

THE SKELETON TWINS
by
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"THE SKELETON TWINS"

BY CRAIG JOHNSON AND MARK HEYMAN

FADE IN:

INT. SWIMMING POOL

Blue. Under water.

Leaving a trail of bubbles in its wake, a RUBBER SKELETON floats through the water of a swimming pool, sinking.

A young girl, MAGGIE, age 8, PLUNGES through the surface of the pool, SWIMS to the skeleton and GRABS it.

Holding her breath, she allows herself to SINK to the bottom of the pool, clutching the skeleton, eyes squeezed shut.

She hovers for a moment, in blue solitude.

She can't take it any longer and ROCKETS to the surface, BURSTING through.

Leaning over the edge of the pool, her 8-year-old TWIN BROTHER, MILO, stares at her.

MILO

Where did you go?

MAGGIE

I drowned.

She FLINGS the skeleton towards her brother.

It flies through the air and Milo catches it.

He looks at the skeleton and looks up to his sister.

On his face we:

CUT TO:

INT. MILO'S LOS ANGELES APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

MILO DEAN (33), 20 years later, sits at his small kitchen table.

Milo is lithe and sardonic, but possesses an underlying sweetness and charm that tempers his cynicism.

The apartment is uncomfortably narrow with generic cabinets. An upbeat 60's girl group tune plays loudly on the stereo.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Milo stares at: A folded piece of PAPER with the word "TO" written on the front.

He considers the letter for a moment and finally adds "WHOM IT MAY CONCERN."

INT. MILO'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Milo stares at a FISH TANK in his spare living room.

On the wall, a large travel poster from the 60's proclaims: 'LICHTENSTEIN--HOORAY!'

Milo sprinkles a pinch of fish food into a FISH TANK. BUBBLY-EYED BLACK GOLDFISH swim to the surface.

He waves at the fish and swigs a bottle of cheap VODKA.

His eyes turn to the shelf above the fish tank: a FRAMED PICTURE of Milo with his arm around a HANDSOME INDIE-ROCKER DUDE sits on the shelf.

Milo looks at the picture for a moment and then TIPS it off the shelf.

It SPLASHES into the fish tank and floats to the bottom.

INT. MILO'S BATHROOM - DAY

Milo stares at himself in the bathroom mirror and applies a little red lipstick.

He begins filling the tub.

He looks at himself in the mirror, which begins STEAMING UP.

Using the RED LIPSTICK, he draws an outline around his face in the mirror steam, adding two eyes, a nose and a toothy mouth.

Milo turns away from the mirror. The remaining drawing on the mirror sort of resembles A SKULL.

Milo steps into the bathtub and settles into it.

He lays, staring up at the ceiling and closes his eyes.

The water around his nude body suddenly BILLOWS RED with BLOOD.

CUT TO:

INT. POOL, TARRYTOWN YMCA - DAY

Underwater.

MAGGIE DEAN (33) in full SCUBA gear, sits at the bottom of a pool surrounded by fellow SCUBA divers in her class.

Gradually, the other SCUBA students start drifting to the surface, but Maggie stays put.

After a moment, she pulls the regulator from her mouth and holds her breath.

Maggie, alone at the bottom of the pool, holds her breath, a bubble or two escaping from her lips.

A MAN suddenly jumps into the pool and grabs Maggie, pulling her to the surface.

Maggie coughs as the man, BILLY, THE AUSTRALIAN SCUBA INSTRUCTOR, pulls her to the edge of the pool.

BILLY
(Australian accent)
You OK?

Maggie nods.

BILLY (CONT'D)
What the hell happened down there?

MAGGIE
I don't know. I'm fine, I...I'm
sorry. I'm fine.

INT. MAGGIE'S BATHROOM - AFTERNOON

Maggie stares at herself in the bathroom mirror. She is a pretty though her eyes are red from crying.

She looks down: she cups about twenty WHITE PILLS in her hand.

She raises the pills to her mouth.

A loud CELL PHONE RING (the Can-Can from "Orpheus in the Underworld") pierces the silence.

Maggie ponders a peculiar dilemma: do I answer it?

The annoying ring continues and Maggie digs her phone from her pocket and answers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAGGIE

Hello?

HOSPITAL NURSE (V.O.)

Is this Maggie Dean?

MAGGIE

Who's calling, please?

HOSPITAL NURSE (V.O.)

This is Nurse Myers from LA
Presbyterian Hospital.

Maggie sighs, irritated.

MAGGIE

I'm on the national do-not-call
registry, how'd you get this
number?

HOSPITAL NURSE (V.O.)

Uh, I'm calling to inform you that
your brother, Milo, was admitted
this afternoon after an attempted
suicide. He's OK.

Maggie's silent. Shocked. She looks down to the pills in her
hand, the morbid coincidence dawning on her.

HOSPITAL NURSE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Ms. Dean?

MAGGIE

Yes.

HOSPITAL NURSE

He's OK.

MAGGIE

Yes. Uh...no, I'll fly right out.
I'm there. Thank you.

EXT. LA STREET - NIGHT

Dreamy reflections of PASSING PALM TREES float across the
windshield of a rental car.

Lost and overwhelmed, Maggie drives, cell phone pressed to
her ear. After a few rings, the voicemail picks up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LANCE (V.O.)
Hey, it's Lance. You know the drill.

MAGGIE
Where are you dummy? I just got into LA. I'm on my way to the hospital if I can find the freakin' thing. Call me when you get this, okay? I love you.

Maggie is being guided by the female GPS voice.

GPS VOICE
(British accent)
Turn right at La Cienaga Blvd.

The GPS voice mispronounces 'La Cienaga'.

MAGGIE
(frustrated)
I don't know what you're saying lady!

INT. L.A. PRESBYTERIAN HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Maggie and a gruff psychiatrist, DR. MCCALISTER, 60's, walk down the hospital hallway.

DR. MCCALISTER
It's a good thing he was blasting his music. A neighbor complained and got the building manager.

MAGGIE
Mm-hm.

DR. MCCALISTER
It was close. He lost a lot of blood. Here.

He offers her a folded piece of paper with "To Whom it May Concern" written on the front.

DR. MCCALISTER (CONT'D)
He left a note.

MAGGIE
(puzzled)
To whom it may concern?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Maggie unfolds it. Inside it reads: "See ya later" next to a snarky smiley-face.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Jesus.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY

Maggie stands outside Milo's door. She smooths her hair and takes a few deep breaths, building courage to enter.

INT. MILO'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Maggie cracks the door to Milo's room open.

He reclines in bed, drugged-up, half-watching 'Rachel Ray' on TV.

He looks thin and tired. His wrists are wrapped in bandages that almost stretch to his elbows.

MAGGIE

Hi Milo.

Milo squints his eyes at Maggie.

MILO

Thought that was you.

MAGGIE

It's been a while.

She walks over to him.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Look at you.

MILO

Look at me. A tragic gay cliché.

Maggie tries to smile.

MAGGIE

Still like apple fritters? Probably not as good as Jensen's but...

MILO

Not really hungry right now.

MAGGIE

That's cool. I'll just leave them right here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She sets them on the side table.

An awkward moment passes where neither of them know what to say. Milo stares at Rachel Ray so Maggie does too.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
Do you cook?

MILO
Nope.

MAGGIE
I tried to make a Buche de Noel
last Christmas. Totally mangled it.

Milo nods, indifferently.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
So...are you feeling better?

MILO
Relative to what?

MAGGIE
I don't know...just trying to make
conversation.

Pause.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
How long they keeping you here?

MILO
A day or two.

MAGGIE
Do you have someone who...when you
get out...

Milo gives her a look: 'finish your thought'.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
I mean, do you live alone?

MILO
Yeah.

Another silence passes.

MAGGIE
Well...I'll be here for a few days
so...if you need anything.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MILO

I don't need anything. Maggie this was just a stupid thing I did. I was drunk and feeling... melodramatic. I'm sorry you came all this way, but you probably didn't need to. You should go home.

He turns away from her and shuts his eyes.

Maggie stares at him -- 'who is this stranger'?

LINDA (O.S.)

You're twins?

INT. HOSPITAL OFFICE - DAY

Maggie, clutching a cup of tea, sits across from LINDA, 40s, a salt-off-the-Earth hospital counselor.

MAGGIE

Yeah.

LINDA

Always wished I had a twin. A sister. I guess all little kids wish that though. Is it true what they say about a telepathic bond?

Maggie shrugs her shoulders trying to be polite. Linda gets the picture.

LINDA (CONT'D)

When was the last time you saw each other?

MAGGIE

About 10 years ago.

LINDA

Did you have a falling out?

She nods.

LINDA (CONT'D)

And your parents?

MAGGIE

Our mom's out of the picture. Dad's deceased.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LINDA

I see. Maggie...What Milo needs now, more than anything, is a supportive environment. There's a reason he put you as his emergency contact, and it's not just because your parents aren't around. He could have put a friend.

MAGGIE

I really have no idea who he is now. He's a complete stranger.

LINDA

I understand. Can I give you some tough love?

Maggie nods.

LINDA (CONT'D)

Milo's a lucky kid. It could have been a lot worse. Very few things in life are unforgivable. At least I think so...

INT. DAYS INN MOTEL ROOM - EVENING

Maggie sits on the bed, with her cell phone to her ear. 'America's Funniest Home Videos' plays on the TV in the background.

INT. MAGGIE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Maggie's husband, LANCE, 30s, sits on the couch watching TV and squeezing hand-strengthening balls in his hand.

Lance is a "nature-frat boy"- an outdoorsy, athletic, ultimate-frisbee playing dude who means well.

The PHONE RINGS. Lance answers.

[Intercut as necessary]

LANCE

Hey sweetie.

MAGGIE

Hi. You're there.

LANCE

How's it going? How's Milo?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAGGIE

Not good. He's gonna come stay with us for a while, I think.

LANCE

Right on. I'll change the guest room sheets.

MAGGIE

Where were you all day?

LANCE

I was at the climbing wall with Mike. Doing my thing.

MAGGIE

OK...I miss you.

LANCE

Miss you too Magpie.

MAGGIE

Bye.

LANCE

Later skater.

Maggie leans back and watches "Americas's Funniest Home Videos": a fat lady falls off a dock into a lake.

Maggie doesn't laugh.

INT. HOSPITAL LOUNGE - DAY

Milo sits on a couch reading a hospital copy of "Marley and Me" when Maggie enters.

MAGGIE

You're up.

MILO

I thought you were going home.

MAGGIE

Because you told me to?

MILO

Because I asked you to.

MAGGIE

Well...you're not the king of the hospital.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She sits on the couch next to him.

MILO
Have you read this?

MAGGIE
Yeah. It's sad.

MILO
What do you mean?

MAGGIE
Don't you know what happens?

MILO
No, that's why I'm reading it.

MAGGIE
Oh. Sorry.

MILO
Oh great. The dog fucking dies or something.

MAGGIE
I'm not saying anything.

MILO
Tell me the dog doesn't die. Does the dog die?

MAGGIE
I -- I'm not...

MILO
Fuck! The dog dies.

Milo throws the book to the side.

MAGGIE
Sorry. I didn't mean to ruin it.

Milo cracks a small smile.

MILO
Maggie. I know the dog dies.
Everybody knows the dog dies.

MAGGIE
Ha ha. Glad you're getting your sense of humor back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MILO

They'll never take that away from me.

MAGGIE

Look...Why don't you come home with me. Just for a little while, until you're feeling better. We have a guest room, you'll get to meet Lance, finally. Upstate New York is gorgeous in the Fall. You remember.

Milo looks at the floor.

MILO

They got to you, didn't they. The crack team of "hospital crisis counsellors". Professional guilt trippers.

MAGGIE

This was my decision.

MILO

Yeah, right.

MAGGIE

You know what? You're probably right. It's probably a bad idea.

Maggie gets up and walks to the door.

MILO

Maggie.

She stops and turns to him.

MILO (CONT'D)

I have an aquarium full of very beloved, very fat goldfish.

MAGGIE

(smiling)

You can get new goldfish in New York.

The sound of a PLANE TAKING OFF is heard.

EXT. NEAR TARRYTOWN, NEW YORK - AFTERNOON

A golden cluster of FALL TREES sits in the sunlight near the highway as an old Volkswagon Jetta ZIPS past.

INT. MAGGIE'S CAR - AFTERNOON

Milo watches the leafy fall landscape pass by from the front seat of Maggie's car.

MAGGIE
Welcome home.

MILO
It looks like Narnia.

EXT. MAGGIE'S HOME - AFTERNOON

The Jetta pulls up in front of a small, ranch-style house surrounded by red and orange maple trees. Pumpkins sit on the front porch.

INT. MAGGIE'S HOME - DAY

SERIES OF SHOTS

1. Maggie's living room: trying to be Crate & Barrel.
2. Maggie's Kitchen: trying to be Williams & Sonoma
3. Maggie's Bathroom: trying to be Restoration Hardware.

INT. MAGGIE'S GUEST ROOM - DAY

Milo stands in a small bedroom unpacking his clothes into a generic Pottery Barn-esque dresser.

LANCE (O.S.)
There he is!

Milo turns to see Lance coming down the hallway.

MILO
You must be Lance.

LANCE
Sure am buddy.

Lance grabs Milo's hand, oblivious to the large suture on his wrist.

MILO
Ow.

LANCE
Oh, shit, I'm sorry.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MILO

No, no, it's cool, don't worry
about it.

LANCE

That was a boner move, huh? Jeez,
some welcome.

MILO

They're pretty much healed.

LANCE

I was just psyched to finally meet
you.

MILO

Yeah.

LANCE

The mysterious Milo! In the flesh!

MILO

Well, fully-clothed. We need to get
to know each other better before
you see me in the *flesh*.

Lance doesn't quite get the joke.

LANCE

Well...if you need anything, don't
hesitate to holler.

MILO

I won't.

LANCE

Seriously, anything. Mi casa es su
Casa.

INT. MAGGIE'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Milo stands, shirtless, looking at a picture hanging above
the toilet: it depicts a doe-eyed, nude cherub standing next
to a toilet. Above the cherub it reads:

"Don't hurry.
Don't worry.
Do your best.
And flush the rest!"

Milo is weirded out. He steps into the shower.

INT. MAGGIE'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Maggie, Milo and Lance eat dinner.

LANCE
So, Milo, you hear about your wild
and crazy sister?

MILO
Uh, what do you mean? I'm not sure.

LANCE
Your wild and crazy sister has been
taking- drum roll!

Lance does a DRUM ROLL on the table.

LANCE (CONT'D)
Scuba Diving lessons!

Milo looks at Maggie, sincerely surprised.

MAGGIE
Doesn't that sound like fun?

MILO
Yeah. If you like...Scuba diving.

LANCE
She's preparing for our tropical
Hawaiian honeymoon.

MILO
Honeymoon?

LANCE
We never went on our freaking
honeymoon! So we figured, better 2
years late than never you know? It
was your sister's idea.

MAGGIE
Better late than never.

LANCE
She has all the crazy ideas. Last
month it was Thai cooking classes,
2 months ago it was Salsa dancing-
which is *not* for me by the way-and
now it's SCUBA diving, which is
awesome. Have you ever been?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MILO

Nah.

LANCE

Dude, you gotta try. My buddy Chad and I did it in Costa Rica way back before Maggie was on the scene and we saw a freakin' sea turtle, like we swam right *next* to it, like we could *touch* it. We also did the jungle zip-line which was *sweet*.

Lance takes a bite. Milo nods.

LANCE (CONT'D)

Aaaaaaand...should I tell him sweetie?

MAGGIE

Well, there's not much to tell yet--

LANCE

We're trying to get pregnant!

MILO

Really.

LANCE

Yup. "We" are. You say "we're" trying to get pregnant so it's not sexist.

MILO

Congratulations.

LANCE

Thanks. Hasn't happened yet. But we're definitely givin' it a go.

Milo looks to Maggie who nods in agreement.

LANCE (CONT'D)

This lasagna is freakin' awesome Magpie.

INT. MAGGIE'S GUEST ROOM - NIGHT

Milo sits on the guest room bed LIGHTING A MARIJUANA PIPE.

A KNOCK on the door startles him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MILO
Just a sec.

He fumbles with the pipe, hides it and grabs a magazine.

MILO (CONT'D)
Come in.

Maggie cracks the door.

MAGGIE
Hey. You settling in OK?

MILO
Yeah, yeah, I'm all good. Like
living in a Pottery Barn catalog.

MAGGIE
Guess I'll take that as a
compliment. So...you met Lance.

MILO
Yeeeeeeeeeah...

MAGGIE
Isn't he the best?

MILO
Yeah, sure I mean...kinda like a
big labrador retriever.

MAGGIE
I guess... He's the sweetest guy on
the planet. I really lucked out.

MILO
You definitely went for it.

MAGGIE
What do you mean?

MILO
The house, the furniture, the
job...the Lance.

MAGGIE
Yeah, so?

MILO
What happened to the old Maggie?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MAGGIE
I grew up.

Milo nods.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
What about you?

MILO
What about me.

MAGGIE
Last I heard you headed to LA to
become an actor. That was 10 years
ago.

MILO
Oh, I won an Oscar. Didn't you read
about it?

MAGGIE
Ha ha.

MILO
I played the retarded Ukrainian
immigrant--

MAGGIE
Oh really.

MILO
Who inspires a classroom of
underprivileged kids in Brooklyn.

MAGGIE
Gee I missed that one.

MILO
You should get out more.

MAGGIE
Seriously.

MILO
Seriously...the acting thing...it's
tough without an agent.

MAGGIE
I bet.

Awkward silence.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
Are you seeing anyone?

MILO
Not since James Franco dumped me.

MAGGIE
What'd you do for money?

MILO
Ummmmmm--

MAGGIE
Oh, here comes a joke.

MILO
Well what do you want me to say
Maggie? I waited tables at a shitty
tourist place in Hollywood. Fucking
boring. The end.

MAGGIE
OK. I get it.

The mood is altered. Neither of them know what to say.

MILO
I should...I'm tired.

MAGGIE
OK. Good night.

She leaves.

EXT. MAGGIE'S HOME - DAY

Maggie's home sits in the mid-day sun. Milo steps out of the front door and heads down the street.

EXT. TARRYTOWN STREET - DAY

Milo strolls past old colonial-style houses on his way into town.

EXT. COVERED BRIDGE - DAY

Milo approaches a Sleepy Hollow-style covered bridge. He pauses at the entrance, HOLDS HIS BREATH, and RUNS across the bridge.

He reaches the other end, RELEASES his breath and turns triumphantly to the bridge.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MILO

Ha! Screw you Headless Horseman!

Two OLD FISHERMEN standing at the creek's edge look up at Milo like he's nuts. Milo sees them.

MILO (CONT'D)

(unapologetic)

Afternoon.

EXT. TARRYTOWN MAIN STREET - DAY

Milo walks past quaint, small-town establishments including an ICE CREAM PARLOR, TOY STORE and COZY COFFEE SHOP.

He stops in front of a LOCAL INDEPENDENT BOOKSTORE and looks up at it with UNEASE.

INT. SWIMMING POOL - DAY

Maggie is putting together her SCUBA gear when Billy the AUSTRALIAN SCUBA INSTRUCTOR comes to her side.

Billy's kind of a punk rock instructor: tattoos, ears pierced, charming accent- a bit of a stud. He watches her put her equipment together for a moment.

BILLY

The third hose snaps onto the BCD.
On the regulator.

MAGGIE

Ah. Thanks.

BILLY

How you feeling?

MAGGIE

You know...I'm great. God, I am so embarrassed about the other day--

BILLY

It's fine.

MAGGIE

I was just on planet Jupiter.

BILLY

Don't worry about it.

She smiles at him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAGGIE
I'm a doof.

BILLY
Nah. You're one of my favorites.

He WINKS at her. Maggie watches him as he calls the class to order. She's crushing big time.

INT. INDEPENDENT BOOKSTORE - DAY

Milo pretends to peruse books, but keeps glancing up at:
RICH, a store clerk in his early 40s. Nerdy but handsome.

Milo makes his way towards Rich who's assisting a customer. When they're finished, Rich looks up and locks eyes with Milo.

Rich's expression CHANGES, as if he's looking at a ghost.

MILO
Surprise.

RICH
Milo.

MILO
Back from the dead.

Rich stares at Milo, speechless.

EXT. INDEPENDENT BOOKSTORE - DAY

Milo and Rich are standing in front of the store.

RICH
What are you doing here?

MILO
Just, rolled into town for a while--

RICH
No, what are you doing *here*, at the store?

MILO
Uhhh..looking for the latest Danielle Steele novel?

He smiles at his own lame attempt at humor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICH
Uh huh. You should go.

Rich turns and heads back into the store.

MILO
Rich, wait.

Milo runs to him.

MILO (CONT'D)
You want to go hiking this weekend?
We could drive up to Kate's Lazy
Meadow, check out the harvest
festival, drink spiked apple cider
and, you know...go on the hayride.

He smiles nervously.

Rich stares at him like he's insane.

RICH
Seriously?

MILO
Yeah.

Rich shakes his head, laughing.

RICH
You are out of your mind man.

He turns and walks back to the door, pauses and turns back to Milo.

RICH (CONT'D)
Don't come by here again.

He goes inside. Milo is left alone on the sidewalk.

INT. TARRYTOWN BAR - NIGHT

Milo sits at a bar, sipping a Jack and Ginger, next to two women chatting. After a moment he turns to woman near him.

MILO
So when do the boys start showing
up?

BAR WOMAN
This is a dyke bar sweetie.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MILO
Really? Since when?

BAR WOMAN
Five or six years ago.

MILO
Wow...(to bartender). Another one
please?

INT. MAGGIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dark. A LOUD KNOCK pierces the silence.

MAGGIE
Jesus!

LANCE
Whaa wassat?

Milo barges DRUNK.

MILO
Cal's Corner? Total lesbian bar!!

MAGGIE
What?

MILO
Completely! Not a penis in sight.

LANCE
Yikes.

MAGGIE
Milo don't you think it's a little
soon to--

MILO
I used to sneak into Cal's in high
school. Frickin' Tarrytown man.
Home of the 'nesting' lesbians. I
guess everyone comes here to nest,
right Mags?

MAGGIE
Milo--

MILO
That's what you and Lance are doing-
'nesting'.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAGGIE

Milo--

MILO

Chanda and Melissa were very, very nice, though. Just not exactly what I was looking for tonight, right Lance?

LANCE

Uhhhh...

MAGGIE

Milo, shut up and go to bed.

MILO

OK...sorry...I'm a little tipsy.

MAGGIE

No shit.

MILO

G'night.

He shuts the door.

INT. MAGGIE'S LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Milo, nursing a hangover, sits staring at a Nickelodeon show on TV as Maggie enters, wearing her DENTIST SCRUBS. She sits down next to him.

Both of them are waiting for the other to talk first.

MILO

So, last night--

MAGGIE

Yeah, you can't do stuff like that.

MILO

I know.

MAGGIE

Lance and I have to get up at six.

MILO

I know. I'm sorry. I just...needed to blow off some steam.

MAGGIE

Why? What's wrong?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Milo shakes his head.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
Look...Lance and I talked and he
could actually use some help with a
trail project at the park. If you
feel up to it.

MILO
Do I get a sexy uniform?

EXT. HARRIMAN STATE PARK TRAIL - DAY

Inappropriately dressed in skinny jeans and a tight 'Stooges' T-shirt, Milo grabs two handfuls of brush while Lance, who works for the Parks Department, looks on.

MILO
Shoulda worn long sleeves.

LANCE
Yeah, no...I mean next time, maybe,
cause then you can go in for some
scooping action and pick up a lot
more.

MILO
Yeah, I get it.

LANCE
Cool...

MILO
Not really an outdoorsy kid.

LANCE
No worries man.

An awkward silence passes. Milo goes back to lame-ly pulling brush.

LANCE (CONT'D)
Cool...

Lance turns and leaves.

INT. SWIMMING POOL - AFTERNOON

In SLO-MO, Maggie, in full SCUBA gear, begins to descend under the surface of the pool as the following conversation takes place as VOICE OVER.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAGGIE (V.O.)
Hello?

LINDA (V.O.)
Maggie, hi! Linda Essex from LA
Presbyterian. I just wanted to
check in to see how Milo's doing.

MAGGIE (V.O.)
Well, he's OK for the most part.
It's kind of hard to tell.

Billy stands at the edge of the pool looking directly at
Maggie as she descends, a flirty smile on his face.

LINDA (V.O.)
Have you been able to spend some
time together?

MAGGIE (V.O.)
Not as much as I'd like.

FROM ABOVE, the swimming pool is dotted with SCUBA students,
each descending under water.

LINDA (V.O.)
It's hard, I know.

MAGGIE (V.O.)
I try to ask him about his life,
but he usually shuts me down.

INT. SWIMMING POOL - AFTERNOON

Underwater.

SCUBA students hang suspended underwater, motionless.

LINDA (V.O.)
Something you may want to think
about is an offering of some sort.
Something unexpected, with no
strings attached.

INT. FISH TANK - AFTERNOON

BRIGHTLY COLORED FISH swim back and forth in a large fish
tank.

MAGGIE (V.O.)
Like a present?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LINDA (V.O.)
Could be. Something connected to
his life. Or at least what you know
of his life.

INT. CARL'S CRITTERS - AFTERNOON

Maggie is staring at a wall of FISH TANKS.

MAGGIE (V.O.)
He likes fish.

Maggie smiles.

INT. MAGGIE'S HOME - EVENING

Maggie pushes the front door open, carrying a LARGE, GLASS,
FISH AQUARIUM.

Milo, runs out from the kitchen.

MAGGIE
Hey.

MILO
Whoa, what the hell?

MAGGIE
Happy first-day-of-work.

MILO
You didn't have to do that.

Milo looks at her strangely as if he has something to say.

MAGGIE
What's going on?

MILO
OK...a couple of days ago, I told
someone here and, I didn't think
she would come, but...surprise.

Maggie looks over his shoulder.

A woman in her 50's, JUDY, steps into the room. She has long
grey hair, her clothes are a bit Southwest new-agey and she
wears an amethyst necklace.

JUDY
Hi angel.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAGGIE

Mother.

The aquarium accidentally SLIPS from Maggie's arms and SHATTERS on the floor.

JUDY

Oh dear.

Lance runs in.

LANCE

Everybody freeze! Glass on the floor!

Everybody does.

INT. MAGGIE'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Maggie pours herself a GIANT glass of Chardonnay.

Everyone is seated around the table eating take-out Chinese. Judy is showing pictures to Lance.

LANCE

So this is Tanner?

JUDY

No, no that's Tad. Tanner is the oldest.

Lance passes Maggie the photo.

JUDY (CONT'D)

You wouldn't recognize them. They've gotten so big.

Maggie looks at the picture: Judy stands next to a HANDSOME BLACK MAN flanked by two, smiling, MIXED RACE BOYS. They all smile for the camera in front of the Arches Monument in Zion Canyon.

LANCE

They really look like their father.

MAGGIE

Cute.

She passes the picture back to Lance.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JUDY

I love Arches. The Grand Canyon has become so commercial, but Arches has still retained its essence you know? A very spiritual place.

LANCE

Arches is rad. We road tripped it down there Spring Break sophomore year and it was *insane*.

Milo moves his fork around his plate, avoiding eye contact with everybody.

Judy raises her glass of wine.

JUDY

A toast.

Lance raises his glass. Milo and Maggie play along.

JUDY (CONT'D)

To my beautiful, beautiful children, to my lovely son-in-law,

LANCE

Aw.

JUDY

May The Light embrace you with its energy infinite, may you dwell in a place of peace and tolerance and may you live in warmth and understanding for your days eternal.

LANCE

Amen.

They clink glasses.

JUDY

So when are you coming out to visit us in Sedona?

MAGGIE

As soon as we're invited.

JUDY

Well, it's a constant open invitation...you know that.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JUDY (CONT'D)

You just have to drop by! We like to be unscheduled.

MAGGIE

Great. I'll come out next week.

JUDY

Oh...well...next week might not be the best week.

MAGGIE

OK, the week after.

JUDY

Well--

MILO

(changing subjects)

How are the alpacas?

LANCE

The who?

MILO

Are they related to the llama?

JUDY

We got rid of them ages ago. Too much poop.

MAGGIE

Mother, *everybody* poops.

MILO

Not me. Never pooped once.

LANCE

I used to think girls didn't poop. Seriously, as a kid.

JUDY

I believe we need to be more in touch with not only our body's input but it's *output*--

MAGGIE

Oh Jesus, can we change the subject? What about your Insight Retreats mother?

JUDY

(uncomfortable)

What about them?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MAGGIE

Is there one coming up?

JUDY

Why do you ask?

MAGGIE

So I can be sure and schedule the most important event of my life on the same day--

LANCE

OK sweetie.

JUDY

Angel...

MAGGIE

Mother...

JUDY

You know it broke my heart to miss the wedding.

MAGGIE

I'm sure.

LANCE

She's here now. (to Judy) You're here now.

MILO

Can we talk about poop again?

JUDY

Yes, why are we talking about upsetting things? Milo... what's new with you?

All eyes turn to Milo: What's he gonna say?

MILO

Well...to be honest...I'm great. Couldn't be better.

Maggie and Lance look relieved.

JUDY

That's terrific. Everything's terrific.

Judy downs her wine.

INT. MAGGIE'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Four empty wine bottles sit on the table.

Judy clasps Milo's hands, in the middle of some sort of spiritual, New Age ritual. Maggie watches, skeptical. Everyone is a little tipsy.

JUDY
And breathe out.

Milo does. Judy smiles.

JUDY (CONT'D)
You're cleansed. You can open your eyes.

Milo does.

JUDY (CONT'D)
Feel different?

MILO
A little. I could just be drunk.

JUDY
No, it's very different. A purity...like a glow, emanating from your *Kundalini*.

Maggie rolls her eyes and takes a drink of wine.

JUDY (CONT'D)
Lance, would you like to be cleansed?

LANCE
Nah, I took a sauna today so...all good.

She looks to Maggie, but averts her eyes when they meet.

JUDY
Well...I should be heading back.

MAGGIE & MILO
What?

MILO
Heading back to Arizona?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JUDY

Yes, well..it's a terrific coincidence actually. Maggie, you asked me about the Insight Retreat? Well guess where it is this year?

Maggie and Milo are silent.

JUDY (CONT'D)

Woodstock! So this just worked out perfectly.

MILO

(under his breath)
You're kidding.

JUDY

Check-in is tonight and I'm signed up for a shift so...

MILO

So that's why you came.

JUDY

I came to see you two.

MAGGIE

(drunk)
I freaking *knew it*.

JUDY

It just worked out--

MAGGIE

Oh *shut up* mother.

LANCE

Magpie.

MAGGIE

What?! This is *classic*. Classic bullshit from the bullshit Queen of-

JUDY

Maggie-

MAGGIE

Planet Crazy! You gave it a good shot Judy, but you know what? Ya ain't that good of an actress.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JUDY
OK, as pleasant as this is-

MAGGIE
Fuck you *pleasant*.

LANCE
Hey hey Maggie. Cool it.

MAGGIE
Why do you even pretend? You think we lay awake at night praying: 'oh lord Jesus please make our freaky mom come to her senses and realize that she actually loves us?' No! (to Milo) Maybe he does. But I'm over it. I've been over it for years so just stop trying Judy. There are worse things than being a shitty mother.

JUDY
OK, well. If you're through... *vomiting* all over me then I thank you for dinner. Milo, thank you for inviting me...I'm sorry the night had to become so...toxic.

Judy heads for the door, pauses, and turns back to the room.

JUDY (CONT'D)
I want you both to know...I'm sending you the light. Good night Lance.

LANCE
'night.

She turns and leaves. Maggie shuts the door behind her. Awkward pause.

MILO
At least she's sending us the light.

Maggie squeezes out a smile. It lasts for a moment, but suddenly her face breaks and the emotion begins welling up.

LANCE
Sweetie?

She squeezes her eyes shut, holding everything in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

LANCE (CONT'D)

Magpie?

She takes a couple of deep breaths, collecting herself. She sets her wine glass on the floor and leaves the room, brushing past Milo and Lance.

INT. MAGGIE'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Maggie closes the door and LOCKS it.

Maggie pulls a small basket full of PASTEL, BUTTERFLY-SHAPED, DECORATIVE SOAPS from the top of a cupboard.

Maggie digs through the basket and pulls a baby blue disc of pills- BIRTH CONTROL PILLS, from the bottom, hidden under the soaps.

She TAKES A PILL with water and hides the blue disc under the soaps, making sure it's good and buried.

INT. MAGGIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lance lays in bed checking out a 'Let's Go Hawaii' book. Maggie climbs into bed with him.

LANCE

So get this-- you bike down into the crater and then you *camp* there.

Lance sets the book aside and snuggles up to Maggie, kissing and nuzzling her neck. She seems ambivalent.

LANCE (CONT'D)

You're stressin'.

MAGGIE

I'm fine.

LANCE

We could try for that baby? Take your mind off things.

MAGGIE

Not really in the mood.

Maggie turns away from Lance. Lance sighs and turns off his bedside lamp.

INT. MAGGIE'S KITCHEN - MORNING

Maggie sits at the kitchen table eating a grapefruit and watching Lance pour syrup over two Eggo waffles.

He takes one and eats it like piece of toast.

Maggie watches him.

MAGGIE

You know, most people eat those
with a knife and fork.

LANCE

I'm not most people babe. That's
why you love me.

He looks to her.

LANCE (CONT'D)

I don't want you to worry so much,
sweetie. You'll give yourself a
hernia.

MAGGIE

You mean an ulcer?

LANCE

That too. See you tonight.

Lance runs into Milo entering the kitchen.

LANCE (CONT'D)

There he is! 'Sup buddy?

MILO

Oh, you know. Keeping it real.

LANCE

That's what I like to hear my man.

Lance holds up his fist for a 'fist bump'. Milo obliges.
Lance EXITS. Milo pours himself a cup of coffee.

MILO

Man, Lance takes the term 'Morning
Person' to a whole new level.

MAGGIE

I'm happy you're here, you know
that don't you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MILO

Oh no. Here it comes.

MAGGIE

I want you to stay as long as you'd like.

MILO

But...

MAGGIE

What do you think?

MILO

I thought she might be different.

MAGGIE

It doesn't matter. You had no right to bring that woman into my house without telling me.

MILO

Yes warden.

MAGGIE

Well don't put me in the position where I have to come down on you! It does make me feel like a prison warden.

MILO

(petulant teen imitation)

Sorry.

Maggie shakes her head and digs into her grapefruit.

MAGGIE

You really thought she'd be different? As in she'd give a shit about us?

MILO

Maybe.

MAGGIE

Please. She's been done with us ever since Dad...

She STABS her grapefruit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
And can you blame him? If I was
married to her I'd jump off a
bridge too.

The mood darkens. Maggie pushes her grapefruit to Milo.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
Eat this. I don't want it.

Maggie gets up. Milo stares at his coffee.

INT. LOCKER ROOM, YMCA - DAY

Maggie finishes putting on her swimming suit for her SCUBA lesson.

She looks down at her WEDDING RING. She considers it for a moment and then takes it off and puts it in her locker.

INT. SWIMMING POOL - DAY

Maggie sits at the edge of the pool in full scuba gear while Billy paces in front of the class, lecturing.

BILLY
Now, the key is not to panic. Don't
yank the regulator away from your
partner and don't Bogart the damn
thing either. That goes for you Ms.
Dean.

Maggie, smiles, embarrassed.

BILLY (CONT'D)
Alright, so everybody partner up.
Let's do this thing.

Maggie looks around for a partner, but everyone seems to already have one.

Students splash into the pool until only Maggie is left on deck, partner-less.

BILLY (CONT'D)
Hey there.

Maggie turns to Billy.

BILLY (CONT'D)
Looking for a date?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAGGIE

Uh..

BILLY

A partner.

Billy smiles at her.

INT. UNDERWATER - DAY

Maggie has the regulator in her mouth as Billy holds his breath, waiting for his turn.

She takes a final deep breath, then takes the regulator out of her mouth and passes it to Billy.

Their hands touch as he takes it from her.

He takes a breath from the regulator, then tilts his head back and exhales BUBBLE RINGS (like smoke rings, except with air bubbles).

Maggie smiles, amused. She hands the regulator back to Billy.

INT. INDEPENDENT BOOKSTORE - AFTERNOON

Rich, the bookstore employee, is finishing a transaction with a woman, when Milo appears, next in line.

He puts a book on the counter: MOBY-DICK.

MILO

Someone told me to read this once.

Rich looks at Milo for a moment, considering how to respond in public.

RICH

(formal)

Yeah, it's a classic.

MILO

This *is* the one about the great white shark that invades Sea World, right?

Rich continues with the transaction ignoring Milo's joke.

MILO (CONT'D)

I'm sorry about the other day. I didn't mean to freak you out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICH
(hushed)
Can we talk about this later?

MILO
Uh...no.

Rich stares at Milo. Milo stares right back.

INT. RICH'S CAR - DAY

Rich sits in his car in the bookstore parking lot. A CRUCIFIX hangs from the rearview mirror.

Milo opens the passenger's door and climbs in.

MILO
Where to boss?

RICH
Look, I need to know why you're here.

MILO
Jesus, Mr. Intensity, I just wanted to see you. See what you're up to. Have a conversation. Nothing more. Nothing creepy. I'm not planning on chopping your balls off quite yet.

RICH
OK. I'm sorry...I just...I wasn't expecting to run into you any time soon.

MILO
I'm sure.

RICH
I mean it's weird.

MILO
I know.

RICH
You look the same. Your hair's not pink anymore.

MILO
Yeah...that was one of those 'high school fashion decisions'.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Awkward pause.

MILO (CONT'D)
So...are you...I mean, do you
have...are you dating...anyone?

RICH
I have a girlfriend.

MILO
Ah.

RICH
Yeah. Melinda. She's an
optometrist. Really stable, really
good for me. She and Eric get
along.

MILO
Eric?

RICH
My son.

MILO
Right. Jesus...your son.

Awkward pause.

RICH
You moved back here?

MILO
Temporarily. I live in LA.

RICH
LA. Cool. How's that?

MILO
It's great. The key is just staying
busy. And I've been really lucky,
acting in tons of stuff, sketch
comedy, auditioning...I got an
agent.

RICH
An agent? Really?

MILO
Yeah, it's been like a dream
scenario.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RICH
Wow. You really made it happen.

MILO
So far so good.

RICH
What brings you back to town?

MILO
Uh...writer's retreat actually.
Working on a one-man show.

RICH
That's great. You were an amazing
writer.

MILO
Well...I had a good teacher.

Rich lowers his head, nodding.

MILO (CONT'D)
You wanna grab a drink or something
sometime? Talk about writing?

RICH
Writing. Really Milo?

Rich cracks the faintest of smiles.

MILO
Yeah, you know, sentence structure
and...homonyms?

INT. MARIA'S MEXICAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Billy sits next to Maggie at a small table and hands her a
frosty MARGARITA.

BILLY
It's a little cove called Pu'amana
on the Northwest side of the Big
Island. My mate Mike has been there
since '99, taking small groups
diving, and I'm telling you--

MAGGIE
Pretty?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILLY

Stunning. Sea turtles, manta rays, blue sharks, great billows of these yellow fish called canaries. It's no Great Barrier, but the best you'll get around here.

MAGGIE

Sounds incredible. Except for the sharks.

BILLY

They're harmless. Besides you're a gutsy girl.

He smiles and touches her arm.

MAGGIE

Nooo, not really.

BILLY

I think you are. You could handle a little old shark.

He rubs his finger on her arm.

She takes another drink.

She takes a really long sip, biding her time. Eventually she sucks all the liquid from the glass and sets it down.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Whoa. Want another?

MAGGIE

Yeah, no. No. I think I've filled my quota.

He starts to lean in again.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

I should go.

BILLY

I haven't even finished my drink.

She grabs *his* drink and downs it. He looks on with a combination of confusion and amusement.

She sets it down hard and wipes her mouth.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MAGGIE

Okay, then. All done. We've had
drinks. Thank you. It was fun.

She gets up and holds out her hand as if to shake.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Very nice getting to know you. See
you in class.

He takes it and grips hard. She looks at their hands, then
looks up to him.

He smiles at her- the dude is handsome.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Crap.

INT. POOL CHANGING ROOM - NIGHT

Billy and Maggie FUCK WILDLY on a wooden bench in front of a
row of lockers.

Her SHRIEKS and MOANS get louder, and louder, and louder...

CUT TO:

INT. MAGGIE'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Maggie sits in a bath, consumed by profound regret and shame.

LANCE (O.S.)

Sweetie?

MAGGIE

Yeah?

Lance pokes his head in.

LANCE

Are we out of Pizza Pockets?

MAGGIE

I think so.

LANCE

Well, could you put them on your
list?

Maggie sinks underneath the water.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LANCE (CONT'D)

Maggie?

Under water, Maggie blows a steady stream of bubbles.

Lance goes to the tub, a little worried.

LANCE (CONT'D)

Maggie?

She bursts to the surface, breathing heavily.

LANCE (CONT'D)

What're you doing?

MAGGIE

Practicing.

INT/EXT MAGGIE'S CAR - DAY

Maggie and Milo pull up in front of the dentist's office.
Milo is driving.

Milo waits for Maggie to get out of the car, but she clearly
wants to tell him something.

MILO

So I'll see you at 6?

MAGGIE

Yep.

Maggie still doesn't leave.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

If the car stalls, just let it sit
for a minute.

MILO

Mmm-hmm.

MAGGIE

OK. Have a good day at work. Say hi
to Lance.

MILO

Will do.

She starts to get out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAGGIE
(remembering)
Oh, and we can pick up a new fish
tank tonight.

MILO
Aye, aye captain.

Maggie finally gets out of the car and Milo starts the
engine.

Maggie knocks on his window. Irritated, Milo rolls it down.

MILO (CONT'D)
Yes?

MAGGIE
Do you think I should have a baby?
I mean...do you think I'd make a
good mother?

Milo is taken aback.

MILO
Uhhhhhhhh...Jeez Maggie, I don't
know.

MAGGIE
Oh. OK. Well-

MILO
I mean, you'd be an attentive
mother, I guess. A little over-
protective.

MAGGIE
OK.

MILO
Uptight.

MAGGIE
OK, nevermind.

MILO
But you'd be pretty good.

MAGGIE
Gee thanks.

MILO
I'm just trying to be honest.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MAGGIE

Well I think I'd be an excellent mother.

MILO

OK...

Maggie stares at him, hurt.

MILO (CONT'D)

What do you want me to say?

MAGGIE

Something that doesn't make me feel like a total piece of shit, for starters. Jesus Milo, you are so goddamn selfish it's mind-blowing.

She turns and walks towards the office.

MILO

Maggie!

She ignores him.

Guilt-ridden, Milo watches her disappear inside.

LANCE (O.S.)

Oh yeah. That's classic Maggie.

EXT. HARRIMAN STATE PARK - DAY

Milo and Lance sit on a couple of rocks near the trail eating sandwiches.

LANCE

It's land mines, man. Sometimes I feel like I'm just strolling through the park with her, you know, taking it easy, and then--KA BOOM! Freakin' land mine blows my nuts off.

MILO

Ouch.

LANCE

Yeah, and I'm left like: 'my nuts were just here a minute ago'.

MILO

Yikes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LANCE

Oh look! Found my nuts! Blasted
across the room and sliding down
the wall. My nuts!

MILO

Ew.

LANCE

Yeah. But then I apologize because
it probably *was* my fault, I
probably said something stupid or
insensitive and then...things are
fine.

Lance takes a big bite of sandwich.

LANCE (CONT'D)

Land mines dude.

INT. DENTAL OFFICE - NIGHT

Maggie sits in the dental chair reading a magazine.

Milo pops his head into her cubicle.

MILO

Your carriage awaits, madame.

Maggie silently gets up from the chair, clearly giving him
the cold shoulder.

MILO (CONT'D)

Listen, Mags, I'm a retard.

MAGGIE

Yeah, what else is new?

He takes her hands in his and looks into her eyes.

MILO

You would be an amazing mother.

MAGGIE

No, I'm too uptight.

MILO

I just said uptight because I
didn't want to get into the real
issue...your morbid obesity.

She gives him the slightest of smiles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MILO (CONT'D)
Maggie it's really becoming a
problem.

Milo smiles back and looks around the office.

MILO (CONT'D)
So this is where the magic happens.

MAGGIE
If by magic you mean routine teeth
cleaning then yes.

She squints her eyes at him.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
When's the last time you went to
the dentist?

MILO
No, no, no, no. Let's go.

MAGGIE
Come on.

She grabs his arm.

MILO
Noooooooooooo.

MAGGIE
I'm a trained dental technician.
Don't you want to see me at work?

MILO
No.

MAGGIE
Tell you what, I'll let you have a
little nitrous.

MILO
Really?

MAGGIE
Just a *little*, so you'll relax.

INT. DENTIST OFFICE - NIGHT

Milo, laying on the dentist chair, breaths in deeply from a
PLASTIC NITROUS mask.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAGGIE

OK.

Milo breathes in.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

OK, that's good.

She tries to pull the mask from him but he grabs on to it.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Milo. Let go.

MILO

(spacey)

OK.

MAGGIE

Now, would you like spearmint or
bubble gum toothpaste?

MILO

Toothpaste is my favorite.

Maggie rolls her eyes.

MAGGIE

We'll go with spearmint.

She leans into him with the cleaner brush and begins cleaning
his teeth. It is strangely intimate.

INT. DENTIST OFFICE - LATER

Milo sits upright in the dentist's chair, swishing fluoride.
Across from him sits Maggie, looking at her watch.

MAGGIE

Almost done.

Suddenly, Maggie is hit in the face with STREAM OF WATER. She
glares at Milo who grins like a naughty 6 year-old.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Give it to me.

He points to his mouth.

MILO

Mmmeeeu.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAGGIE
Spit it out.

He leans over the water fountain and spits out the fluoride.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
Where is it?

MILO
On the tray.

Maggie looks down to the tray. Milo hits her with another BLAST OF WATER. He laughs.

MAGGIE
Milo, not funny.

MILO
Not funny. Hilarious.

MAGGIE
No.

MILO
Jeez, you're such a wet blanket.
Why don't you take the edge off?

He reaches for the Nitrous mask.

MAGGIE
No way, put it down.

MILO
Oh come on Nurse Ratchet. Why the hell not?

MAGGIE
Because...it's not for recreational use.

MILO
Chicken.

MAGGIE
Oh please.

MILO
Bawk, bawk, bawk.

MAGGIE
Grow up! You are not going to peer pressure me into this.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Milo dangles the mask in front of her seductively.

CUT TO:

INT. DENTIST OFFICE HALLWAY - LATER

Maggie sits on a rolling chair at the end of a long hallway. She is LAUGHING HYSTERICALLY. Milo stands behind her.

MILO

OK, OK. Three! Two! One!

He shoves Maggie as hard as he can down the hallway.

She SCREAMS and hangs on for dear life as the chair rockets down the hallway and CRASHES into a waiting area coffee table.

MILO (CONT'D)

Oh shit.

He runs to her, cracking up. Maggie pulls herself up from the floor, stunned.

MAGGIE

That...was the best one yet.

He smiles at her. This is the Maggie he remembers.

CUT TO:

Maggie is hiding her face from Milo. They're still high on nitrous.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Wait a sec. Hang on.

She turns around wearing a GROTESQUE HEAD GEAR contraption that makes her look hilariously freakish.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Will you go to prom with me?

MILO

Ahhhhhhh!

MAGGIE

I know you're my brother but I'm like, *suuuuuuuuper* desperate.

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They pretend to talk on CB radios like truckers. This is obviously a thing from childhood.

MILO

10-4 Inchworm this is Jackrabbit
luggin' a 32 by 8 plate of cluckers
down the C-Divide on 18-880
and...oops, think I just spilled my
chew cup all over my crotch. Over.

MAGGIE

10-4 Jackrabbit this is Inchworm,
roger the crotch spill, and...oops,
think my right eyeball just dropped
out of the socket onto the floor.

MILO

Roger that Inchworm. You around
Casper Wyoming? My eyeballs always
fall out around Casper.

CUT TO:

Maggie and Milo sit back to back. After a moment...

MILO (CONT'D)

Maggie, there's something I need to
tell you.

MAGGIE

(concerned)

What?

MILO

Last month in LA...

MAGGIE

What? What happened?

MILO

Maggie...I ate pussy.

Maggie's jaw drops open, smiling.

MAGGIE

(shoving him)

WHAT?!

MILO

I know, I know. I'm not proud of it
either.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MAGGIE

Who? Why? How?

MILO

I was drunk and curious, she looked like a young Debbie Harry, what could I do?

MAGGIE

Well? Verdict?

MILO

I felt a little lost at sea. A wet, stormy, pungent sea...OK, your turn.

MAGGIE

My turn?

MILO

Yeah, I told you a secret, now you tell me one.

Maggie's demeanor darkens.

MAGGIE

I don't have any secrets.

MILO

Maggie.

Maggie thinks for a moment.

MAGGIE

I'm on birth control.

MILO

Really?

MAGGIE

Yeah. I hide it in a basket of soap in the bathroom. Lance won't be looking for decorative butterfly soap any time soon, so...it's terrible.

MILO

Maybe I'm missing something, but...wouldn't it be easier just to tell Lance you're not ready to have a kid?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MAGGIE
That would be easier, yeah.
But...there's a little more to it.

MILO
What?

MAGGIE
It's not good.

MILO
What?

Maggie shakes her head.

MILO (CONT'D)
Jesus Maggie, *what?*

MAGGIE
I slept with my SCUBA instructor.

MILO
Oooh.

MAGGIE
I know. God, it sounds like a
porno.

MILO
Just once?

MAGGIE
With him, yeah. But...I took a
French cooking class about six
months ago and...

MILO
Jesus Maggie.

MAGGIE
And there was my salsa dance
instructor.

MILO
Maggie.

MAGGIE
It's awful Milo.

MILO
It's a fetish is what it is.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

MAGGIE

I don't know what's wrong with me.
If Lance ever found out...God I
couldn't live with myself.

Milo is taking it all in.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Say something.

MILO

Well. Obviously...Lance isn't quite
doing it for you.

MAGGIE

When I married him, I thought this
would all stop. And it did, for a
while. But...He doesn't deserve
this. A fucking whore of a wife.

MILO

Hey. You're not a whore.

MAGGIE

Oh yeah? What would you call it?

MILO

It's complicated.

MAGGIE

Not really.

MILO

Do you love Lance?

MAGGIE

I do. He's really...safe.

MILO

Maybe safe isn't your thing.

MAGGIE

Maybe...what do I do?

MILO

A bunch of nitrous with your gay
brother?

Maggie cracks a smile.

Maggie lays on the ground. Milo lays adjacent to her, so
their heads are touching.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

He begins singing a 40's Christmas novelty song, "I Yust Go Nuts at Christmas" in a bad Swedish accent.

MILO (CONT'D)

(singing)

'Oh I yust go nuts at Christmas. On that yolly holiday.'

MAGGIE

Oh Jesus.

MILO

(singing)

'I go in the red like a knucklehead, 'cause I squander all my pay'.

MAGGIE

Was that your CD or Dad's?

MILO

Dad's. Christmas Comedy Classics, volume 1.

(Singing)

'I yust go nuts at Christmas. Shopping sheer drives me berserk. On the day before I rush in store like a poor me real nerd jerk'.

MAGGIE

(singing--Swedish accent)

'I look for nightgowns for my wife. The black ones trimmed in red.'

MILO & MAGGIE

(singing)

'But I don't know her size and so she'll get a carpet sweeper instead'.

They smile.

MAGGIE

What a stupid song.

MILO

Yeah it is.

Milo sits up suddenly.

MILO (CONT'D)

Oh shit!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

MAGGIE

What?

MILO

I gotta run. I'm meeting someone.

MAGGIE

Who?

MILO

Um, Kevin Hyatt, from high school.

MAGGIE

Oh...mind if I tag along?

MILO

Uhhhhh, yeah, I don't know. He sounded like he wanted to meet one on one.

MAGGIE

(disappointed & a little
suspicious.)

Oh. OK. That's fine.

INT. DRAGON ROOM - NIGHT

Milo sits in a back booth of the dive bar, nursing a jack & ginger. He scans the room...and sees Rich enter.

Milo's face lights up.

RICH

Sorry I'm late.

MILO

No problem. Glad you didn't stand me up.

Rich takes a seat. He quickly scan the room.

MILO (CONT'D)

Looking for the vice squad?

RICH

Ha. Not funny.

MILO

Seriously. I'm glad you came.

INT. MAGGIE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Maggie and Lance sit on the couch watching TV.

Maggie looks at Lance, bathed in the TV light. Lance has a bowl of ice cream that he drenches in chocolate syrup. He takes a BIG MOUTHFUL and looks over to Maggie.

LANCE
(mouth full)
What?

MAGGIE
Nothing. I love you.

LANCE
Love you too babe.

He takes another big mouthful of ice cream.

INT. DRAGON ROOM - NIGHT

Milo and Rich are a few drinks in.

MILO
I love the whaling adventure aspect
and all the crazy characters, but
the *tangents* man- the obscure
whaling history, the 19th century
existential crisis bullshit.

RICH
You're *killing* me.

Rich playfully touches Milo leg.

MILO
It's like 'Dude, Melville: Not
every moment in life requires
intense analysis.'

RICH
But who gives a shit when your
writing is as rich and weird and
funny and *alive*--

Milo slides closer to Rich.

MILO
And tedious and pretentious--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICH

The *narrator* is pretentious. That's by design.

MILO

Please.

RICH

You know there's an edition with illustrations. Maybe that's more your speed.

Milo flips him the bird and takes a drink.

RICH (CONT'D)

Didn't I give you a little whale once? A little pewter figurine, for your birthday? I found it at a flea market in Boston.

As Rich talks, Milo reaches into his pocket and pulls out the very SPERM WHILE FIGURINE that Rich is talking about. He holds it out in front of Rich.

RICH (CONT'D)

You carry this around with you?

MILO

Sort of a good luck charm, I guess.

RICH

It's obviously working.

MILO

Is it?

RICH

You're the one with the fancy LA agent. Should have kept that whale for myself.

MILO

It's not like a huge agent or anything.

RICH

OK Mr. Modesty. I think it's incredible.

Milo looks down, embarrassed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RICH (CONT'D)
I knew you would do something
amazing with your life. I'm proud
of you.

Milo nods softly, unable to look Rich in the eye.

MILO
Can we get out of here?

INT. RICH'S CAR - NIGHT

Rich and Milo sit in his parked car on a lookout above the
Hudson River which twinkles with lights.

Milo and Rich pass a POT PIPE back and forth.

MILO
I can't believe he's 12.

RICH
It's strange man, having a kid that
old. He's got his little opinions,
he snaps back at me, knows how to
push my buttons. He's a real
person.

MILO
He doesn't...know about...

RICH
No. God no. He knows I used to
teach. He asks me why I stopped.

MILO
What do you tell him?

RICH
I told him teaching...wasn't my
thing.

Milo looks away.

MILO
I'm sorry Rich.

RICH
Hey. Look at me.

Milo does.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICH (CONT'D)
You have nothing to be sorry for.
None of it was your fault.
Understand?

Milo nods.

MILO
On that note...here we are...the
scene of the crime.

Rich looks up at the crucifix hanging from the rearview mirror.

RICH
Hard to believe it all happened
with that fellah staring down at
us.

MILO
You're the repressed Catholic. My
parents were hippies. The guilt is
all yours my friend.

Rich smiles at him.

MILO (CONT'D)
Look. I know what happened was,
like, weird and illegal and shit
but it meant something to me
and...now that we're both adults- I
mean, *I'm* an adult...

Milo looks down: his hands are trembling.

MILO (CONT'D)
God, I feel like a freshman asking
the senior girl to the dance.

RICH
That's the problem. There's a
dynamic between us.

MILO
There doesn't have to be.

Rich looks to Milo. Milo looks at him, intensely.

INT. RICH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Rich stands next to his bed staring at a SMALL CRUCIFIX on his wall.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Rich CROSSES himself and after a moment, turns, revealing Milo standing behind him.

Milo KISSES him. Rich returns the kiss.

They fall out of frame onto the bed.

We PAN over to the night stand where we see: a FRAMED PHOTOGRAPH of Rich and his girlfriend Melinda on a camping trip. Next to it is a FRAMED SCHOOL PHOTO of Rich's twelve-year-old son Eric.

INT. MILO'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Maggie knocks on Milo's door. No answer.

MAGGIE
Hey. Lance is leaving in ten
minutes. Get up.

After a moment she opens the door. The bedroom is empty.

The wheels begin turning in Maggie's head.

INT. RICH'S BEDROOM - MORNING

A tinny cell-phone-ring version of "Que Sera Sera" by Doris Day fills the room.

Milo is asleep in Rich's bed. Rich sits on the edge of the bed tying his shoes.

RICH
Hey. Milo. Is that your phone?

Milo sits up groggy.

MILO
What time is it?

RICH
Just after nine.

MILO
Shit.

He looks at his phone, but doesn't answer.

MILO (CONT'D)
I'm supposed to be at work.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICH

That makes two of us. So...here.

Rich tosses a manuscript onto the bed.

MILO

(reading the title)

"Sunrise In Manhattan".

RICH

It's a romantic comedy.

MILO

You wrote a romantic comedy? About what? Balzac and Foucault?

RICH

Actually it's just a pretty straightforward romantic comedy. Something for Jennifer Aniston or Kate Hudson. I thought, I mean...I don't want to be presumptuous but I thought maybe you could take a look and...if you like it, you could show your agent?

MILO

Oh. Oh yeah. Sure. I'd be happy to.

RICH

Cool. So...I kinda need you to...leave.

MILO

Right. Sure.

Milo throws off the covers and begins putting on his jeans.

MILO (CONT'D)

I had fun last night.

RICH

Yeah.

MILO

It was certainly a "blast from the past".

Rich looks at Milo, clearly not comfortable with Milo's attempt at humor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RICH

Yeah.

Rich grabs his bag.

RICH (CONT'D)

Make sure the door locks when you
shut it.

MILO

OK.

Rich leaves, suddenly. Milo is still half-dressed.

INT. BILLY'S OFFICE, POOL - AFTERNOON

Billy sits at his desk, typing at his computer. He looks up
to see Maggie standing before him, glowering. He gives her a
big smile.

BILLY

Greetings Ms. Dean. What brings you
'round these parts?

MAGGIE

It was a mistake.

Billy stares at her for a moment.

BILLY

All right.

MAGGIE

The whole thing.

BILLY

OK.

MAGGIE

I'm serious.

BILLY

Fine. Is that all?

MAGGIE

Yes. That's all.

Billy nods, smiling. He stands up and slowly walks to the
door of his office, shutting it.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Billy crosses to Maggie, a mischievous look in his eye.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Billy.

Billy runs his hand through her hair.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

No way, buster.

Billy leans in for a kiss.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

No way.

They kiss, Maggie slightly resistant at first.

But after a moment, she completely melts into his kiss and throws her arms around him.

INT. MAGGIE'S CAR, SWIMMING POOL COMPLEX - DAY

Maggie sits in stone silence in her parked, running car. The look on her face says it all: 'I can't fucking believe I just did that again.'

Through the window, we see a car with its blinker on, waiting to take her spot. The car slams on its horn: HOOOOOONNNNNNNNK!

Maggie JUMPS OUT OF HER SKIN and starts backing out, giving the car an apologetic wave.

INT. MAGGIE'S BATHROOM - EVENING

Maggie pulls a bottle of Advil from the medicine cabinet. She shakes a few pills into her hand and stares at them for a moment.

She DUMPS the entire bottle into her hand, 50 or so pills. Without warning, she CRAMS all the pills into her mouth.

She looks at herself in the mirror, cheeks bulging like a chipmunk. A LOUD KNOCK on the door STARTLES her.

LANCE (O.S.)

You OK in there?

Maggie begins to gag, bends over, and SPITS the pills into the sink.

LANCE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Maggie?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAGGIE

I'm fine!

INT. MAGGIE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Milo comes through the front door and sees Maggie sitting on the couch, channel surfing.

MILO

Hi.

MAGGIE

What happened to you this morning?

MILO

I'm sorry, but, if you must know,
last night Kevin had a friend,
and...I got lucky.

MAGGIE

Well you missed work. Not cool.

MILO

I came in late. Lance understood.

MAGGIE

(snapping at him)

You need to get your *shit* together
Milo!

MILO

Whoa. That's an interesting
statement coming from you.

MAGGIE

You know what?

MILO

What?

Maggie struggles to find words. She flips over, buries her face in a pillow and SCREAMS, temper-tantrum-style.

Milo looks at her. After a moment, he walks over to the computer on the table and fiddles with it.

Suddenly the opening strains of WILSON PHILLIP'S "HOLD ON" fill the room.

Maggie looks up from the pillow.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAGGIE
What are you doing?

Milo turns to Maggie, swaying to the music and begins lip-syncing to the lyrics.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
Milo-

Milo turns up the volume. The lyrics are cheesy, but also legitimately uplifting at the same time.

Milo turns the whole lip sync into an EPIC NUMBER, emoting like a pro, totally selling it.

Maggie tries to stay annoyed but she can't help but be charmed.

Lance peers around the corner and smiles.

Milo continues to ROCK OUT to Wilson Phillips.

The MUSIC CONTINUES over:

EXT. MARRIMAN STATE PARK - DAY

In SLO-MO, Milo, wearing appropriate outdoor clothing, pulls a handful of brush from the trail side and throws it onto a huge pile.

Lance standing nearby, raises his fist in a 'right on' gesture.

MUSIC CONTINUES over:

INT. SWIMMING POOL - DAY

IN SLO MO Billy paces in front of his SCUBA students, lecturing. As he passes Maggie he gives her a wink.

Maggie looks, down, avoiding his gaze.

MUSIC CONTINUES over:

EXT. RICH'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Milo presses the doorbell at Rich's house which is decked out for Halloween. The door is opened by a kid- Rich's son, ERIC.

The music abruptly STOPS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MILO
Hi.

ERIC
Hi.

MILO
Is your dad home?

ERIC
Yeah. Hold on. Daaaaaaaaaad! Some
guy's at the door.

Rich comes to the door- and freezes when he sees Milo.

RICH
I'll take it from here Eric.

Rich steps onto the porch and shuts the door.

MILO
Hey, sorry, I thought you only had
him on weekends.

RICH
The fuck are you doing?

MILO
Nothing, I-

RICH
You can't come by here!

MILO
OK-

RICH
Are you crazy? That's my kid in
there.

MILO
I-I know-

RICH
I have a whole life Milo. A whole
life. Do you understand that?

MILO
Yeah.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RICH
Good. I'll call you if I can get
away. Don't ever drop by again.

Rich SLAMS the door on Milo's face. Milo stands for a moment,
processing, eventually leaving.

INT. SUNSET TAVERN - AFTERNOON

Milo walks directly to the counter of a sports bar.

MILO
Shot of Cuervo please.

CUT TO:

Milo takes another shot.

CUT TO:

And another.

EXT. HOLIDAY INN LOBBY - NIGHT

Milo, wandering the streets, drunk, sees a group of laughing
business associates leave a Holiday Inn, ready for a night on
the town.

As they leave, Milo enters the lobby.

INT. HOLIDAY INN STAIRWELL

Milo climbs a back stairwell of the Holiday Inn.

EXT. HOLIDAY INN ROOF - NIGHT

Milo stands on the roof of the Holiday Inn, his feet peeking
over the roof's edge. The sun is setting and the lights of
Tarrytown quietly glimmer below him.

He reaches into his pocket and pulls out the SPERM WHALE
FIGURINE Rich gave him. He holds it out over the edge--a
mighty whale swimming in an ocean of lights.

EXT. HOLIDAY INN LOBBY - NIGHT

Two DRUNK GIRLS at a bachelorette party stumble out of the
lobby.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DRUNK GIRL 1
If Kelsey keeps talking shit at Mr.
Paddywack's I am going to fucking
claw that bitch.

WHAM!

The drunk girl suddenly DROPS to the ground.

DRUNK GIRL 2
Natalie?

DRUNK GIRL 1
Ow! What the *shit*?

Drunk girl 2 picks an object off the ground: the pewter sperm whale.

DRUNK GIRL 1 (CONT'D)
Some shit hit me! Taryn I'm fucking
bleeding!

EXT. HOLIDAY INN ROOF - NIGHT

Milo teeters on the edge of the roof looking down.

SECURITY OFFICER (O.S.)
Hey!

Milo turns to see a burly SECURITY OFFICER standing behind him.

SECURITY OFFICER (CONT'D)
What're you doing up here?

MILO
Ooh, I'm waiting for you, big
officer man.

SECURITY OFFICER
The fuck you say?

INT. MAGGIE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Milo sits on the couch. He looks like hell.

Maggie stands at the open front door finishing a conversation with a POLICE OFFICER.

MAGGIE
Thank you officer. Thank you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

POLICE OFFICER
No problem. Take care now.

She shuts the door and turns to Milo. Milo avoids her gaze.

MAGGIE
Look at me.

MILO
Don't freak out.

MAGGIE
Then look at me.

He does.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
Why are you doing this?

MILO
(flip)
I had a bad childhood-

MAGGIE
Stop it. What's going on, Milo?

He doesn't say anything.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
You have to talk to me! You have to
so I can help you, so I can at
least try. Please.

MILO
I--I get sad sometimes Maggie. I
feel bad about my life and I do
stupid stuff, that's it.

MAGGIE
We all feel bad about our lives
Milo, but that doesn't mean we jump
off of rooftops!

MILO
I wasn't gonna jump.

MAGGIE
(screaming)
How am I supposed to know that?
How?!

Tears are welling in Maggie's eyes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MILO

I'm sorry.

MAGGIE

(trying to hold back
tears)

I can't do this Milo! I can't right
now. I can't.

MILO

I'm sorry Maggie.

He goes to her and sits next to her.

MILO (CONT'D)

You remember Justin Ayres from the
8th grade? Jock asshole, bully?
Right before Dad died he told me
not to worry about a kid like
Justin, because high school was
gonna be as good as it gets for
him. He would "peak" in high
school. And the rest of his life
would be a disappointment. But a
kid like me; I was gonna soar after
high school. In fact I couldn't
wait to fast-forward ten years and
go to my high school reunion and
see Justin Ayres: fat, balding,
with some crappy job assistant
managing a Pro Aerobics gym or some
shit. He would be miserable, and I
would be a famous actor living in
LA or New York. I'd have a
beautiful boyfriend and I'd be
happy. Turns out...I'm the one who
peaked in high school. And darling,
if that's not depressing...

He makes a small a dismissive hand gesture.

MAGGIE

That's it sweetie? You're not a
famous actor? Milo, I got news for
you, no one's a famous actor.

MILO

George Clooney is.

MAGGIE

George Clooney is. He's the one
exception.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

The rest of us are a bunch of humans who are disappointed with the way our lives turned out. And either we find a way to deal, or...

She takes his face in her hands.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Look...I just need to know you're not gonna check out on me.

Milo sinks his head into her chest. She holds him close to her, both of them curled on the couch.

EXT. MAGGIE'S HOME - MORNING

Maggie's home sits in the morning sunlight.

INT. MILO'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Milo sits in bed reading Rich's script, "Sunrise In Manhattan".

After a moment he lowers the script- from his expression we can tell he's not a fan of what he's reading.

MILO

Blech.

He chucks the script on the floor.

INT. HALLWAY, MAGGIE'S HOME - DAY

Milo wanders past Maggie's bedroom. He peers in to see: Maggie buried in a mountain of clothing, throwing things into different piles with manic energy.

MILO

What are you doing?

MAGGIE

I know it's in here somewhere.

MILO

(sarcastic)

This isn't manic behavior at all.

MAGGIE

A-ha!

Maggie pulls out a vintage 60's cocktail dress.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MILO

Oh my God. You still have that thing?

MAGGIE

We're going out.

MILO

What?

MAGGIE

It's been too suicidal around here lately. Tonight's Halloween, Lance is at fantasy football, I want to get drunk, and you're coming with me. So put on something pretty and/or freaky. Preferably both.

Milo is impressed with her decisiveness.

MILO

Por supuesto.

CUT TO:

In CLOSE UP a HAND zips up the back of the dress. When it reaches the neckline we see that Milo is wearing it and Maggie is zipping.

CUT TO:

Maggie paints lipstick onto Milo's lips. She smiles at him. He crosses his eyes and sticks his tongue out at her.

MAGGIE

Stop. You're gonna screw me up.

CUT TO:

Maggie adjusts a BLONDE, BOB WIG onto Milo's head. She adds a final BEAUTY MARK and stands back to admire her work.

Milo looks like some sort of undead 60s cocktail waitress. Not gory, but definitely ghost-like and strangely alluring.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

God, you have better legs than me.

INT. MARTHA'S GRILL - NIGHT

Milo, in GHOST-DRAG, and Maggie dressed as a ZOMBIE COWGIRL sit at a booth in a Tarrytown Bar & Grill.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

An enthusiastic teenage waiter bounds up to them.

WAITER

Happy Halloween ladies! Can I start you with a drink? Margarita perhaps?

MILO

Most certainly.

WAITER

Oh you're a- I didn't...great costume.

The waiter exits. Maggie smiles at her brother.

MAGGIE

I think he likes you.

MILO

Wouldn't be my first apple-cheeked waiter.

MAGGIE

Is that what you would do in LA? Pick up underage waiters at touristy restaurants?

MILO

Nah...I actually had a fella for the past year. A scuzzy indie rocker kid. I thought it was going well, but...he left me for a poster designer who I'm *sure* had crabs.

MAGGIE

Ew. Well, he got what he deserved then.

MILO

I'm over gay men. I need me a straight dude. I need me a Lance.

MAGGIE

Isn't he just a dumb "labrador retriever".

MILO

Oh that was me being a bitch. He's a good guy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MAGGIE
Yeah...he is...

Guilt starts creeping upon Maggie.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
Shit.

MILO
I'm sorry. I shouldn't have brought him up.

MAGGIE
No, it's OK...what's wrong with me Milo? I pursued *him*. I'm the one who *proposed* for Christ's sake. I joined a fucking ultimate frisbee team. Why am I doing this?

MILO
Because...

He takes her hands.

MILO (CONT'D)
You're a hot mess.

Maggie smiles.

MAGGIE
I am. I'm a hot mess.

MILO
Don't worry. It runs in the family.

The waiter shows up with the Margaritas.

WAITER
OK. Here ya go.

The waiter nervously looks to Milo.

WAITER (CONT'D)
I like your dress.

Embarrassed, the waiter takes off. Milo shoots Maggie a look, 'maybe he does like me'!

EXT. TARRYTOWN MAIN STREET - NIGHT

Maggie and Milo walk down the Tarrytown main street eating ice cream cones.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

It is PACKED with revelers celebrating Halloween.

MAGGIE
And Michelle Waller is preggers.
Baby number three.

MILO
Holy shit.

MAGGIE
The rest of them...I've just moved
on.

A group of COLLEGE DUDES pass by Maggie and Milo. One dude
takes notice of Milo.

COLLEGE DUDE
What up fizz-aggot!

MAGGIE
Hey!

MILO
Maggie, don't.

Maggie storms over to the college dudes.

MAGGIE
You boys got a problem?

COLLEGE DUDE
Not with you.

MAGGIE
Well tell you what, that's my twin
brother- My exact genetic makeup,
so you fuck with him, you fuck with
me. Got it douche-tards?

The college dude's buddies make snarly "cat-fight" noises.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
Oh you wanna see catty bitch? I'm
just warming up!

Milo sidles up to Maggie.

MILO
OK, let's move on before you get
roofied.

He pulls her aside.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MILO (CONT'D)
Little Miss Feisty Pants, *hello!*

MAGGIE
Well...you gotta stick up for
yourself.

MILO
That's the Maggie I remember.

She looks back at the college dudes.

MAGGIE
Troglodytes.

MILO
Hey. You know where I wanna go?

EXT. HALLOWEEN FESTIVAL - NIGHT

A crowd is gathered around a huge manor in a field for the Hudson Valley Jack O'Lantern Blaze. Hundreds of intricately carved jack O'Lanterns surround the manor, trees and gardens of the field. It's a spooky and beautiful Halloween spectacle.

MILO
We haven't done this since Dad
died.

MAGGIE
I know.

MILO
He used to go nuts for Halloween.

MAGGIE
Who can blame him? Best holiday
ever.

A MAN DRESSED AS THE HEADLESS HORSEMAN jumps out at Maggie and Milo.

HEADLESS HORSEMAN
Boooooooooowaaaaaaahahaha!

MILO
(To Horseman)
Darling don't bitch to me, I've
been there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Headless Horseman just stands there, not sure how to respond.

INT. EVANGELINO'S BAR - NIGHT

Milo and Maggie sit in a booth drinking beers. They're a bit tipsy.

MILO
Remember that adolescent
psychologist they assigned us?

MAGGIE
Oh shit! Mamie Mortimer and her
fucking journals.

MILO
(imitating Mamie)
'Did you write it in your journal?
It sounds like those feelings would
make a marvelous journal entry.'

MAGGIE
There was no problem that couldn't
be solved by journaling.

MILO
She had a tough gig though. What
else do you say to two kids who's
dad just...

MAGGIE
You have 'em keep a journal.

MILO
God...we are a couple of ungrateful
bastards.

MAGGIE
Speak for yourself. I was an angel.

Milo shoots her a 'yeah right' look.

MILO
Let's see it.

MAGGIE
What?

Milo rolls up his sleeve and reveals: A TATTOO of a DAY OF
THE DEAD SKELETON playing the violin and singing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Maggie pulls her neckline down, revealing a small DANCING DAY-OF-THE-DEAD SKELETON WOMAN tattoo. The skeleton wears a purple dress, ringed in flowers.

Milo smiles.

MILO

Look at her, still dancing away.

MAGGIE

Of course she is. You think I'd get rid of her?

MILO

Who knows? You're a tricky bird Magpie.

They look at each other for a while.

MAGGIE

How did we go ten years without talking? What really happened?

MILO

It's probably not worth talking about now.

MAGGIE

Probably not.

A 1960s Darlene Love song comes on.

MILO

Oh *perfect*.

He gets up and starts swaying to the music. He holds out his hand to Maggie.

MILO (CONT'D)

Don't be shy.

Maggie takes his hand and they begin to DANCE to the music hand in hand.

They are an odd sight: brother and sister, Milo in drag, Maggie in full zombie cowgirl mode, dancing together.

As they move in a circle, Maggie notices a group of DUDES DRESSED AS ROBOT SOLDIERS watching them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MAGGIE
(to the robot dudes)
Don't worry. He's my brother.

The guys nod, as if that makes things less strange.

They continue to dance and Maggie rests her head on Milo's shoulder.

The song ends. Milo takes out his cell phone and SNAPS a PHOTO of the two of them.

CUT TO:

CLOSE UP of the photo of Milo and Maggie on the cell phone.

Maggie sits in the bar booth alone looking at it. She closes the phone, sets it on the bar and takes a drink of beer.

'Que Sera Sera', Milo's cell phone ring fills the room. Curious, Maggie looks at 'Incoming Call' on Milo's phone.

It reads: "Rich O.".

Maggie's eyes go wide: she knows exactly who that is. Almost instinctively, she pushes the phone across the table, as if it's poisonous.

INT. RICH'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Rich paces in his living room, his phone to his ear. Milo's VOICEMAIL picks up and Rich hangs up.

INT. EVANGELINO'S BAR - NIGHT

Maggie sits at the booth when Milo returns.

MILO
So you'd think that bathroom trip
would be more dramatic given my
outfit.

MAGGIE
I want to go home.

MILO
You don't want another round?

MAGGIE
Let's go. I want to go.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MILO
What's the matter?

She gets up and walks out of the bar.

EXT. TARRYTOWN SIDE STREET - NIGHT

Maggie charges down the sidewalk. Milo has to run to keep up with her.

MILO
Maggie, what the hell? Tell me
what's going on.

Maggie whips around.

MAGGIE
Kevin Hyatt Milo? Kevin Hyatt moved
to Philly six years ago.

MILO
Yeah...he was in town for the
weekend.

MAGGIE
How can you say that? How can you
stand there and say that to my
face?

MILO
Maggie, what is going on?

Maggie walks directly up to his face.

MAGGIE
Rich Ortiz called. I saw your cel
phone.

Milo doesn't know how to respond.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
Are you sleeping with him?

MILO
I think...I think...that we both
have our secrets. And we both have
our reasons.

She slowly backs away from Milo.

MILO (CONT'D)
Maggie--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAGGIE

You must really hate yourself.

MILO

Please calm down. Let's talk about this at home.

MAGGIE

You got a thing for child molesters?

MILO

He's not a child--

MAGGIE

What was it then? Consensual? A 15-year-old-kid and his English teacher?

MILO

You weren't there Maggie. You never saw the way he treated me.

MAGGIE

Milo, he was trying to *fuck* you.

MILO

So what if he was? I'm sorry if you got jealous.

MAGGIE

Oh *please*. Jealous? It wasn't *right*.

MILO

Who are you to judge?! You of all people! You slept with every asshole on the soccer team, you got drunk every weekend and let college guys do whatever the fuck they wanted. I had never *kissed* anyone. It didn't matter that he was my teacher. He made me feel like I existed.

Milo breaths deeply trying to collect himself.

MAGGIE

Milo... If you want to spend time with Rich Ortiz then that's your decision and I can't stop you.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

But eighteen years ago...I did the right thing. I *know* I did and I can't feel guilty for it, not anymore. I know you thought it was a beautiful relationship and I ruined your life and ruined Rich's life, but I had to put a stop to it.

MILO

It had *nothing* to do with you.

She's tearing up.

MAGGIE

Bullshit. You're my brother. We're supposed to take care of each other. If you can't understand that then...see you in another ten years.

She starts walking away.

MILO

Maggie--

Suddenly she turns around to him.

MAGGIE

This *sucks* Milo. Fucking sucks...
I was having such a good night.

She leaves Milo alone.

INT. MAGGIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Maggie lays in bed, wide awake.

LANCE

Sweetie?

Maggie looks down to Lance.

MAGGIE

I'm not ready to have a baby.

Lance sits up in bed.

LANCE

Why do you say that?

MAGGIE

I don't think I'd be a good mother.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LANCE

Hey.

He turns her head to his.

MAGGIE

You're gonna be the best mother in
the history of the world.

Maggie's touched by his sentiment.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

I don't deserve you.

Lance smiles, leans in and kisses her.

LANCE

I love you. You just got the
jitters.

Maggie smiles at him- but suddenly a look passes over her
face.

She covers her mouth and quickly leaps from bed.

LANCE (CONT'D)

Sweetie?

INT. MAGGIE'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Maggie bursts through the bathroom door and falls at the foot
of toilet.

She THROWS UP into it.

After a moment, Lance taps on the bathroom door.

LANCE (O.S.)

Magpie? You OK?

MAGGIE

Yeah.

LANCE

I thought you didn't drink that
much?

MAGGIE

(sneaking suspicion)
I didn't.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Maggie climbs off the floor and pulls down the basket where her SECRET BIRTH CONTROL STASH is kept.

Maggie opens the lid to the blue disc and carefully counts the pills. She pauses and does a mental calculation- 'did she miss a day'?

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Shit.

Maggie sits back down on the bathroom floor and holds her head.

INT. BATHROOM - MORNING

Maggie is curled up on the bathroom floor. She looks like she might be sleeping, but her eyes are wide open- she didn't sleep a wink.

There's a KNOCK on the door.

LANCE (O.S.)

Sweetie? You still in there?

INT. MAGGIE'S KITCHEN - MORNING

Milo pours himself a cup of coffee as Lance walks in.

LANCE

Morning chief.

MILO

Morning.

LANCE

Well your sis is down for the count today. Food poisoning or something.

MILO

Yeah, or something.

Lance pours himself some coffee.

LANCE

You wanna have a Dude's Day?

MILO

Huh?

LANCE

You know. A Dude's Day.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MILO

I'm bet my version of a "Dude's Day" differs from yours.

Lance looks confused.

INT. CLIMBING WALL - DAY

Milo hangs on for dear life on the face of the sheer wall. He grimaces and reaches with all his strength for a hold just out of his reach.

LANCE

Keep your body close to the wall,
push up from your feet.

Milo lunges for the hold and falls off the wall. He dangles humiliated in his harness, his shorts riding up.

MILO

Alright, I'm ready to come down.

LANCE

Come on, you almost had it that time.

MILO

Lance, this harness has pushed my balls into my throat.

LANCE

It's part of the experience, man.

MILO

Well the experience sucks. Let me down.

LANCE

No, get back on the wall.

MILO

The fuck man? You some kind of climbing Nazi?

LANCE

No. I believe in you. I've seen you man-handle the brush at the park. I believe you can do it.

Lance jerks the rope, pulling the harness even tighter.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MILO

Ow.

Milo begrudgingly assumes the position on the wall.

LANCE

Okay, now just take your time.
It's all about balance.

He takes a deep breath and reaches for the elusive hold.

LANCE (CONT'D)

Coolio. Now, find the hold with
your right foot and push up with
your legs.

Milo follows his instructions, finding the foot-hold and
pushing up with his leg.

LANCE (CONT'D)

Awe-some, awe-some. Now just keep
going, just like that.

Slowly but surely, Milo makes his way up the wall, growing in
confidence. Near the top, Mio makes one more triumphant lunge
and grabs the top hold.

LANCE (CONT'D)

Boo-ya! That's what I'm talking
about.

Milo smiles down at Lance, proudly.

INT. WALGREENS - DAY

Maggie walks past rows and rows of neatly packaged hygiene
and medical products, looking for something very specific.

She finds the right aisle and quickly ducks into it. She
scans the items, stopping at the desired section: Home
Pregnancy Tests.

She stops and faces them, daunted. TEXT from the packaging
leaps out at her:

CLEAR CHOICE

CERTAINTY!

EXTRA REASSURANCE

NO MESS!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Spooked, Maggie can't bring herself to take one. She walks away.

INT. SPORT'S BAR - DAY

Lance and Milo sits across from each other at a booth.

LANCE
To Dude's Day.

MILO
To Dude's Day.

They clink glasses of beer and take a sip.

MILO (CONT'D)
Thanks for transforming into my
Middle School PE teacher back
there.

LANCE
Felt good didn't it?

MILO
It did feel good. Yeah. You're
gonna be a good dad someday.

Lance's demeanor darkens.

LANCE
Man, I hope so. I'm just ready, you
know? So many buddies of mine are
sacred shitless of the whole
fatherhood thing, but not me. I
can't wait. That's why the getting
pregnant part has been
...frustrating. I'd hate to find
out I'm just shootin' blanks.

MILO
Yeah.

Lance furrows his brow, deep in thought.

LANCE
Has Maggie been acting weird around
you at all? I mean...I don't know
what I mean.

MILO
Yeah...she has.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LANCE

You know what? Bet it'll happen in Hawaii. The tropical air, the smell of coconut oil and...exotic spices. Maybe we'll do it in a hammock.

MILO

Eew.

LANCE

Yeah Hawaii is baby-makin' territory.

MILO

About the pregnancy thing. You know Maggie can be...secretive. I mean, as kids, she used to hide cigarettes and things all over the house. In the bathroom, in places no one usually looks...maybe she's on some medication or something that's affecting things. Just a thought.

LANCE

I don't think Maggie would hide something like that from me.

MILO

Yeah... wouldn't hurt to look around though.

Lance nods and takes a sip of beer.

INT. WALGREENS - DAY

Maggie is still in the drugstore, carrying a basket full of items she doesn't need as an alibi.

She pretends to study the shampoos. She apathetically grabs one from the shelf and dumps it in her basket.

MAGGIE

(to herself)

You're an idiot.

She eyes THE aisle with the pregnancy tests, takes a breath and marches towards it.

A STORE MANAGER and FEMALE EMPLOYEE eye her curiously from the cash registers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STORE MANAGER

This is getting crazy. That lady's
been in here for, like, 2 hours.

FEMALE EMPLOYEE

I'll go check it out.

The female employee finds Maggie, holding a pregnancy test,
reading the instructions on the back.

FEMALE EMPLOYEE (CONT'D)

Hey, Miss, you need help with
anything.

MAGGIE

Yeah, no, actually, I need some
orange juice. Where's the orange
juice?

She eyes Maggie's basket. She already has orange juice.

FEMALE EMPLOYEE

Same place you got that one.

MAGGIE

Right. Great. Thank you.

FEMALE EMPLOYEE

You know, those things don't
actually make you pregnant, just
let you know if you already are.

MAGGIE

Yeah, I know. I'm not. I'm fine,
I'm sure. Just a little late, but
not like seriously late. I don't
need one of these. I'll be fine.

The employee rolls her eyes and walks away.

Maggie looks back at the pregnancy test, puts it back on the
shelf and walks away.

INT. MAGGIE'S CAR - DAY

Maggie car sits in the Walgreens parking lot, freaking out.

MAGGIE

Fuck! Fuckfuckfuckshitfuck!
Bitchfuckshitfuckshitfuckshit!

INT. FROZEN YOGURT SHOP - DAY

Maggie sits at a booth with a frozen yogurt in front of her. She eats it mechanically, not quite knowing why she's there or what the hell is going on with her anymore.

CARLIE (O.S.)
Maggie Dean?

Maggie looks up to see A WOMAN her age dressed in office attire, smiling widely next to an 8 YEAR OLD BOY in a soccer uniform holding a cup of frozen yogurt.

CARLIE (CONT'D)
It's Carlie Van der Hoff! Well,
Carlie Thompson from when you knew
me. Washington Irving High?

Maggie stares at the girl trying to remember her.

MAGGIE
Yeah...yeah, hi!

CARLIE
How are you?!

MAGGIE
Fine.

CARLIE
(motioning to the boy)
This is Cullen. Cullen say 'hi'.

CULLEN
Hi.

CARLIE
He's the oldest of my rugrats. I
also have a little girl, Emma.

MAGGIE
Ah.

CARLIE
But look at you! Are you visiting
family?

MAGGIE
Uh...no. No, I live here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARLIE

Really? That's so weird we've never
run into each other! I'm at the
School Employees Credit Union?

CULLEN

Mommmmmmmmm--

CARLIE

Cullen, hush. Go wait in the car if
you're bored.

MAGGIE

Oh, actually I--

CARLIE

Cullen, beat it!

CULLEN

Kiss my ass!

Cullen snatches his yogurt and takes off.

CARLIE

Hey! Watch it mister!

Cullen FLIPS HER OFF as he leaves.

Surprisingly, Carlisle FLIPS HIM OFF.

CARLIE (CONT'D)

Back at ya!

Carlisle turns back to Maggie smiling and shaking her head.

CARLIE (CONT'D)

What a little shit! Can you believe
kids today? The attitudes?

MAGGIE

Um--

CARLIE

Do you have kids?

MAGGIE

No.

CARLIE

Well you are lucky because they are
little *shits*.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Carlie takes a seat in the booth opposite Maggie. Maggie still can't quite remember who she is.

CARLIE (CONT'D)
So how are you? How's Milo? Tell me
everything.

MAGGIE
I'm...I'm all right.

CARLIE
You got married?

MAGGIE
Yeah.

CARLIE
You always had so many boyfriends.
Cecily and I were always jealous of
you.

A bell rings in Maggie's head.

MAGGIE
We were in concert choir together.

CARLIE
Ohmigod, do you remember choir tour
junior year? We smoked out at that
motel in Albany and you made out
with like half of the baritones?

MAGGIE
I did?

CARLIE
You don't remember!? You had every
boy in that room crazy for you.

MAGGIE
Guess I blocked that out.

CARLIE
Wild times...at any rate,
congratulations on landing a
fella. Things are good?

MAGGIE
Oh, you know...up and down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CARLIE

You don't have to tell me. My first husband, Cullen's dad, was a total hottie. Incredible body, incredible cock, incredible everything. Thing was, he had this little, shall we say...a small...oh fuck it, he was a cokehead and a douchebag he would go into these rages and blah, blah, blah. Make a long story short, I kicked his ass to the curb five years ago to the day almost.

MAGGIE

Congratulations.

CARLIE

Yeah...It's hard though. The single mom thing. But that's life, right?

Maggie nods. Carlie is lost in a dark thought for a moment-but shakes it off.

CARLIE (CONT'D)

So tell me about your guy! What's his name? How long have you been married? Tell me *everything*.

Maggie looks at Carlie strangely for a moment. She purses her lips, as if she's about to laugh or cry.

CARLIE (CONT'D)

Maggie?

Maggie suddenly covers her face with her hands.

CARLIE (CONT'D)

You OK?

Maggie has her face hidden: is she laughing or crying?

She removes her hands: she's SMILING wide, though her eyes are moist with emotion.

MAGGIE

Carlisle?

CARLIE

What's the matter sweetie?

MAGGIE

Would you excuse me for a minute?

INT. BATHROOM, YOGURT SHOP - DAY

Maggie pulls a TAMPON from the tampon dispenser in the ladies room.

Overwhelmed with relief and joy, Maggie slides down the wall, clutching the tampon like it's an Oscar.

MAGGIE

Thank you...thank you, thank you,
thank you, thank you, thank you.

CARLIE (V.O.)

Feel better?

MAGGIE (V.O.)

Like a new woman.

INT. FROZEN YOGURT SHOP - DAY

Maggie stands opposite Carlisle.

MAGGIE (V.O.)

I've been married two years. His
name is Lance. I met him online.

Maggie and Carlisle hug goodbye.

INT. CARL'S CRITTERS - DAY

Maggie picks out a new AQUARIUM and two FAT GOLDFISH at the pet store.

MAGGIE (V.O.)

He rock climbs. He wears socks
under his Tevas. He's kind of a
dork.

INT. BAKERY - DAY

Maggie stands at the front counter.

MAGGIE (V.O.)

But he's a good guy.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Three red velvet cupcakes please.
Actually, six. Six red velvet
cupcakes.

MAGGIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

We're going to Hawaii next month.

INT. BILLY'S OFFICE, POOL - DAY

Maggie stands before Billy in his office.

MAGGIE
It's over.

Billy moves closer to her, but she holds out her hand.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
No. For real.

She sounds confident.

MAGGIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
We're going SCUBA diving.

INT. MAGGIE'S PORCH - AFTERNOON

Maggie bounds up the porch carrying the fish, cupcakes, a houseplant and a bag of groceries to make dinner.

MAGGIE (V.O.)
And I'm finally excited for it.

She throws open the front door.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
I'm ho--

INT. MAGGIE'S LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Lance sits on the couch.

On the coffee table in front of him is Maggie's blue disc of BIRTH CONTROL PILLS. Next to them is the basket with the BUTTERFLY SHAPED SOAP.

LANCE
Sweetie? What's goin' on here?

Maggie's face goes white.

MAGGIE
Oh those... those are way old,
Lance. Like years old.

LANCE
The prescription is from last
month.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She stands frozen for a moment, then sets her groceries down. She puts the BAGGIE OF FISH on a table in the sunlight.

She makes her way to a chair and sits down.

LANCE (CONT'D)
Look...if you don't want kids...we
can talk about that. You don't have
to lie about it.

Maggie can't get any words out.

LANCE (CONT'D)
Sweetie, you're freaking me out.

She can't look at him. She's trembling.

MAGGIE
Lance, I've been...with...other
men, since we've been married.
Three. Three other men.

Lance inhales deeply, absorbing.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
I'm not in love with any of them. I
know that doesn't matter. I'm...a
sick person.

Lance hides his face in his hands. Maggie watches him, paralyzed.

After a moment, a muffled SOB breaks through his hands. Lance begins to SOB in earnest. It's both pathetic and heartbreaking.

Maggie moves towards him and puts a hand on his shoulder.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
Lance-

He SWATS her hand away.

LANCE
(crying)
But what did I do? Huh? What did I
do?

He stands, walks to the front door and pauses.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LANCE (CONT'D)
(through tears)
I got you Fog-Off for SCUBA
tomorrow. It's in the Rite Aid bag
on the table.

Lance LEAVES.

EXT. MAGGIE'S BACK PORCH - EVENING

The evening light is purple and orange as the sun sets.

Milo sits on the back porch going through an old box of his
childhood things: actions figures, rubber zoo animals,
comics.

He pulls out TWO RUBBER HALLOWEEN SKELETONS.

He holds them up and regards them as the back door opens and
Maggie thunders out towards him. Milo turns to her.

MILO
Listen, he was confused--

Maggie SHOVES HIM.

MILO (CONT'D)
Hey! I felt terrible for him, I
just hinted-

She SMACKS and SHOVES him. A skeleton falls to the ground.

MAGGIE
You had no right!

MILO
Hey!

He grabs her arms, restraining her.

MILO (CONT'D)
Listen! This was all going to come
crashing down eventually.

MAGGIE
No! You did it to get back at me.

MILO (CONT'D)
I was trying to help you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAGGIE

Help me? You just ruined my marriage.

MILO

What marriage.

MAGGIE

Fuck you.

MILO

Seriously. You're miserable. And if you're too chickenshit to do anything about it then I will.

MAGGIE

Because you know what's best for me?

MILO

Because you're my sister and we're supposed to look out for each other, right? Isn't that what you said?

MAGGIE

This is *totally* different. We're adults! This is my marriage!

MILO

Fine. Enjoy your marital bliss.

He turns to leave.

MAGGIE

Good. Go. This isn't working.

Milo pauses.

MILO

You know, the funny thing is... I think we could be a good team.

MAGGIE

Yeah, you'd be a hoot to have around if you weren't such a fuck-up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MILO

Maggie we're both fuck-ups. I'm sick of you acting like you're the healthy one and I'm your special-needs child.

MAGGIE

What does it matter? You got your revenge.

MILO

I'm just laying it out on the table.

MAGGIE

You want to lay it out?

MILO

Yes.

MAGGIE

OK, go for it.

MILO

I think you're emotionally unstable and--

MAGGIE

I think you're a prick.

MILO

I think you need professional help.

MAGGIE

Ha! This coming from the kid who wants to kill himself.

MILO

Maybe I should try fucking my problems away.

MAGGIE

Maybe you should try cutting deeper next time.

Milo is stunned. He turns and walks to the door, deeply hurt. He turns to her.

MILO

I'm sorry...it didn't work out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MAGGIE
I'm sorry too.

A moment passes.

Milo, crushed, goes into the house.

The sun has just set and a warm evening light floods the landscape.

Maggie buries her face in her hands as the light begins to fade.

INT. MAGGIE'S LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Dark.

Maggie comes into the living room and flicks on the lights, revealing: the TWO GOLDFISH, still sitting in the plastic bag on the side table. She forgot all about them.

The neglected bag has a slow leak and the fish look sickly.

MAGGIE
Oh no.

CUT TO:

Maggie frantically fills the fish aquarium with water. She looks to the fish sitting in a kitchen bowl. They don't look good.

She dumps the fish in the tank.

They immediately float to the top.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
Hey, no.

She TAPS on the glass, trying to stir them.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
Hey, come on, what are you doing?

She taps harder, but they stay floating.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
No! Don't fucking do that.

She taps on the glass, frantically. The fish float.

She stares at them, blank-faced.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

With a sudden, feral SCREAM, she grabs the tank and dumps it to the floor.

It EXPLODES, shooting glass, water and dead fish all over.

EXT. PLAYGROUND - NIGHT

Milo sits on a SPINNING MERRY-GO-ROUND. He looks up at the stars.

MILO'S POV: the stars SPINNING above him.

INT. MAGGIE'S HOME - NIGHT

Maggie sits on her soaked floor, surrounded by shards of broken glass and dead fish.

She reaches down and picks up a shard of glass.

She holds it to her wrist, pressing hard. She WINCES as a drop of blood appears.

After a moment she stops pressing, unable to go through with it.

INT. RICH'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Rich pulls open his front door, revealing Milo.

MILO

I'm sorry. I know you said not to come by but I want to talk and I think...I think you owe it to me. You owe me. That's what I think.

INT. RICH'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Milo sits on the couch. Rich sits on the opposite end. An old black and white movie plays on the TV.

RICH

So?

MILO

So how do you work this? How do you juggle a girlfriend, a kid...with guys like me.

RICH

There aren't a lot of guys like you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MILO

Gee whiz Teach. Thanks a mil.

RICH

I mean, guys like you...it's not a pattern.

MILO

Are you gay?

RICH

I don't...I couldn't...it would kill my parents. And I can make it work with a woman. I want to.

MILO

Well...good luck with that.

Milo turns to the TV. After a moment, Rich moves closer to him. He puts his hand on his shoulder.

RICH

I'm sure your sister didn't mean what she said.

MILO

It's all just melodrama. It doesn't matter.

RICH

So what's next?

Milo looks to Rich.

MILO

You tell me. You're the insightful one.

Rich smiles slightly-- and then leans in, KISSING Milo.

Milo, surprised, kisses him back for a moment.

MILO (CONT'D)

Stop.

Rich continues to kiss him.

MILO (CONT'D)

Rich, *stop*.

He gives Rich a firm shove, pushing him off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MILO (CONT'D)
What the *fuck* Rich?

Milo stands.

MILO (CONT'D)
This is not why I came, man. I'm
not your little wide-eyed high
school boy anymore.

RICH
You were never that.

MILO
Then what am I?! What am I to you?

RICH
You're--

MILO
Some exotic forbidden fruit? A blow-
up sex doll? What am I Rich?

RICH
You're--

MILO
What?

RICH
I don't know. You're a complete
person.

Milo stares at him, processing.

RICH (CONT'D)
You always were man. I envy you.
Everything about you.

Milo turns away, letting his words sink in.

RICH (CONT'D)
I've treated you terribly, I know.
But it's not because I don't care,
or don't respect you. It's
because...I'm a pussy. That's it.
I'm a very large, very pathetic
pussy who will never be half the
man you are. Period. So...

They sit in silence for a moment. After a while, Rich stands
and walks towards his bedroom, pausing at the hallway.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

RICH (CONT'D)
You can crash on the couch if you
want.

Milo nods.

RICH (CONT'D)
Milo?

Milo looks to him.

RICH (CONT'D)
Did you have a chance to look at my
script?

MILO
Yeah.

RICH
And?

Pause.

MILO
It's great. I'll definitely show it
to my agent.

Rich smiles and heads into his room.

Milo leans back on the couch, processing.

INT. RICH'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Milo pulls a YEAR BOOK off Rich's bookshelf.

Milo sits on the couch, which is made up as a bed, and flips
through the yearbook. He looks at a group photograph of the
school newspaper staff.

A younger RICH stands amongst the students, smiling.

Milo looks at the picture for a while and then flips to
another page. He looks at:

His own JUNIOR YEAR PICTURE: His head juts from a skinny
neck, floppy hair hanging in his eyes, a slight Mona Lisa
smile. He looks young.

Next to his picture is MAGGIE'S PICTURE. She has a sexy shag
haircut, her eyes outlined with eyeliner. She looks older and
more experienced than her brother.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Milo stares at the pictures: We push in on the TWIN'S PICTURES until THEY FILL THE SCREEN.

INT. MAGGIE AND MILO'S CHILDHOOD HOME (FLASHBACK) - EVENING

8-year-old Maggie puts lipstick on 8-year-old Milo's lips: they are dressing for Halloween and Milo wears a string of pearls and a wig.

MAGGIE
Go like this.

Maggie smacks her lips together. Milo smacks his lips together.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
Good. Now you're pretty.

INT. MAGGIE'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Maggie stares at herself in the mirror after a sleepless night. She looks terrible: pale, hair matted, dark circles under her eyes.

INT. MAGGIE AND MILO'S CHILDHOOD HOME (FLASHBACK) - EVENING

A FAKE BLOODY AXE sticks out of 8-year-old Maggie's head. Milo adds some fake blood so that it drips down her face.

MILO
There. Gross.

INT. RICH'S LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Rich walks into the living room- it is empty and the bed has been folded back into the couch.

On the coffee table is a folded note that says 'TO RICH'.

He unfolds it and reads: 'SEE YA LATER'--MILO.

INT. MAGGIE'S CAR - DAY

Maggie speeds along a stretch of wooded road. Staring straight ahead, she FLOORS it.

A RABBIT DARTS across the road and Maggie SLAMS on the breaks, SPINNING the car off to the side in a cloud of dust.

EXT. TARRYTOWN ROAD - EVENING

A GREYHOUND BUS pulls up to a stop light just outside of town.

INT. GREYHOUND BUS - EVENING

Milo sits on the bus. The voice of the driver can be heard.

BUS DRIVER VOICE
-and then on to Houston, Phoenix,
then to our final destination, Los
Angeles CA.

Milo pulls out his cell phone: it is turned off.

He turns it on and holds it to his ear, looking out the window.

Milo's POV: a MEMORIAL ROADSIDE CROSS zips by.

CELL PHONE VOICE
You have 12 new messages.

MILO
Jesus.

MAGGIE'S VOICE
Milo it's me, please c--

He skips the message.

EXT. TARRYTOWN ROAD - EVENING

Maggie sits in her car on the side of the road, where she spun out. She takes a sip from a small TEQUILA BOTTLE, staring out the windshield.

We PUSH in to her as the VOICE OVER continues.

MAGGIE'S VOICE (V.O.)
Milo, please pick up--

The message skips.

MAGGIE'S VOICE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Milo it's--

The message skips.

MAGGIE'S VOICE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Milo--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A long pause. Maggie's face fills the screen, lost & defeated.

MAGGIE'S VOICE (V.O.)
OK. I get it...I get it. I have my
last SCUBA lesson tonight so if you
come by the house...I won't be
there. See you later.

CELL PHONE VOICE (V.O.)
End of messages.

INT. GREYHOUND BUS - EVENING

Milo lowers the phone, mulling over Maggie's words.

He reaches into his coat pocket- and pulls out his rubber
SKELETON.

He looks at the grimacing face.

CUT TO:

INT. MAGGIE AND MILO'S CHILDHOOD HOME (FLASHBACK) - NIGHT

A MAN (their FATHER) wearing a GROTESQUE HALLOWEEN skull mask
stares down at the 8-year-old Maggie and Milo who are in
costume: Milo dressed as a girl, Maggie with a gory axe
sticking out of her head.

FATHER
Who's ready for a little Halloween
treat?

The kids raise their hands, EXCITED. Their father holds two
closed fists in front of them.

FATHER (CONT'D)
Milo, pick a hand.

She does. A RUBBER SKELETON falls from his hand and dangles
from his finger.

FATHER (CONT'D)
Milo, meet Ticklebones McGee!

Maggie picks the other hand. An IDENTICAL SKELETON falls out.

FATHER (CONT'D)
Maggie meet Ticklebones McGoo!

The kids take their skeletons.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FATHER (CONT'D)
Whaddya say my little ghoulies?

MAGGIE & MILO
Thank you.

The man takes off the mask but we don't see his face.

MAGGIE
Can I wear the mask?

MILO
No, I want it!

The man hands the SKULL MASK to Maggie.

MILO (CONT'D)
How come she gets it?!

FATHER'S VOICE
You'll both get a turn.

MILO
I hate her.

FATHER'S VOICE
Hey kiddo, you don't mean that.
Imagine how lonely you'd be without
her.

Milo looks grumpily towards his sister. She stares back at him through the SKULL MASK.

INT. TARRYTOWN YMCA - EVENING

Maggie, holding a heavy duffle bag, stands in a hallway at the YMCA staring through a window. Through it, we see Billy's SCUBA class completing their final pool dive.

Maggie turns and walks down the hall towards another room.

INT. LAP POOL ROOM - EVENING

Maggie opens the door of the lap pool room and flips on the lights. The pool room is empty.

CUT TO:

Maggie unzips the duffle bag and pulls out two 20 pound silver DUMB BELLS.

She also pulls out a ROPE.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She ties the dumb bells onto the rope.

She ties the rope on to her waist.

CUT TO:

INT. UNDERWATER - NIGHT

The pool sits calm and blue.

Suddenly, Maggie, weighted down by the dumb bells, PLUNGES into the pool.

The weights pull her to the bottom, about 8 feet.

An eerie silence as Maggie hovers in the water, eyes squeezed shut, weighted to the bottom.

After a moment, her eyes OPEN, alarmed.

She tries to swim to the surface, but can't.

Panic begins to set in as Maggie struggles to swim to the surface.

She struggles to untie the rope around her waist, but she can't do it.

Maggie, eyes wide with fear, squeezes her mouth shut, holding her breath, still struggling with the rope.

Maggie hovers, holding her breath, her face turning white, her fingers clawing at the rope.

A FIGURE PLUNGES into the pool next to her.

The figure grabs the knot and pulls at it, loosening it.

Through Maggie's fading consciousness, she sees that the figure is Milo.

Milo continues to pull the knot and loosens the rope enough to pull it down Maggie's waist.

Milo pulls Maggie to the surface: she's barely conscious, coughing and spitting.

He swims with her to the shallow end and drags her up the stairs, so she's reclining against them, her lower half still submerged.

Milo cradles her as she coughs and comes to.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MILO
Jesus, Maggie. Jesus. It's OK. It's
OK.

Maggie's coughing is slowing, her breathing is easing.

Maggie clings to Milo, in total shock.

She breaths heavy against his shoulder.

MILO (CONT'D)
Jesus Maggie...God... You're as bad
at suicide as I am.

Maggie registers his joke through her shock.

Milo holds her, rocking her back and forth.

She clings to him for dear life.

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Milo waits in the front of the hospital.

MAGGIE (V.O.)
There's no excuse for what I did.
None.

The automatic doors open and Maggie walks outside. She smiles
when she sees her brother.

MAGGIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
But I did it. And I have to live
with myself.

Maggie and Milo hug.

INT. MAGGIE'S CAR - DAY

Maggie sits shotgun, her head leaning against the window, as
Milo drives.

MAGGIE (V.O.)
I have to live with myself
because...there's no other option.

Milo looks over to her: she's lost in thought.

EXT. MAGGIE'S HOUSE - DAY

Maggie and Milo pull up in front of Maggie's house.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Maggie is looking out the window when she takes notice of something:

Lance is sitting on the front porch.

MAGGIE (V.O.)
You say you want to try and make it
work.

He looks at the car and does his best to squeeze out weak smile.

MAGGIE (V.O.)(CONT'D)
Your forgiveness overwhelms me.

INT. MAGGIE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Lance and Maggie sit on opposite ends of the couch.

MAGGIE
But I have so much I need to figure
out...on my own...before I can be a
partner again to anyone. And you
need to live your life, I don't
want you to wait for me. I don't
know how long I'll be.

They sit in silence for a moment.

Lance looks to Maggie and reaches his hand out to her.

After a moment she takes it. She squeezes it hard and looks at Lance.

LANCE
You sure?

Maggie nods.

Lance returns the nod.

He releases her hand, stands and steps out the front door.

EXT. MAGGIE'S PORCH - AFTERNOON

Maggie steps onto her porch and looks up at the beautiful fall trees of her back yard.

She takes a few deep breaths and walks out into her yard.

She sits on a patch of grass and notices: A RUBBER SKELETON on the grass, left there since their fight.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Maggie picks it up and looks at it, smiling. Suddenly and without warning a flood of emotion wells up in her.

Her eyes fill with tears, but it's not sadness.

For the first time in a long time, Maggie lets the emotion wash over her. It is a SURGE of emotion -- a sweet, ecstatic rush of being alive.

CUT TO:

Milo, standing on the back porch, looking at his sister. He watches her for a moment.

MILO (V.O.)
I got you something.

INT. MAGGIE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Evening light pours through the window, illuminating TWO FAT FISH swimming happily inside a NEW AQUARIUM. The filter HUMS smoothly.

Milo and Maggie looks at the fish.

MILO
They look healthy.

MAGGIE
Yeah. They do.

She places her head on his shoulder. He leans his head on top of hers.

They watch the two swimming fish.

The fish dart here and there.

FADE TO BLACK.

END.