, opens a BEER, and hands it to Kate.

FIONA (CONT'D)
Guzzle it.

Kate starts to drink.

FIONA (CONT'D)
Faster!

Kate drinks faster, beer trickling down her chin. She empties the bottle and hands it to Fiona, who supplies her with a new beer.

FIONA (CONT'D)
We're going to have the fucking
time of our fucking lives.

EXT. HOLLOW - NIGHT

OLDER TEENAGERS sit around the campfire CHATTING and listening to MUSIC.

DEREK DAVIS, 16, drapes his arm casually over Fiona's shoulder. Kate sits next to them.

Brad rekindles the fire.

FIONA

(to Kate)

Tell Derek about the time we were water-skiing and you guys left me in the stink pot.

(to Derek)

Kate tells really good stories.

KATE

I don't remember.

FIONA

Come on, tell him. It was hysterical.

KATE

Are you sure it was me?

FIONA

Of course it was you. July Fourth weekend. Two summers ago.

KATE

I really don't remember.

DEREK

It doesn't sound that funny anyway.

FIONA

You're right. It really wasn't that funny.

DEREK

I gotta piss.

Derek traipses off into the dune grass.

Fiona turns to Kate.

FIONA

Talk to Brad.

KATE

Why?

FIONA

Because he's hot, idiot.

Brad sits poking listlessly at the fire.

KATE

He's busy right now.

Fiona shoves Kate toward Brad.

FIONA
Remember what great tits you have.

Kate gets up and sits next to Brad.

She watches him poke the fire in awkward silence.

KATE
I saw you play tennis. You're
really good.

BRAD
Not yet.

KATE
Do you have any favorite poets?

BRAD
No.

Awkward silence again. Kate watches the fire.

KATE
If you were going to commit
suicide, and you had any method
available to you -- a knife, a gun,
pills, carbon monoxide poisoning,
anything -- what would you choose?

Brad really looks at her for the first time.

BRAD
Are you trying to be as weird as
possible?

He turns away from her. Kate walks back to Fiona.

LATER

Everyone drinks and chats animatedly. Fiona and Derek make-out passionately. Kate sits next to them holding an empty beer, and looking drunk and despondent.

The Hues Corporation's "Don't Rock the Boat" plays. A HAND turns up the volume on the PORTABLE RADIO.

Fiona jumps up and starts dancing and singing. Everyone starts dancing and singing except Kate.

BEACH PARTIERS

"Rock the boat. Don't rock the
boat baby. Rock the boat. Don't tip
the boat over. Rock the boat.
Don't rock the boat baby. Rock the
boat--"

KATE'S P.O.V.

No music. Exaggerated CLOSE-UPS of the partiers: their
mouths, their hands, their teeth.

BACK TO SCENE

The song goes full blast, the singing is even louder.

Kate staggers over to the radio and SNAPS it off. Everyone
stops dancing. The singing trails off.

MALE BEACH PARTIER

--tip the boat. Over."

Kate scans the crowd.

KATE

This. Means. Nothing!

The partiers stare at her. Dead silence.

Kate turns and runs down the beach.

EMPTY BEACH

Kate runs fast, her bare feet SQUEAKING through the sand. A
hand appears on her shoulder. She turns around. It's Brad.

BRAD

Gun. I'd use a gun.

KATE

That's what I thought you'd say.

She walks away.

BRAD

(calling after her)
What would you choose?

KATE

(over her shoulder)
I haven't decided yet.

Kate keeps walking.

INT. STAN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Stan SNORES. Kate runs her hand over his sunken cheeks.

Liz barges into the room. Kate pulls her hand away from Stan.

LIZ
Where's Grandma?

KATE
On a walk.

LIZ
Don't bother your grandfather.

EXT. LITTLE COTTAGE DRIVEWAY - DAY

Liz hurries out of the cottage and past Stan's chair, which still smoulders in the driveway. She walks into the woods.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Marybeth bird-watches through a pair of HUGE BINOCULARS.

THROUGH BINOCULARS

A BLUE JAY perched innocently on a branch WARBLER a bell-like "tull-ull." Suddenly, a SHOT strikes its white belly, and the bird plummets to its death.

BACK TO SCENE

Marybeth lowers the handgun.

MARYBETH
Damn, I'm a crack shot.

Liz approaches the thicket and sees Marybeth deposit the gun into her jacket pocket.

LIZ
Mom!

MARYBETH
They're vile creatures, Liz. They raid the other birds' nests and devour their eggs. And their young.

Marybeth traipses off through the woods. Liz follows on her heels, clearly agitated.

LIZ

Mom--

Marybeth holds up her hand.

MARYBETH

Shhh. I think I hear a Bohemian
Waxwing.

She raises the binoculars.

LIZ

(lower voice)

I've been doing a lot of thinking.
Remember when I was seven--

Marybeth searches through the binoculars.

MARYBETH

Keep your voice down.

LIZ

(even softer)

--and I painted that picture in Mr.
Segerstrom's art class?

MARYBETH

He was a homosexual.

LIZ

I know. But I painted the grass
yellow, because that's the way I
saw the grass, and you told me
grass was green, remember?

MARYBETH

No. What's a Black-legged
Kittiwake doing all the way up
here?

LIZ

You thwarted me, Mom. You thwarted
my fragile, budding creativity.
And I will not be thwarted any
longer. I'm throwing a party for
Dad. You can chastise me, renounce
me, you can write me out of your
will for all I care. I'm throwing
a party for Dad and that's final.

Marybeth still peers through the binoculars.

MARYBETH
Whatever you do, don't serve your
artichoke dip.

EXT. BIG COTTAGE - DAY

The sun is about to set. Liz, Maisy, and Kate sit at the picnic table eating HAMBURGERS and CORN-ON-THE-COB.

MAISY
I'm so excited! Could I do a tap-
dance for everyone at the party?

LIZ
What a thoughtful gesture!

KATE
Don't you think that's, you know, a
little frivolous?

LIZ
What the Hell do you have against
frivolous?

KATE
He's dying. Maybe we could do
something more dignified.

LIZ
Like what, a twenty-one-gun salute?

Liz LAUGHS. Maisy LAUGHS because Liz is laughing.

KATE
No. Maybe I could compose a poem
for Grandpa and read it. An ode.

LIZ
Come on, Kate, we don't want to
bore the guests.

KATE
But I'd work really hard on it.
I'd make it really good.

LIZ
No, I think tap-dancing says it
all.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Fiona and Kate sunbath in beach chairs. Fiona wears her oversized sunglasses and a sexy pink bikini. Kate wears a brown one-piece that's one step away from a grandma bathing suit.

FIONA

Fuck her. If you want to write a poem for him, write a poem.

KATE

But it's her party.

FIONA

You're his granddaughter. And she's a total raging bitch.

INT. STAN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Kate feeds Stan SOUP.

KATE

Pretend someone was trying to write a poem about you. What would you want them to say?

STAN

That I loved my wife.

INT. LITTLE COTTAGE LIVING ROOM - DAY

Marybeth reads the New Yorker and sips a Scotch. Kate writes in her notebook.

KATE

What's a better word, "despondent" or "despairing?"

MARYBETH

"Imprisoned."

Kate writes "imprisoned" in her notebook. She closes her notebook and looks at Marybeth.

KATE

Grandma, do you ever find life so disappointing that you wonder if it's worth living?

Marybeth sets her magazine on her lap and takes off her READING GLASSES.

MARYBETH
Life is about disappointment,
Katie. The sooner you realize that
the better off you'll be. It's
like that song.

Marybeth HUMS a few bars of "Is That All There Is."

KATE
But there's got to be something
more.

MARYBETH
Pour yourself a Scotch.

KATE
It's not even two.

MARYBETH
Fine. I'll pour you a Scotch.

Marybeth gets up, goes to the wet bar, and pours a Scotch.
She hands it to Kate.

Kate takes a sip and COUGHS. She sets the glass aside.

MARYBETH (CONT'D)
You'll never survive if you don't
learn how to drink Scotch.

KATE
It burns.

MARYBETH
Poor girl.

Marybeth CLAPS her hands together.

MARYBETH (CONT'D)
I've got just the ticket!

She scampers toward the bedroom.

MINUTES LATER

Marybeth returns with the handgun. She offers it to Kate.
Kate looks at her grandmother in shock.

MARYBETH (CONT'D)
Go kill some blue jays.

EXT. LITTLE COTTAGE DRIVEWAY - DAY

Kate walks out of the house past the still-smouldering chair.

EXT. DUNE - DAY

Maisy poses in a flowing white dress, a WREATH of flowers on her head and a BOUQUET of flowers in her hand.

Liz sits at an EASEL painting a HUGE portrait of her. Kate approaches them.

MAISY

Guess what I am, Kate. A flower fairy.

LIZ

No, you're a summer wood nymph. Stop fidgeting.

KATE

Mom, I think Grandma's losing it. I'm worried about her.

LIZ

Worried about her? You should be worried about me. My own father is dying before my very eyes.
(to Maisy)
Flowers up.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Kate sits fully clothed writing in her notebook. A SHADOW falls over her.

She looks to see Brad standing there.

BRAD

What are you doing?

KATE

Writing.

BRAD

A letter?

KATE

A poem.

BRAD
A love poem?

KATE
No.

Kate shuts the notebook.

Brad snatches the notebook from Kate and runs down the beach.

Kate jumps up and runs after him. He stops and lets her catch up.

He holds the notebook up above her head. Kate grabs for it.

KATE (CONT'D)
Give it back.

BRAD
I'll give it back after I read it.

Brad settles down in the sand and reads the poem. Kate sits down six feet away from him.

MINUTES LATER

Kate walks over to him. Brad, notebook on his lap, looks up at her.

BRAD (CONT'D)
It's got a lot of words.

Kate snatches the notebook away from him.

KATE
That's what poems are made of, you philistine.

BRAD
I mean a lot of words that don't mean anything. Like, what the heck is "The relentless twilight of your dwindling soul?"

Kate storms off, leaving Brad standing on the beach alone.

INT. LITTLE COTTAGE LIVING ROOM - DAY

Marybeth hands the notebook to Kate.

MARYBETH
Self-indulgent.

EXT. BIG COTTAGE DECK - DAY

Maisy sits in her tap shoes. She hands the notebook back to her.

MAISY

Weird.

EXT. PATH - DAY

Fiona reads from Kate's notebook as she waits for small, white POODLE, BOOZER, to pee on a tree trunk. Kate hovers at her side. Fiona hands the notebook to Kate.

FIONA

It's a shitty poem, Kate.

She yanks on the dog chain.

FIONA (CONT'D)

Hurry it up, Boozer.

Fiona keeps walking. Kate follows on her heels.

KATE

Even the part about the desperate,
labored last breath?

FIONA

Especially that.

Kate looks despondent.

KATE

If I can't be a poet, I might as
well just stick my head in an oven
and call it a day.

FIONA

Sure. But it's one of those catch
twenty-whatevers. The world isn't
going to give a shit unless you're
a famous poet first.

INT. BIG COTTAGE DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Liz sits at the table making a LIST. Kate enters the room.

KATE
Mom, do you think anyone would care
if I committed suicide?

LIZ
Should we invite Eleanore or Walter
Cunningham? They won't be in the
same room.

KATE
Would you care if I committed
suicide?

Liz looks squarely into Kate's eyes. Kate waits for an
answer from her mother. It doesn't come.

KATE (CONT'D)
Eleanore.

LIZ
Walter. He had the moral high
ground.

INT. STAN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Kate props Stan up on the pillows.

KATE
Grandpa, were you ever confused?
You know, when you were my age?

STAN
Go into the closet.

She opens the closet.

STAN (CONT'D)
See my golf bag? Take out the
three wood.

Kate flips through the clubs and finds the worn THREE WOOD.

STAN (CONT'D)
Bring it here.

She brings the club over to the bed and hands it to Stan. He
caresses it.

STAN (CONT'D)
This was my lucky club, Katie.
Eight holes-in-one.
(MORE)

STAN (CONT'D)

Two on the third hole, three on the ninth hole, two on the eleventh hole, and one on the sixteenth hole. No one gets a hole-in-one on the sixteenth hole. It's a par four.

KATE

That's great, Grandpa.

STAN

I should have used my driver, but I used my lucky three instead.

He hands the golf club back to Kate.

STAN (CONT'D)

I've lived a good life, Katie.

Kate gets teary.

KATE

I know, Grandpa.

STAN

Can I offer you some advice?

KATE

Yes.

STAN

If you have to take a leak, do it between the seventh and eighth holes. After that, there's no good place until sixteen.

INT. BIG COTTAGE LIVING ROOM - DAY

Pammy and Liz sit on the rug stuffing ENVELOPES and drinking BEER. Pammy holds one up.

PAMMY

Is Mr. Ferguson still alive?

Liz snatches the envelope.

LIZ

Oh God, you're right. I've been so spaced-out lately. I think it's all the stress.

STAIRWELL

Kate walks down the stairwell. She stops to listen.

PAMMY (O.S.)
What you need is to get laid.

LIZ (O.S.)
You think?

PAMMY (O.S.)
I know.

EXT. BIG COTTAGE - DAY

Maisy merrily tap dances on the deck. Kate emerges from the house.

KATE
Stop dancing for a second.

Maisy taps loudly.

KATE (CONT'D)
If you don't stop now, I'm going to steal those stupid tap shoes in the middle of the night and set fire to them in the driveway.

MAISY
You wouldn't.

KATE
Watch me.

Maisy stops and sits down on the deck.

MAISY
What?

KATE
Mom's going to start dating again.

Kate watches in nervous anticipation as Maisy considers the information.

MAISY
I hope he has a horse.

Maisy gets up and resumes her tap-dancing.

INT. FIONA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Clothes strewn everywhere. Kate sits on the unmade bed. Fiona sits at the vanity table in front of a sea of makeup. She applies EYE-LINER.

FIONA

Of course she's going to start dating again, you idiot, she's hot.

KATE

I know she's pretty, but--

FIONA

Pretty? Get real, Kate. She may be a total raging bitch, but she's fucking hot.

INT. KATE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Kate sleeps. Suddenly she bolts awake gasping for air. She feels her beating heart.

INT. BIG COTTAGE HALLWAY - NIGHT

Kate treads lightly down the hallway. She looks into Maisy's room.

INSERT: Maisy

Maisy sleeps like a baby. The toes of her tap shoes peek out from under her pillow.

BACK TO SCENE

Kate slowly opens the door to Liz's room.

INSERT: Liz

Liz sleeps like a rock.

BACK TO SCENE

Kate goes down the stairs.

EXT. BIG COTTAGE - NIGHT

BUGS bang against the porch light. Kate opens the door and breathes in the night air.

She turns to go back into the house and notices something on the stoop.

She picks it up. It's a BOOK: "Macgillicuddy's Big Book of Fishing Limericks."

She opens it up and sees an inscription.

INSERT: INSCRIPTION

"The only poetry book I could find in town. Truce."

INT. DAVIS LIVING ROOM - DAY

Mr. Davis reads the paper in his tennis attire. MRS. DAVIS, 40's and sweet-looking, reads the paper in coordinated tennis outfit beside him. A KNOCK on the door.

EXT. BRAD'S COTTAGE - DAY

Mr. Davis answers the door. Kate stands there, nervous.

KATE
Is Brad home?

Mr. Davis gives her the once-over.

MR. DAVIS
So you're his latest slut?

KATE
What? No.

MRS. DAVIS (O.S.)
Who is it, dear?

MR. DAVIS
(over his shoulder to Mrs.
Davis)
Just one of Bradley's little
friends, punky.

He takes Kate by the shirt collar.

MR. DAVIS
(lowering his voice)
I'm warning you, Missy, if he is
late for one practice, if his game
suffers one teeny-tiny little iota
while you're in the picture, you're
going to wish you'd never walked in
range of the camera.

Kate's eyes are wide with fear.

MRS. DAVIS (O.S.)
I think he's on the court, honey.

MR. DAVIS
(over his shoulder to Mrs.
Davis)
I'll tell her, sugar-puff.

He drops her shirt. Kate trembles.

MR. DAVIS
(to Kate)
By the way, your mom's hot.

EXT. TENNIS COURT - DAY

Brad tosses up a tennis ball to serve. As his racket bares
down on it

BRAD
Asshole!

He tosses another serve.

BRAD (CONT'D)
Asshole!

Kate appears at the sidelines.

KATE
Does that help you serve better?

Brad is startled.

BRAD
What? No.

He wipes his forehead with a SWEATBAND.

KATE
I got the book. Thanks.

BRAD
No prob.

KATE
I just wanted to tell you that.

Kate turns to leave.

BRAD
You want to go for a walk or
something?

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Kate and Brad sit on the wet sand. The water laps up onto
their feet. Kate stares out at the lake.

KATE
You know Virginia Woolf?

BRAD
The actress?

KATE
Writer.

BRAD
That was my second guess.

KATE
She committed suicide by drowning
herself. In a river by her house.

BRAD
Didn't she know how to swim?

KATE
She filled her pockets with stones.

BRAD
I wouldn't want to drown.

KATE
Neither would I.

BRAD
It would take too long.

KATE
Exactly.

BRAD
Can you believe my dad won't let me
have a car until I play my first
pro tournament?

KATE
How old are you?

BRAD
Eighteen.

KATE
Then can't you do whatever you
want?

BRAD
I fucking hate my parents. Do you
hate your parents?

KATE
My mom. Yeah.

INT. JUNKY CLOTHING STORE - DAY

Fiona rifles through the racks of cheap clothes. Kate leans
on rack nearby.

FIONA
We have to sexify you.

KATE
Is sexify a word?

Fiona looks at Kate with dead seriousness.

FIONA
It is a very important word.

Fiona returns to rifling through the clothes.

FIONA (CONT'D)
This town has the shittiest
clothes. Crap. Crap. More crap.
Not quite as crap.

She holds a LOW-CUT BLOUSE up to Kate. Kate looks down at
it.

KATE
That's so not me.

FIONA
Oh, and ugly-ass granny clothes
are?

KATE
My clothes are ugly?

Fiona gives Kate a "get real" look.

KATE (CONT'D)
But that's so low cut.

FIONA
Not low cut enough, if you ask me,
but it will have to do.

Fiona glances around, takes the blouse off the hanger and
shoves it under her shirt.

She walks out of the store. Kate follows.

EXT. JUNKY CLOTHING STORE - DAY

Kate catches up with Fiona as she clips down the sidewalk.

KATE
Fiona, we've got to take it back.

FIONA
If they want to sell such crap
clothes, they can't expect to us to
pay for them, can they?

They look at each other and burst out LAUGHING. They run
down the sidewalk.

INT. KATE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Kate sits on her bed and crosses out a word in her notebook.

Liz pops her head in.

LIZ
Take a shower. Max Dupre's coming
over for dinner tonight.

KATE
Max Dupre? Why?

LIZ

Because besides being a C.E.O., he happens to moonlight as a saxophone player. He is such a Renaissance Man.

KATE

He's playing the saxophone at dinner?

LIZ

Ha, ha. He's pulling a band together for the party.

KATE

I don't like him. He has a hairy chest.

LIZ

When you're a woman, you'll appreciate hairy chests.

INT. BIG COTTAGE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Kate answers the door in a her new low-cut blouse.

MAX DUPRE, 40's, smiles holding a BOTTLE OF WINE. The top third of his shirt is unbuttoned, and a gold medallion rests on his extremely hairy chest. He's clearly experiencing a mid-life crisis.

KATE

(calling)

Mom, Max's here!

LIZ (O.S.)

(from upstairs)

I'll be down in a minute!

MINUTES LATER

Max lounges on the couch. Kate sits on a chair and stares at him. He glances at her breasts, but Kate doesn't notice.

MAX

Man, you've really changed since last summer.

KATE

I've become an existentialist. Or
maybe a nihilist. I'm back and
forth between the two.

She realizes Max is ogling her breasts.

She dashes up the stairs as Liz comes down, wearing a tight
shirt and blue eye-shadow.

LIZ

Hi!

INT. BIG COTTAGE DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Liz, Max, Maisy, and Kate, now wearing a BAGGY SWEATSHIRT,
eat a tense dinner of HAMBURGERS and CORN-ON-THE-COB.

Liz offers a huge plate of corn to Max and smiles
flirtatiously.

LIZ

More corn-on-the-cob? There's
nothing like Lake Michigan corn-on-
the-cob, so sweet and delicious.

MAX

You talked me into it.

He reaches for the corn.

LIZ

I've made a tentative song list. I
think we should stick with the
oldies but goodies.

MAX

No disco?

LIZ

I wasn't planning on it. Do you
think the guests will be terribly
disappointed?

MAX

I don't know. Disco really livens
up a party.

(making a pumping motion)
It gets the juices a pump-pump-
pumping.

MAISY
I like disco.

Max winks at her.

MAX
Smart girl.

KATE
I read herpes is running rampant
among the disco crowd.

LIZ
Kate!

MAISY
What's herpes?

KATE
All that reckless sleeping around.

LIZ
Stop it.

MAX
It's cool, Liz. She getting to
that age. She's got to start
thinking about those things.

KATE
How many women have you slept with
in the past year, Max?

LIZ
Katherine Elizabeth!

Max lays his hand on Liz's arm.

MAX
Chill, Liz.
(casually, to Kate)
Twenty-two.

Kate and Liz are both in shock.

LIZ
I've had enough, young lady.

Liz grabs Kate by the arm and drags her out of the room.

Maisy watches Max bite into his corn-on-the-cob.

MAISY
Do you have a horse?

INT. BIG COTTAGE KITCHEN - NIGHT

Liz violently pulls Kate into the corner.

LIZ
You are not going to ruin this for
me.

KATE
He's a jerk.

LIZ
I'm almost forty. I can date jerks
if I want to.

KATE
He stared at my breasts.

LIZ
Sure, Kate. The whole world
revolves around you and your
Goddamn boobs.

Liz tightens her grasp on Kate's arm.

LIZ (CONT'D)
You are a sixteen-year-old girl.
Girl, get it? Not a woman. You
are not my equal. I am the woman.
I have the right to do what I want,
whenever I want, with whomever I
want. Damn it, I have the right to
have fun!

Kate wrests herself away from Liz.

KATE
I'm going out. I have the right to
have fun, too.

LIZ
Fine, go, have fun.

KATE
I will. I'm going to have the
fucking time of my fucking life!

INT./EXT. VW BUG - NIGHT

Kate mopes in the back seat as the Bug bumps along at top speed.

Brad sits next to Kate, holding the headrest in front of him. Derek drives maniacally, and Fiona bops to the RADIO MUSIC in the passenger seat.

The car careens through the woods at top speed.

Fiona sticks her head out the window.

FIONA
I fucking love back-riding!
Faster!

The Bug speeds straight toward a huge maple tree. Derek jerks the steering wheel.

The car brushes past the tree.

DEREK
Psyche!

BRAD
Slow the fuck down. Unlike you, I
have a future.

DEREK
Yeah. Teaching tennis at some
third-tier country club to old
ladies with back fat.

Brad swats Derek on the head. Derek keeps his left hand on the wheel, and hits at Brad with his right hand.

FIONA
Incoming.

Derek turns to see two trees in the HEADLIGHTS.

DEREK
Shit.

He swerves just in time, then busts up LAUGHING.

KATE
You know Anne Sexton?

DEREK
Who the Hell?

BRAD
She was a writer, ass-wipe.
(to Kate)
Right?

KATE
Right. She committed suicide using
her car. She closed the garage
door, turned the car on, and died
of carbon monoxide poisoning.

DEREK
God, you're a buzz kill.

FIONA
Kate's just in the dumps because
she had a bad year and her
grandfather's dying and her
mother's a total raging bitch.

BRAD
(to Kate)
That sucks.

DEREK
It sucks dick, but the rest of us
are trying to have a good time.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Kate and Fiona pee in the woods.

FIONA
You've got to start being more fun,
Kate, or I'm going to have to cut
you off as a friend.

KATE
I know.

They pull their pants up.

FIONA
There's only so much I can take.
It's nothing personal.

INT. VW BUG - NIGHT

The car is parked by a pond. Fiona and Derek make out in the
front seat. Brad and Kate sit awkwardly in the back seat.
Kate tries to be enthusiastic.

FIONA
Ow! The fucking gear shift.

KATE
I'm having a really good time.
(to Brad)
Aren't you having fun?

Brad looks at her as if she's insane. Derek pops his head up and looks into the back seat.

DEREK
God, I'm getting sick of you. Can't
you guys take a walk or something?

EXT. POND - NIGHT

SEX SOUNDS come from the Bug. Kate and Derek sit awkwardly next to each other at the edge of the pond. Off screen, a LOUD MOAN from Fiona.

KATE
Do you want to see my boobs?

BRAD
Sure.

She lifts up her top. He looks at her chest matter-of-factly.

KATE
I'm wearing a bra.

BRAD
I see.

Kate reaches behind her and unfastens the bra. She lifts her top again.

KATE
What do you think?

BRAD
They're nice.

KATE
Just nice? Do they turn you on?

BRAD
Sort of.

Kate flips her top back down and gets up.

KATE

Jerk.

Brad jumps up.

BRAD

Why? What did I do?

KATE

In case you haven't noticed, that was my best feature.

BRAD

You have lots of good features.

KATE

No. That was it.

She walks toward the car.

BRAD

Your hair's a nice color.

KATE

I highlight it.

BRAD

You have great teeth.

KATE

I had braces.

BRAD

Come on, you're smart. You write poems. You know a lot about writers and suicide and stuff. You don't blab on about the same stupid bullshit every other teenage girl does.

KATE

And that's really sexy. That just makes you want to tear my clothes off and jump into bed with me.

Brad thinks about it for a second.

BRAD

In a weird way, yeah.

Kate throws her arms around him and starts madly kissing him.

Brad is shocked and doesn't know what to do. His arms flail. Then, he relaxes into her.

LATER

Kate lies on top of Brad at the pond's edge. She French kisses him ferociously.

Brad GAGS and pulls away.

KATE
What's wrong?

BRAD
You don't have to stick your tongue so far in.

KATE
You think I'm a bad kisser.

BRAD
It's not that, it's just, do you play tennis?

KATE
Way to change the subject.

BRAD
No, in tennis, it's the smoothness of the stroke, not how hard you hit the ball. Know what I mean?

KATE
Not really.

Brad takes her face in his hands.

BRAD
It's like this.

Brad draws her face toward him. His tongue slowly touches the tip of Kate's tongue, goes in a little further, then withdraws.

BRAD (CONT'D)
And like this.

Brad's tongue gently enters Kate's mouth. Kate smiles through the kiss.

OVERLAPPING SOUND: A FEMALE PURR.

INT. LIZ'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Liz PURRS. She sits naked atop Max, also naked, on the old four-poster bed. SLEAZY DISCO MUSIC oozes from the clock radio.

MAX
Not like a Tabby, like a Burmese.

LIZ
I don't think I've heard a Burmese.

MAX
More like this.

Max PURRS lower.

Liz tries to imitate his PURR. She looks at him expectantly.

MAX (CONT'D)
It's getting there.

Liz continues to PURR as they resume love-making. Liz gyrates on top of Max. She suddenly stops.

LIZ
What's wrong?

MAX
No clue.

LIZ
Should I try a different animal?

Max rolls out from under her.

MAX
The mood's gone.

Max puts on his RED BIKINI BRIEFS.

LIZ
Am I not pretty enough for you?
Are my breasts too small?

Max continues to dress.

There's a KNOCK on the bedroom door.

LIZ
(angrily, at door)
What?

MAISY (O.S.)
(through door)
I think there's a cat in the house.

EXT. BIG COTTAGE DECK - DAY

Maisy practices her tap routine. Liz sits in a bathrobe sipping COFFEE and reading the NEWSPAPER.

LIZ
Your ball-changes are dragging.

Kate pops out of the house.

KATE
The routine's looking great, Maisy!

Maisy and Liz watch in shock as Kate practically skips away from the house.

EXT. LITTLE COTTAGE DRIVEWAY - DAY

Kate scurries up the driveway past the still smouldering chair.

INT. LITTLE COTTAGE - DAY

Kate bursts through the front door. Marybeth sits reading and drinking her Scotch.

KATE
Grandma, I have a boyfriend!

MARYBETH
For Godsakes don't sleep with him.

INT. FIONA'S KITCHEN - DAY

Fiona mixes BLOODY MARYS while Kate sits at the counter.

FIONA
You have to sleep with him. You think a guy like Brad's going to stick around for the fucking conversation?

KATE
He says he thinks I'm interesting.

FIONA
That's so he can sleep with you.

KATE
But isn't it better if he likes me
for, you know, me?

Fiona goes into the refrigerator and gets CELERY.

FIONA
O.K. If you want him to go around
telling everyone you're a lesbian.

KATE
But I'm not.

FIONA
Doesn't matter. That's what he'll
tell everyone if you don't fuck
him.

Fiona hands her a drink.

KATE
I'm still a virgin.

FIONA
It's totally obvious.

KATE
Really?

FIONA
You have that annoying scared
rabbit look.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Brad and Derek emerge from the water in their bathing trunks.
They see Liz prancing toward them carrying a TOTE BAG and
wearing a sexy black bikini.

DEREK
Now there's a woman.

BRAD
No joke.

Liz smiles and approaches them.

LIZ
I'm your neighbor, Liz Maclean.

BRAD
Kate's mom?

LIZ
I didn't think Kate had any male
friends.

She hands them each an INVITATION.

LIZ (CONT'D)
We're throwing a little bon voyage
party for my dad.

Brad looks at his invitation.

INSERT: INVITATION

It says "Bon Voyage, Stan!" and has a picture of a 1920's
cruise ship.

BACK TO SCENE

BRAD
Where's he going?

LIZ
Heaven. Hopefully.

Brad and Derek give Liz confused looks.

She lingers a second.

LIZ (CONT'D)
Anyway, on to the next victims.

Brad and Derek watch Liz strut away down the beach.

DEREK
Kate's mom is way hotter than Kate.

INT. FIONA'S KITCHEN - DAY

Fiona takes an eight-inch CUCUMBER out of the refrigerator
and holds it up.

FIONA
This is a penis.

KATE
A big penis or a little penis?

Fiona considers the large cucumber.

FIONA
A perfect-sized penis.

She holds the cucumber upright on the counter in front of Kate.

FIONA (CONT'D)
First, the hand-job. Stroke it.

Kate tentatively pets the cucumber.

FIONA (CONT'D)
It's not going to bite you. Like this.

Fiona cups her hand around the cucumber and rubs it up and down. Kate watches closely.

KATE
I think you're cutting off the circulation.

Fiona glares at her.

FIONA
I'm not cutting off the fucking circulation. Here.

She thrusts the cucumber at Kate.

Kate tries to imitate Fiona's rubbing motion.

KATE
Are they this hard?

FIONA
If you're doing your job right.

Kate continues rubbing.

FIONA (CONT'D)
Now go faster.

Kate rubs even faster.

FIONA (CONT'D)
Here's him: "I'm about to cum.
I'm about to cum."

KATE
Already?

FIONA
Don't say that to him.

Fiona watches Kate rub.

FIONA (CONT'D)
"Oooh. I'm cumming. I'm cumming.
Fuck, shit, piss, mother-fucking,
fuck, fuck, fuck."

Fiona takes the cucumber and lowers it flat onto the counter.

FIONA (CONT'D)
He came. Now he's forever in your
debt.

KATE
Anything else?

FIONA
Keep your eyes out of sperm range.

Kate WINCES.

KATE
I have to visit my grandpa.

Fiona hands her the cucumber.

FIONA
Practice.

EXT. PATH - DAY

Kate walks down the sandy, tree-lined path carrying the cucumber. She looks at it and sets it down by the edge of the path.

She walks a few steps, turns back, picks up the cucumber, and hides it in the dune grass.

INT. LITTLE COTTAGE - DAY

Kate steps into the cottage. VOICES come from Stan's room.

MARYBETH (O.S.)
Damn you, Stan!

INT. STAN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Marybeth stands with Stan's arm draped over her shoulder.
His knees buckle beneath him.

MARYBETH
He needs to get to the bathroom,
but he won't walk.

Kate rushes and places his other arm over her. She and
Marybeth slowly lug him toward the bathroom door.

STAN
I can't.

MARYBETH
You won't.

Stan collapses.

STAN
I just can't.

Marybeth and Kate struggle to redistribute his weight.

MARYBETH
Do you want a bedpan? Do you?
Because that's where this is going,
a bedpan. And then after that,
it's all over, Stan. Do you
understand me? There is nothing
left.

Marybeth and Kate slowly drag him again.

STAN
I'm trying.

KATE
Grandma, I think he's trying.

MARYBETH
Not hard enough.
(to Stan)
You'd do it for Carol.

Stan looks up at her.

STAN
Come on, Marybeth.

MARYBETH

You would. If Carol were here instead of me you'd be skipping to the damn toilet.

STAN

Just stop it.

KATE

Do you want me to leave?

STAN

Yes.

MARYBETH

No. Stay. You need to learn what relationships are really like.

STAN

(to Kate)

One mistake. Over twenty years ago.

MARYBETH

He's still in love with her.

STAN

She's dead.

MARYBETH

That's right. And now you're just going to die, too. So you can be with her, your long lost love.

STAN

I never loved her.

MARYBETH

Reunited in death.

STAN

You're the only one I ever loved, Marybeth. You know that.

MARYBETH

(sarcastic)

Oh, please.

She releases Stan. Kate catches his full weight. Marybeth goes to the door.

STAN

Don't leave. Where are you going?

Marybeth pauses at the door.

MARYBETH
To buy a bedpan.

EXT. BRAD'S COTTAGE - DAY

Kate stands at the door. Mr. Davis answers and gives Kate the evil eye.

MR. DAVIS
(calling over his
shoulder)
Bradley, your little friend is
here.
(to Kate/sotto)
Slut.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Kate and Brad make out on the bed of leaves. It's getting hot and heavy.

Kate's hand fumbles for his pants zipper. She slowly unzips his pants.

KATE
Guess what I'm going to do.

BRAD
What?

KATE
I'm going to give you a hand job.

Brad thinks about it a second.

BRAD
Naw. I'm not that into hand jobs.

Kate breathes a sigh of relief and zips his pants back up.

BRAD (CONT'D)
But I could totally use a blow job.

Kate's eyes widen.

INT. FIONA'S KITCHEN - DAY

Kate sits at the kitchen counter. Fiona takes another CUCUMBER out of the refrigerator.

EXT. PATH - DAY

Kate lays the second cucumber next to the first one in the grass.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

We see Brad naked from the chest up. Kate appears from below his waist line. Her mouth is full.

BRAD

You don't have to swallow.

Kate makes a "really?" expression.

Kate spits onto the sand.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

Kate lies in Brad's arms looking up at the stars.

KATE

I have a recurring dream that I'm falling. I'm on the top of a huge, steep dune.

INSERT DREAM

Kate lies on her stomach at the top of a massive, steep dune.

KATE (V.O.)

I try to clutch the dune grass.

Kate grabs for the dune grass.

KATE (V.O. CONT'D)

But it slips out of my fingers.

Her fingers slip off the dune grass.

KATE (V.O. CONT'D)

I try to yell for help, but I can't yell. No sound comes out.

A silent cry.

KATE (V.O. CONT'D)
And nobody comes to help me. I
slide, I try to dig my hands into
the sand to stop myself--

Kate's fingers grasp at sand.

KATE (V.O. CONT'D)
But I can't. I fall.

Kate slides down the dune.

KATE (V.O. CONT'D)
And I die.

BRAD
You can't die by falling down a
dune.

KATE
In my dream I can.

BRAD
The sand would cushion your fall.

KATE
That's not the point.

BRAD
But if you know it's impossible to
die that way, you should stop
having that dream.

KATE
You weren't really listening.

Brad strokes her cheek.

BRAD
Do you want to have sex?

KATE
I'm not ready.

Brad flops down onto the sand, exasperated.

KATE (CONT'D)
What?

BRAD
Nothing.

KATE
Are you mad at me?

BRAD
No.

KATE
Talk to me.

BRAD
Just forget it.

INT. BIG COTTAGE - NIGHT

Kate quietly opens the door and tip-toes into the dim living room.

A light SNAPS on.

Liz sits on the floor in her bathrobe in a sea of SMALL GIFT BAGS. CHOCOLATE KISSES, TOY CRUISE SHIPS, and WALLET-SIZED PHOTOS OF STAN looking ten-years younger lie in separate piles.

LIZ
You missed the favor-stuffing party.

KATE
I forgot.

LIZ
You never have time for anyone else, do you?

KATE
Sorry.

Liz gets a closer look at Kate.

LIZ
You've got sand in your hair.
You've been having sex, haven't you?

Kate walks past her. Liz grabs her by the arm.

LIZ (CONT'D)
Haven't you?

KATE
No.

LIZ

Do you want to be ruined for life?

Kate wrests herself away.

KATE

Just because of Dad.

LIZ

You're damn right. Look where it got me. Thirty-nine years old, two kids, and a divorcee.

KATE

Widow.

LIZ

The divorce was almost final. You're such a bitch.

KATE

No, you are.

Liz goes to slap her, but Kate catches her arm.

KATE (CONT'D)

Did you ever think that things might be different for me? Did you ever think that I might be capable of having love in my life, real love? That I might be capable of loving someone and having them love me back?

Liz backs away from Kate and LAUGHS.

KATE (CONT'D)

It's not funny, Mom.

LIZ

You are so delusional.

INT. STAN'S BEDROOM - DAY

It's unclear where we are.

CLOSE ON: KATE

KATE

Maybe I am delusional. Maybe I'm delusional to think I'm capable of love or being a poet. I'm creatively blocked. Sylvia Plath went through it. She made pies. But I don't like pies, and I don't know how to cook.

REVEAL: Kate talking to herself on the twin bed. Stan sleeps soundly in the next bed.

KATE (CONT'D)

I'll never be a poet. And if I can't be a poet, I don't know what I'll be. Maybe I'll just have to be good at sex.

Stan opens his eyes.

STAN

Sex isn't all it's cracked up to be.

EXT. ADULT MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

Kate and Fiona, both wearing TRENCH COATS, HATS, and SUNGLASSES, go in the door of the small movie house.

FIONA

Sex is our only defense against the total shittiness of life.

INT. ADULT MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

Fiona sits watching the movie. Off-screen, a PORN-ACTRESS MOANS, PANTS, and WAILS.

FIONA

My tits are better than hers.

Fiona looks next to her.

FIONA (CONT'D)

You've got to open your eyes, Kate.

Kate sits with her hands over her eyes.

KATE
It's too gross.

Fiona tries to remove Kate's hands. Kate puts them back.

FIONA
Open your eyes, asshole.

KATE
No.

FIONA
Do you want to look like an amateur?

KATE
No.

FIONA
Do you want to be the girl who's known as a bad lay? Do you want the guys in the locker room to be saying, "Oh yeah. I fucked her. I wish I'd stayed home and washed my hair?"

Kate opens her eyes and looks at Fiona.

KATE
They say stuff like that?

FIONA
Probably.

Fiona turns Kate's face toward the movie screen.

KATE
She's so pale.

FIONA
Because she spends all day inside getting laid. You'd be lucky to be that pale.

Kate watches for a second.

KATE
Ouch. How can that thing even fit inside her?

FIONA
It expands when you put something in it. Like panty hose.

KATE
But that's huge.

FIONA
You've got to be able to get a baby
out for fuck's sake.

The off-screen MOANS, PANTS, and WAILS become louder.

KATE
Oh, no!

EXT. MOVIE THEATER PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Kate throws up at the side of the building. Fiona hovers
over her.

FIONA
You'd probably like "Behind the
Green Door" better. It had a way
hotter orgy scene.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Brad and Kate lie on the leaves making out, half-naked. Kate
MOANS, PANTS, and WAILS.

Brad rolls off of her in a huff.

KATE
What?

BRAD
I can't fucking concentrate with
all those noises you're making!

KATE
You don't like it?

A tear falls down Kate's cheek.

Kate gets up and fumbles for her bra and shirt.

KATE (CONT'D)
I was going to have sex with you!

Kate storms off, putting on her bra and buttoning her shirt
as she goes.

Brad chases after her.

BRAD
I didn't mean to hurt your
feelings.

KATE
I should have known. You don't
even read.

She walks faster.

BRAD
It's just I don't need those
noises, Kate. All I need is you,
just how you are.

Kate stops.

KATE
Really?

He puts his arms around her.

BRAD
Really.

She wipes her eyes. He fingers the top button on her shirt.

BRAD (CONT'D)
You buttoned this wrong.

KATE
I was in a rush.

BRAD
Let me fix it.

He unbuttons it.

BRAD (CONT'D)
This one's wrong, too.

KATE
You better fix it.

He unbuttons the second button.

BRAD
They're all wrong.

Brad kisses her sensually as he finishes unbuttoning her
shirt.

They sink down into the leaves.

They roll around, kissing passionately.

KATE
I want to have sex with you.

BRAD
You sure you're ready?

Kate nods.

BRAD
Totally sure?

KATE
Yes.

MINUTES LATER

Brad lies on top of Kate. She watches his face as he eases himself inside her.

CLOSE ON: KATE'S FACE

She shuts her eyes. Her expressions span concentration, pain, pleasure, relief.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. FIONA'S KITCHEN - DAY

CLOSE ON: KATE'S FACE

Eyes open, she shows no expression.

BACK TO SCENE

Fiona stares hard at Kate. She takes Kate's face in her hand and examines it from different angles.

FIONA
Oh my God, oh my God, oh my God.
You sly bitch. You fucking lost
your virginity!

Kate LAUGHS.

KATE
How could you tell?

FIONA
Shit, Kate, any idiot off the street could tell.

KATE
I don't look like a scared rabbit anymore?

FIONA
That scared rabbit has been shot dead. Thank God. We need to have a deflowering party.

KATE
They have those?

FIONA
Sure. We'll fill the room with dead flowers, spatter blood on the wall, and have people bring various contraceptive devices as presents.

KATE
I'm not sure--

Fiona busts up LAUGHING.

FIONA
Just kidding.

Fiona takes Kate's hands.

FIONA (CONT'D)
Feel any different?

Kate thinks for a second.

KATE
Yes. But I can't really describe it. It's something I haven't ever felt before.

FIONA
You know what that feeling's called, Kate?

KATE
What?

FIONA
Pride.

INT. KATE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Kate examines herself in front of the mirror. She turns her head to the right, to the left, tilts it up, tilts it down.

INT. MAISY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Maisy sits on the floor shining her tap shoes with a CLOTH.

Kate pops her head in the room.

KATE

Do I look different to you?

Maisy glances up.

MAISY

No.

Kate stands closer to Maisy.

KATE

Come on, take a good look.

Maisy takes a good look.

MAISY

Nope. You look exactly the same.

INT. BIG COTTAGE KITCHEN - DAY

Maisy eats cereal. Liz pours coffee. Kate enters in her pajamas.

Liz notices Kate.

LIZ

You look different.

KATE

I do?

LIZ

Have you gained weight again?

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Brad and Kate fall back in post-coital bliss.

LATER

They lie next to each other looking up at the trees.

KATE
My father shot himself. In his new
apartment, alone.

Brad props himself up and looks intensely at her.

BRAD
Wow, Kate. I'm sorry. I'm sorry
you had to go through that.

KATE
The plumber found his body three
days later.

BRAD
Man.

KATE
I should have been with him. I
could have talked him out of it.
He listened to me.

BRAD
Don't think that way.

KATE
Or at least I should have been with
him when he died. No one should
have to die alone.

Brad kisses her cheek sweetly.

BRAD
You're right.

KATE (CONT'D)
I love you.

EXT. PATH - DAY

Kate follows Fiona as she walks Boozer.

FIONA
Moron. Moron. Fucking moron! Why
would you say such a stupid thing?

KATE
Because it's true.

FIONA

Do you realize what you've done?
You've fucked everything up, Kate.
Everything. Let me guess, he
didn't say it back, did he?

KATE

No.

FIONA

Big surprise.

Fiona waits for the dog to explore a tree trunk.

KATE

I think he'll say it next time.

FIONA

He's not going to say it next time.

Fiona KICKS the dog.

FIONA (CONT'D)

(to dog)

Shit or get off the pot.

KATE

Why not?

FIONA

Because he doesn't love you, idiot.

Fiona yanks the DOG CHAIN.

KATE

You are so mean.

FIONA

He doesn't love you and for that
matter, you don't even love him.

KATE

I do too.

FIONA

Do you even know what "love" is?

Kate thinks for a second.

Fiona points to her head.

FIONA (CONT'D)

Fucking chemicals. Someone makes you feel good, and that lets off these chemicals in your brain, and they go to these receptor things and you think you're in love. Nothing special. Just chemicals. I learned that in ninth-grade biology. You'd fucking know that if you went to private school.

Kate looks at Fiona with rage.

KATE

You're not my friend anymore.

She walks away.

FIONA

(calling after her)

Fine. You're the most boring friend I ever had!

INT. FIONA'S KITCHEN - DAY

Fiona bursts angrily through the door with the poodle. Pammy is looking in the refrigerator.

PAMMY

I could have sworn I bought cucumbers.

INT. BIG COTTAGE LIVING ROOM - DAY

Kate bursts angrily through the door.

Liz lies on the couch reading the BOOK "How to Be Your Own Best Friend."

KATE

Put the book down. I need to talk to you now.

LIZ

Can't it wait?

Kate glares at her.

Liz SIGHS and puts down the book.

LIZ (CONT'D)

What's so Goddamn important?

KATE

Did you love Dad?

LIZ

What the Hell do you expect me to say?

KATE

The truth.

LIZ

The truth is your father was a self-centered asshole who couldn't keep his dick in his pants.

KATE

But did you love him?

LIZ

Why don't you ask the more important question? Did he love me?

KATE

If he didn't love you, he wouldn't have done what he did. He couldn't bare the thought of living without you. He loved you more than life.

LIZ

You are so screwed up. If you love someone, you don't go and die.

EXT. LITTLE COTTAGE DRIVEWAY - DAY

The sun sets. The chair still smoulders. Kate strides up to the house.

INT. LITTLE COTTAGE - DAY

Kate looks around. Where's Marybeth.

KATE

Grandma?

INT. STAN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Stan SNORES. Marybeth points the gun at his head. She has a determined fire in her eyes.

KATE
Grandma!

Marybeth starts.

MARYBETH
This doesn't concern you, Kate.

KATE
Put it down, Grandma.

Marybeth's hand trembles.

KATE (CONT'D)
You can't.

Marybeth collapses onto the bed across from Stan. Kate sits next to her. They look at Stan in silence.

INT. LIZ'S BEDROOM - DAY

Liz sits at her vanity in applying MASCARA in the mirror. She sets down the mascara and smiles hard at her reflection.

LIZ
You are a beautiful, youthful,
woman with--

She picks up a folded piece of NOTEPAPER and glances at it.

LIZ (CONT'D)
Tremendous. Tremendous.

She looks in the mirror again.

LIZ (CONT'D)
You are a beautiful, youthful,
woman with a tremendous amount to
offer any man.

When she gets up, we see she's wearing a tennis skirt.

EXT. TENNIS COURT - DAY

Brad practices his serve, alone.

BRAD
Asshole!

Liz approaches the court with her TENNIS RACKET.

LIZ
Strong serve.

He grabs another BALL from the BASKET and serves it.

LIZ (CONT'D)
It's way better than mine.

Brad serves another ball. Liz puts her hand under her tennis skirt and produces two TENNIS BALLS from her tennis panties.

LIZ
Only two balls. Can I share yours?

LATER

Brad and Liz serve tennis balls side by side.

Brad sneaks glances at Liz's thighs.

Brad's serves WHIZ by the net; Liz's fall straight into the net.

BRAD
You've got to adjust your grip.

Liz looks at her grip then up at Brad's handsome face.

LIZ
Can you adjust it for me?

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Brad lies on his back. Kate kisses him.

KATE
I love you.

Brad brushes his hand against her cheek.

KATE (CONT'D)
I said I love you.

Brad leans up to kiss her. Kate pulls away.

KATE (CONT'D)
You're supposed to say, "I love
you, too."

Brad falls back, exasperated.

BRAD
I can't say that, Kate.

KATE
Why? What's so hard about it?

BRAD
I like you enough not to lie to
you.

KATE
So you don't love me.

BRAD
I like you a lot. A whole lot.

KATE
I thought you loved me.

BRAD
Why?

Kate furiously pounds his chest with her fists.

BRAD (CONT'D)
Stop it.

Brad grabs her hands.

KATE
I need you to love me.

She collapses into him. He strokes her back.

BRAD
I'm sure someone loves you.

Kate pulls herself off of him. She pulls on her underwear,
her pants.

BRAD
What?

KATE
That was the cruelest thing anyone
has ever said to me.

Brad watches her walk away through the woods.

EXT. BIG COTTAGE - NIGHT

Kate walks up the porch steps, clearly troubled.

Maisy stands in her tap shoes with her hands on her hips.

MAISY

Where the heck have you been?
We're having a crisis.

INT. BIG COTTAGE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Liz CRIES and rocks on the floor. She has a LIST in front of her. Maisy grabs a TISSUE from the KLEENEX BOX.

KATE

What is it?

Liz CRIES harder. Maisy hands Liz the tissue. Liz HONKS her nose into it.

KATE (CONT'D)

Oh, God. Is it Grandpa?

Liz nods. She tries to talk through the tears.

LIZ

Only fifteen people have
R.S.V.P.'ed. Only fifteen. My
father was a Goddamned saint, and
only fifteen people want to come to
his bon voyage party. Hypocrites!

KATE

Is.

LIZ

What?

KATE

Is a saint. He's still alive.

LIZ

God, you're petty!

Kate walks out of the room toward the kitchen.

INT. BIG COTTAGE KITCHEN - NIGHT

Kate pours herself a glass of milk.

Liz storms into the room. Maisy follows on her heels carrying the Kleenex box.

LIZ
And you haven't even heard the
worst of it.

KATE
What?

LIZ
Grandma's going on a cruise!

Liz cries with renewed hysteria. Maisy hands her another tissue.

KATE
I thought she didn't like cruises.

LIZ
She hates cruises! Her inner ear,
the overly salty food.

MAISY
Mom doesn't think she should go.

LIZ
Her husband, my father, is going to
die. She needs to be here.

MAISY
And she'll miss the party.

LIZ
That too.

Liz HONKS her nose into the tissue again. She looks imploringly at Kate.

Kate walks out of the kitchen with her GLASS OF MILK.

INT. BIG COTTAGE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Kate sits down on the couch with her milk. Liz and Maisy stand over her.

LIZ
You've got to talk her out of it.

KATE
I've had a really bad night. You
do it.

Maisy looks at Liz and shakes her head.

LIZ
She won't listen to me.

KATE
Let Maisy do it.

LIZ
Give me a break, Kate. You're so
obviously her favorite. Sorry,
Maisy.

KATE
Can I do it tomorrow?

Liz bursts into a loud chorus of SOBS.

INT. LITTLE COTTAGE - NIGHT

Marybeth sits on the couch. Her SUITCASE is at her feet,
along with perfectly folded, coordinated PILES of CLOTHES.

Kate sits next to her.

MARYBETH
We're going to the Galapagos to
track the Blue-footed Boobie.

KATE
Grandpa will probably die while
your gone.

MARYBETH
We're also going to see the
Vermillion Flycatcher, the Smooth-
billed Ani, and, if all goes well,
the Magnificent Frigatebird.
Wouldn't that be a coup?

Kate puts her hand on Marybeth's knee.

KATE
You can't miss that.

MARYBETH
Quite right. I absolutely
positively cannot miss that.

INT. KATE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Kate sleeps soundly in the bed, her notebook beside her. Liz barges into the room in her tennis outfit with something in her hand. She yanks up the WINDOW SHADE.

KATE
What? What is it?

Liz shoves a LIST at Kate.

LIZ
Grandpa's medications, feeding
instructions, and overall care-
guide, per Grandma.

KATE
What for?

LIZ
You're moving in with him.

Liz leaves the room. Kate bolts upright and runs out.

EXT. BIG COTTAGE HALLWAY - DAY

Kate, list in hand, catches up with Liz.

KATE
Why me?

LIZ
You're his granddaughter.

KATE
You're his daughter.

LIZ
You can't expect me to do it. I'll
be getting calls here about the
party. And you know what a
sensitive gag reflex I have.

KATE
What?

LIZ

The smell, Kate. I can't handle
the smell in that room. Urine,
sweat, sickness. I'd be vomiting
the whole time.

INT. LITTLE COTTAGE MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

Morning light filters into the room. Marybeth enters in her
SUIT and HAT. She sits on the bed across from Stan.

STAN

I hope you see the Magnificent
Frigatebird.

Marybeth reaches for his hand and holds it gently in hers.

MARYBETH

It won't be so bad.

He clutches her hand -- tight.

STAN (CONT'D)

I always loved you, Marybeth. From
the minute I laid eyes on you.

Marybeth withdraws her hand.

STAN (CONT'D)

Kiss me.

She rises.

STAN (CONT'D)

Please kiss me.

She takes a good long look at Stan.

She notices his toes sticking out from the blanket.

MARYBETH

Your toenails.

Marybeth goes to the dresser, takes out TOENAIL CLIPPERS, and
slowly, methodically, carefully clips Stan's toenails.

EXT. LITTLE COTTAGE DRIVEWAY - DAY

Marybeth waits with her suitcase on the back porch. A TAXI
pulls up the gravel road and stops near the chair, which has
finally stopped smouldering.

MINUTES LATER

Marybeth sits looking out the back window of the taxi. The male TAXI DRIVER, 40's, tosses Marybeth's suitcase in the trunk.

INT. LITTLE COTTAGE - DAY

Kate lugs her suitcase through the doorway.

MONTAGE

- 1) STAN'S BATHROOM: Kate dumps urine from the BEDPAN into the toilet.
- 2) PATH: Boozer lingers in the grass. Fiona kicks him.
- 3) BIG COTTAGE DINING ROOM: Liz pours over a SEATING CHART.
- 4) BIG COTTAGE DECK: Maisy practices tap dancing.
- 5) STAN'S BATHROOM: Kate again pours urine into the toilet.
- 6) TENNIS COURT: Brad practices his serve alone.
- 7) TENNIS COURT: Brad and Liz practice their serves side by side.
- 8) STAN'S BEDROOM: Kate sits on the bed across from Stan. She tears off a page in her notebook, balls it up, and tosses it onto a pile of WADDED-UP PAPER.

END MONTAGE

INT. LITTLE COTTAGE KITCHEN - DAY

Liz and Kate unpack GROCERIES.

LIZ

All the R.S.V.P.'s are in. The final count's forty-two.

KATE

That's a good number.

LIZ

At least it's even. Seven tables of six. We'll be transforming the back driveway into a sparkling oasis. I need you to do something with that damn chair.

EXT. LITTLE COTTAGE DRIVEWAY - DAY

Kate looks down at the chair. It's charred and decrepit-looking.

Kate props up the chair and wheels it toward the house.

INT. LITTLE COTTAGE LIVING ROOM - DAY

Kate wheels the chair to the corner it used to occupy.

INT. FIONA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Pammy sits in a big armchair reading a NOVEL. Fiona hands her a GLASS OF WINE.

PAMMY

Why, thank you, Fiona. To what do
I owe this honor?

Fiona sits on the couch holding her own glass of wine.

FIONA

I have good news.

PAMMY

You're getting a job.

FIONA

Shut up. I already walk Boozer.

PAMMY

Of course. My mistake.

Fiona paces the room excitedly.

FIONA

You're going to be a grandmother!

Pammy sips her wine.

PAMMY

Very funny.

FIONA

I'm totally serious. I'm pregnant.

PAMMY

That's impossible. You're on the
pill.

FIONA
I stopped taking it.

Pammy slams down her book.

PAMMY
Why the Hell would you do such a
stupid thing?

FIONA
So I could have a baby.

PAMMY
Oh, God, Fiona. You're dumber than
I thought.

FIONA
I can't believe you're not more
excited.

Pammy gets up and grabs Fiona's shoulders.

PAMMY
Have you lost your mind? There's
no way on earth you could take care
of a child.

Fiona wrests herself away.

FIONA
I'd be a great mother. I'm fun,
and I like babies.

PAMMY
Get packed. We're driving back to
Chicago. You're getting an
abortion.

FIONA
Are you insane? I'm having it.

PAMMY
You know what a baby means, Fiona?
No more parties, no college
sorority.

FIONA
So?

PAMMY
And saggy boobs. Those perky boobs
will be gone, gone forever.

Fiona takes her mom's hands.

FIONA
I've thought it all through. I'm
willing to give up fun and my
figure for the benefit of my child.

LATER

Pammy cradles Fiona on her lap. Fiona wipes away her TEARS.

FIONA
But I'm not good at anything.

PAMMY
You're good at lots of things.

FIONA
No. Not school, not sports,
nothing. Sex, that's it.

PAMMY
You're a good daughter.

Fiona manages a weak smile.

FIONA
I want to matter, Mom.

Pammy strokes Fiona's hair.

Fiona snuggles into her mother.

INT. LITTLE COTTAGE DOORWAY - DAY

Kate answers the door. Fiona stands in the doorway. Pammy
sits in the running STATION WAGON in the background.

KATE
Want to come in?

FIONA
No. I just wanted to tell you I
won't be at the party tomorrow.
We're going back to Chicago.

KATE
Is everything O.K.?

FIONA
Yeah. But I wanted to say
something else.

KATE

What?

FIONA

Just because I don't believe in, you know, "love," doesn't mean you don't have to. I mean, if I wanted something, even it wasn't possible or even if it was totally fucking moronic, I'd probably still try to get it. Maybe I'd be full of shit, but, whatever, I am full of shit.

KATE

Only sometimes.

Fiona smiles.

FIONA

Only sometimes.

Fiona and Kate hug.

INT. STAN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Stan takes a pinch from his snuff box. Kate enters the room.

KATE

I'm going out for a little while.

EXT. BRAD'S COTTAGE - DAY

Kate stands at the door. Mr. Davis answers.

He opens his mouth to speak. Kate pinches his lips together with her fingers.

KATE

First of all, I am not a slut.
Second, I need to see your son.

She withdraws her hand. Mr. Davis is in shock.

EXT. PATH - DAY

Kate strides down the path with an intense sense of purpose.

EXT. TENNIS COURT - DAY

Kate walks onto the empty court. She looks around.

She hears RUSTLING in the bushes behind the court.

She walks over the chain-linked fence.

She peaks through.

Brad and Liz make passionate love in the bushes. Brad pulls away.

BRAD
Did you hear something?

EXT. PATH - DAY

Kate runs, breathing hard, down the path.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Kate looks at the lake.

INT. LITTLE COTTAGE - DAY

Kate bursts in the door.

INT. LITTLE COTTAGE KITCHEN - DAY

Kate looks at the oven.

INT. STAN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Stan sleeps. Kate looks at his pills on the bedside table.

She picks up the pills, opens the cap, looks down. SEVEN
WHITE PILLS stare back at her.

She sets the pills down.

She opens the dresser drawer. There's the gun.

She picks up the gun, contemplates it, feels its weight in
her hands.

She raises it toward her head.

STAN (O.S.)

Kate?

Kate lowers the gun in front of her and doesn't turn around.

KATE

Yes?

STAN

Could you go into the closet?

KATE

Sure, Grandpa.

Kate sets the gun back in the drawer and quietly closes it.

She walks to the closet and opens it.

STAN (CONT'D)

See my golf bag? Take out the three wood.

Kate takes out the three wood.

STAN (CONT'D)

Bring it here.

She brings the club over to the bed and hands it to Stan. He caresses it.

STAN (CONT'D)

Eight holes-in-one. Two on the third hole, three on the ninth hole, two on the eleventh hole, and one on the sixteenth hole. No one gets a hole-in-one on the sixteenth hole. It's a par four.

KATE

That's really good.

STAN

I should have used my driver, but I used my lucky three instead.

He hands the golf club back to Kate.

STAN (CONT'D)

Can I offer you some advice?

KATE

I know, Grandpa. If I have to take a leak, do it between the seventh and eighth holes.

STAN

Smart girl!

KATE

Thanks.

STAN

But that wasn't what I was going to say. Find someone to love, Kate. When I hit those holes-in-one, it felt damn good, I'm not going to lie to you. But what felt even better was picturing the pride on your grandmother's face. Imagining, just for an instant, that I was actually worthy of her.

INT. LITTLE COTTAGE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Kate considers the chair in the corner.

LATER

She sits in the chair, writing in her notebook.

INT. STAN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Morning light filters in through the window. Stan stares out looking at the lake.

Kate walks in with her notebook.

KATE

Can I read you something?

STAN

As long as it's not my obituary.

KATE

It's not. It's a poem I wrote. About you. I wanted to read a poem for you at the party. But now-- Do you want to hear it?

STAN

Let 'er rip.

KATE

O.K.

Kate opens the notebook. She clears her throat.

KATE (CONT'D)

(reading)

"His Chair. My grandfather's
chair, black leather,/ The arms
worn more on the right/ Than the
left. A sturdy, tall chair,/ A
chair you'd sit in to make
decisions.

INSERT: CHAIR

The charred chair sits in corner. We see its seat, its arms,
its legs.

KATE (V.O. CONT'D)

I got to sit in it. I got to sit
on his lap/ And listen to him read.
Words tumbling,/ one by one, out of
his mouth/ And into the empty
space/ Between us. Filling/ The
space, arranging/ themselves into
sentences/ With ands and buts,/
like dancers falling into a line./

BACK TO SCENE

Kate's hand trembles. Her voice quivers.

KATE (CONT'D)

And as the words filled the air/ I
could hear the rhythm of his
heart,/ A solid, steady, beat --/
The right answer to a question./
His chair, his chair,/ My chair."

Kate looks up at Stan. His eyes are filled with loving
admiration. She closes the notebook.

EXT. LITTLE COTTAGE DRIVEWAY - DAY

CATERERS flip TABLECLOTHS onto round tables. WORKMEN
assemble a STAGE.

Maisy arranges FLOWERS. Liz darts back and forth, pointing
and ordering.

INT. LITTLE COTTAGE LIVING ROOM - DAY

Kate looks out the window at her mother. She closes the blinds.

INT. STAN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Kate opens the closet.

KATE
What do you want to wear?

STAN
The navy blue suit. That's
Marybeth's favorite.

LATER

Kate props Stan up on the bed as she combs his thinning hair.

KATE
I hope you don't mind if I'm not at
the party.

STAN
You're going to leave me alone with
all those jerks?

KATE
I'm not in the party mood.

STAN
Hell, and you think I am? We can
sit in a corner, get drunk, and
make fun of everyone else. Let me
see.

Kate hands him a SHAVING MIRROR.

STAN (CONT'D)
Not bad for a dying man.

EXT. LITTLE COTTAGE DRIVEWAY - DAY

The driveway is transformed into a circus atmosphere. A HUGE CAKE reads, "Bon Voyage, Stan." Round tables, each with a TOY BOAT CENTERPIECE, encircle a dance floor.

MAX makes love to his SAXOPHONE on stage in front of the EIGHT-PIECE BAND as they play "In the Mood."

A BARTENDER mixes drinks. PREPPY PEOPLE, mostly old, CHAT with COCKTAILS. THREE WAITERS pass CHIPS and DIP. WAITER #1 approaches a MALE GUEST.

WAITER #1
Artichoke dip, sir?

Kate wheels Stan out in his burnt-up chair. His blue suit hangs loose on his thin frame, but he is impeccably groomed and somehow dignified.

MR. RICHARDSON, late 60's, silver-haired, and already drunk, comes up to Stan and slaps him on the back.

MR. RICHARDSON
Missed you on the golf course,
Stan.

Four OTHER GUESTS encircle Stan. Kate steps back and watches the scene.

Liz holds court with TWO MEN. Maisy flirts with a TEN-YEAR-OLD BOY.

LATER

Everyone is drunker and louder. DANCE MUSIC pumps. The dance floor is packed. The ten-year-old boy spins Maisy around the dance floor.

The music suddenly stops. Liz stands on stage patting the microphone.

Kate glares at her mother.

LIZ
I'm so happy you all could be here
to honor your friend and my dad,
Stan Finch. I've planned a special
treat for you this evening. But
before that, I'd like to say a few
words about my dad.

Liz starts to CRY.

LIZ (CONT'D)
I'm sorry. Would anyone else like
to say anything?

Max puts his arm around Liz and escorts her off the stage.

Stan turns to Kate.

STAN
Read your poem.

KATE
Really?

Stan nods.

Kate walks through the crowd and steps onto the stage.

Liz gets a horrified look on her face.

Mr. Richardson barrels through the crowd, stomps up onto the stage and grabs the microphone from Kate.

MR. RICHARDSON
I'd like to say a few words.

Liz breaths a sigh of relief from the sidelines.

Kate slumps down from the stage.

MR. RICHARDSON (CONT'D)
I've known Stan for, what, thirty years? More than that. Hell, I could tell you a lot of stories about Stan. I could tell you about the time he fell overboard trying to reel in that thirty-pound Chinook.

The crowd TITTERS. Kate joins Stan in the back.

MR. RICHARDSON (CONT'D)
I could tell you about the time we ran out of gas coming back from Muskegon and had to walk for fifteen miles -- in the rain. I could tell you about the time he got a hole-in-one on the sixteenth hole. But you know what? Stan is on his way out, so I want to finally say what I should have said a long time ago. Fuck you for screwing my wife!

A collective GASP arises from the crowd.

Max tackles Mr. Richardson. They roll off the stage.

An OLD BIDDY GUEST shakes her head.

OLD BIDDY GUEST
I knew it. Carol was such a slut.

All eyes turn back toward Stan and Kate.

KATE
That was over twenty years ago.

Liz bolts up to the stage.

LIZ
Time for tap-dancing!

Maisy gets up on the stage in a DISCO SKIRT.

Without music, she begins to TAP.

As Maisy dances, Liz inches onto the stage behind her and erects the HUGE PORTRAIT of Kate as a Summer Wood Nymph.

Liz slips off the stage.

The crowd watches Maisy. She's good. We see her tapping feet. The rhythmic TAPS continue as

EXT. CRUISE SHIP - DAY

Marybeth leans on the rail of the ship looking through her binoculars. Through the binoculars she sees a large, GULL-LIKE BIRD with a fiery red breast.

MARYBETH
The Magnificent Frigatebird.

INSERT: MAISY'S FEET

They tap faster.

INT. PAMMY'S STATION WAGON - DAY

It's twilight. Pammy looks straight ahead. Fiona sits in the passenger seat beside an open window. She sticks her head out the window, closes her eyes, and feels the wind blow her hair.

INSERT: MAISY'S FEET

They tap even faster.

EXT. CEMETARY - DAY

A TOMBSTONE reads, "Jim Maclean 1936 - 1976. Loving father."

INSERT: MAISY'S FEET

Light is fading. Her feet shuffle, shuffle, shuffle. Then they burst into a finale of rapid tapping.

INT. SHIP CABIN - NIGHT

Marybeth enters her cabin. TWO TWIN BEDS. She looks at one of the beds.

INSERT: MAISY'S FEET

The last beats of the finale. Her feet stop.

Off-stage APPLAUSE ERUPTS.

EXT. LITTLE COTTAGE DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

The APPLAUSE continues. Maisy takes a bow. Liz beams with pride.

The band breaks into MUSIC.

Stan hits Kate on the arm.

STAN

Now it's your turn. Go up there
and read your poem.

KATE

It doesn't matter, Grandpa. You've
heard it already.

STAN

They haven't.

Liz appears beside them.

LIZ

You don't want her to read the
poem, Dad. We've already had one
party disaster.

STAN

It's a damn good poem, Liz.

Liz puts her hand on Stan's cheek.

LIZ

You're on a lot of medications.

Stan pushes her hand away.

STAN

It's important to her.

LIZ

It doesn't matter what's important to her. There's other people to think about.

STAN

Like who? You? Damn, Liz, you can really be a total raging bitch.

Liz looks to Kate for support. Kate just smiles.

Kate strides through the crowd and steps onto the stage.

She motions for the band to stop playing. They don't.

People are chatting, dancing, and completely oblivious to Kate on stage.

Kate takes the microphone.

KATE

Excuse me.

No one listens.

KATE (CONT'D)

Listen to me!

The band quiets. The crowd quiets.

Kate scans the audience. The guests look at Kate with a mixture of morbid curiosity and pity.

She takes a folded-up PIECE OF PAPER from her pocket. She looks at it as if memorizing it.

The crowd waits, ready for something big.

Kate puts the paper back in her pocket.

She confronts the dead silence.

KATE
Stan Finch loved his wife.

INT. SHIP CABIN - NIGHT

Marybeth puts a THIRD PILLOW under the blanket in the second bed. She considers it.

It looks as if someone is sleeping in the bed.

EXT. LITTLE COTTAGE DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Kate walks down from the stage.

She walks through the stunned, confused crowd back to Stan.
She smiles.

KATE (CONT'D)
What did you think?

She gets no reaction.

KATE (CONT'D)
Grandpa?

His eyes are wide open but expressionless. She shakes him.

KATE (CONT'D)
Grandpa?

His head flops down.

The band breaks into a jaunty version of "Is That All There Is."

Kate looks out at the party. Guests flock to the dance floor.

Maisy and Liz dance together.

We PAN AWAY AND UP. The entire party dances as Kate and Stan remain stationary, separate from the crowd.

FADE OUT.

THE END