

AFTER LAST SUMMER

by

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FADE IN:

INT. STEPHENS HOUSE - DARYL'S ROOM

The walls of the room are adorned with movie posters and calendars from Star Wars and Lord of the Rings. A desk houses a bunch of pens, pencils, a pair of scissors and paper along with a series of drawings of a girl's face.

One dresser sits in the room. On top of it are several bottles of pills along with a blue daily reminder pill box loaded with pills for breakfast, lunch, and dinner for seven days. A half empty glass of water sits next to the pill box.

Along one wall sits a twin sized bed with someone hiding under the covers.

An alarm clock goes off. The time: 7:00. A hand reaches out from under the covers and lands on top of the clock, stopping the annoying chirping.

The hand digs pills out of the daily pill reminder box. The pills are tossed into a mouth. Water chases them.

DARYL STEPHENS, a boy of 17 dressed in worn jeans and a worn T-shirt, puts his glass on the dresser, still with a bit of water in it. He is dressed exactly how he was before. His hair looks slept in, but he doesn't comb it. He grabs his backpack.

INT. STEPHENS HOUSE - LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - DAY

Daryl emerges from his bedroom and walks across the living room to the front door. The living room is very neatly furnished with only the essentials showing. Christian décor adorns the walls complete with a large cross above the TV.

His mother, LAURA STEPHENS, 50 and dressed plainly with a pained, haunted look about her, calls out from the kitchen.

LAURA

Daryl, you need to eat something!

DARYL

I'm fine.

LAURA

You heard me. Your medication is
supposed to be taken with food.
I don't need you getting sick.

Daryl runs into the kitchen. His mother has eggs cooking on the
stove. She stirs them with a fork. He opens the fridge and grabs
a cold hot dog. He munches on it.

DARYL
There. How's that?

LAURA
I don't think so. Sit down a
minute.

DARYL
I've got to go.

Daryl grabs a slice of bread and wraps it around the hot dog. He
takes another bite as he runs for the door.

DARYL
Bye mom!

LAURA
You need more than-

The door slams.

LAURA
-that.

Laura sighs. She looks at the eggs. She gets a plate and scrapes
all of them onto it.

LAURA
(to herself)
Between you and your father, I'll
never lose weight.

EXT. STEPHENS HOUSE - DAY

The neighborhood holds rows of single story homes on both sides
of the street built from a clear "cookie cutter" design. The
house is very plain, but neat in appearance.

Daryl walks around from the back side of the house with a bicycle. He hops on it and pedals down the street.

EXT. SCHOOL - DAY

A well-groomed high school with separate buildings for every persuasion of subject. Sidewalks link all the buildings together for convenient, yet uncovered, walkways.

Daryl rides through the school parking lot to a bike rack. He parks his bike and runs a lock and chain through the rack.

EXT. SCHOOL SIDEWALK - DAY

Daryl walks down a sidewalk. He carries his books at his side. He is quickly joined by LIZ WERTHER, a girl of 16, just under five foot tall and very stocky in build.

She is barefoot with her pants are tucked in against her calves giving the bottom of her pant legs a pleated appearance. She runs up next to Daryl.

DARYL

Hey.

LIZ

What's your problem?

DARYL

The usual.

LIZ

You know, Daryl, instead of just drawing pictures of her, you can try calling her.

DARYL

That's not the problem, Liz, but thanks for bringing it up.

LIZ

Look, I can't help your little problems. So your little girlfriend-

DARYL
Not my girlfriend.

LIZ
Whoa, take it easy, sorry. Your
summer sex toy-

DARYL
Liz, really.

LIZ
Anyway, so she won't talk to you.
I'm sorry. Life sucks, right?

DARYL
She said it was her parents.

LIZ
It's also eight months. You
should really get over her and
go with someone more ...
available, you know?

DARYL
Like who?

Liz shrugs.

LIZ
I don't know. Besides, I'm sure
my problems are bigger than
yours anyway.

DARYL
Is this a competition?

LIZ
Does it have to be?

DARYL
With you?

LIZ
You don't stand a chance. Anyway,
my dad left yesterday.

DARYL

Okay, you win.

LIZ

No, listen, he and mom were fighting about something I couldn't make out through the wall and the next thing I know, he slams out of the house.

Daryl is staring at her feet. She looks at him.

LIZ

What?

DARYL

Where are your shoes?

LIZ

At home.

DARYL

Why?

LIZ

I'm going Hobbit. It's a new resolution for me. No shoes.

DARYL

They'll make you call home to have some brought up here.

LIZ

Not with the reason I've cooked up.

ANYA WILLBANKS, a cute, 17 year old, dyed-blond girl with a small attractive body, and group of girls of similar look pass them. Liz cranes her head around to stare as they walk past. Daryl rolls his eyes.

DARYL

You know, normally it's the guys that stare. When you do it, it's just...weird.

LIZ

It's not weird. You know how you

look at people you want to be like? Some people want to be astronauts; some want to be cashiers. Well, I want to be like her.

DARYL

That's sad. You know that, right?

LIZ

But that's Anya Willbanks. She's got friends, good looks, talent, lives in a mansion. She's awesome.

DARYL

Ah, if only you were a foot taller.

Liz punches Daryl in the arm. Daryl laughs and looks at her.

DARYL

Ow.

Daryl bumps into HECTOR, a mean looking kid of 18, and loses his books. Hector turns to Daryl.

HECTOR

Hey, what are you doing? You got a problem or something?

DARYL

No, I'm sorry. It was an accident.

HECTOR

Didn't look like an accident to me.

DARYL

Hey, chill out, ok?

HECTOR

Oh yeah?

Hector makes a gun shape with his hand and puts his finger against Daryl's temple.

HECTOR

Chill this out.

DARYL
What are you doing?

HECTOR
I think you need to be taught
a lesson.

DARYL
What are you going to do?
Point me to death?

HECTOR
You think this is some kind of
a joke?

Daryl laughs.

DARYL
Yeah.

Hector removes his finger.

HECTOR
I'll show you a joke later. You're
on my list.

Daryl picks up his books and shakes his head.

DARYL
Oh no. I'm on Hector's list. He
does know we're in the same class
right?

LIZ
I think he forgets.

INT. SCHOOL - MISS PRETTY'S CLASS - DAY

MISS PRETTY, a 25-year-old prim and proper looking teacher complete with June Cleaver's dress stands at the head of the class. She taps her yardstick on the desk.

MISS PRETTY
Ok, everyone. Let's take our seats.

Daryl sits directly in front of Hector. Hector leans forward as Miss Pretty keeps talking.

HECTOR

Hey, I 'member you.

DARYL

You should. I've been sitting in front of you for the last six months.

HECTOR

You think you're funny, don't you?

DARYL

Compared to you?

HECTOR

Look at you. Your nappy hair and second hand clothes. I look better after a scrap than you do right now.

DARYL

Oh, well.

Hector grabs Daryl's collar and pulls him back, choking him. Daryl struggles for breath.

HECTOR

You talk big now, but don't let me find you alone.

SMACK! The ruler comes down on Hector's desk. Miss Pretty stands over him. And yet, her voice still comes out sweet.

MISS PRETTY

Hector, we shouldn't choke our classmates. It isn't polite. Would you like someone choking you?

LIZ

I volunteer to test that hypothesis.

Miss Pretty turns to Liz.

MISS PRETTY

That's enough, Liz.

She turns back to Hector and opens her mouth, but she stops. She turns back to Liz.

MISS PRETTY

Good Lord, child, where are your shoes?

LIZ

Not wearing shoes, Miss Pretty.

MISS PRETTY

You simply must wear shoes. It's the dress code.

LIZ

No, I can't right now. I'm going Hobbit at the moment.

MISS PRETTY

I must ask you to trot yourself down to Mr. Shumacher's office this instant and call your parents.

LIZ

Oh, no, I couldn't do that. They wouldn't bring me any. It's a religious observance.

MISS PRETTY

I must insist-

Liz gasps dramatically.

LIZ

Miss Pretty, you would not ask me to go against the tenets of my religion, would you?

MISS PRETTY

We must observe our rules.

LIZ

But I have a freedom to worship,
too. You can't deny me that. The
separation of church and state must
allow that its members worship as
they see fit. You would not ask a
Muslim to remove their head gear
because the rules say you can't
wear a hat, would you?

MISS PRETTY

Well, no.

LIZ

Then surely, you cannot ask me to
wear shoes, when my belief clearly
tells me not to.

MISS PRETTY

And tell me, Miss Werther, what
religion do you practice?

Liz falters. She looks at Miss Pretty with a smile.

LIZ

Tolkinism.

HECTOR

She probably can't afford shoes
in her size.

Hector laughs. No one else does.

EXT. SCHOOL SIDEWALK - DAY

Daryl and Liz walk down a sidewalk.

DARYL

I will have to say that I'm
impressed.

LIZ

My finest hour.

They walk along a short distance. Liz bites her lip and glances
at Daryl.

LIZ
Hey, I was wondering...

Daryl looks at her.

LIZ
My brother is getting out
tomorrow.

DARYL
Has it been eight months already?

LIZ
Yeah, mom is in a slump over dad
leaving and I'm hoping he can
snap her out of it.

DARYL
I see.

They walk along a little further.

LIZ
I was wondering...

DARYL
I noticed you doing that a moment
ago.

LIZ
Yeah, well, it's just that.

She takes a deep breath.

LIZ
I wanted to get the place cleaned
up so he came home to a halfway
decent house.

DARYL
Okay...

LIZ
And I was, well, wondering if
you would... could maybe...

DARYL

You want help with that?

LIZ

I was fishing for it.

DARYL

Wow, so you actually want me to come over to your house.

LIZ

Well, you can't clean it very easily from yours.

DARYL

You have a point. I don't know where you live.

LIZ

So we're even, but that can be fixed.

DARYL

Well, my parents were going out tonight anyway, so I don't have anything better to do.

LIZ

Special occasion?

DARYL

Dad got some kind of job change. Won't be traveling as much anymore.

LIZ

Cool. I'll give you directions.

EXT. WERTHER HOUSE - DAY

Liz walks toward a house very much like Daryl's. In the driveway, a sedan pulls out and drives away.

LIZ

(under her breath)
Perfect...

INT. WERTHER HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The house looks very lived in. Everything has an old, run-down look to it as if nothing gets replaced unless it breaks and cannot be repaired. Many of the furniture pieces and electronics do not in any way match brand or even era.

Liz enters to find her mother, KAREN WERTHER, a 48 year old woman with too many years etched on her face and grey hairs, curled up on the couch, crying. She holds a pillow to her chest with her face buried in it.

LIZ

Mom?

Karen looks up to Liz standing right before her. Karen holds out her arms. Liz embraces her mother.

LIZ

What happened? What did he do?

Karen breaks the embrace and wipes her face on her pillow.

KAREN

He just came for his stuff. I don't know where he's staying.

LIZ

Did he do anything to you?

Karen shakes her head.

KAREN

I'm fine. Really. Liz, honey, I need you to help me around here. I don't know what I'll do without him.

LIZ

So he didn't say anything?

KAREN

Oh sure, he said lots of things. He told me everything. I said my peace. I don't know how to- He's not coming back.

LIZ
How do you know?

KAREN
He finally said it.

LIZ
Said what?

Karen breaks down into her pillow again. Liz holds her mother.

EXT. WILLBANKS MANSION - DAY

A large two story house sits on a postage stamp sized, but well-manicured lawn. An oversized drive boasts large garage doors, but no cars.

INT. WILLBANKS MANSION - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The room is maxed out with style. A painting over the fireplace. Plush wingback chairs. A rug covering the carpet in the central part of the room. Really nothing of unique significance; it just looks expensive.

Anya Willbanks, dressed as she was at school, sits in one of the chairs looking very uncomfortable.

Pacing around her is SARAH WILLBANKS, her 56 year old mother, who is dressed in a woman's power business suit, and has a stern, intimidating look to match it.

She carries a manilla envelope. On the folder are a series of photographs of Anya dressed in a series of outfits including a bathing suit. It is the bathing suit picture that Sarah stares at.

SARAH
Did you see these?

Anya nods.

SARAH
I thought I had taught you better than this, Anya.

Anya says nothing. She looks at Sarah who is looking down at her.

SARAH

Well? Speak up. What do you have to say for yourself?

ANYA

I think they're good.

SARAH

Good? You think these are good? You listen to me: these are crap!

Sarah tosses one of the bathing suit pictures in front of Anya.

SARAH

Look at your tummy. What is that?

ANYA

What?

SARAH

Don't you dare give me that. You know what. It's not flat. That is not a model's tummy. Do you want to model for the fat people? That's what you are there. You are a fat model.

ANYA

But I haven't-

SARAH

How much do you weigh?

ANYA

Well, you know, cheerleading ended a couple of-

SARAH

(yells)
Give me your weight!

Anya looks away and responds almost inaudibly.

ANYA

One twenty.

SARAH

I'm sorry. What did you say?

Anya sighs. She speaks louder.

ANYA

One twenty.

Sarah dramatically gasps and backs away.

SARAH

My God!

She turns away from Anya, mock crying.

SARAH

One twenty, oh where did I go wrong? Where did I-?

She turns back to Anya.

SARAH

Do you know how many strings I've pulled with my old contacts to get you in the door? Do you have any idea how hard it was to get you in? This is not a joke. You are too heavy.

ANYA

But cheerleading ended, and it didn't help when Mike was taken away.

SARAH

Don't you blame that no good, deadbeat for your weight. They locked him away eight months ago.

ANYA

Juvenile Hall, mother.

SARAH

Jail for delinquents.

Sarah stands over Anya again. Anya looks away. Sarah stands in front of her and holds her chin, looking tenderly into her eyes.

SARAH

I have such high hopes for you,
Anya. Don't ruin your life like
your sister did.

INT. WILLBANKS MANSION - BATHROOM - DAY

Anya washes her hands. She looks at the scale. She slips off her shoes and stands on the scale. It reads 115 pounds.

INT. WILLBANKS MANSION - ANYA'S ROOM - DAY

Anya stands in front of a mirror. She has her shirt held up off her tummy. She relaxes her stomach muscles and allows a small amount of her tummy to stick out just a little bit.

She sighs and shakes her head.

ANYA

Shameful, but better than I
thought.

ANGIE (O.S.)

That's nothing. You should see
this.

Anya smiles. With a roll of her eyes, she turns to find her sister, ANGIE, 15 and pregnant, but still with a smile in her eyes. She is dressed very simply in small maternity clothes.

ANYA

That's hardly the same thing, Angie.
I lost my workout. That's how I
was keeping this under control.
Cheerleading season was more than
just keeping the crowd going. I've
spent the last week trying to make
up for it. It isn't good enough.

ANGIE

Mom's ragging on your weight again.

ANYA

As always. Never a moment's peace.
She's already got another
photographer coming tomorrow. I'm
just tired of it.

Anya sighs. She sits on her bed.

ANYA

Sometimes, I want to do something
wild like you did.

ANGIE

Anya, believe me. You don't want
this.

She pats her extra passenger.

ANYA

Pregnancy blues?

ANGIE

Oh, me and the baby are getting
along fine. I get as much crap
over this as you do over being
your medically ideal weight.

ANYA

Oh, my God. I am never, ever using
that phrase with mom again.

Angie laughs. Anya does too.

ANYA

You know what?

ANGIE

What?

ANYA

Mike's supposed to be out soon.
It's been eight months.

ANGIE

Are you thinking of-

Anya nods.

ANGIE

Anya, you know mom doesn't
approve.

ANYA

You're not one to talk, little
mother.

INT. WERTHER HOUSE - DAY

The phone rings. Liz answers.

LIZ

Hello?

INT. STEPHENS HOUSE - DAY

Daryl stands in the living room with the phone to his ear.

DARYL

Hey, I'm on my way.

LIZ (V.O.)

Okay, see you in a half mile.

DARYL

Won't take me long.

He hangs up. Laura looks around the corner.

LAURA

Where are you going?

DARYL

It's a friend from school. She
wants help getting her house
ready for her brother.

Laura smiles.

LAURA

Anyone serious we should know
about?

Daryl laughs.

DARYL
Nah, just a friend.

LAURA
Oh, I see.

Daryl walks to the back door of the house.

DARYL
I left her number next to the
phone.

LAURA
Ok.

Daryl exits. Laura walks to the slip of paper. It reads "Liz" and gives a number. Laura furrows her brow.

EXT. STEPHENS HOUSE - DAY

The sun is low in the sky. Daryl walks around from the back side of the house with a bicycle. He jumps on and rides down the street.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - DAY

Daryl rides down the street. A car drives up directly behind him.

Daryl turns to look behind him. Hector is behind the wheel with several other boys in the car. Daryl pedals a little quicker.

Hector pulls the car next to Daryl. He matches Daryl's speed. Daryl looks at him. Hector smiles.

Hector pulls the car into Daryl's lane. Daryl jumps the curb and rides on the sidewalk.

Hector speeds up and pulls into an empty driveway directly in front of Daryl. Daryl tries to swerve, but hits the front of Hector's car and tumbles over the hood. He slides off and crashes to the ground.

Hector and his boys get out of the car.

HECTOR
You tryin' to wreck my car?

DARYL
You hit me, you idiot.

Hector makes his finger into a gun shape and points it at Daryl. Daryl comes to his hands and knees and looks at Hector.

DARYL
Is that finger loaded?

HECTOR
Yes.

Hector's gun hand becomes a fist. He punches Daryl in the face. Daryl goes down.

HECTOR
You want to be funny now? Huh?
You bump me at school, then you
bump into my car tonight?
You think you can just bump
into whoever you want to and
being Mr. Funny will get you out
of trouble. You're wrong.

Hector kicks Daryl in the stomach.

HECTOR
Now, say you're sorry.

DARYL
(gasping)
I did apologize.

Hector gestures to his two guys. The guys pick up Daryl and hold him by the arms. Daryl struggles against them. Hector punches Daryl twice in the face.

HECTOR
Say you're sorry.

DARYL

You're sorry.

Hector decks Daryl in the stomach.

HECTOR

Oh, I'm losing my patience.

DARYL

Sorry. Ok? It was an accident.
I'm sorry.

Hector scoffs.

HECTOR

Give him a thinking-about.

The guys drop Daryl and kick him several times.

HECTOR

All right.

He leans over Daryl.

HECTOR

Do we understand?

Daryl nods, weakly.

HECTOR

Good. 'Cause next time...

Hector makes the gun gesture again and holds his finger to Daryl's head. He "fires" with a gun sound.

Hector and the guys get back into the car. One of them takes Daryl's bike and rides off. The car drives off. Daryl crawls to his feet and limps back down the sidewalk to his house.

INT. WERTHER HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Liz sits on the couch watching TV. She flips off the TV with the remote. She walks to the window and looks out.

INT. STEPHENS HOUSE - DAY

The front door flies open. Daryl collapses inside. He crawls along the floor making his way to his room.

IN DARYL'S BEDROOM

Daryl collapses on the floor. He crawls to his dresser where the pill bottles rest. He opens one and downs several pills. He picks up the glass and drinks.

He replaces the glass. Curls up in pain. Breathes heavily. Groans again in pain.

He reaches for more pills. He downs a handful and chases them with the remainder of the water. He hyperventilates for a moment.

Euphoria crosses his face. He collapses to the floor.

INT. WERTHER HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Liz sits on the couch. She looks at her watch and sighs. She gets up and walks through the house and

INTO KAREN'S BEDROOM

where she knocks softly as she opens the door.

LIZ

Mom?

Karen sleeps soundly in her bed. Liquor bottles with varying levels of fluid decorate her nightstand and dresser.

LIZ

Mom, you're going to be late
for work.

KAREN

Go away.

Liz shakes her.

LIZ

You've done nothing but lie
in here all day. Are you going
to get up or what?

KAREN
I'll call in sick.

Liz nods.

LIZ
Mike is getting out tomorrow.
We were all going to pick him up.
Remember?

KAREN
He can take a bus.

LIZ
Take a bus?

KAREN
Now leave me alone.

LIZ
How long are you going to lie
in here? Are you going to go
back to work?

Karen turns her head to look at Liz through drunk eyes.

KAREN
Ah, my poor little child. You just
don't get it do you? Your stupid
philandering father screwed us
all. Just thank the Lord you're
too funny looking to ever get a
man for yourself. Really. Ugliness
isn't always a curse.

She rolls back over.

KAREN
Now go on to your room. Pretend
you're a princess or something.

Liz opens her mouth in total shock. She stands and walks from
the room.

IN LIZ'S BEDROOM

Liz throws open the door. She runs in, buries her head in her pillow and bawls. She sits up. She walks to her dresser and rummages through one of the drawers.

She pulls out a bottle of clear liquid. The label on the side reads: "Vodka 100 proof". She takes off the caps and chugs a mouthful. She screws up her face as she swallows the liquor.

She takes another swig.

EXT. STEPHENS HOUSE - NIGHT

A car pulls into the driveway. Laura gets out and walks to the door. She stops, staring at the doorway. The door is standing open. She backs up to the car.

The driver's side window rolls down. JAMES STEPHENS, 50, looks out at Laura.

JAMES
What's wrong now?

LAURA
The door's open.

JAMES
Couldn't it be Daryl?

LAURA
He left right before we did.

JAMES
Where'd he go?

LAURA
To a friend's house. He wouldn't
be back yet.

James furrows his brow. He turns off the car and gets out of the car. Together, they walk toward the door.

INT. STEPHENS HOUSE - NIGHT

They push open the door the rest of the way. The house is dark. James reaches over and turns on the lights.

JAMES
(calling out)
Daryl?

They walk together into the house. They look around. A light comes from Daryl's room.

LAURA
His light's on.

They walk toward his room and open the door.

IN DARYL'S ROOM

Daryl lies on the floor where he was: motionless. Laura runs in and shakes him by the shoulders.

LAURA
Daryl? Daryl!
(to James)
Oh my God, call nine one one!

James pulls out his cell phone and dials.

LAURA
Daryl! Oh please, dear Jesus,
let him be okay. Daryl!

INT. WERTHER HOUSE - LIZ' ROOM - NIGHT

Liz lies against her bed. The bottle sits on the floor near her hand. Her stomach growls loudly. She groans. She stands up and then steadies her self on the edge of her bed. Her stomach growls again. She holds it.

IN THE KITCHEN

Liz staggers across the floor and opens the fridge. She pulls out a variety of food, both healthy and snack. She lays out the food all over a table, sits down and starts eating.

SERIES OF SHOTS: Liz eats everything she has laid out on the table from the lunch meat to the potato chips and ice cream.

Liz sits silently when she is done. She props her elbows on the table and drops her head into her hands, still reeling from the liquor. She cries for a moment. She stops and holds her stomach.

She stumbles across the house into the bathroom. She holds her head over the toilet and retches. She vomits long and hard. She stops and leans against the toilet, crying.

EXT. JUVENILE DETENTION CENTER - DAY

MICHAEL WERTHER, 17, walks out the main doors of a plain brick 2-story building with bars decorating every window, escorted by two guards dressed in security uniforms. He is a plain, skinny boy dressed in a simple jeans and T-shirt combination.

At the outer gate, he stops with the guards. One of them enters a code to unlock the gate.

MIKE

Thanks guys.

GUARD 1

Take care of yourself, Mike.
Don't come back.

MIKE

I won't. Believe me.

Mike exits. The gate closes behind him. He looks across the parking lot. Liz stands next to the car wearing sunglasses, still barefoot. She is very pale and looks generally ill.

Mike reaches her. She throws her arms around him. He returns the embrace.

LIZ

Welcome to the real world again,
Mike.

MIKE

Thanks, Liz. How are things?

Liz sighs.

LIZ

Get in.

INT. CAR - DAY

Liz drives. Mike rides shotgun. He nods.

MIKE

So that's why it's just you.

LIZ

Yup. He's gone, and she's curled up with a bottle of whiskey.

MIKE

Did she say how long it has been going on?

LIZ

Nope. I'm pretty sure he was cheating, but she won't talk about it.

Liz takes a pack of cigarettes out of the glove compartment. She holds one out to Mike. He shakes his head.

MIKE

Been cold turkey for eight months. No point in going back.

She tosses it on the dashboard.

LIZ

It's all I can do to resist it.

MIKE

That bad?

LIZ

Remember the bottle of vodka I took last year?

MIKE

You put it with your underwear so no one would touch it.

LIZ

It's half gone.

MIKE

So you do have a hangover.

LIZ

It was worth it.

MIKE

How bad is she?

LIZ

She's a freakin' hermit, Mike. I haven't seen her since he left. I tried to get her to come with me, but she won't leave that room.

MIKE

She's alive, right?

Liz scoffs.

LIZ

Depends on your definition.

INT. HOSPITAL - DARYL'S ROOM - DAY

Daryl sits on his hospital bed, fully dressed. James and Laura stand nearby. They look at him. Laura appears particularly worried. Daryl glances to them. They avert their eyes. He stares at the floor.

The door opens. DOCTOR DERRINGER, a man of 30 in a white coat, enters. He looks at the trio and walks to Daryl.

DERRINGER

Well, the last test looks fine. After we got the undigested pills out, your body took over and everything seems to be back to normal. You need to stay awake the rest of the day, though, understand?

Daryl nods. Derringer looks over to James and Laura.

DERRINGER

Were you able to set up an
appointment with Doctor Lang?

Laura nods.

LAURA

This afternoon.

DERRINGER

Good.

Derringer walks to Daryl.

DERRINGER

Well, young man, you are free to
go. Try not to overdo it on the
pills again, ok?

Daryl nods.

Derringer exits.

INT. WILLBANKS MANSION - KITCHEN - DAY

Anya enters and takes a glass from a cabinet. She fills the
glass with water from a spigot on the refrigerator. She drinks
the water and looks at the fridge.

Her stomach growls. She puts her hand over it. She looks around
like a child about to get into something. She opens the fridge.

The fridge is stocked with a wide variety of food. A bag of
grapes rests open on a shelf. She reaches in and takes one grape
from the bunch. She stands and closes the refrigerator door.

Sarah stands directly behind the door! Anya puts the grape in
her mouth.

SARAH

Anya Willbanks!

Anya gasps. She drops the glass. It shatters on the floor. She
coughs for a moment. Finally, she spits out the grape. It hits
the floor.

SARAH

You have a photographer coming today. A very influential one. How dare you eat between meals? Don't you understand how important your weight is?

ANYA

I'm sorry. I've been working-

SARAH

I don't care. There's no excuse.

Anya picks up the grape and throws it away. She kneels and picks up the glass.

SARAH

Don't touch that. I don't want your hands to be cut. Get your sister to come down here.

ANYA

Okay.

Anya stands and exits the room. Sarah watches her go, an air of victory twinkling in her eye.

CARL WILLBANKS, Sarah's husband and father of Anya and Angie, steps into the room behind Sarah. He is a large man in a business suit with a stern, but somehow kind, face.

Sarah turns and gasps as she almost runs into him.

CARL

You're too hard on her.

SARAH

Whatever.

Sarah walks around him and walks into the living room.

CARL

She's a beautiful young woman, and anyone would be a fool not to see that.

SARAH

You don't know what you're talking about, Carl. It's not enough to be beautiful. You've got to be exceptional. She has the potential, but she can also blow it easily.

CARL

You still blame me for that, don't you?

SARAH

If it weren't for you, I'd still be out there.

CARL

You have a good life. Don't you think that?

SARAH

I contribute enough to this family that I make it a good life.

CARL

Just take it easy on the girls. Both of them.

SARAH

Mind your business. It's what you do, right? Leave our daughters to me. Unlike you, I know exactly how to take care of them. I know how to salvage their situations. I know how to give them the life they deserve. Anya is on the path she needs to be on. She's losing weight, but it's not enough yet.

CARL

She's as thin as a twig.

SARAH

Shut up. As for Angie, she is being stubborn.

CARL

Can't think where she gets it from.

SARAH

A few more sessions, and I'll break her of this "Papa Don't Preach" attitude, and once she's back in shape, she'll follow in her sister's footsteps.

CARL

You mean in your footsteps. They aren't you.

SARAH

They will be.

INT. WILLBANKS MANSION - STUDIO - DAY

Anya is dressed in a short outfit with a crop top exposing her tummy. She poses as a photographer, BILL DEFRANJEBOU (day-frawn-zhay-BOO), who looks to be in his 70's, but dressed in a pretentious, ornate style, snaps a series of shots.

Sarah stands by, watching. Bill speaks in an extremely bad and clearly fake French accent.

BILL

Good, good.

He continues snapping.

BILL

Now put your leg out and bend over in the middle.

Anya complies. She steals a look at her tummy. She looks back at him and smiles.

BILL

Suck in that gut for me...a little more...a little more...

Anya tries to maintain her smile, but it gets more and more strained. She finally stops and stands up.

BILL

Sarah, I can't work like this. She's too fat.

SARAH
Hang on, Bill.
(to Anya)
Anya, why are you wasting Mr.
DeFranjebou's time?

ANYA
I'm not trying to.

SARAH
I told you he was coming and
you're making a mockery of me.

ANYA
I've lost a little weight.

SARAH
(to Bill)
I actually caught her stealing
food out of the fridge today.

Bill gasps dramatically.

BILL
This is unacceptable. I need
my girls to be a certain weight,
and she's just too heavy. I
expected more from you, Sarah.

Sarah walks over to Anya and puts her arms on Anya's shoulders.

SARAH
Don't worry, Mr. DeFranjebou, she'll
have it where you need it. I'll
insist on it. It will be where
you want it.

BILL
All right, but this is just for
you, Sarah. I'll work on her face
for today, but she has two weeks
to get it down to where it needs
to be.

SARAH
Oh, it'll be there. Won't it,

darling?

Anya nods. Sarah smiles and turns to look Anya in the eye.

ANYA

Yes.

Sarah smiles again and walks to stand behind Bill.

BILL

Okay, give me a big smile.

Anya smiles. Bill takes the pictures. Flash. Flash. Flash.

INT. WILLBANKS MANSION - ANYA'S ROOM - LATER

Anya stands in front of a mirror with a robe wrapped around her. She opens the robe to reveal her in her undergarments. Her ribs show prominently as well as her hip bones protruding.

ANYA

It's only been a week since the last session. What does she expect?

Angie appears at the door.

ANGIE

We're leaving for yet another session.

ANYA

Do you think I've lost weight?

Angie walks in and looks at her sister.

ANGIE

You look sick.

ANYA

No, I look fat. That's what mom says. That's what the photographer says. I swear I've been working out, but it isn't enough.

ANGIE

Is that all you've been doing?

Anya reaches over to a vanity and retrieves a bottle of pills. She hands it to Angie.

ANYA

Mom told me to take these.

Angie looks at the bottle. She shrugs and hands them back.

ANGIE

What are they?

ANYA

I don't know, but I don't like them. I've been in the bathroom all day.

ANGIE

What are you going to do?

ANYA

I don't have any choice. If I'm not where mom wants me in two weeks, she'll kill me.

ANGIE

I'm sure if you just keep up your diet and exercise, you'll be fine.

ANYA

It won't be. I know it.

Their eyes meet. Concern lurks beneath both their faces. Sarah appears at the door.

SARAH

There you are.

Anya covers herself with her robe and averts her eyes.

SARAH

Come on, Angie, you know the drill.

ANGIE

I could recite the drill.

SARAH

Don't get smart with me, young lady. We'll discuss this with Doctor Lang. Let's go.

ANGIE

(to Anya)

See you later.

Anya nods.

ANYA

Have fun.

ANGIE

Sure.

SARAH

This isn't social hour. Let's go!

Angie walks past her. Sarah looks at Anya.

SARAH

Don't you have some weight to lose?

Anya nods. Sarah slams the door.

EXT. WERTHER HOUSE - DAY

Liz parks.

MIKE

By the way, did you happen to keep my cell phone up to date?

Liz smiles.

LIZ

Yeah. We don't use it much, but it's still on. Seeing how things are going now, you may be on your own to pay for it.

MIKE

Then I should get a job.

LIZ

For multiple reasons.

They exit the car, but Liz stops him from going in yet.

LIZ

I want to know something.

MIKE

If this is about Hector, then
don't worry.

LIZ

I want to know.

MIKE

Want to know what?

LIZ

I want to hear it from your
mouth. I want a promise. You
have to tell me point blank-

MIKE

I promise. No more anything.
I'm not going back. I've
been as close to prison as I
want to get.

LIZ

What do you think he'll do
when he finds out you're free?

MIKE

I'm not going to tell him.

Liz looks at him for a long moment.

MIKE

I mean it.

LIZ

You better.

She turns toward the door. Mike looks at her quizzically.

MIKE

Where are your shoes?

Liz laughs.

LIZ

I'm going Hobbit!

INT. WERTHER HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Liz and Mike enter the house. Karen walks down the hall to her room. She looks back at them.

LIZ

Mom, look. It's Mike.

Mike smiles at her. Karen looks at him, expressionless. She blinks once.

MIKE

Mom, it's ok. I'm here to stay.
You don't have anything to
worry about.

Karen stares at him a moment longer.

KAREN

What do you know about worry?
You abandoned us too.

LIZ

Mom!

Karen enters her room and closes the door.

MIKE

Well, that went well.

LIZ

She's just depressed.

Mike walks into the living room and sits. Liz follows.

MIKE

She didn't even give me a chance.

LIZ

She's going through a lot.

MIKE

You think I haven't?

Liz opens her mouth to say something, but can't seem to find the words, so she closes her mouth. Mike sighs.

MIKE

I know a lot is going on. I know it will take some time to convince everyone that I've changed. But the last eight months made me a better man. I swear I will do what I can to keep us all together.

Liz nods.

MIKE

Ok?

LIZ

Ok.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - DAY

DING. Elevator doors open and James, Laura, and Daryl all exit the elevator. Coming from the other direction are Carl, Sarah, and Angie Willbanks.

The groups walk toward each other. Daryl's and Angie's eyes lock. Daryl looks down at her belly. She nods at him. No one slows down. It all happens in an instant.

The Stephens reach a door and enter. The Willbanks reach the elevator. Sarah looks back.

SARAH

Who was that?

Angie shrugs.

ANGIE

I don't know.

SARAH

He looked like he knew you.

Angie shrugs again.

ANGIE

Maybe he thinks he did.

The elevator dings.

CARL

It was no one, Sarah. Let it go.

They enter the elevator.

INT. LANG'S OFFICE - DAY

FRITZ LANG is an aging man of 76. He sits in a wingback chair while the family sits in their own chairs in a semi-circle in front of him. Daryl sits between Laura and James.

Daryl's eyes are not on the doctor. His mind appears to be elsewhere.

LANG

Daryl?

Daryl snaps up and looks at him.

DARYL

Huh?

LANG

Do you know who I am?

DARYL

Doctor Lang. You're a psychiatrist that I'm supposed to talk to.

LANG

Why do you suppose that is?

DARYL

Because I almost OD'd on pills.

LANG

Good. Just knowing why you're here is a good start. I want you to know this is a place where you can talk about anything. Your parents have given me assurances that nothing we discuss will leave this room. Yes?

Daryl looks at his parents situated on either side of him. Laura nods, encouragingly.

LANG

Tell me about yourself, Daryl.

DARYL

Like what?

LANG

Anything. How is school?

DARYL

I don't like school, to be honest. I do okay there, but I've been a target since the sixth grade.

LANG

Bullies?

DARYL

Yeah. One in particular. He has this gang he runs around with, and he's in one of my classes. His guys beat me up the other night, and I only took the pills to ease the pain. I wasn't trying to kill myself.

LANG

But you have a good understanding of these pills, don't you? You've been taking them for a few years

now, right?

DARYL

Yeah.

LANG

Basically, what do they do?

DARYL

Calm me down.

LANG

Side effects?

DARYL

There's a ton of them.

LANG

Any relevant to this discussion?

Daryl sighs.

DARYL

Drowsiness.

LANG

So you willingly took a large number of pills you knew would make you drowsy.

DARYL

They beat the crap out of me. I was hurting. I just wanted to end it -- the pain, I mean.

LANG

I see.

DARYL

Look, I know where this will go.

LANG

Oh?

DARYL

Yeah, it happens every once in awhile. I see a shrink. We have

a talk. I get some pills. Ba-
da-bing ba-da-boom everyone's
happy, and I never see you again.

Lang looks at him for a long moment. Daryl looks at him and then
to his parents. Laura doesn't meet his eyes. He looks back to
Lang.

DARYL

What?

LANG

Because these pills are a problem,
and even a crutch, we're going to
try a different approach.

He looks at Laura.

LANG

Mrs. Stephens, how did you feel
when you saw Daryl lying on the
floor of his room?

LAURA

How do I-

LANG

Tell Daryl.

Laura turns to Daryl.

LAURA

When I walked in, and you were
lying there, I didn't know what
to think. When you wouldn't wake
up, I was...

She sniffles.

LAURA

...I was terrified. I didn't know
what had happened. I just knew
you weren't waking up. I screamed
and screamed at you to wake up,
but you wouldn't.

She wipes her eyes with a tissue.

LAURA

It was my worst nightmare.

LANG

Good. Now, Mr. Stephens. How did you feel?

JAMES

I just don't want it to happen again.

LANG

Nor do I, which is why I'm recommending you throw away all of your pills.

All three look up at him in surprise.

DARYL

What?

LAURA

Is that a good idea?

LANG

Your son is over-medicated. That in itself could be a problem. Every single medication in his little arsenal is a psychotic drug. No, we need to clean him up. I want talk therapy twice a week. Once alone, and once with the parents. We need to find out what the problem is; not hide it behind pharmaceuticals and hope it will go away.

INT. WERTHER HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Mike searches through the refrigerator. Liz enters. She looks like a bus ran over her.

LIZ

What are you doing?

MIKE

Looking for something to eat. Is there anything left?

LIZ

Not much. Mom won't work, so we're trying to conserve as much of the money as we can.

MIKE

Well, it won't do us any good if we all starve to death.

Liz scoffs.

LIZ

I wouldn't be too sure about that.

Mike walks over to the trash can.

MIKE

Hey.

Liz turns to him.

MIKE

What's all this about?

Liz walks over to him. In the trash can are multiple wrappers for most of what Liz ate the night before. She looks at him.

LIZ

I was hungry.

MIKE

Hungry? I thought you were drunk.

LIZ

I drank a lot and had a snack.

MIKE

You don't look so good.

LIZ

It's stress. Dad left. Mom's not working. What do you expect?

MIKE

Someone's got to hold the family together. The one we have left anyway. If I learned anything from those other kids in juvie, it's that family is important. I didn't know that before. Some of them don't have one at all. they'll get out, and go straight to prison. I knew I had somewhere to go, and I'm glad for that. We'll make it.

Liz scoffs.

LIZ

Not if she won't get up.

MIKE

Look, I'll run to the store and get some ramen or mac and cheese or something.

LIZ

You want the car?

MIKE

My license is still suspended. I don't want to risk getting pulled over and get caught without a license. It's close. I'll walk. Ok?

Liz nods. Mike exits. Liz leans on the counter for a moment. She looks at the phone. She bites her lip. She picks it up and dials a number.

LAURA (V.O.)

Hi, this is the Stephens residence. We can't come to the-

Liz hangs up. She hangs her head in her hands, elbows resting on the kitchen counter.

EXT. WERTHER HOUSE - DAY

Mike walks down the sidewalk away from the house. His cell phone rings. He stops and takes it out. The caller ID reads: Unavailable.

Mike looks around. The street is empty except for an older sedan parked on one side: Hector's car. Mike looks at it for a long moment. He doesn't answer the phone. He just holds it by his side as he walks on.

IN THE SEDAN

Hector holds a phone to his ear. He watches Mike walk away from him. He presses END on the phone.

ON THE SIDEWALK

Mike looks at his phone. It says: One Missed Call. He clears the message and dials a number.

INT. WILLBANKS MANSION - ANYA'S ROOM - DAY

Anya lies on her bed, dressed as she was before. Her cell phone sits on a nightstand next to her bed. It rings. "Mike Cell" shows on the caller ID. Anya doesn't stir.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

Mike holds the phone to his ear listening to the ring. Finally, voicemail picks up with Anya's voice.

ANYA (V.O.)

Hi, this is you-know-who. You know what to-

Mike hangs up. The sedan pulls close to the curb next to Mike. Mike sighs. He looks to the car. Hector drives, looking at him.

HECTOR

Hey, Mikey. Need a lift.

MIKE

It's okay, Hector. I'm just walking to the store.

HECTOR

Oh, come on. I'll take you. It's been awhile since we've talked.

Mike stops walking. Hector stops the car. Mike sighs.

MIKE

All right, Hector. Thanks.

Mike gets in the car. Hector drives on.

INT. SEDAN - DAY

Hector looks at Mike, who is sitting quietly riding shotgun.

HECTOR

Something wrong with your phone, Mikey?

MIKE

No, it works.

HECTOR

You didn't answer it a minute ago.

MIKE

I don't like answering unavailable calls.

HECTOR

Why? How many do you get?

MIKE

Just the one.

HECTOR

You trying to cut me out?

MIKE

I hadn't cut you in.

HECTOR

So you think since you did your time, you're better than your boys now? They remember you, Mikey. They look up to you.

What am I supposed to tell them?
Mikey turned yellow?

MIKE

Tell them Mikey grew up. I'm not better than anyone, Hector, but I don't want any more trouble. Next time, it ain't juvie. Next time, it's prison. I got lucky. I got a second chance.

HECTOR

You think the Scalpers will let you go just like that?

MIKE

I know you too well to believe it.

HECTOR

That's right. You know more than anyone about us, and I ain't about to let that information fall into the right hands. We'll be watching you. If I think you stopped by the cops for any reason, you're dead. Understood?

MIKE

Sure. Whatever.

Hector stops the car.

HECTOR

Get out.

MIKE

We're no where near the store.

HECTOR

I said get out.

Mike shrugs and gets out of the car.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Mike stands between lanes of an intersection. Hector screeches his tires and drives away. Mike makes his way to the sidewalk. He shakes his head.

His cell phone rings. He answers.

MIKE

Hello?

ANYA (V.O.)

Mike?

MIKE

Hi, Anya.

ANYA (V.O.)

I knew you were getting out today. I didn't expect to hear from you so soon. I'm surprised you even remembered me.

MIKE

I couldn't forget about you. How have you been?

ANYA (V.O.)

I'm fine. Mom thinks I'm fat, though.

MIKE

I find that very hard to believe.

ANYA (V.O.)

It's apparently true. She had a photographer over earlier and even he said so. I need to eat less and work out more to make it as a model.

MIKE

Where do you work out?

ANYA (V.O.)

Why do you ask?

MIKE

I want to see you.

ANYA (V.O.)
Oh no, that would really cheese
off my mother...ok.

MIKE
When can we meet?

ANYA (V.O.)
Just give me a moment to get
ready. Where are you...?

INT. STEPHENS CAR - DAY

James drives with Laura riding in the passenger seat. Daryl sits
in the back, staring out the window.

LAURA
You know, Daryl, now that you
aren't on your medicine, it will
be very important to be more
attentive to what the doctor
tells you.

Daryl nods.

JAMES
Hey, what is with you? You've
hardly said a word.

DARYL
I've got a lot on my mind.

LAURA
You can talk to us, honey. What
is it?

Daryl stares out the window for a moment. He looks to the front.

DARYL
Nothing.

He looks back out the window.

EXT. SUMMER CAMP - OUTDOOR CHAPEL - DAY - FLASHBACK

SUPER: "Eight Months Earlier"

Wooden cabins dot the landscape of a grassy field surrounded by trees. A large group of teenagers sit in a square formation on the ground facing a COUNSELOR, 20, at the front.

They all sing an old Christian hymn.

EXT. SUMMER CAMP - FOREST - DAY - FLASHBACK

A group of teens hike on a forest trail lead by a counselor named BILLY, 19. Included in this group are Daryl and Angie (minus her pregnant belly).

BILLY

Ok, break!

Everyone sits on the ground or on logs. Daryl drinks from a canteen. He looks across to find Angie staring at him. He stares back. Another girl sits next to Angie and offers her water. The stare is broken.

LATER

The group continues through the forest. Angie is further ahead in the group than Daryl. She glances back.

Her foot dips into a small hole. She trips and hits the ground. The group comes to an abrupt stop when she yells in pain. Daryl quickly moves forward to stand near her.

Billy runs back to her.

BILLY

Ok, stand back. Stand back.

He touches her ankle.

BILLY

Where's it hurt?

ANGIE

Ouch! Right there.

BILLY

We need to get you to the nurse.

He sighs and looks at the group. Daryl steps forward.

DARYL

I'll take her.

BILLY

How old are you again, Daryl?

DARYL

Seventeen as of July eighth.

Billy nods.

BILLY

Ok, that'll work then. You're the man.

LATER

Daryl walks down the trail away from the group with one of Angie's arms draped around him as she limps.

ANGIE

You don't like the nature hike?

DARYL

Sometimes I do. I'm Daryl, by the way.

ANGIE

Angie.

DARYL

I've been coming here every year since I was old enough to come. I haven't seen you before.

ANGIE

My mom knows someone at the church and she thought it would do me some good.

DARYL

Some good how?

ANGIE

Well, my sister's been going out with this guy who is not exactly a good boy, if you know what I mean, and they've been letting me tag along. Mom caught me sneaking out one night, and she thought the world was coming to an end or something, so when she heard about a church camp, she jumped on it. I'm out of the house just like that.

DARYL

I see. What do you think of the camp so far?

ANGIE

I've seen a thing or two I like.

DARYL

I don't imagine hiking will rank very high.

ANGIE

No? I thought it was going pretty good.

MONTAGE

A) MESS HALL - Daryl sits eating his lunch. Angie sits next to him and smiles.

B) CRAFT CABIN - Angie is creating a bead project. Daryl sits beside her. They talk MOS.

C) BASEBALL DIAMOND - A group plays baseball on a field. In the stands, Daryl and Angie sit together. She holds out her hand. He takes it. Their fingers clasp.

D) BEHIND THE CABINS - Daryl and Angie run around the corner of a cabin. They look behind them. It is all clear. They kiss.

E) WOODS - Daryl and Angie walk at the back of a group, holding hands. They hang back a moment and then disappear into the forest off the trail. In a clearing surrounded by thick trees,

they kiss. They sit and kiss again. Finally, Angie lies down with Daryl on top of her.

END MONTAGE

EXT. SUMMER CAMP - PARKING LOT - DAY - FLASHBACK

Buses stand ready for the campers to leave. Daryl and Angie stand together.

DARYL

But I want to see you again.

ANGIE

I don't know if it's possible.
If my mom learns I met a guy out here, she'd freak.

DARYL

But we-

ANGIE

I know. I love you, Daryl, but now isn't the time.

DARYL

My last name is Stephens. Can I at least have yours?

Angie looks at him for a moment. She nods.

ANGIE

Willbanks.

DARYL

As in-?

ANGIE

As in. I won't forget you.

DARYL

Nor I, you.

They kiss briefly. "Woo's" sound from the younger kids.

DARYL

I love you.

ANGIE

I'll call you...someday.

DARYL

Ok.

Angie walks to her bus and gets on. Daryl stands there for a long moment, watching. Billy walks up behind him.

BILLY

All right, loverboy. Back to reality.

DARYL

Yeah...back to reality.

END FLASHBACK

INT. STEPHENS HOUSE - DARYL'S ROOM - DAY

Daryl sits on his bed. He stares at the phone. A long moment passes like a staring contest between him and the phone. Finally, he picks up the receiver. He dials and puts the phone to his ear.

INTERCUT DARYL'S ROOM/ANGIE'S ROOM

The phone rings in Angie's room.

ANGIE

Hello?

DARYL

Angie?

ANGIE

Hi, Daryl. I was kind of hoping you'd call after I saw you yesterday.

DARYL

I got tired of waiting for someday.

ANGIE

I know. Don't worry. I'm not upset. To answer the obvious, yes, I'm pregnant, and yes, it's yours. I am planning on keeping it even though my well-meaning mother wants me to give it away.

DARYL

Can we-

ANGIE

She wouldn't allow it.

DARYL

Does she even know who I am?

ANGIE

I haven't told them anything about you. I know who you are. Your dad works for mine, not that my dad knows yours or anything. But if she finds out the baby's father is an employee's son, what do you think will happen to your dad?

Daryl nods.

DARYL

Ok, I can see that, but-

ANGIE

I don't want that to happen. I'm glad you called because I wanted to tell you. So many nights, I've wanted to tell you, but I just couldn't.

DARYL

I've always been here.

Angie has tears forming in her eyes. She takes a deep breath and fans herself to attempt to prevent the crying voice from slipping through.

ANGIE

I have to ask ... you not to call

anymore ... for awhile.

DARYL

Angie, I want to help you. If you need me, I will be there.

ANGIE

Daryl-

DARYL

please, just think about it.

Angie sighs.

ANGIE

Ok. If I need you...

DARYL

Ok.

ANGIE

Bye.

Angie hangs up.

Daryl looks at the phone for a moment. He hangs up.

END INTERCUT

INT. WILLBANKS MANSION - ANGIE'S ROOM - DAY

Angie sits on her bed. Tears threaten, but she wipes them away. The door opens. Sarah enters. Angie rolls her eyes.

ANGIE

What is it, mother?

SARAH

Don't you take that tone of voice with me, young lady. And don't think you got away with something yesterday by convincing Doctor Lang that you'll be--

(finger quotes)

--"ok." The guy is obviously a

quack. You're seeing someone new on Monday.

ANGIE

Another one? I thought this was over.

SARAH

This will never be over.

ANGIE

You need to accept that I'm not going to give this baby up for adoption. I'm going to keep it.

SARAH

Oh, no you're not. We don't even know who the father is. It could be anyone. What if he's of bad stock? What if there's some kind of genetic disease?

ANGIE

Give me a little credit. I've only been with one person in my life. I know who he is.

SARAH

A little credit? You got pregnant at a church camp! What kind of credit are you expecting?

Angie opens her mouth to say something, but Sarah interrupts.

SARAH

No, we're not discussing this here. Monday. New shrink. You need this. It will come up.

Sarah turns to leave, but Anya pads by. Sarah smiles.

SARAH

Looking good, Anya. Keep up the good work.

Sarah exits and walks away. Angie exits her room and walks

INTO ANYA'S ROOM

where Anya is standing in front of her mirror. She takes off her shoes and steps onto a scale placed in front of it. She looks down.

ANYA

Whew! Twenty pounds in four days.
Now that's progress.

ANGIE

Twenty pounds?

ANYA

Did you see her face? She looked happy with me. Imagine that.

ANGIE

Yeah, it worried me. What did you have for breakfast? You weren't at the table.

ANYA

Oh, I skipped breakfast. Went straight to the gym.

ANGIE

What about dinner last night?

ANYA

Wasn't hungry.

ANGIE

Should I ask if you'll be at lunch?

ANYA

You can ask.

ANGIE

Anya, this isn't healthy. I've read about diet and stuff in the pregnancy magazines and there's a way to do it. It's not by not eating.

ANYA

Look, you can't possibly understand. I mean, look at you. You're not a

model. You don't know the business.

ANGIE

Yeah, mom is obsessed with your career. Does she know what you're doing?

ANYA

Yeah, I'm losing weight. She knows that.

ANGIE

You need he-

ANYA

I don't want help. But hey, mom doesn't know everything.

ANGIE

That goes without saying.

ANYA

No, no. Can you keep a secret?

Angie scoffs. She points to her belly. Anya rolls her eyes.

ANYA

Mike's back. He called me. I've been seeing him.

ANGIE

Seriously? When?

ANYA

When all of you were gone yesterday he called me. Mom thought I was working out, but that's not all I was doing.

EXT. CITY SIDEWALK - DAY - FLASHBACK

Mike stands at a street corner. Anya walks around the corner. She squeals when she sees him and jumps into his arms. She holds her arms around his neck in an embrace.

They kiss.

ANYA

I've missed you so much.

MIKE

I thought for sure you'd've forgotten about me by now.

ANYA

No, I felt so bad about hanging you out there.

MIKE

No, now don't feel bad about that.

ANYA

I'm just so glad to see you.

She hugs him again.

MIKE

Oh, my goodness. I feel like I could break you in half.

ANYA

I've been losing weight. Don't I look good.

Mike looks at her concerned for a moment.

MIKE

You look great.

ANYA

Thanks.

Mike continues looking at her. She looks at him and smiles.

ANYA

What are you thinking about?

MIKE

Nothing. You want to get some lunch?

ANYA

Oh, I don't like to eat before
I work out.

MIKE

After then?

ANYA

No, I've got to go straight home
afterwards.

MIKE

Ok.

They walk down the sidewalk, hand in hand.

MIKE

You know, I hated leaving you
alone after what happened. Did
you get home all right?

ANYA

Oh yeah, I was fine. I was
well hidden and I wasn't caught
coming in that night. I was in
that alley for an hour before
the cops finally left.

MIKE

He's already caught up to me.
Wants me to get back with the
Scalpers. I told him no. He's
pretty pissed.

ANYA

I haven't ever heard from Hector.
Either he didn't know who I was,
or he never cared since I was
your girl, and he couldn't bag me.

MIKE

No, I always took care of you,
so he didn't worry about it.

ANYA

You always took good care of me.

She stops.

ANYA

I could have lost everything that night. You know that? I'm glad you're not going back. I don't want to lose you again.

END FLASHBACK

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

Mike walks down a sidewalk near his house. Hector runs out and walks with Mike.

HECTOR

Where you going Mikey?

MIKE

Home.

HECTOR

We got a job for you. It's right up your alley.

MIKE

Not interested.

HECTOR

No, hear me out. It caters to your skills. Your personal interests. The Scalpers need you, Mikey. Don't turn us down.

MIKE

No.

Hector holds his head, as if exasperated.

HECTOR

Mikey, I don't want to do this, but if you don't say yes, I'll have to kill you.

Mike stops and looks at Hector, who is smiling.

MIKE

Hector, I'm not a threat to you and your gang of delinquents. Seriously. I never told anyone in juvie about anything, and believe me, they tried. I don't care what you do with your life. Just leave me out of it.

Mike turns to go.

HECTOR

We're a family, Mikey. We gotta take care of each other.

MIKE

Good. Take care of someone else.

Hector pulls out a gun and aims it at Mike. Mike turns to him.

HECTOR

One more chance. I'm only doing this 'cause I love you. Anyone else would be dead by now.

Mike walks up to Hector. In one swift move, he knocks Hector off his feet, and swipes the gun from his grip. He removes the gun's magazine and tosses the magazine across the street. It clatters into a storm drain. Mike ejects the cartridge from the chamber.

He tosses the gun to Hector.

MIKE

Last time, Hector. I'm not interested. Leave me alone.

Hector laughs.

HECTOR

How's Anya? I saw you with her yesterday. Didn't take long for you to hook back up with her, did it?

MIKE

Grow up, Hector.

HECTOR

Maybe Mikey would consider his decisions more carefully if her life was on the line.

Mike freezes. He turns to Hector.

MIKE

What are you talking about?

EXT. WILLBANKS MANSION - DAY

A sedan is parked across the street from the house. Two guys sit in the car watching the house with binoculars.

Through the binoculars, they can see into Anya's window. Her curtain is open on the second floor, and her mirror is placed allowing them to see almost anything she does in the room.

The one with the binoculars apparently likes what he sees.

HECTOR (V.O.)

I've got two guys just itching to have at her. They won't kill her, exactly, but they will do what they want to, and might mention your name as they do it.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

Mike takes a step towards Hector.

MIKE

Don't you dare-

HECTOR

Stop right there. These guys are just waiting for me to let them know you slipped up.

Mike steps back. His shoulders drop.

MIKE

What do you want?

HECTOR

Nine o'clock. Tonight. You know where.

MIKE

I know.

INT. WERTHER HOUSE - LIZ'S ROOM - NIGHT

Liz sits on the floor next to her bed. The vodka bottle is empty and next to her hand. She groans as she awakens. She looks at the ceiling and shakes her head. She brings the bottle up for another drink, but it's empty.

The phone rings. Liz groans and reaches for the extension in her room. She picks it up.

LIZ

Hello?

JOVON (V.O.)

Hi, this is Jovon Andrews from Eastwood Communications, is Karen Werther available?

Liz sobers quickly.

LIZ

No, she's not.

JOVON (V.O.)

And who am I speaking with?

LIZ

This is her daughter. Is this about her job?

JOVON (V.O.)

I'm afraid it is. I'll have to call back later and talk to her, but perhaps you could relay a message to her?

LIZ

What's going on? Please tell

me.

JOVON (V.O.)

Well...

Liz takes a deep breath.

LIZ

Has she been fired?

Beat.

JOVON (V.O.)

I can't answer that, but here's what I will tell you. Maybe you can figure it out.

Jovon sighs.

JOVON (V.O.)

Our attendance policy says that two no call-no shows in a row are grounds for immediate termination. I presume you know when she last came in.

Liz nods. Tears well up.

LIZ

It's been awhile.

JOVON (V.O.)

They waited as long as they could. She was good. I'm sorry.

LIZ

Thank you.

Liz hangs up. She snuffles and wipes tears away. She staggers to her feet and walks out of the room in a somewhat straight line.

IN THE HALL

Liz bumps into Karen.

LIZ

Well, well. Look who decided to

wake up from her two-day nap.

KAREN

Get off my case, Liz. Mind your own business.

LIZ

My own business? You mean like running the household? You mean mind your business while you sleep the days away?

Karen sniffs.

KAREN

Have you been drinking?

LIZ

What about it?

KAREN

You shouldn't drink. You're too young.

LIZ

You shouldn't drink. You've got too much responsibility.

KAREN

I don't want to talk about this.

LIZ

Of course not. You want to avoid it like you're avoiding everything else. You want to hide in your room and hope the world turns into little pixies with fairy dust that will make all your troubles go away. I never knew when I was growing up that my wonderful mother was capable of this level of selfishness.

KAREN

Shut up, Liz. Leave me alone.

LIZ

You don't even care enough to work any more. Oh, wait, that doesn't matter because you were fired!

Karen stops. A shocked look crosses her face. Liz scoffs.

LIZ

Don't look so surprised. It's the attendance policy. Apparently you didn't call them to let them know you decided to spend a few days getting drunk off your ass.

Karen turns back to her room.

KAREN

I can't deal with this right now. I'm going to lie down.

LIZ

Oh, that's right. Go discuss all your troubles with your new best friends: Brandy, Jack, and Captain Morgan!

Karen slams the door to her room. Mike walks up behind Liz.

MIKE

What was that all about?

LIZ

Where have you been?

MIKE

I got a job at the grocery store. I told him the situation, and they got me right in for an interview.

LIZ

At least someone is working around here.

Mike waives his hand in front of his face like a pungent odor just hit him.

MIKE

Whew! You really need to lay off the liquor.

LIZ

I'm fine. At least I sleep at night.

MIKE

Look, this is just a low point. I'm sure it will get better.

LIZ

Mike, you haven't been here. You got back yesterday, but you haven't been here. Mom just got fired. She won't get out of bed. She doesn't care. I know enough about Home Economics to know this is a bad thing.

Liz sits at the table and holds her head. Mike sits next to her.

MIKE

We're going to make it.

Liz nods. Mike looks at her.

LIZ

What?

MIKE

Seriously, you still don't look so good. Are you coming down with something?

LIZ

What are you now? Some kind of doctor? I'm fine!

She gets up and charges into her room. Mike watches her go. He gets up and walks

INTO THE BATHROOM

where he washes his face in the sink. He looks at himself in the mirror. He takes off his shirt to reveal a tattoo on his skin which says: Scalpers.

He stares it at for a long moment until...

EXT. WILLBANKS MANSION - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Mike hides in the hedge bordering the yard. He whistles. On the side of the house, Anya's window opens. She climbs out the window and jumps into the yard. She runs over to where Mike is.

They kiss briefly.

MIKE

Your sister staying home this time?

ANYA

Mom sent her off to some camp thing.

MIKE

Oh geez. Now I feel sorry for her.

ANYA

I know.

MIKE

Let's go.

They run across the darkened yard to a luxury sedan parked at the curb. Mike gets in the driver's side. Anya rides shotgun.

INT. SEDAN - NIGHT

Mike starts the car and drives.

ANYA

This is nice.

MIKE

Yeah, it's not mine.

ANYA

I didn't think so.

MIKE

You don't think I can buy a nice car?

ANYA

Not one this nice.

MIKE

Aw, now, that's just a wrong thing to say.

ANYA

So what's going on?

MIKE

Hector's going to take the guys and clean out this store downtown. This is the getaway vehicle.

Anya nods, her eyes lighting up like the schoolgirl she is getting away with something.

ANYA

Cool. So what do you need me for?

MIKE

Entertainment while we wait for the signal.

ANYA

What do you want to do?

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

The sedan is parked by the curb.

INT. SEDAN - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Mike and Anya make out in the front seat. They are all over each other.

Mike's phone goes off. He has a text message. They break their embrace. Mike checks the message: Ready.

MIKE

There it is.

Mike starts the car.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

The car pulls away from the curb.

INT. SEDAN - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Mike pulls a clip off his visor and hands it to Anya.

MIKE

Here you go. Your souvenir.

Anya takes it and looks at it. It is in the shape of an angel and has the words Guardian Angel in a box at its base.

ANYA

Guardian Angel. Is that supposed to be you?

MIKE

It was in the car, but I guess so. I'll always protect you.

ANYA

I know.

She leans on his shoulder as he drives.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

The sedan drives through a green light. The light changes, and a police car turns onto the street behind him, but without lights.

INT. SEDAN - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Mike looks in the rear view mirror. Anya sits up. He hands the phone to her.

MIKE

Text Hector. Tell him I've got
bacon on my plate, but it isn't
hot.

Anya nods and pushes buttons on Mike's phone.

ANYA

What are you going to do?

MIKE

Drive casual. Hopefully he
won't run the plates.

The police cruiser's lights flip on.

MIKE

Nope. He ran 'em.

ANYA

Oh, my God.

MIKE

Hang on.

Mike punches the gas.

EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Mike pulls the car around a corner. The cop is tight on his
tail.

Outside a store on that street, Hector and his boys wait in an
alley with several items. Sirens ring out. Hector looks around
the corner.

Mike drives by with the cruiser right behind him. Hector backs
into the alley.

HECTOR

Make yourselves scarce. Go!

He looks after Mike with worry in his eyes before he runs off.

THE SEDAN

takes a curve at a high speed. Some distance has been gained on the cruiser but not much.

INT. SEDAN - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Anya grips what she can, holding on for dear life. Mike turns another corner.

ANYA

What are we going to do, Mike?

MIKE

I'm going to take a bunch of quick turns. When I tell you to, I want you to jump out and hide.

ANYA

Jump out?

MIKE

Trust me! I wouldn't let anything happen to you.

Anya looks at him. Mike glances over at her for only a moment, but it seems to hold for eternity.

ANYA

Well, you are my guardian angel, right?

MIKE

That's right.

She leans over and kisses his cheek. She unbuckles and holds onto the door.

MIKE

Ok, hang on.

EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Mike hangs some quick ninety degree turns and screeches to a halt next to an alley.

INT. SEDAN - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Mike turns to her.

MIKE

Go!

Anya jumps out. Before she has a chance to close the door, Mike squeals away. She stumbles into the nearby alley just as the cruiser flies by.

She leans against the brick for a moment before sinking to the ground. She buries her face in her knees and cries.

INT. SEDAN - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Mike rounds another turn to find a police blockade. He squeals to a stop.

EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

The sedan stops close to the blockade. Several policemen have their weapons drawn. Voices overlap.

OFFICERS

(variously)

Get out of the car! Keep your
hands where we can see them!

Mike gets out of the car, his hands in the air. A COP tackles him to the ground and cuffs him.

END FLASHBACK

INT. WERTHER HOUSE - NIGHT

Liz picks up the phone in her room. She looks at it for a long moment. She sighs and puts it down. She picks it back up and dials. The other end rings.

DARYL (V.O.)

Hello?

LIZ

Hi.

DARYL (V.O.)

Oh, hi Liz.

LIZ

You didn't show up the other night. I finally got a chance to check up on you. Everything ok?

INTERCUT DARYL'S ROOM / LIZ'S ROOM

DARYL

Sort of. Hector got ahold of me before I got there, beat the crap out of me, and I nearly OD'd on pain medication. But other than that, I'm fine.

LIZ

Oh. Well, it's been hell around here lately.

DARYL

Like what?

LIZ

I don't really want to talk about it over the phone. Can you meet me somewhere?

DARYL

Where?

LIZ

Neighborhood park?

DARYL

It'll take a little while. The goons stole my bike, too.

LIZ

It's fine. I'll see you there in a little bit, ok?

DARYL

Ok.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

It could be anywhere. An open space in the midst of four buildings. Light shines from lamps at the back doors of the establishments inside these buildings illuminating the area.

Mike enters the open area. He looks around silently.

HECTOR (V.O.)

I knew you would come.

Hector emerges from the shadows.

HECTOR

You had to or your girl would have a night to remember.

MIKE

So what's the job?

HECTOR

It's not tonight. It's in two days.

MIKE

And you couldn't tell me this earlier?

HECTOR

And risk being overheard? You know there are ears everywhere, and I want this kept quiet.

MIKE

Sure, Mr. Conspiracy, whatever. Just tell me.

HECTOR

All the rich folk on the other side of town have this big party with the political big wigs. Everybody's going to be there. You know what that means?

MIKE

(unenthused)
Empty houses.

HECTOR
Easy money.

MIKE
Big houses have big alarm systems.

HECTOR
Don't insult my intelligence, Mikey. Alarms are monitored by alarm companies. Alarms use the phone line to call the company. If we cut the phone line, there will be a line error, but all they do is call the owner, not the cops. They'll take forever to respond. We'll hit two or three houses before they catch on, but by then, we'll have enough for tonight.

MIKE
You said this was up my alley.

HECTOR
Well, it doesn't involve grand theft auto, but I could use an extra pair of hands to carry stuff.

MIKE
You want me for grunt work?

HECTOR
Remember dear Anya. So young and unspoiled.

MIKE
All right. Where do you have in mind?

HECTOR
I've got a couple places. Just be ready.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD PARK - NIGHT

Daryl walks into a large grassy area with a few playground toys and benches. He looks over to one bench with someone sitting in it.

Daryl walks to the bench. Liz stares up at the stars. She is wearing shoes.

DARYL
No more Hobbit Liz?

LIZ
Not right now. Life isn't going
well enough to go Hobbit.

She looks at him.

LIZ
Have a seat.

Daryl sits next to her.

DARYL
What's wrong?

LIZ
It's weird. We've been going to
the same schools our whole lives,
and we never talked until this
year.

DARYL
Yeah. But neither one of us talks
that much, though.

Liz nods.

LIZ
The thing is...I really need
someone right now. My dad is gone,
and with him all the stability we
ever had. Mom had a job, but she
got fired. Mike is trying, but
with his record, he can't get much
more than stock boy. I don't know

what's going to happen to us.

Daryl puts his arm around her. She leans into him.

DARYL

I'm sorry. I wish there was something I could do.

Liz shakes her head. She sniffles.

LIZ

Just hold me.

Daryl nods. Liz laughs through her tears.

LIZ

It's funny. I've never been one for anything physical, but... I don't know. When I'm with you, everything just...

She sighs.

LIZ

...feels so easy. I can't even believe I'm telling you this.

DARYL

Oh.

Liz looks into Daryl's eyes. He looks back, possibly a little scared.

LIZ

Do you even feel half of what I do?

DARYL

I...well...I'm really not...

Liz moves forward and kisses him. He responds. Liz wraps her arms around his neck. He wraps his arms around her waist. They continue the embrace until...

EXT. WERTHER HOUSE - NIGHT

Daryl and Liz stand on the sidewalk in front of the house.

LIZ
Here we are.

DARYL
It's nice.

LIZ
It's ok.

Liz leans into him, and they kiss again.

LIZ
I know you had someone over the
summer. I know you were close,
but I'm here. Right now. Consider
that.

Daryl nods. Liz walks to her door and enters. Daryl watches her until she is gone.

He sighs and walks down the sidewalk away from her house. He tucks his hands in his pockets and wears an expression of pure consternation.

INT. WERTHER HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Macaroni is dumped from a pan into a colander. Water strains into the sink. The pasta is dumped back into the pan. A stick of butter soon follows.

Mike walks into the kitchen and pours himself a glass of water. Karen stands at the stove, stirring the butter into the macaroni noodles.

MIKE
It's good to see you up, mom.

KAREN
I'm making macaroni and cheese.
Are you staying for lunch?

MIKE
I wish I could. I've got to be
somewhere.

Mike downs the water and walks to the door.

KAREN

Mike? You're not running with those boys again, are you?

Mike stops. He doesn't turn around, but his eyes drop. He sighs.

MIKE

No mom. Everything is ok.

KAREN

I just don't want to lose you again.

MIKE

You won't.

KAREN

Hurry home?

MIKE

I will.

Mike exits. Karen pours milk into the pasta followed by the packet of powdered cheese. She stirs the mixture as Liz enters. Liz stops at seeing her mother.

LIZ

You're up.

KAREN

And you are too. Sorry about the other night.

LIZ

Sure. Did Mike just leave?

KAREN

Yes, he had something to do.

LIZ

Did he say what?

KAREN

No. He said everything is ok.

LIZ

He's been acting weird the last couple days.

KAREN

He's just trying to get back into life. I bet it's as hard for him as-

Karen stops and looks down. She stirs some more.

LIZ

As it is for you?

Karen nods. She fetches a pair of bowls and spoons the macaroni and cheese into them. She places a bowl on the table.

KAREN

Here, I made mac and cheese.

Liz shrugs and sits. Karen sits opposite her with her own bowl. They eat throughout the scene.

KAREN

You know, this was your father's favorite meal.

LIZ

Yeah, he was a real class act. Most people consider this a side.

KAREN

I don't know what's going to happen.

LIZ

Well, you sound kind of zoned out still.

KAREN

Liz, please bear with me. I haven't been alone in a long time.

LIZ

You're not alone now. I'm here.

Mike's here.

KAREN

But Paul isn't.

Karen cries. Liz rolls her eyes.

LIZ

If this is the effect mac and cheese is going to have, maybe you shouldn't make it.

KAREN

I'm just so lost without him.

LIZ

Well, work would help to take your mind off it.

KAREN

I was fired.

LIZ

Yeah, I remember. How about finding another job.

KAREN

Stop it.

LIZ

No.

KAREN

Leave it alone.

LIZ

I can't leave it alone. You're not doing what you're supposed to. You know, someone could call child endangerment charges on you, and I'll end up in some foster home. Is that what you want?

KAREN

No!

LIZ
Then do something.

Karen gets up from the table and goes to her room.

LIZ
Oh, that's smart.

Liz takes another bite of the macaroni. She walks over to the kitchen counter. She climbs on the counter to reach a cabinet out of reach for her.

She opens this cabinet to reveal a quantity of a variety of different liquors. She takes a nearly full bottle of vodka and climbs back down.

She takes her bowl of mac and cheese and the bottle and walks to her room.

INT. WERTHER HOUSE - LIZ'S ROOM - LATER

Liz lies on her bed. The empty bowl rests on the floor. The bottle is near it. She is fully dressed, including shoes.

KNOCK, KNOCK.

LIZ
Go away.

The door opens.

LIZ
Well, I know how much you respect me now.

DARYL (O.S.)
Hey, Liz.

Liz turns over to find Daryl standing at the door. She smiles, brightly.

LIZ
Daryl!

DARYL
Can I come in?

LIZ

Sure.

DARYL

No one answered when I knocked,
but the door was open.

Liz sits up. She holds her head and groans.

DARYL

Are you okay? You don't look so
good.

LIZ

You already know about my dad.
Mom's totally fruiting out over
the whole thing. She made mac
and cheese for lunch and just
started crying over his favorite
meal. It's stupid. To top that
off, she's fired and has been
giving her new man, Jack
Daniels, regular blow jobs ever
since.

Daryl shakes his head.

DARYL

Wow. No wonder you didn't want
to go into it the other night.

Liz shrugs.

LIZ

But it's better now that you're
here.

Daryl nods and moves into the room. Liz watches him.

DARYL

Well, we kind of need to talk
about that.

Liz's expression drops.

LIZ

What's wrong?

DARYL
I talked to Angie.

LIZ
Oh.

Liz lies down.

LIZ
When?

DARYL
Two days ago.

Liz looks at him.

LIZ
Two days ago? You sure didn't tell
me this last night.

DARYL
I wasn't expecting last night.

LIZ
You could have said something.

DARYL
I didn't know how to say it.

LIZ
So what now? You want to be with
her? I'm here for the last six or
seven months every day at school,
and you want this chick you slept
with at a freakin' camp? What is
so special about her? What does
she have that I don't? Money?
Looks? Is she prettier? Sexier?
Would I stand a better chance if
we just go at it right now?

DARYL
She's pregnant.

Liz raises her eyebrows.

LIZ
Come again?

Daryl sighs and nods. Liz acts like she was hit by a ton of bricks.

LIZ
You-

She drops her voice to a whisper.

LIZ
You knocked her up?

DARYL
She wants to keep it.

LIZ
She's crazy.

DARYL
I want to be a part of it.

LIZ
You're crazy. She's fifteen.
You shouldn't have slept with
her to begin with.

DARYL
It was a summer fling.

LIZ
It was a Christian summer camp!
Don't they teach you not to
fornicate or something?

He nods.

DARYL
Well...we...

LIZ
No! We're not talking about that.

DARYL
Look, I really only just found all

this out.

LIZ

What do you want me to say?

DARYL

I'm going to tell my parents
with the doctor today.

Liz turns to him, a surprised look on her face.

LIZ

What are you going to say?

DARYL

Just that she's pregnant, she's
keeping the baby, and I want to
be a part of their life. I know,
deep down, she wants me to...

LIZ

Oh, she wants you.

DARYL

That's not what I meant.

LIZ

That's what you said.

DARYL

I mean she wants me to be a part.
It just came out weird.

LIZ

What are you looking for here?
Approval? Acceptance? You want
someone to tell you it's ok?
How do I know whether it's ok?
I'm younger than you are. My
family experience sucks. I
don't even know what one looks
like anymore.

DARYL

I just want-

LIZ

Want what? What can I possibly give you? You come over here, and instead of asking WHY no one answered the door, you kick in to your problems. You know what? I have problems too, and once upon a time, you used to care.

DARYL

Well, I-

LIZ

Yeah, "I". You're looking out for you, aren't you? Well, I've got things to look after to.

DARYL

What do you want? What's wrong?

LIZ

What's wrong? Are you really that stupid?

DARYL

Liz, what do you-

LIZ

Dammit, I'm in love with you!

She drops to her bed and holds her head in her hands. Daryl stands quietly beside her.

LIZ

(whispers)

I thought after last night you would know that.

Daryl sits next to her.

DARYL

Look, I don't know what's going to happen. I thought I had it all worked out when I came over here, but it's all upside-down now. I even...I even thought I'd run away with her if it came down to it.

Liz scoffs and walks across the room, facing away from him.

DARYL

But now, I'm just...confused.

LIZ

Sorry to spoil your perfect
little plan.

He moves closer to her.

DARYL

Liz, I don't know how I feel
about anything right now. Please
understand that.

She turns around.

LIZ

You expect me to bare my soul
for you, and you don't know how
you feel?

She shakes her head, fighting tears. She turns away from him.

LIZ

Go away.

DARYL

Liz-

LIZ

Don't say anything else. Please.
Just leave.

Daryl backs away from her. He exits and closes the door behind
him. Liz turns to the closed door. She runs to her bed and
collapses into her pillow.

INT. LANG'S OFFICE - DAY

James and Laura sit on either side of Daryl. Lang sits across
from them.

LANG

Let's begin. Did everyone get a chance to think about what was said the other day?

The other three nod.

LANG

Does anyone have anything they want to say? Remember, this is a safe environment and we can talk about anything.

Silence. Daryl stares at the floor. He breathes heavily.

DARYL

I... um...

He exhales.

LANG

We're listening.

DARYL

Sorry, this is harder than I thought it was going to be.

LAURA

It's ok, honey.

JAMES

Yeah, how bad can it be?

DARYL

Well, you know how I went to camp last year?

LAURA

You always go to camp.

(to Lang)

He loves going.

Lang nods.

DARYL

Well, while I was there, I met someone.

LAURA
Someone from the church?

DARYL
Well, no.

LAURA
Who is it?

LANG
Patience. Let him speak.

Daryl exhales heavily again.

DARYL
Well, we got to know each other.
And...well...

JAMES
I don't like where this is
going.

LAURA
Stop being so negative.

JAMES
I'm not being negative, it
just seems like-

LAURA
Oh, nonsense. It's a church
camp.

JAMES
That doesn't rule out the
possibility.

LAURA
Get your head out of the-

DARYL
She's pregnant.

They all stop and look at him. James exhales between his teeth.
Laura seems frozen in time, staring at him.

LANG

And when did you learn this?

JAMES

Hold on there, who is this girl?
Does she sleep around?

LANG

Mr. Stephens, calm down. Let's
discuss this in a reasonable
manner, and I'm sure all the
facts will become clear.

LAURA

You had sex at a church camp?

Daryl shrugs. Laura's mouth continues to hang open. James is
squirming in his seat, seething.

LANG

And why did you bring this up
today?

DARYL

Because...because I want to...um...
because I...want to...help her
raise it.

JAMES

Who is it? I want to know who this
little tramp is that seduced you
to-

DARYL

Angie Willbanks.

Even Dr. Lang's jaw drops.

INT. WILLBANKS MANSION - ANYA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Anya sits in front of her vanity wearing a robe. Her hair is
done. She works on her makeup. Angie sits on Anya's bed, already
dressed.

ANYA

I don't know, really. Mom does
have a point.

ANGIE

But isn't it mine? Doesn't it belong to me? Shouldn't I be allowed to make my own choices?

ANYA

Mom would say you were allowed to make your own choice, and look what you did with it. She feels a need to clean up. You know that.

ANGIE

She acts like I don't know what I've done to myself, but I do.

ANYA

What you've done to get that belly, or what you've done to your future?

She points to her belly.

ANGIE

Obviously I know where this came from.

ANYA

What about the rest though.

Angie sighs.

ANGIE

I don't know, Anya. It would help if they would tell me something, but mom won't talk to me about anything but adoption.

ANYA

She's had two kids. She knows how hard it is.

ANGIE

So now you're on her side?

ANYA

I'm just trying to talk to you.
You're the one bringing mom into
it.

ANGIE
He called me.

ANYA
Who did?

ANGIE
The father.

ANYA
God?

Anya laughs. Angie is not amused.

ANGIE
Be serious. You know who I mean.

ANYA
I know what you mean. Is this
what's bringing this on?

ANGIE
He saw me the other day. I was
with mom and dad, but he called,
and he wants to help.

ANYA
How old is he?

ANGIE
Seventeen.

Anya shakes her head.

ANYA
Is he rich?

ANGIE
I don't think so. His dad works
for ours.

ANYA
Say executive.

ANGIE

Nope.

Anya tsks.

ANYA

I can't see it happening.

ANGIE

What should I do?

ANYA

I don't know. The only way you'd get married is to elope. But you couldn't do that till you're eighteen without mom or dad agreeing to it.

Angie sighs and shakes her head.

ANYA

Sorry.

ANGIE

It's okay. I still have my allowance.

ANYA

Dad still gives you your allowance?

Angie nods with a smile.

ANYA

The same allowance he gives me?

ANGIE

He said he wanted to be fair.

ANYA

Oh, my God. What are you going to do?

ANGIE

Nothing. But if I need to do anything, I haven't spent a cent

in the last six months.

ANYA

Does mom know?

ANGIE

Nope. Just dad.

Anya stands.

ANYA

Please, oh please, don't do anything. You'd never survive out there.

ANGIE

I know. But it's tempting.

ANYA

I know how that is. Would you hand me my dress?

Angie gets the dress. Anya drops her robe to reveal her in her undergarments and a stick thin frame. Angie's mouth drops open.

ANGIE

Oh my God. Anya, you're-

ANYA

Thin. Yes, isn't it wonderful?

ANGIE

No. It isn't.

ANYA

What do you know anyway?

Anya takes her dress and slips into it.

ANGIE

Anya, when was the last time you ate anything?

ANYA

Who cares? Mom is happy.

ANGIE

You look sick.

ANYA

You look fat.

ANGIE

You need to eat.

The dress just hangs on Anya. It looks too big.

ANYA

There. Perfect.

ANGIE

You can't go on like this. You actually need to gain weight.

ANYA

You've got to be kidding. First, I'm too fat, then I'm too thin. Why can't you just accept me?

ANGIE

I did accept you. You looked great before.

ANYA

The experts think otherwise.

Anya tries to leave the room.

ANGIE

You need to eat something.

ANYA

Please move.

ANGIE

Promise me you will eat at the party.

ANYA

Angie...

ANGIE

Promise.

Anya sighs.

ANYA

Sure. Fine. Just promise me you won't break into your Fort Knox and fly out of here anytime soon.

ANGIE

Of course not.

ANYA

Now can we go.

INT. WILLBANKS MANSION - FOYER - DAY

Carl and Sarah wait near the front door.

SARAH

I told her to be ready. She always waits till the last minute.

CARL

You worry too much.

SARAH

I just know that Francesca DeSamson will say something. It's in her nature.

CARL

Ignore her.

SARAH

She can't be ignored. What if they ask about Angie? What if they know? What if they know who the father is? I'll be ruined.

CARL

I think they'll figure out Angie once they see her.

SARAH

Oh surely she doesn't think-

They turn. Anya and Angie descend the stairs. Carl and Sarah both get horrified looks on their faces.

CARL

Sarah, she looks terrible!

SARAH

And that's why she isn't coming.

CARL

I'm talking about Anya. What have you done to her?

SARAH

Anya? She's beautiful. She just about where she needs to be.

CARL

Sarah she looks ill.

SARAH

Shut up.

The girls reach the floor. Sarah walks up to Angie.

SARAH

Where do you think you're going?

Angie looks instantly confused.

ANGIE

To the party? We all go.

SARAH

We all go if we all look the way we're supposed to. Anya is perfect. You are pregnant. You aren't going.

CARL

Sarah, we never discussed this.

SARAH

That's enough Carl. I care about this family's reputation whether you do or not.

(to Angie)
And this means, young lady, that
you aren't going.

ANGIE
You haven't let me out of the house
since I started showing. I know
you're ashamed, but they're going to
figure it out once the baby comes.

SARAH
No, they won't because you're not
keeping it.

ANGIE
Mom-

SARAH
No, I am not going to spend all
night turning a deaf ear to all of
those people who should be beneath
me. No one is going to talk to me
about my pregnant daughter or my
bad parenting skills. I will not
allow it.

ANGIE
But-

SARAH
No.
(to Anya)
Come Anya. You look fabulous.

Sarah and Anya step to the door. Sarah looks at Carl.

SARAH
Well?

Carl sighs and opens the door. Sarah marches out with Anya. Carl
looks at Angie.

CARL
I'm sorry, little one. I wanted
you to come.

ANGIE

It's not your fault, dad.

She turns to walk back up the stairs.

CARL

You're wrong, Angie.

Angie turns to him.

CARL

It is my fault. She got out of control, and I let her. Now, it's too late to turn back.

A horn sounds. Carl and Angie turn to it. Carl walks to Angie and kisses her on the forehead.

CARL

Try to have a good evening. Use some of that allowance you've been squirreling away.

He winks.

CARL

I promise I won't tell.

Angie nods. Carl walks out the door, but before he shuts it, he turns back to her.

CARL

For the record, some people aren't ready to be grandparents.

He smiles at her.

CARL

But some are. Good night.

ANGIE

Good night.

He closes the door behind him.

EXT. WILLBANKS MANSION - NIGHT

From across the street, Hector, Mike, and several other boys wait behind a hedge, watching. Carl walks down the sidewalk and gets into his car.

HECTOR

You ready, Mikey?

MIKE

I can't do this.

HECTOR

It's too late for that. You're already here.

MIKE

But this is Anya's house. I didn't know you were going to hit it.

HECTOR

We've got a few lined up, but I thought this one would be the most nostalgic for you.

MIKE

I don't think so.

Mike turns to leave.

HECTOR

She may be out tonight, Mikey, but we'll just get her on another night. Do this for the family. Your family. Here, with us.

Mike turns back to him.

MIKE

Why?

HECTOR

Because I can't have you going soft. When I really need you, I want you to be there, and I need this to hang over your head. What would your girl say if I

told her you robbed her house?

Hector laughs.

HECTOR

It's your choice. You stay clean.
She gets dirty. You get dirty.
She stays clean.

Mike sighs.

MIKE

All right. When do you want to
go?

HECTOR

Alarm companies contact the
homeowner on every number they
have. It's hard to say how serious
they'll take a phone line cut. We
need to give them time to be long
gone before we move. Sit tight for
awhile.

Everyone sits and watches the house.

INT. STEPHENS HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The door flies open. James storms in.

JAMES

Unbelievable. This is absolutely
unbelievable.

Daryl and Laura follow him in. Laura closes the door behind
them.

JAMES

Do you have any idea what could
happen to me at work if they
find out my son knocked up the
boss's daughter? Do you?

Daryl and Laura stand near the door.

JAMES

Sit down!

Daryl and Laura both move into the living room and sit.

JAMES

I could be fired. We've got to do something about this.

LAURA

I don't think you have any room to-

JAMES

(to Daryl)

Has she told anyone who you are?

DARYL

No.

JAMES

How do you know?

DARYL

She told me.

JAMES

When?

DARYL

Earlier this week. She didn't tell because she knew you worked for her dad, and didn't want anything to happen to you.

James' face softens momentarily.

DARYL

But I want to help her.

James grows angry again.

JAMES

I will not have you ruining your life by becoming a parent so early.

DARYL

It's a little late for that.

LAURA

If he's decided to do this, then-

JAMES

We cannot allow him to ruin his life!

LAURA

We could help them.

JAMES

Help them? She's got all the money in the world, let them support her. We have never had a problem with that camp until now, and-

LAURA

It wasn't the camp. They chose to do this.

JAMES

They weren't supervised.

LAURA

I think you know all about choices.

JAMES

We're not talking about us. What about college?

DARYL

I can still go.

JAMES

No if you're trying to raise a child. You'll need to work. And when you're not working, you'll be taking care of the family. College takes money, and you'll be spending all you have supporting them. It's a cruel irony when you find the only way to have enough money to have a family and go to college is to

have a college degree so you can
earn enough to do it.

LAURA

Oh, is your support stretched too
thin to help your own son?

JAMES

Don't encourage him. Don't you
realize what this is? One child
raising another. It's insane. I
hadn't even heard in our gossip-
laden business that Willbanks
had a pregnant daughter. He must
have worked hard to keep this
quiet. You know what? I'll bet
they've been working her over to
get rid of the baby too.

DARYL

She doesn't want to get rid of it.
She wants to keep it and raise it,
and I want to help her.

JAMES

You don't know what you want.

DARYL

I do know. I'm old enough to know
what I want.

JAMES

I didn't know what I wanted until
I was twenty, and even then I wasn't
sure.

Laura scoffs.

LAURA

Yeah, you can say that again.

JAMES

We're not talking about that
right now.

Daryl scoffs and walks to his room.

JAMES

Don't you walk away from me.

James makes to follow him, but Laura stops him.

LAURA

Are you listening to yourself? Do you have any idea how mean you're being to him? He's just as stubborn as you are, and he's made up his mind. Once you make up your mind, you don't change it, and neither will he. In that regard alone, he is your son.

JAMES

Stop defending him!

LAURA

Really? Stop defending him? How many hours of defense have I heard from you?

JAMES

That is not the same thing?

LAURA

No, it's just as immature.

JAMES

We're not talking about this.

LAURA

You need to calm down.

Laura walks into the kitchen.

JAMES

Don't tell me to calm down. Hey, don't walk away from me.

INT. STEPHENS HOUSE - DARYL'S ROOM - NIGHT

Daryl sits on his bed, the phone to his ear.

DARYL

I know you told me not to call again, but I had to.

ANGIE (V.O.)

It's okay. I got left home alone tonight anyway. What's up?

DARYL

You told me you want to keep the baby, right?

INTERCUT DARYL'S ROOM / ANGIE'S ROOM

ANGIE

My mom's had me in therapy for months trying to convince me to give it out for adoption, but I won't do it.

DARYL

I told my parents about it today.

ANGIE

You did what?

DARYL

They flipped out. They're downstairs right now talking about how I ruined my life.

ANGIE

Daryl, I'm not asking you to-

DARYL

No, I want to.

ANGIE

There's no way my mother would let you.

DARYL

I want to get away from here.

ANGIE

Yeah, me too, but-

DARYL

Then let's do it. We can get away from them and raise the child on our own away from them.

ANGIE

That's crazy.

DARYL

I know.

A long silence passes.

ANGIE

How would we live?

DARYL

I don't know. We'll find a way. I do know that I'm not getting any help from my parents. They don't support us.

ANGIE

Us? Did you tell them who I am?

DARYL

Yes.

Another long silence.

DARYL

What do you think?

ANGIE

Daryl, I've wanted a way out for so long. I don't know how we'll do it, but I'm willing to go.

DARYL

Well, I have some money. I can come get you.

ANGIE

I have some money, too. My dad gives me an allowance, and I haven't been able to spend it for months, so I've been just keeping it in my room. I guess part of me

thought, or hoped, this might happen.

A long silence. Daryl takes a deep breath.

DARYL

So, I'll see you soon?

ANGIE

Ok.

END INTERCUT

INT. WILLBANKS MANSION - ANGIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Angie hangs up the phone. She steps back for a moment and looks out the window.

ANGIE

What have I done?

INT. STEPHENS HOUSE - DARYL'S ROOM - NIGHT

Daryl takes a duffel bag from the top of his closet. Lays it open on his bed. Grabs clothes out of his dresser and closet and tosses them into the bag.

INT. WILLBANKS MANSION - ANGIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Angie opens a suitcase on her bed. Takes a series of clothes and outfits, maternity and otherwise, and places them carefully into the suitcase.

INT. STEPHENS HOUSE - DARYL'S ROOM - NIGHT

Daryl throws the last pair of socks into his bag. He pulls the sides together and closes the bag. He slings it over his shoulder and walks out of his room.

IN THE LIVING ROOM

Daryl walks toward the front door. His parents continue their discussion in the kitchen and out of sight.

JAMES (O.S.)

We raised him right. How could he think it was okay to do something like this? And at a Christian camp!

LAURA (O.S.)

You're a fine one to talk about responsibility. You're sure I'm the only one left?

JAMES (O.S.)

This is great. Grandparents before he's out of high school. They'll probably expect to live under our roof and expect us to support them too.

LAURA (O.S.)

They deserve our support. You owe me this.

JAMES (O.S.)

I'll bet her parents are working to adopt it out so everyone's out from under it.

LAURA (O.S.)

It's a baby, not a loan.

JAMES (O.S.)

I don't want to spend my life supporting them.

LAURA (O.S.)

What's one more family to support for you?

JAMES (O.S.)

We can't afford it.

Daryl reaches the door and opens it. He turns back to their trailing voices.

DARYL

You won't have to.

He closes the door softly behind him.

INT. WILLBANKS MANSION - ANGIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Angie looks out the window again. Her bag is packed behind her on her bed and she watches the street. Out of the bushes across the street, a group of boys steals out and crosses to her house.

She watches them curiously.

EXT. WILLBANKS MANSION - NIGHT

The boys pad to the front of the house. Hector points to one of the boys and whispers.

HECTOR

Cut the line.

The boy nods and runs off.

INT. WILLBANKS MANSION - ANGIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Angie backs away from the window. She turns around, eyes wide open. A clicking sound rings through the house like someone at the lock.

EXT. WILLBANKS MANSION - NIGHT

One of the boys is working the lock to the door. Mike looks at the house. Hector smiles.

HECTOR

Fond memories?

MIKE

The lights are on. Maybe the house isn't empty.

HECTOR

Rich people always leave their lights on to make you think they're home.

He turns around to the other houses. Every other house on the block is dark. Hector shrugs.

HECTOR

Well, the smart ones, anyway.

The door opens. The "beep-beep-beep" of an alarm system set to door chime sounds off. The boy turns around and nods. Hector claps his hands together.

HECTOR

Let's go.

INT. WILLBANKS MANSION - FOYER - NIGHT

Hector enters with Mike and the boys.

HECTOR

This place is really something.
You know, Mikey, if you did hook
up with her, you'd be set for
life.

Angie stands at the top of the stairs, hiding around a corner. She watches them. She stares at Mike.

ANGIE

Mike? Why?

Hector points to the boys.

HECTOR

Okay, spread out. We don't have
much time.

(to Mikey)

Why don't you head upstairs and
scope it out. I'm sure these
chicks have all kinds of cash
stuffed everywhere. You can grab a
souvenir pair of Anya's panties if
you want. Go on.

Mike shakes his head and walks upstairs.

ON THE SECOND FLOOR

Angie backs away from the corner and ducks into her room. Mike reaches the head of the stairs and looks around. He walks toward Angie's room.

IN ANGIE'S ROOM

Angie looks around frantically. She opens her closet door and hides inside, closing the door softly behind her as Mike enters. Mike cocks his head as the closet door latch clicks shut.

He walks across the room and opens the door. On the floor of the closet, Angie sits with her legs curled up. She covers her face momentarily.

She brings her arms down. Mike continues looking at her.

ANGIE

(whispers)

Mike. Why?

Mike reaches into his pocket and pulls out his cell phone. He hands it to her.

MIKE

Call nine-one-one.

He closes the door. Walks out of the room and closes the room door behind him.

IN THE HALLWAY

another boy passes Mike.

BOY 1

Anything good in there?

MIKE

Nah, it's her little sister's room.

IN ANGIE'S CLOSET

Angie listens.

MIKE (O.S.)

I'm going to check out Anya's room.

BOY 1 (O.S.)
I'm checking out the other rooms.
This place is a goldmine.

She closes her eyes and waits.

INT. STEPHENS HOUSE - NIGHT

Laura walks through the house to Daryl's room and knocks.

LAURA
Daryl? Daryl, honey, are you okay?

She furrows her brow. She knocks again.

LAURA
Daryl?

She opens the door.

IN DARYL'S ROOM

she finds a mess. She walks in and looks at it all. The drawers are open and mostly empty. The closet is in a shamble. She touches the dresser's empty drawer.

Her eyes grow wide.

LAURA
James!

She turns and runs from the room and

INTO THE KITCHEN

where James stands drinking a cup of coffee with an angry look on his face.

LAURA
James, he's gone.

JAMES
What do you mean, "he's gone"?

LAURA

Don't ask me stupid questions.
You know what I mean. He's gone.

She beats on his chest.

LAURA

You wouldn't accept him and he
ran away. You hypocritical son of
a-

James stops her beating.

JAMES

Stop. He's probably cooling off
somewhere. He'll be back. Who
was that friend he was going to
the other night?

Laura smirks.

LAURA

Oh, I never told you, did I?

JAMES

No.

LAURA

Liz Werther.

James gapes at her for a moment. She walks to the door and opens
it. James follows her.

JAMES

Where are you going?

LAURA

You might not care, but I'm
going to find our son.

JAMES

I told you-

LAURA

I'm going to find out.

JAMES

Why don't you just call her?

LAURA

If he is there, and he doesn't want to talk, she'll say he isn't there. I'm not going to give her that chance.

Laura slams the door. James rolls his eyes and takes another drink. He picks up the phone and dials a number.

INT. WILLBANKS MANSION - ANGIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Angie peeks out of the closet. Voices are muffled through the door. She walks to her window and looks out. There is a sheer drop from her window to the ground below.

She puts the phone in her pocket and grabs her bag. She drops her bag out the window. It lands on the ground directly beneath.

She sticks her head out the window and looks around. No one is outside on the grounds anywhere. She takes a big breath and exhales as she stares downward.

EXT. WILLBANKS MANSION - NIGHT

Angie climbs onto the window ledge. She situates herself backwards on it, hanging her feet over the edge. She lowers herself down the wall, her hands hanging on the window ledge.

In the windows below, some of the boys walk back and forth. Their voices sound muffled through the panes. Angie looks down to see their shadows on the ground from the lights inside the house.

Her feet hang between the windows. With a final breath, she releases her hold on the ledge. She lands on the ground and falls onto her butt.

She rolls to her side and breathes. She places a hand over her belly for a moment. She looks back at the house. She grabs her bag and runs to the sidewalk.

EXT. WILLBANKS NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - NIGHT

A taxi stops short of the Willbanks house. Daryl gets out and runs down the sidewalk towards the house. Angie emerges from the yard and almost runs into him.

ANGIE

Daryl!

DARYL

Hey, I wasn't expecting you to meet me outside.

ANGIE

Me either. Let's go.

She takes his arm and walks back to the taxi with him. She pulls the phone out of her pocket and dials 911.

DARYL

What's going on?

ANGIE

(to phone)

Hi, I need to report a break in.

INT. WERTHER HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

POUND, POUND, POUND, POUND. Liz walks through the house and opens the door. A very frazzled Laura stands before her.

LAURA

Is he here?

LIZ

Who? Who are you?

LAURA

I'm Daryl's mother. Is he here?

LIZ

Should he be?

LAURA

Don't play games with me, Liz, is he here or not?

LIZ

No, he's not. What happened?

LAURA

I don't want to talk about it right now. When was the last time you saw him?

LIZ

Earlier today. Before he saw the shrink. We had a little bit of a fight.

LAURA

Oh, I see. Well, let me know if you hear from him. Please?

LIZ

Sure, no problem. Good luck.

LAURA

Thanks.

Laura runs off. Liz shuts the door. She has a worried look on her face.

LIZ

Oh, my God.

INT. WILLBANKS HOUSE - ANYA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Mike walks through Anya's room. He looks at her pictures and knick-knacks. He picks up the Guardian Angel clip she took from the car Mike stole so long ago. Mike sighs and closes his eyes.

IN THE FOYER

everyone is gathering back together. Hector looks at the boys and stops.

HECTOR

Wait a minute. Why didn't the alarm go off?

BOY 1

We cut the line.

HECTOR

That stops the transmission. The alarm would still sound off.

A boy runs over to the alarm panel.

BOY

Hey, Hector, it wasn't set.

Hector walks over and looks at it.

HECTOR

Either these people are very stupid...or someone was home when we arrived. And if someone was at home...

Sirens and blue and red flashing lights flood the room. Hector looks caught.

IN ANYA'S ROOM

Mike looks out the window and sees the cops down below. He smiles.

MIKE

Good girl.

Mike turns to the closet and hides inside.

IN THE CLOSET

Mike curls himself into a corner under clothes and shoes.

IN THE FOYER

the police burst in. The boys try to run out the back, but they are detained. Hector is handcuffed.

INT. STEPHENS HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

James stands in the kitchen with the phone to his ear. Laura enters.

JAMES

(on phone)

That's right ... About an hour ago ... well, he might have changed since then, but that's what he had on earlier. He took a bag with him.

Laura glares at him.

JAMES

(on phone)

Thank you ... Goodbye.

James hangs up.

LAURA

What were you doing?

JAMES

Letting the police know he ran away.

LAURA

That's all you've done.

JAMES

They'll let their patrols know. If they see a kid that matches him, they'll call us. An officer will drop by and grab his picture.

LAURA

Why don't you call Mr. Willbanks and find out if they've seen him? I mean, that's the next place I would think he'd go.

JAMES

I am not calling my boss.

LAURA

Why not?

JAMES

I could lose my job over this.

LAURA

So your job is more important

than finding your son?

JAMES

This is not a fair discussion. My job puts food on the table.

LAURA

He's your son!

JAMES

I'll drive by their house and see what I can see.

LAURA

Oh, perfect. And what if there are lights on?

JAMES

If I don't hear screaming, he's probably not there.

Laura's mouth drops open. She looks at him like he has lost his mind.

LAURA

Going anywhere else?

JAMES

Not tonight.

He looks at her.

JAMES

I do need to go by there tomorrow morning. Just to finalize it.

LAURA

We need to resolve this too.

JAMES

It won't take long. I promise. Just to sign the papers.

LAURA

Just look for Daryl right now. I don't want to think about the rest of your lives right now.

James nods, grabs his keys, and walks out the door.

INT. HAROLDTON COUNTRY CLUB - NIGHT

It's a black tie affair. Women in gorgeous evening gowns. Men in tuxes. No riff-raff here. Only the best of society. Waiters pass in between the crowds with trays of food and drinks.

One of them passes by FRANCESCA DESAMSON, a woman who looks 40 after what might be considerable plastic surgery, but it's hard to tell, and her nose permanently stuck in an upward position. She plants her empty glass on a drink tray and takes another.

Sarah stands nearby. She looks bored.

FRANCESCA

...and I heard that she actually wants to keep the little bastard.

SARAH

That's just silly. Wherever would you have heard such a thing?

FRANCESCA

My reliable sources.

SARAH

Your sources were wrong, my dear Francesca. She is certainly giving the child up. She wouldn't dream of keeping a child born of rape.

FRANCESCA

Did they ever catch the man who did this to her...where did it happen again?

SARAH

Oh, at the mall. A hideous place for children to go, in my opinion. So many horrible things happen there. It just isn't safe anymore.

Francesca smiles a smile that drips with condescension.

FRANCESCA

Sarah, dear, lying is not a skill you've mastered just yet. I wouldn't suggest trying in circles so skilled in the art.

SARAH

Oh, I assure you it is the truth. Fortunately, my other daughter is pure. Have you seen her? She is an up and coming model. Bill DeFranjebou simply can't wait to use her.

Sarah points to Anya, gracefully weaving through the crowd. A MAITRE'D steps up to Carl and whispers to him. Carl nods and leaves the assembly.

Anya stumbles for a moment. She holds her stomach. She grips the edge of a chair. She takes a few step forward, bumping into someone. They scoff and look deeply offended.

Anya stumbles forward a few more steps and falls to the ground knocking a waiter off balance tossing food into another woman. She shrieks.

Sarah covers her face, as if embarrassed.

SARAH

Oh, can this night get worse?

Carl steps to her.

CARL

The police called the club. Our house was broken into. They need us to head right over.

He looks over to Anya, who is still on the floor. People are finally taking notice of her.

CARL

Anya?

SARAH

If she was tired, she should have

slept before we left.

Carl steps to Anya's side and rolls her over. She is unconscious.

CARL

Anya? Anya, wake up, honey.

Sarah's look changes to concern.

CARL

I need a doctor.

Another man steps out of the crowd and kneels over her. Carl stands and looks at Sarah.

CARL

Take her to the hospital. I'm going to the house to make sure Angie's all right.

SARAH

Carl, I can't leave the party.

CARL

You can and will. Go with her. I'm calling an ambulance.

Carl walks out without giving her a chance to respond. Sarah turns and gives a half-hearted smile.

FRANCESCA

Problems, Sarah?

Sarah hides her face.

EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

Not a seedy establishment by any means, but it ain't the Hilton. Just a series of rooms that open into a large parking lot. A taxi pulls into the parking lot. Daryl and Angie get out of the cab and walk to the sidewalk.

INT. ROOM 7 - NIGHT

The door swings open. Daryl and Angie enter. Daryl closes the door behind him. Angie walks in and sits on the bed. Daryl walks in and sits in a chair near the bed.

Angie stares at the floor. Daryl folds his hands.

ANGIE

We came all this way. You might
as well sit with me.

Daryl nods and moves himself to sitting next to her on the bed.

DARYL

Sorry. I didn't expect to be so-

ANGIE

-uncomfortable? Yeah, me either.
I knew we wouldn't pick up
where we left off, but-

DARYL

-I thought it would be easier.

ANGIE

Yeah.

They sit silently again.

DARYL

I don't expect you to just jump
in and sleep with me again.
That's not why I'm here. I want
to do the right thing.

ANGIE

I know. But are we doing the
right thing now?

DARYL

I don't know. My parents don't
support us. They say I'm ruining
my life.

ANGIE

I know how that goes.

She looks at him.

ANGIE

When camp was over, I thought it would be easy to forget you. When I learned I was pregnant, it got even harder. Not a day goes by when you don't cross my mind.

DARYL

For months, I've been treated for depression. When I'm at my lowest, it's because I am wishing I could see you. Or even just hear you voice.

She smiles. She lays her head on his shoulder. He puts his arm around her.

ANGIE

It's going to be ok, right?

DARYL

I hope so.

INT. WILLBANKS MANSION - FOYER - NIGHT

Carl stands with a police officer, FRANK SPENSTER. The items the boys had gathered together remains in the center of the foyer.

CARL

I'm Carl Willbanks. What happened?

FRANK

Had a local gang break into your house and start packing things up. We got a 911 call about it. Came right over to catch them red-handed.

CARL

911? From the alarm company?

FRANK

No, your daughter called it in. Angie?

CARL

Where is she?

FRANK

You don't know?

CARL

Don't know what?

FRANK

Where she is.

CARL

No, I don't know where she is.
If I knew, I wouldn't ask.

FRANK

She's not here.

CARL

You're sure?

FRANK

Absolutely. We went through the
whole house. There's no one here.

CARL

Did any of the gang see her?

FRANK

We didn't ask them. You want to
come down to the station and ask?

ON THE SECOND FLOOR

Mike stands with his back to the wall, listening to the
conversation. Their voices fade as they walk away.

CARL (O.S.)

Yes. Your boys didn't see her
at all?

FRANK (O.S.)

Sorry, Mr. Willbanks.

CARL (O.S.)

Geez, what a night. One goes

into the hospital; the other
goes missing.

Mike's eyes widen.

FRANK (O.S.)
Hospital?

CARL (O.S.)
She collapsed at a party.

FRANK (O.S.)
Sorry to hear that. Hope she'll
be okay.

The door closes. Mike is alone.

INT. WERTHER HOUSE - DAY

Liz walks through the house. Her steps are slow. Her nose is red. She looks hungover. She stops. Sniffs the air. She walks

INTO THE KITCHEN

where she finds James Stephens, dressed in business casual, sitting at the kitchen table.

LIZ
Well, I guess that explains why
you bothered to get out of bed.
He's back.

KAREN
I was up already, Liz. Your
father showed up as I was making
breakfast for everyone. Isn't
that a happy coincidence?

LIZ
Does Mike know?

Mike walks in behind her. He is dressed as he was the previous night.

MIKE
I saw him pull up.

LIZ

When did you get in? I know you were out late.

Mike turns to her.

MIKE

And you know this how?

Liz stares at him for a long moment, as if trying to focus.

LIZ

What are we talking about?

Mike rolls his eyes.

MIKE

So hi, dad. I got out.

JAMES

Good.

LIZ

He doesn't care, Mike. He left us, and he doesn't care.

(to James)

How dare you leave us here to mom's abuse. You know this is the first time I've seen her this happy in days. Maybe she still likes you. I mean, you walk in the door, and suddenly everything's sunshine and roses.

KAREN

Are you staying for breakfast, Paul?

JAMES

Karen, I brought divorce papers.

Karen stops.

KAREN

Did she make you?

JAMES

Yes. She learned about you and forced me to choose between you.

LIZ

You've got a girlfriend? Oh, my God!

Karen smiles and attempts to speak completely through her false smile.

KAREN

Liz, don't be silly. He doesn't have a girlfriend.

Liz looks at her mother as if Karen is suddenly the most naïve person on the face of the planet. Karen keeps her back to him.

KAREN

Your father has another wife.

Liz and Mike drop their jaws in shock. They turn their heads to James.

KAREN

That's right. Apparently, he gets paid enough at work to have two houses and two families in this very neighborhood. All this time, when we thought he was away on business with the Willbanks corporation, it was a lie to spend time with his other family. The phone calls from work? His other wife calling. The emergency meeting? The other family. All this time. God, I feel so stupid.

MIKE

Who's the other family?

KAREN

Yes, Paul, if you still want me to call you that, tell them. Tell them your real name.

James sighs.

JAMES

James...

He looks at Liz.

JAMES

...Stephens.

KAREN

Now why don't you go ahead and completely break your daughter's heart and tell her who her other brother is.

Liz backs away shaking her head. James stands and walks to her.

LIZ

No. Not Stephens.

JAMES

Liz, try to understand-

Liz runs out of the room. James turns to the room. Mike decks him. James goes down. Mike goes in for another hit. Karen stops him.

KAREN

Mike. Don't.

MIKE

How'd you end up with two wives anyway?

JAMES

Look, I met your mother at a Willbanks company party. My wife couldn't come because she was pregnant, and I ended up meeting your mother. We got a little drunk and slept together. I lied about my name, and I saw her a few more times after that. Then I found out she was pregnant. I didn't want her to find out about Laura and I didn't want Laura to find out about her, so I married

her. I never told her my real name until a few days ago when it all blew up in my face. Yes, it's wrong. No, I can't change it. I just need to end it.

KAREN

Oh, eighteen years. Just like that.

JAMES

I don't want to fight about this. I just want the papers signed.

KAREN

You got a hot date?

JAMES

Karen, just sign it.

MIKE

Maybe you need to cut the attitude. She didn't do anything wrong.

KAREN

It's all right, Mike. I'll sign.

Karen signs and hands the papers to James.

KAREN

Have a nice life.

JAMES

I'm sorry about this. I'll set up a time to see the kids.

KAREN

Just go.

JAMES

Good-bye, Mike.

Mike frowns at him. James takes the papers and leaves. Karen watches him go. Mike looks at her.

MIKE

Are you ok, mom?

Karen has a tear run down her cheek.

KAREN

What do you think?

She wipes the tear away.

KAREN

I need to make sure Liz is
okay.

Mike nods. Karen walks through the house and knocks on Liz's door.

KAREN

Liz? Honey, are you ok?

Karen knocks again. No response. Karen tries the doorknob. It's unlocked. She swings the door open.

KAREN

Liz?

Liz lies on the floor in her room. A bottle of vodka is in her left hand on its side, the liquid running out of the bottle. Liz's eyes are open and staring. Karen runs in.

KAREN

Liz?

Karen slaps Liz's face. She feels for a pulse. She turns around.

KAREN

Mike!

INT. MOTEL 6 - ROOM 7 - DAY

Angie and Daryl lie on the bed. They are on top of the covers and still dressed as they were the previous night. Daryl has his arm around her, and she has her head on his chest.

She stirs. She looks around, and then at him. She smiles. She brushes a wisp of hair from his face. He turns his face to her and opens his eyes.

ANGIE

Hi.

DARYL

Hi. How're you doing?

ANGIE

Ok. I don't even remember
falling asleep.

DARYL

Me either. I guess we were tired.

ANGIE

I guess so.

Angie screws up her face.

DARYL

What's wrong?

ANGIE

Oh, it's probably those false
labor pains. I've gotta move
around.

DARYL

Ok.

Daryl jumps out of the bed, and she takes his hand to stand up.
She walks around the room.

ANGIE

You know, we can't stay here
forever. What are we going to
do?

DARYL

Well, I guess we can find a small
apartment or something.

Angie nods.

ANGIE

And you'll probably have to get a
job.

DARYL

Oh wow.

ANGIE

Well, you've got responsibilities
now, mister.

DARYL

Yeah, I guess I do. This is
weird.

ANGIE

Well, this was your idea.

DARYL

I didn't twist your arm.

ANGIE

I know. Oh...

Angie doubles over. She places her hand over her belly. Daryl
looks at her, concerned.

DARYL

Are you ok?

ANGIE

I don't know. I've been feeling
these all night, but they haven't
been like this.

DARYL

Is it time?

ANGIE

Can't be. It's too early.

She winces again.

ANGIE

Ok. Call a taxi.

INT. HOSPITAL - DELIVERY ROOM - DAY

Angie is lying in a hospital bed. A nurse covers Angie's legs with blanket and lifts up her gown to expose her belly. Daryl stands by her.

DARYL

Do you want me to leave for this?

Angie laughs.

ANGIE

No, stay. Be grateful you don't know what goes on at my doctor visits. I've lost a lot of modesty lately.

The nurse finds a heartbeat with an electrode and adheres it to Angie's belly. Daryl looks over to the machine with all the lights and a digital number showing the infant heart rate.

DARYL

That's its heart beat?

NURSE

That's it, dad. Won't be long.

The nurse exits. Daryl watches her go. He looks scared.

DARYL

Dad?

ANGIE

I've been dealing with the thought of mom for months. You still sure you want to go through with this? I've been ready to do it alone for awhile now.

Daryl nods.

DARYL

I'm sure.

She reaches out and takes his hand. She clasps his hand and brings it up to her face and kisses it.

LATER

Their hands are still interlocked. Angie's legs are up in the stirrups and a DOCTOR sits in the ready position staring between them. A nurse stands beside him with a table of implements.

Angie's forehead is beaded with sweat. She's breathing heavily. Daryl is keeping his eyes trained on her face.

DOCTOR
Give me a push, Angie.

Angie grunts.

DOCTOR
All right. We've got the head.

Daryl looks over and down between her legs. He whips his head back around, looking ill.

DARYL
Oh, my God.

ANGIE
What? Is it ok?

DARYL
I just wasn't ready for that.

DOCTOR
You're doing fine. Dad's just got a weak stomach, I guess. Come on, let's get those shoulders out. One more.

Angie grunts and pushes. Daryl reacts in pain to her squeezing his hand.

DOCTOR
It's a boy.

The sound of a baby crying echoes across the room. Angie looks at Daryl. He smiles. She pulls him close to her and kisses him.

ANGIE
Thank you for being here for me.

DARYL

I'll always be here for you.

NURSE

Do you want to hold him?

Angie nods. She takes the newborn in her arms. Daryl looks at it.

ANGIE

Well, daddy? Are you sure?

Daryl stares at the child for a long moment. He smiles.

DARYL

I hope so.

ANGIE

No matter what my parents say.
He's staying with us. No matter
what.

They kiss again.

INT. HOSPITAL - ANYA'S ROOM - DAY

The Culture page of the newspaper. Right on the front page is the headline: "Young Socialite Collapses At Party".

A picture of Anya showing off how bony she is splashes the page along with other pictures of her being carted away in an ambulance. The byline under the picture reads: "Anya Willbanks starving to death."

ANYA

Oh, my God. "Hopeful dreams of following in her prestigious mother's modeling footsteps hangs in the balance as Anya Willbanks' growing anorexia problem takes over, causing her to collapse at the annual Wilhelm Potter's Ball." We make our mother so proud.

Sitting across from her is Angie, dressed in pajamas and house shoes.

ANGIE

Yeah. Have you eaten yet?

ANYA

I haven't stopped since I got here. They check on me every half hour to ask if I'm still hungry. The doctor said I'm to eat until I'm full. I'm not full yet.

The door opens. It's a nurse with another tray.

ANYA

Just put it here. Thank you.

The nurse walks in and places a hospital meal on a tray that extends over the hospital bed. The nurse exits.

ANYA

You know, when you're as hungry as I am, this nasty hospital food tastes pretty good.

ANGIE

You think mom will still ride you over it.

ANYA

Probably. I don't care though. I'm never taking another diuretic in my life.

ANGIE

How are you going to stand up to her?

ANYA

I don't know. Maybe I'll just run away with Mike. You set a good example.

Angie looks down.

ANGIE

Yeah, about Mike...

Anya stops eating.

ANYA
What about him?

ANGIE
You know about the house.

ANYA
Yeah. They caught the guys that
did it.

ANGIE
Mike was there too.

Anya stops and looks at her. She shakes her head.

ANYA
That's not what I heard.

ANGIE
It's true. I was there too.
He gave me his phone. Told me
to call nine-one-one.

ANYA
Why wasn't he taken in then?

MIKE (O.S.)
Because I was hiding.

Angie and Anya look up. Anya looks hurt.

ANYA
You were there?

Mike nods.

ANGIE
I'll leave you two alone.

Angie makes for the door.

MIKE
Congratulations, Angie.

ANGIE

Thanks.

Angie exits. Anya continues looking at him.

ANYA

You helped them break into my house?

Mike nods.

ANYA

You knew I lived there, right?

Mike nods.

ANYA

Why?

MIKE

They told me if I didn't go with them, they would hurt you. Have you seen a dark car sitting across the street from your house?

Anya nods, her eyes growing wide.

MIKE

If I said no, they would have raped you or worse. I couldn't let them hurt you.

ANYA

So you went along.

Mike nods.

ANYA

What if you were caught again? You'd go to prison.

MIKE

But you'd be okay.

Anya stares at him, tears budding in her eyes. She holds out her arms.

ANYA

Come here.

Mike walks to her and they embrace. They break and she looks at him.

ANYA

You would give up your life for me?

MIKE

What are guardian angels for?

INT. HOSPITAL - WAITING ROOM - DAY

Daryl sits in a chair across from James and Laura. The chairs are pulled fairly close together, as if they had a very private conversation. Daryl looks like he is in shock.

DARYL

I don't know what to say. How did you keep this a secret?

JAMES

A very elaborate story that I had to work hard to keep track of. I slipped up last week. It didn't take your mother long to piece it together from there.

LAURA

It only took me eighteen years.

DARYL

I don't understand why, though.

JAMES

I don't know. I got caught up in what was going on, and once it started, I didn't know how to end it. I was with your mom first, so when the ultimatum was made, that's what I went with.

DARYL

So Liz is-

James nods. Daryl drops his forehead to his head, his elbow resting on the armrest. He exhales.

JAMES

I shouldn't have exploded on you about this Angie thing, but I was afraid you might do what I did. It's not a good life living a lie.

DARYL

Well, I don't know what I'm getting into, but I just want you to be there.

LAURA

We will be.

JAMES

We will, son.

Carl steps up behind them.

CARL

Excuse me.

James snaps to his feet.

JAMES

Mr. Willbanks. How are you?

Carl looks at James for a moment.

CARL

Jim Stephens, right? I thought I recognized you the other day.

The men shake hands.

JAMES

You know me?

CARL

I know all of my employees.

He looks at Daryl.

CARL

And you...

Daryl looks up at him, fear in his eyes.

CARL

...we need to talk.

INT. HOSPITAL - ANGIE'S ROOM - DAY

Angie enters her room. Neither Daryl nor the baby are there. Sarah stands against the wall and watches Angie as she enters.

SARAH

You think you're so smart.

Angie whirls around.

SARAH

You run away from home only to come crawling back when you have trouble.

ANGIE

Who said I'm coming back?

SARAH

Who do you think paid for this little bastard you birthed?

ANGIE

Daddy did. Not you.

Sarah laughs.

SARAH

Your father does nothing. I control what happens in this family.

ANGIE

You know where I was? I went with him to a motel and we stayed the night there.

Sarah looks confused.

ANGIE

I was with the child's father.
His name is Daryl, and his
dad works for mine.

Sarah gasps, dramatically.

ANGIE

That's right, mom. Your
grandchild has a worker's kid
for a father.

SARAH

I will have him fired.

ANGIE

No, you won't. And you know
what else you won't do? You
won't stop me from marrying
him. I don't like you very much
right now, and I'm finally not
afraid to say it. You're killing
me, and you're killing Anya too.

SARAH

Anya has potential.

ANGIE

Anya almost died!

Sarah pauses for a moment. She regains her composure.

SARAH

I'm ashamed of you. I can't
bear to ever have you as a
daughter. You know, I can
barely show my face in public
because of you. I hope you're
happy with this worker's kid,
because he's going to have to
take care of you. You will no
longer have a place in this
family or Christian society.

CARL (O.S.)

That is not true.

Sarah turns to find Carl standing in the doorway. Daryl is with him.

SARAH
Is that the little cretin?

CARL
Sarah, this matter is no longer
your concern. Leave us.

Sarah appears taken aback. She looks at Angie.

SARAH
This is not over.

Sarah exits. Carl walks in with Daryl. Daryl walks to Angie and stands with her. Carl stands in front of them. They look like kids about to take the scolding of a lifetime.

OUTSIDE THE ROOM

James and Laura stand near the door and listen.

IN ANGIE'S ROOM

Carl looks between Daryl and Angie.

CARL
So this is the young man who
fathered my grandchild.

Angie nods.

CARL
At a Christian summer camp.

Angie nods. Carl laughs.

CARL
I don't know what made your
mother angrier: the fact that
you were pregnant, or that it
happened in a place she sent
you. Regardless, my money is
mine to do with as I please,

and here's what's going to happen. Tell me something, Daryl, do you plan on trying to take care of her? She's very high maintenance. I suspect she might even have some of her mother in her.

ANGIE

Daddy!

DARYL

I want to try.

CARL

Well, trying isn't going to cut it. You either do it or you don't. Second, I will not have my grandson raised by a man without an education.

DARYL

Well, I thought I'd try to go to-

CARL

You're fooling yourself. There is no way once you start trying to support a family on an uneducated dollar that you will ever get to college. And you will need a college education to take care of her properly.

Daryl nods.

DARYL

So what do I do?

CARL

I imagine that's the most intelligent question you've ever asked. You have admitted that you don't have all the answers.

DARYL

Still-

CARL

If you're asking if I'm going to let you live on my dollar under my roof, the answer is no.

DARYL

Well, we can try to-

CARL

You will get a part time job to make sure she and the baby have what they need. I will cover your tuition and apartment until you get out and support yourself.

Daryl's jaw drops.

OUTSIDE THE ROOM

James and Laura's jaws drop.

IN ANGIE'S ROOM

Daryl looks at Angie. She takes his hand and smiles.

DARYL

Thank you. I don't know what to say.

CARL

I made my fortune to support my family. I did it because people taught me how to make more, not by giving me handouts. Once you finish school, you're on your own.

ANGIE

Thank you, Daddy.

CARL

Don't thank me yet. You're next.

Angie looks worried. James and Laura enter. They talk MOS to Daryl, Angie, and Carl.

INT. HOSPITAL - LIZ'S ROOM - DAY

Liz sits on the edge of her hospital bed. She stares off into space. A clear hospital bag of her things sits next to her. She is nearly dressed, except for shoes.

KNOCK, KNOCK. Liz looks to the door. The door swings open. Daryl is there. Liz smiles.

LIZ

Hi.

DARYL

Hey. How are you doing?

LIZ

Well, considering the bombshell dropped on me, ok. So you ran away.

DARYL

Yeah. That thing I told you about? My parents flipped. So I grabbed her and left.

LIZ

So are you going to marry her?

DARYL

Probably. This is moving faster than I thought it would. Kinda scared.

LIZ

Oh, sure. I mean, I don't have the best view of marriage, but you're nice, so you might do ok. And, I guess now that you're my brother, she can't exactly steal you anymore.

DARYL

No, I guess not.

LIZ

It does explain the connection

though, doesn't it?

DARYL

Yeah.

They are silent for a long moment.

DARYL

So I heard you had too much to drink.

LIZ

The world's biggest hangover. I decided to drink myself silly and almost drank myself into a coma. Our dad is stupid.

DARYL

Yeah. He is. He knows it.

LIZ

That doesn't make it better.

DARYL

I don't know. It might.

LIZ

How?

DARYL

Well, you want to see your nephew?

LIZ

Dude, you can't stop me.

She jumps off the bed. She looks at her shoes in the hospital bag.

DARYL

You going to put your shoes on?

She bends down and rolls up her pants.

LIZ

Like hell. It's a Tolkienist holiday. I'm going Hobbit.

Liz grabs her bag, wraps her arm in Daryl's, and they walk out of the hospital room.

INT. DARYL AND ANGIE'S APARTMENT - DAY

SUPER: One Year Later

Final Montage MOS under music.

Liz (who is barefoot), Mike, Anya (who is at a reasonable weight), James, Laura, Carl, and Sarah (who looks exceptionally grumpy) are all gathered in the living/dining room of the apartment.

Daryl brings in the baby stripped to its diaper and wearing a bib. He sits the baby in a high chair.

Angie walks in with a little cake and sits it in front of the baby. The child digs in. Everyone cheers. Daryl and Angie kiss.

SERIES OF PHOTOGRAPHS: Daryl and Angie's wedding...baby's first steps...blowing out birthday candles...baby older and on a vacation with Daryl and Angie...Daryl at a college graduation...Angie and child standing and clapping...other photos until a satisfying conclusion is reached.

THE END