Silence in the Stars

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SILENCE IN THE STARS

by

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By

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INTRO SCENERY MONTAGE

EXT. MIDWEST, OUT IN THE COUNTRY
-Gravel roads.
-Trees.
-Hills.
-YOUNG PIM biking, racing her brother, MARTIN.
-TITLE: Silence in the Stars
-Hiking trails.
-Trees.
-Treehouse towering over a fence at the edge of a forest.

END OF MONTAGE

INT. AUNT GINA’S TREEHOUSE - SUMMER

Two teenagers: YOUNG PIM KELMIER (14) and her brother, MARTIN KELMIER (17) sit inside a treehouse. Martin is reading the comic series Black Panther, while Pim sits reading a book.

Both Young Pim Kelmier and Martin Kelmier are people of color, though Pim is more noticeably half-white.

YOUNG PIM
(looking up from her book)
You’ve been reading those a lot lately.

MARTIN
(not looking up)
So?

YOUNG PIM
So nothing. Why don’t you ever read a book?

MARTIN
I just like the way comics tell a story more.

YOUNG PIM
Okay.

Pim goes back to reading. Martin looks up from his comic. He scoots over to her with the comic in hand.

(CONTINUED)
MARTIN
Have you ever read one?

Martin covers her book with the comic. Pim closes her book and looks at his comic with him.

YOUNG PIM
No, not really. I’ve seen covers, but I’ve never flipped through one.

They flip through his comic together.

MARTIN
(taking his comic back)
I’ll make you a deal. If you read my favorite issue of Black Panther, I’ll read whatever book you want.

O.S. AUNT GINA
Kids! Dinner is ready!

Martin packs his comics into his bookbag and starts to climb down. He stops, peeking his head through the door.

MARTIN
Come on. Aunt Gina made your favorite.

He smiles.

MARTIN
It’s lasagna.

She smiles back and nods.

YOUNG PIM
Coming!

Pim grabs her book as Martin disappears down the ladder of the treehouse.

INT. AUNT GINA’S HOME - DINING ROOM

Young Pim and Martin sit at the dinner table with AUNT GINA (35), eating lasagna, laughing.

Aunt Gina starts to put away the food.

AUNT GINA
Alright, kids. Your parents will be here to pick you up tomorrow morning. Try to stay up too late tonight, okay?

(CONTINUED)
YOUNG PIM
Okay, Aunt Gina.

AUNT GINA
Oh, and I know you two have been roaming that forest all summer, but the neighbors called the other day, and they would appreciate it if you’d stop cutting through their land to get to the state park.

MARTIN
(rolling his eyes)
Yes, Aunt Gina.

AUNT GINA
Good. Now help me clean up.

Young Pim and Martin groan but help pick up their plates.

INT. AUNT GINA’S HOME - LIVING ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT
Young Pim is laying on the couch under a blanket, inspecting an issue of Black Panther. Martin enters the room.

MARTIN
(whispering, trying to be inconspicuous)
Hey.

Pim looks up at him.

YOUNG PIM
(normal voice)
Hey.

Martin hushes her quickly.

YOUNG PIM
(whispering, annoyed)
What?

MARTIN
(whispering)
Mom and Dad get here around 10:30. You want to get up early and go hiking before they get here?

YOUNG PIM
(whispering)
Yeah, sure, but why are we whispering?
CONTINUED:

MARTIN
’Cuz. It’s a secret adventure. We
don’t want Aunt Gina telling us we
can’t go.

YOUNG PIM
Why would she?

Martin leans into Young Pim’s ear.

MARTIN
We’re going to cut across the
neighbors land.

YOUNG PIM
But Aunt Gina said-

Martin holds his finger to his lip.

EXT. EDGE OF A FOREST - LATE SUMMER - EARLY(ISH) MORNING

Young Pim and Martin stand at the edge of a fence, near an
aged treehouse. They each wear hiking gear. Martin wears a
baseball cap.

The two of them stare at a "DO NOT ENTER" sign posted on a
newly erected, though easily jump-able, barbed wire fence.

MARTIN
Is this for real?

YOUNG PIM
It looks real. Maybe we should take
this as a sign that we probably
shouldn’t enter and-

Martin rolls his eyes at Pim.

MARTIN
You know what I mean.

YOUNG PIM
I’m serious! Maybe we should go
back.

MARTIN
I can’t believe they were so sick
of us crossing that they put up a
fence over night.

YOUNG PIM
And a "DO NOT ENTER" sign.

(CONTINUED)
MARTIN
It’s not a big deal.

Martin approaches the fence.

MARTIN
We have always cut through here.

YOUNG PIM
But you heard what Aunt Gina-

Martin kicks the fence.

MARTIN
It’s not even an electric fence.

Martin throws his bag over the fence and climbs over.

YOUNG PIM
I don’t think that we should-

Martin is already on the other side, picking up his bag.

MARTIN
Come on, Pim. You’ll be fine, I promise!

Martin comes back over, taking off his baseball cap. He puts it on Young Pim.

MARTIN
You’re too tough to be scared of a little sign. Just climb over!

He starts to walk away. He disappears into the brush.

Young Pim tentatively starts to climb the fence.

She is struggling, trying to avoid being cut.

She stops and listens to the silence.

YOUNG PIM
Martin? Where are you?

Leaves rustle on bushes near where Martin disappeared.

O.S. MARTIN
(laughing at Pim)
Relax, I’m not dead. I’m just making a path-

A tree branch snaps up ahead.

(CONTINUED)
Silence.

YOUNG PIM
Martin...?

Young Pim tries to get over the fence more quickly.

O.S. MARTIN
(a whispered yell)
Pim, I--

CRACK.

A gunshot shatters the air.

Pim loses her balance. She grabs at the fence to catch herself but her hand is deeply cut by the barbed wire.

She falls back onto the side where they started.

She scrambles to get up and presses herself against the fence.

Her hand is still bleeding.

It drips down her arm, painting the wire red, before falling into the earth.

YOUNG PIM
Martin! Martin, talk to me! Are you okay?

No response.

The bushes where he disappeared are still.

YOUNG PIM
(desperately)
MARTIN!

Her screams rings into the air like the echo from the gunshot.

MARTIN’S DEATH MONTAGE

EXT. AUNT GINA’S FOREST’S EDGE

Young Pim climbs over the fence and runs to Martin. He is barely alive, spitting up blood.
MARTIN
Pim... get help.

YOUNG PIM
(crying)
I’m trying, Martin. I don’t know what to do. What do I do?

MARTIN
I love you, Pim. Tell the parents that I love them too...

Martin starts to cough blood. Young Pim holds up his head.

YOUNG PIM
(crying)
I love you too, Martin, but you need to keep fighting. Come on, come on, Martin!

Pim presses her hand to the wound, but it’s no use. He’s not breathing anymore. She hugs him to her.

YOUNG PIM
(screaming)
Help me! Aunt Gina, somebody! Help!

EXT. AUNT GINA’S FOREST’S EDGE

Crime scene tape hangs from the trees where Martin entered. The forensics team search the area.

Police speak to Martin’s and Young Pim’s father, SCOTT KELMIER (35), a white male, while AMARA KELMIER (38), leans into Aunt Gina, bawling, watching her son’s body be taken away.

INT. AUNT GINA’S BATHROOM

Young Pim sits at the bottom of a shower, hyperventilating, bawling, watching her brother’s blood rinse off of her hands.

INT. POLICE STATION

Amara and Scott meet with POLICE OFFICER in a private room, while Pim waits in the lobby. Young Pim tries to listen.

Scott’s head is down, but Amara stands up, furious.

AMARA
(yelling)
Are you fucking kidding me?! My boy was shot. He was shot! And you are (MORE)

(CONTINUED)
AMARA (cont’d)
saying that there’s nothing we can do?

POLICE OFFICER
I am deeply sorry, Mr. and Mrs. Kelmier, but your son entered private property when there was an explicit warning not to.

AMARA
You can’t expect me to believe that they were hunting at that hour. It’s not even hunting season.

POLICE OFFICER
No, it’s not. You are right. But if they thought there was a threat....

AMARA
He is a child. What threat could he have posed them?

Amara sits down, she breaks. Scott comforts her.

AMARA
They shot my baby. They killed my baby! My baby boy was killed...

Outside the room, Young Pim is silent.

She is empty.

She is still.

END OF MONTAGE

CUT TO –

4 YEARS LATER (PRESENT DAY)

10 INT. HIGH SCHOOL, HALLWAY

Young Pim Kelmier is now PIM KELMIER (17). She is four years older. She is now much more tomboyish and not very friendly.

Pim grabs a comic book and closes her locker door, making sure to twist the lock. As she does this, we see the scar on her hand from the barbed wire fence four years before.
INT. HIGH SCHOOL, STUDY HALL

Pim enters the study hall. She looks around. She is glanced at, but no one is blatantly rude to her.

She can’t find an open table, so she sits at a table with WHITE LONER. He appears to be playing a video game on his computer. One of those where you hunt people and fight the world.

Pim and White Loner don’t talk. She pulls out her comic and starts reading.

SPORTS DICK approaches with a few TEAMMATES. He sees White Loner playing a video game. He and his teammates snicker.

As he passes by White Loner, Sports Dick smacks White Loner upside the head.

SPORTS DICK
Loser.

Pim looks up from her reading material and makes eye contact with White Loner. He stares coldly back at her. She returns to reading.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL, COLLEGE LITERATURE CLASS

Pim stares ahead at the classroom as MR. CLAYTON babbles.

MR. CLAYTON
—that is to say that, we would be at the mercy of the government if that were to ever occur. As we have seen in recent news, the bombings have repeatedly attacked minority citizens, but this is not the first time white supremacy has reared its ugly head.

Pim becomes interested.

MR. CLAYTON
The most historically remembered, of course, in the last 100 years, is probably the KKK, who in the 1920s exceeded 4 million people nationwide. Do not be fooled, however, they still exist, but today there are less than 8,000 Klan members active in their resistance.
CONTINUED:

Kelsey leans over to Sports Dick (her boyfriend) and whispers. Sports Dick snickers. Mr. Clayton notices.

MR. CLAYTON
Is there something that you would like to share with the class, Kelsey?

Kelsey
(embarrassed)
No, I’m fine.

Sports Dick
(rolling his eyes)
It was nothing.

MR. CLAYTON
If it was nothing, you would not have needed to interrupt class.

Sports Dick
She-

Sports Dick looks over at Kelsey. Kelsey sinks into her chair. She is nervous and ashamed.

Sports Dick
She said, maybe it’s the KKK that got Martin Kelmier in the woods four years ago.

The class looks nervously back at Pim. Pim stands up from her desk.

Pim
(advancing on Kelsey)
Is that fucking funny to you?

MR. CLAYTON
Watch your language! Sit down!

Kelsey gets out of her desk and tries to hide behind it as Pim advances.

Kelsey
(backing into the wall)
No, I’m sorry, I didn’t mean it like that!

Pim
And what way did you mean it?

(CONTINUED)
It was a joke! Calm down.

Pim grabs Sports Dick by the collar.

MR. CLAYTON
(separating the two)
Okay, hands off. We’re not going to get violent here.

PIM
(To Mr. Clayton)
This is bullshit.

Pim turns around, grabs her bag and leaves.

13 INT. HIGH SCHOOL, HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS
Pim bursts out of the classroom and walks straight for a supply closet. She slips inside.

14 INT. HIGH SCHOOL, SUPPLY CLOSET - CONTINUOUS
Inside Pim drops her things and cries, hard. She is shook. Pim slides to the floor. She lets herself be devoured by the dark, small space.

A soft knock is heard on the door. A pair of feet block the light coming in from outside.

Pim stifles her crying and ignores the knocking.

MARISOL PEREZ (17), Latina, opens the door enough that she can peer inside.

MARISOL
Are you okay?

PIM
I’m fine.

MARISOL
Kelsey is a bitch.

PIM
You’re in that class?

MARISOL
I sit behind you most of the time.
PIM
Oh, well, yeah. She is. And her boyfriend is a dick.

MARISOL
I’m sure he’s overcompensating for something.

Pim is surprised by this. She lets herself laugh a little.

PIM
(wiping away some of the tears, laughing)
Thanks.

Marisol glances back down the hall.

MARISOL
I should go. I told Mr. Clayton I was going to the bathroom. See you around.

PIM
See you.

Marisol smiles sadly and gets up, leaving the door a little open for the light to come in.

15 INT. KELMIER HOME, KITCHEN - LATE EVENING

The KELMIER HOME is clean but empty. It once was homely, but now, too few pictures hang displayed and most of the house looks untouched.

Pim sits at the dinner table with her father, Scott. On their plates are half eaten hamballs and mashed potatoes.

There is another plate set at the table.

Scott looks frustrated and worried.

Pim watches the TV absentmindedly. There is breaking news about a domestic terrorist attack.

TV NEWS ANCHOR
Police have not confirmed the origin of the bomb but believe it to be related to the string of recent hate crime attacks in Austin. An eye witness to the explosion stated that-

Scott glances at the news but focuses on his crossword puzzle.
The front door rattles and Amara rushes into the kitchen.

AMARA
I am so sorry. I got caught up-

Amara sees the news on the TV and stops. She turns up the volume.

TV EYE WITNESS
I couldn’t believe it. I was just punching back in from lunch when I heard a loud commotion. I went to check it out and a package on the conveyor belt had exploded. There were nails everywhere-

SCOTT
(to Amara)
Food’s ready.

Scott grabs the remote and mutes the TV.

SCOTT
(he sighs, frustrated)
This will be on the news for days. Let’s try and enjoy our meal.

Amara takes off her jacket, kicks off her shoes, and sets down her purse.

SCOTT
(to Amara)
I was worried about you.

Amara glances at him and gives him a soft smile, as she sits next to Pim and starts to eat.

SCOTT
How was work?

AMARA
Today was good. I got a lot done. I have a good feeling about the client that I’m representing in the next trial.

They fall into silence and start to eat. Scott rests his hand on top of her unoccupied one.

Pim glances distractedly at the TV as she eats but eventually she gets up to wash her dishes.

She brings the dishes to the sink, scraping what’s left on the plates into the trash.

(CONTINUED)
They glance over at Pim.

AMARA
Why are you so quiet today?

Pim shrugs and exits past her parents into the living room.

INT. KELMIER HOME, LIVING ROOM, STAIRCASE - CONTINUOUS

Pim walks up the stairs.

O.S. SCOTT
(To Pim)
Pim- don’t think that I’ve forgotten about the phone call from your principal!

Pim gets to her bedroom door. She opens it. She steps halfway in. She waits and listens.

O.S. AMARA
The principal called again?

From the top of the stairs, Pim cannot hear the explanation Scott gives Amara in hushed tones.

O.S. AMARA
They said what?! I’m going to call-

Pim glances down the hall towards the other bedroom, its door closed, its lights off. She lightly thumps her head against the trim of the doorframe and goes inside her room.

INT. KELMIER HOME, PIM’S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Pim closes the bedroom door with a heavy thud. She tugs on the chain dangling from her ceiling to illuminate her room with a dim light.

Pim looks discontent with this lighting. She goes over to the window to allow the last bit of evening sunlight into her room before the sun completely sets.

She lingers at the window, staring at the forest as if she was waiting for someone to walk out of it.

Pim shrugs on some pajamas and flops onto her bed.

Above her is a bookshelf.

She reaches up and pulls a book down.

She looks at it: The Handmaid’s Tale.

(CONTINUED)
She groans and throws the book across the room, knocking the alarm clock off an aged chest, which sits on the floor.

She used to sit at that chest, on the floor, ignoring its slightly bumpy surface, as she worked on her school projects.

She lies still for a moment, staring at the ceiling, then glances back over at the clock and the book sprawling on the floor.

Pim rolls out of bed and goes to pick up the clock.

She stops and kneels, running her hand over the chest.

She sets the clock back onto the ground next to The Handmaid’s Tale, and she clears the other stray books and desk-like items off of its surface, clicking open the locks.

Inside the chest are an array of items, including: a baseball cap, a stack of Black Panther comic books, a photo album.

She picks up the baseball cap and smells it. To her, it still smells of Martin. She sets that aside and picks up the photo album.

The photo album does not have many photos; however, all of the photos in the album are distinctly before the day Martin was shot.

Pim pulls out the last photo in the album. Martin is dressed in his baseball attire, disgustingly sweaty but still headlocking Young Pim under his arm while holding his state championship trophy on display.

She tears up, thumbing the photo of her brother’s face tenderly.

There is a knock on her door.

O.S. AMARA

Pim?

Pim doesn’t respond. She quickly sticks the photo in between the pages of The Handmaid’s Tale, returning the album and the baseball cap into the chest, tosses the clock and other desk-like items back on top, and stands up.

Pim walks around her room, "reading" The Handmaid’s Tale.

Her mother opens the door and steps into Pim’s bedroom.
AMARA
Pim?
Pim looks up from her book.

PIM
Yes, Mom?

AMARA
I was wondering if you were-

Amara sees what book Pim is reading.

AMARA
You’re reading The Handmaid’s Tale?

PIM
I figured I might as well. We are going to be reading it in class soon, unless they decide to pull it from the curriculum.

AMARA
Why would they do that?

PIM
I don’t know. Things just happen sometimes, and we don’t get to know why.

Amara crosses to Pim and hugs her.

They keep hugging.

PIM
(unburying her head from her mom’s chest)
Is Dad upset?

AMARA
At you? No.

Amara kisses her head, and releases Pim from the hug.

They sit down together on the bed.

AMARA
You’re his little girl, and he’s going to be mad at anything and anybody that ever tries to hurt you.

Pim looks down at her hands. She leans against her mom.

(CONTINUED)
PIM
(stifling her pain, soft)
The world hurts me. Every day. I still miss him, Mom.

AMARA
I do too. Believe me, I do, and it’ll never go away.

PIM
(quickly wiping the tears away)
Is that supposed to make me feel better?

Amara kisses Pim’s forehead and gets up.

AMARA
No, but I’m sure your brother wouldn’t want your life to end the day his ended. You have to keep pushing forward. We can’t let the pain win.

Amara crosses to the door.

AMARA
Your dad and I love you, Pim.

PIM
I love you too.

AMARA
Stay strong. Do it for Martin.

Pim nods to her mother, who closes the door.

Pim lays back down on the bed and closes her eyes. Silent tears escape her and drip down her cheekbones into the bed cover.

EXT. FLASHBACK, PARK - FOUR YEARS AGO

Martin and Young Pim are playfully wrestling / attempting martial arts (it is like watching extremely amateur attempt at Brazilian Jiu-Jitsu), but it is tender.

They are each trying to outsmart the other. Martin is clearly more skilled.

YOUNG PIM
Alright cut it out.

Young Pim gets up and walks away from Martin.

(CONTINUED)
MARTIN
Hey, don’t get discouraged so easily.

YOUNG PIM
What? How am I supposed to win when you are so fricken big? There’s no point.

Martin chases after her. He stops her.

MARTIN
Pim, come on.

She turns away from him.

MARTIN
It’s not about being the bigger opponent.

Young Pim whips around.

YOUNG PIM
It certainly seems to help you...

Martin doesn’t look at her. He keeps playing.

MARTIN
Sure, it does, but there’s more to it than that.

YOUNG PIM
How did you even learn this stuff anyway?

MARTIN
I thought about joining the wrestling team, but my friend showed me these martial arts videos online, so we tried teaching ourselves the moves.

YOUNG PIM
So you think fighting with a 14 year old will help you improve your skill?

MARTIN
You want me to go easy on you?

Martin advances on Young Pim, ready to spar again.
YOUNG PIM
That’s not what I said.

She gets in a stance to defend herself.

MARTIN
Come at me.

He dances towards her.

MARTIN
Now knock me down.

Young Pim tries. He blocks her.

MARTIN
Come on, Pim.

Pim shoves herself against him. Martin is quick to pin her.

MARTIN
Fight back!

Pim gets up again. She advances at him. He towers over her. She makes a move, almost tripping him.

MARTIN
(while blocking her)
Try harder, Pim! Use your head!

Young Pim backs up, out of his reach, and tries to spar him again. She succeeds in briefly pinning him.

YOUNG PIM
Yes! In your FACE!

Martin gets up.

MARTIN
I told you could do it.

YOUNG PIM
(suspicious)
You weren’t going easy on me, were you?

MARTIN
No. You did that all on your own.

He smiles softly.
MARTIN
Look Pim, the world is not going to go easy on you. It never will. You just had to back out of the situation and use your head, instead of letting all that anger and negativity get at you. You have to stay calm and think smart.

Young Pim sighs. She punches him lightly.

YOUNG PIM
Okay, fine, you might be on to something.

She quickly advances on Martin, tripping him, and pinning him to the ground.

MARTIN
Okay, two shot wonder, let’s see if you can keep it up.

They get up and continue playfully wrestling, Young Pim with a little more fire in her now.

19 INT. HIGH SCHOOL, HALLWAY - PRESENT DAY
Pim closes her locker and glances at the inside of White Loner’s locker (the locker next to hers) as he bends to grab his backpack.

White Loner looks up at her as she does this. He furrows his brow and slams his locker shut. Before it shuts, Pim sees a sticker, decorated with what almost looks like a swastika. She walks away quickly.

Pim starts to head to class when the intercom comes on.

INTERCOM VOICE
Pim Kelmier, please report to the principal’s office immediately.

Pim rolls her eyes and heads to the office.

20 INT. HIGH SCHOOL, PRINCIPAL’S OFFICE
Pim sits across from PRINCIPAL NGUYEN. Principal Nguyen does not look pleased.

PRINCIPAL NGUYEN
I am assuming you know why you are here. This office must be quite familiar to you by now.

(CONTINUED)
PIM
I guess... Did my mom call or something?

Principal Nguyen leans back in her chair.

PRINCIPAL NGUYEN
Not yet, but I am sure she will.

PIM
So...?

PRINCIPAL NGUYEN
Pim Kelmier, I need you to step it up.

PIM
My mom and I talked about this already. I plan to, don’t worry.

Pim starts to get out of the chair.

PRINCIPAL NGUYEN
Did I say that you could leave? No. Sit.

Pim sits.

PRINCIPAL NGUYEN
I have talked with Mr. Clayton. I understand why you walked out of class, but if you don’t start performing better, we will need to look at other options for you.

PIM
What do you mean? My grades are fine.

PRINCIPAL NGUYEN
If you were graded solely on your work, yes, they would be, but you are not. You have to go to class and you have to participate.

Pim shifts in her seat.

PRINCIPAL NGUYEN
I know that living without your brother has been difficult for you, but... you have more potential than this. I have seen it inside of you. If you ever want to go to college (MORE)
or do something with your life, you are going to have to convince your future employers that you are not an idiot.

PIM
And if I don’t improve?

PRINCIPAL NGUYEN
Then you will have to complete summer school, or be relocated to the alternative schooling that we offer off campus.

Pim doesn’t respond.

PRINCIPAL NGUYEN
Okay. Go. Get to class. We’re done here.

Pim huffs, picks up her things, and heads to the door.

As Pim exits, Marisol enters the office. Marisol and Pim make eye contact.

PIM
(whispered)
Good luck.

Marisol closes the door and smiles at Pim. Pim smiles back from outside the office.

INT. KELMIER HOME, LIVING ROOM

Pim lays on the couch, reading a graphic novel. Her father walks in and sees her reading.

SCOTT
Did you finish that other book already?

PIM
The Handmaid’s Tale? Yeah.

Scott sits down beside her.

SCOTT
What’s that one?

Pim marks her page and passes her dad the book.
SCOTT
(reading the cover)
The Red Virgin and The Vision of Utopia.

He flips through the pages.

SCOTT
Well this looks cool.

Scott hands the book back to Pim.

SCOTT
What’s it about?

PIM
Louise Michel.

Pim flips the book over.

PIM
(reading off the back)
"A utopian dreamer, a notorious anarchist, teacher, orator, and poet. ... She fought on the barricades defending the short-lived Paris Commune of 1871" against a regime that killed a bunch of French people.

She looks up at her dad and smirks.

PIM
So I guess that I am reading another book about a woman who leads a revolution in the face of oppression.

SCOTT
(chuckling)
I should have known.

Scott gets up and crosses to the kitchen.

Pim continues reading.

SCOTT
Oh, Pim?

Pim looks up from her book.
PIM
Yeah, Dad?

SCOTT (uncomfortable)
I don’t totally agree with this, given how you have been doing at school lately and everything that’s been going on, but your mom has set you up an interview at Haroldson’s.

PIM
Like a job interview? At the grocery store?

Scott shifts and looks at his feet.

SCOTT
Yeah. She wants you to get a job. She thinks it’ll help you understand responsibilities better, and she says it’ll look good on a college application.

Pim closes her book.

PIM
Okay... When’s the interview?

SCOTT
Tomorrow morning, 8am. And you might want to come ready to work. Your mom says she knows the owner. It sounds like it’s a pretty done deal.

PIM
Got it.

SCOTT
Good.

Scott exits into the kitchen to make supper.

Pim opens her book again and settles into the couch. She starts to read, but quickly puts down her book again, contemplating her apparent new job.
Pim is stocking hispanic food from the boxes on a cart, wearing a Haroldson’s apron as a temporary uniform. Pim looks down the aisle and sees Marisol.

Marisol is walking her way, looking for something on the shelves. Marisol does not recognize Pim yet. Pim ducks down behind her cart and pretends to stock something on the lowest shelf.

MARISOL
Excuse me? Disculpe?

Pim gets up slowly and turns to Marisol.

PIM
What’s up?

MARISOL
(surprised)
Oh, ¡trabajas aquí!

Marisol looks at Pim’s work apron.

MARISOL
I’ve never seen you work here before.

PIM
My mom wants me to straighten my school stuff out. They thought a part time job would look good for any future applications.

MARISOL
I think it’s cool that you’re working. Do you know where the garbanzo beans are?

Pim looks around. She finds them and grabs a can for Marisol.

PIM
Here you go.

She references the aisle sign.

PIM
Are you making some hispanic food tonight?

Marisol shakes her head, and squints at Pim.

(CONTINUED)
MARISOL
Did you just...? Because I’m...?

PIM
(embarrassed)
No, no, I wasn’t even thinking
that! I-

Pim is nervous. She backs into the shelving and knocks some
hispanic food onto the floor. Marisol starts laughing,
loudly.

Pim looks around and hides behind the cart again. Marisol
sees this and laughs louder.

MARISOL
 stil laughing)
Estás cómica.

PIM
Shh! It’s my first day, so let’s
try not to get me fired!

MARISOL
(laughing still)
Lo siento, sólo es que...

Marisol composes herself.

MARISOL
We’re making Indian food tonight,
but yes, normally we eat hispanic
food because my family is hispanic.

Pim comes out from behind the cart.

PIM
(blushing)
I really wasn’t trying to say it
like that.

MARISOL
I get it. I was just messing with
you earlier.

Marisol smiles at her. She looks to the end of the aisle,
where PABLO PEREZ (46) is now standing.

PABLO
Marisol, venga.
MARISOL
¡Ya voy!

Marisol turns back to Pim.

MARISOL
My papá is waiting for me. It was nice running into you.

PIM
(smiling softly)
Yeah, you too.

Pim waves and goes back to work. Marisol walks towards her father.

Pim realizes that she did not give her name.

Pim looks up quickly, deciding whether she should still say something. She decides not to say anything.

Pim picks up the food that she knocked on the ground. Marisol, already at the edge of the aisle, stops and turns around.

MARISOL
(to Pim, down the aisle)
Marisol, by the way. Marisol Perez.

Pim grins.

PIM
(waving goodbye)
Pim Kelmier.

Marisol smiles to herself and walks away with her father.

INT. PIM’S CAR

Pim’s backpack sits in the passenger seat of her car as she drives into town. She hums along with the radio and seems to be in a slightly better mood.

She drives past the local library, and pulls into the school parking lot. She grabs her bag and gets out.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL, HALLWAY

Pim closes her locker like normal, with her new reading material in hand. As she closes her locker, she looks around for where Marisol’s locker might be.

The door in the hallway opens and she spots Marisol. Marisol looks upset.

(CONTINUED)
Pim crosses to her.

PIM

Hey.

MARISOL

(not looking at Pim)

Hey.

Pim tries reaching out.

PIM

Are you okay?

Marisol shakes her head.

MARISOL

No. It’s been a rough weekend.

PIM

I didn’t realize knowing my name would become so traumatizing.

Marisol laughs without humor.

MARISOL

No, it wasn’t that.

PIM

I’m sorry that probably wasn’t as funny as it sounded in my head. What’s going on?

The bell rings.

PIM

I guess we should...

Marisol looks at Pim.

MARISOL

Do you want to get out of here?

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL

Pim and Marisol burst outside, running from the building to the car, as if they had just robbed a bank. Marisol is laughing.

PIM

Shhh! I’m already in enough shit as it is with school! Just get in the car, quickly!
They both fumble into the car and slam the doors shut.

INT. PIM’S CAR – CONTINUOUS

Pim starts the car. Marisol slips on her seatbelt.

PIM
Alrighty.

MARISOL
Vamanos!

Pim looks over to Marisol.

PIM
Where to?

MARISOL
(turning to Pim)
I could really use some soft serve ice cream about now.

Pim looks back at the school.

PIM
We’re skipping class for ice cream?

MARISOL
Are you having second thoughts?

PIM
No, I already talked to Ms. Nguyen and told her that I had stomach pain.

Marisol playfully shakes Pim, surprised by the news.

MARISOL
¿Qué hiciste? Qué furtiva... ¡Eres una actriz! I didn’t even tell her anything.

Marisol pulls her hand back into her lap. Pim taps her fingers on the steering wheel. They both look back at the high school.

PIM
Do you need to go back in?

MARISOL
And make our dramatic exit anti-climatic? No. I don’t care what they do. Let’s get some ice cream!
Pim’s brow furrows, concerned and confused, but she puts the car in reverse and backs out of the parking spot. Marisol looks out the window, leaning her head against the glass.

27 EXT. PIM’S CAR, OUTSIDE OF ICE CREAM PARLOR 27

Pim and Marisol lean against the hood of Pim’s car, licking their soft serve ice cream.

PIM
How’s your butterscotch crunch dip?

Marisol has butterscotch dip breaking off in chunks as she mows down on her cone.

MARISOL
It’s good.

PIM
And you just got vanilla underneath?

MARISOL
(licking her hand of melted ice cream)
What else would you get with butterscotch? How about your twist cone?

Pim licks her cone and pretends to think about it.

PIM
It’s pretty good... considering that twist is the best soft serve flavor out there.

MARISOL
Does that even count as one flavor? Isn’t it inherently two?

PIM
Yes. BUT let’s acknowledge that it is nearly impossible to lick the flavors separately, so I think twist should count as its own category.

MARISOL
(chuckling)
Maybe you’re right.

They look at the ice cream shop together.

(CONTINUED)
MARISOL
This ice cream shop is practically my childhood.

PIM
Really? Do you have a lot of memories here?

MARISOL
Here and the bowling alley.

Marisol bites into her cone. Ice cream is still dripping on her hand. She licks it off.

MARISOL
(with a full mouth)
Oh, and that state park out on the edge of town.

PIM
The one with the big lake?

MARISOL
Yeah, that one! The one with the big lake and the hiking trails.

PIM
My aunt lives near there. My brother and I would make a game of hiking from her place, across her neighbor’s woods, into the state park. We did it every summer.

Marisol realizes what that park means to Pim. She takes Pim’s free hand with her clean (and unoccupied) hand.

MARISOL
I’m sorry.

PIM
It’s fine.

Pim looks down at their hands.

PIM
(grinning mischievously)
At least that wasn’t the hand you were licking a moment ago.

Marisol grins back, butterscotch staining her lips.

(CONTINUED)
MARISOL
Oh, yeah?

Marisol shoves the rest of her cone into her own mouth, holding tightly to Pim’s hand as she does this. With her saliva-ed hand, she reaches towards Pim’s face.

PIM
(dodging Marisol’s dirty fingers, squealing with laughter)
Oh no! Oh NO you don’t!

Pim tries to wolf down her cone so that it doesn’t become a casualty.

She gets up to run away from Marisol, but Marisol is still holding her hand. They tug each other, wrestling, Pim dodging Marisol. It’s almost a dance.

Pim shoves the last of her own cone in her mouth as Marisol finally manages to touch her face.

PIM
(wiping away the stickiness, laughing)
Oh, you are disgusting.

MARISOL
This isn’t news to me, but thank you.

Pim tugs Marisol over to the side of the building where there is a water faucet sticking out from the wall.

PIM
(rinsing her hands)
You’re lucky they have this, or I might have been in a whole different mood.

Pim takes some of the water and splashes her face too, scrubbing at where Marisol’s ice cream hand had touched her.

MARISOL
(washing her hands as well)
I think YOU’RE lucky that they have these.

Pim finishes rinsing her hands and dries her hands on Marisol.

(CONTINUED)
MARISOL
Hey, that’s cold!

Marisol turns off the faucet and flicks her own water onto Pim.

28 INT. PIM’S CAR, BOWLING ALLEY PARKING LOT

Pim and Marisol sit parked outside the bowling alley. The sign reads that it doesn’t open until October.

PIM
Well that sucks.

MARISOL
I’m not too bummed about it. I had a good time today, regardless.

PIM
(still staring at the sign)
Who knew that bowling alleys had seasons?

MARISOL
I think it’s because of all of the outdoor activities that people do over the summer. I’m sure the bowling alley just can’t compete.

PIM
That makes sense.

Pim looks over at Marisol.

PIM
So. Do you want to tell me why you were so eager to skip class today?

Marisol sighs.

MARISOL
I got a call before school started. My dad was at work, when the place got raided. He’s been detained.

PIM
What does that mean?

MARISOL
It means I have to wait to see if he’ll be deported or if he has to pay a fine.
PIM
How do they decide what they do?

MARISOL
It depends on the person. We’ve been in the U.S. all of my life and my dad has never had problems.

PIM
Why didn’t he just apply for citizenship?

MARISOL
He wanted to. My mom was from here, and she wanted to wait to get married until after I was born, since she was already pregnant with me, but then... she died, and I think he was scared that he would lose me too since I was technically from the U.S. and he was not.

Pim leans over and gives Marisol an awkward, cradling hug.

PIM
Do you have any siblings or family to go to?

Marisol shakes her head.

PIM
Do you want to stay over at my place for the night?

MARISOL
That’d be okay with your parents?

Pim isn’t sure.

PIM
Yeah! It’ll be fine, trust me.

MARISOL
Okay.

PIM
Okay.

Pim starts the car again. She is about to drive but stops and lightly touches the back of Marisol’s hand.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

PIM
Marisol, I may know limited
Spanish, but "estoy aquí" if you
need me.

Marisol hugs Pim back, properly.

MARISOL
Gracias, Pim.

They settle into their seats and drive home.

29 INT. KELMIER HOME, KITCHEN

Marisol and Pim enter the front door. Amara is seated with Scott.

Amara and Scott look at each other with surprise.

AMARA
Who is this?

MARISOL
Marisol Perez.

Marisol crosses to Pim’s parents and shakes their hands.

MARISOL
It’s nice to meet you.

AMARA
It’s nice to meet you too.

SCOTT
(looking over at Pim)
It’s a pleasure to meet a friend of
Pim’s.

Scott waves Pim over as he gets up.

SCOTT
Pim, why don’t you help me make her
a plate of food.

Scott and Pim move away from the table. Marisol and Amara
talk.

SCOTT
Who is this?

PIM
Marisol.

Scott makes a plate of food for each Marisol and Pim.

(CONTINUED)
SCOTT
What I mean to say is, why is she here?

PIM
I invited her to hang out. We’re going to study together.

Scott hands Pim her plate, giving her "the stink eye".

SCOTT
Ask us next time at least.

They return to the conversation at the table.

AMARA
That’s so lovely!

MARISOL
Yeah, well, it’s not nearly as impressive as Miss Part-time job over here. I should probably follow her lead.

Scott sets the plate in front of Marisol. Pim and Scott sit down.

MARISOL
Thank you for the food. You really didn’t have to.

SCOTT
It’s not a problem. We’re happy to have a chance to meet any of Pim’s friends.

AMARA
Maybe you can convince her to join a sport.

PIM
(rolling her eyes)
Mom, stop.

Pim and Marisol eat.

SCOTT
So you girls are going to study? Did you drive here, Marisol?

Marisol looks to Pim.
MARISOL
Uh, no, I didn’t.

AMARA
Do you need a ride? If it’s not to late, I can drive you back tonight.

PIM
Actually, Mom, I invited her to stay the night.

Amara drops her fork. Scott chokes on his food.

AMARA
To stay the night, you said?

SCOTT
Like a sleepover-type-deal?

PIM
Yeah, just a sleepover.

Scott and Amara look at each other for the answer.

SCOTT
Uh, well...

AMARA
Of course, it’s no problem!

Everyone returns to eating. Pim winks at Marisol.

30 INT. KELMIER HOME, LIVING ROOM, STAIRCASE

Pim walks downstairs to the living room. Amara is sitting downstairs reading the newspaper.

AMARA
Hey!

PIM
Hey.

Amara sets down her paper.

AMARA
What are you up to?

PIM
Getting some water.

Amara waves Pim over.

(CONTINUED)
AMARA
You want to come over here and talk first?

Pim glances upstairs, then over to the kitchen, then back to her mom.

PIM
Uh, sure.

Pim walks over to Amara.

AMARA
So Marisol said that you two met at school?

PIM
Yup. We have class together, and her locker isn’t too far from mine.

AMARA
What class are you studying for?

PIM
College Literature. Though, it’s not like I’m worried about that class.

Amara laughs.

AMARA
Yeah, you’re already pretty literate. I’m assuming it was just an excuse to hang out then?

PIM
I guess... Marisol is going through a lot right now. It feels nice to be able to get her mind off of all of that.

AMARA
Do you like her?

PIM
Yeah, of course. She’s cool.

Amara takes Pim’s hand.

AMARA
No, honey, I meant, do you like her? Like, like like her?
PIM
Mom, we’re just friends... jeez luis.

Pim gets up and crosses to get her water from the kitchen.

Amara waits for her. Pim looks back up the stairs and sets her glass down, sitting by her mom again.

PIM
I know what it looks like, but Marisol is going through a lot right now. Her dad was detained this morning.

AMARA
(horrified)
Oh my god.

PIM
She came to my rescue the other day when Kelsey said what she said, and I walked out of the classroom. Marisol is just really easy to get along with. I want to be there for her.

Amara pulls Pim into a hug.

AMARA
Of course, you should be there for her. I’m so proud of you.

Pim hugs her mother back.

Amara and Pim let go of each other. Amara grabs Pim’s hands.

AMARA
If she needs to stay longer, she’s welcome to.

PIM
Thanks, Mom.

Pim grabs her water, and heads up the stairs.

PIM
See you.

Amara leans back into the chair again and bites her nails, concerned.
Pim enters with her glass of water. Marisol is sitting on the floor, against the foot of the bed, looking at *The Handmaid’s Tale*.

**MARISOL**
How was your hunt for water?

**PIM**
(showing off the mostly full glass)
Successful.

Pim sit down next to Marisol.

**PIM**
You’re actually doing some studying?

**MARISOL**
I do need to keep up my grades, despite the circumstances.

**PIM**
I’ve already read it. I finished it the other day.

**MARISOL**
Why?

**PIM**
I don’t mind school, and it’s not like I’m bad at it— I like learning. I just get frustrated having to be polite to so many shitty people. And honestly, I could argue that some of our education is not necessary for a career.

Marisol scoots closer. She leans her head on Pim’s shoulder. Pim is surprised by this.

**MARISOL**
It may not be necessary, but we have to get it done. Every does.

**PIM**
Why?

(CONTINUED)
MARISOL
What are you talking about?

PIM
I mean, who decides the curriculum? Why do we need to submit to an authority and do all this, if it doesn’t help us in the long run.

Marisol sits up.

MARISOL
I don’t know, we just do!

PIM
Exactly! We do it because someone says we have to.

Marisol leans her back against the foot of the bed.

MARISOL
You might just have to live with that.

PIM
You are so...

MARISOL
What?

PIM
You are so good and pure. Life throws all this shit in your face and you just dance out of the way. How can you respond so calmly? How can you let life walk over you like that?

MARISOL
Because there is nothing I can do! I can’t do anything but keep my head up, hope for the best, and do what I can to ensure a better future for myself.

Pim hugs Marisol. Then she lets go, stands up and flops on the bed.

PIM
What do you want to be when you grow up?

(CONTINUED)
MARISOL
When I grow up? You mean, what do I want to do after high school?

PIM
Either, or.

Marisol gets up and joins her. They stare at the ceiling together.

MARISOL
I think I want to be a lawyer.

PIM
My mom’s a lawyer.

MARISOL
Yeah, she mentioned it earlier, and I hadn’t thought about being one, but I feel like... if I were a lawyer, I could help my dad right now. Lawyers get to fight with the law.

PIM
Would you want to do that specifically? Or like all kinds of lawyer stuff?

MARISOL
I don’t know yet. I just know I want to be able to help immigrants in the face of injustice.

Marisol turns to face Pim.

MARISOL
What about you?

Pim turns to face Marisol.

PIM
A writer.

MARISOL
Really? Why?

Marisol and Pim scoot closer together. They naturally start talking in hushed tones.

PIM
Writers don’t have to take anybody’s shit. They get to write

(MORE)
PIM (cont’d)
their own truths and make a
difference in other people’s lives
for as long as the book is in
existence. Their words stay with
people longer than their bodies
ever will.

MARISOL
I can see you as a writer.

PIM
Yeah?

MARISOL
Yeah. You’re always reading. Plus,
you hate people, so being alone all
the time writing probably wouldn’t
bother you. And you are very
passionate. You deserve to be
remembered.

Pim shifts, her head scooting a little closer. She is
touched by how observant Marisol is.

PIM
I don’t hate everybody.

MARISOL
I know. I can see that.

PIM
I don’t want to hate people.

Marisol intertwines her fingers with Pim’s.

MARISOL
It’s okay.

Pim smiles at Marisol. There is an electricity between them.

32 INT. KELMIER HOME, KITCHEN - BREAKFAST

Pim fumbles around the kitchen. She is making pancakes and
bacon. Amara and Scott walk in, in their sleeping attire.

PIM
Good morning.

Amara walks over and kisses Pim on the forehead.

(CONTINUED)
AMARA
(yawning)
Good morning, sweetie. What are you doing up?

She goes to get coffee.

AMARA
You made coffee!

She pours herself a cup. Pim smiles and continues making food. Scott walks over. He sniffs the food.

SCOTT
Coffee and pancakes on a Tuesday? What’s all this about?

PIM
I’m making everyone breakfast.

Scott pours himself some coffee.

SCOTT
Whoever this is that has taken over my daughter’s body can stay for a few days. I usually have toast for breakfast. Unbuttered toast.

Pim sets the table and puts food on everyone’s plate.

AMARA
Where’s Marisol?

PIM
She might still be asleep? Or in the bathroom?

Amara exits to the kitchen.

O.S. AMARA
Marisol, breakfast!

Amara comes back in. They sit down at the table and start eating.

Marisol comes in, waking up.

MARISOL
(wiping away the sleep from her eyes)
G’morning...

Marisol sits down and takes in the food.

(CONTINUED)
MARISOL
(more awake)
Wow, thanks Mr. and Ms. Kelmier.

SCOTT
(while eating)
Actually, Pim had this ready before we even got down here.

Marisol looks to Pim for confirmation.

MARISOL
This looks fantastic.

PIM
(hiding her smile)
I couldn’t sleep, I guess. Want some orange juice? I think we have some in the fridge.

Marisol nods, digging into her food already.

MARISOL
That sounds great.

Pim gets up and pours herself and Marisol each glasses of orange juice. Amara and Scott share a look of bemusement, then continue enjoying breakfast.

33 INT. KELMIER HOME, KITCHEN - AFTER BREAKFAST

The news is on again, on mute. The table has been cleared of dishes, except for the lingering coffee mugs.

Amara and Scott are each getting ready for work. Pim runs to get her school things from her room. Marisol is at the door, waiting.

MARISOL
Thanks again, Mr. and Mrs. Kelmier. For everything.

SCOTT
(putting on his jacket, grabbing his keys)
It’s no problem! You are always welcome back.

Pim runs back in and gives each of her parents a hug.

PIM
We’ve got to go. Bye! Love you!

(Continued)
Scott is caught off guard by this. Amara raises her hands subtly in a "don’t worry about it" way. Pim and Marisol don’t notice.

AMARA
We love you too, honey.

SCOTT
Drive safe!

Pim and Marisol race out the door to the car.

Amara and Scott hold hands and walk out the door to their own car.

The tv is left running in the kitchen with the abandoned coffee mugs and sink full of half-rinsed dishes.

34 INT. HIGH SCHOOL, HALLWAY

Pim and Marisol walk away from their lockers together. Pim smiles at White Loner as she passes him. He looks away, annoyed.

At the end of the hallway, Pim and Marisol part ways, Marisol going to class and Pim going to study hall.

There is a poster in the distance tacked to a few different walls. It looks to support White Supremacy.

35 INT. HIGH SCHOOL, STUDY HALL

Pim sits at a table in study hall. There are others working nearby but no one is interacting with her. She is alone, but she is content and focused on getting her school work done.

36 INT. HIGH SCHOOL, CAFETERIA

The cafeteria is full and lively. Pim enters and stands in line for her food. As she waits, she looks for Marisol. She sees Marisol casually talking to a few OTHER STUDENTS. Marisol doesn’t notice her.

Pim, a little disappointed, returns her focus to getting food. Once she has food, she looks around the lunch room again. She is about to leave the lunch room with her food when Marisol calls out her name and waves.

MARISOL
Pim, over here!

Pim crosses to Marisol and sits down. She smiles and shakes hands with the Other Students that Marisol introduces her to.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

PIM
(shaking the students hands)
Hey.

Pim bites into her food and listens as Marisol talks to her friends.

37 INT. PIM’S CAR

Pim drives on the gravel roads with Marisol. Marisol is enthusiastically telling Pim a story.

38 INT. HIGH SCHOOL CAFETERIA – LUNCH, A DIFFERENT DAY

Pim has mostly finished her plate and she is laughing along with the Other Students at whatever has just been said. Marisol leans in towards Pim as she laughs, letting her hand rest on Pim’s upper back.

39 INT. KELMIER HOME, PIM’S BEDROOM

Pim lays across her bed continuing to work on homework, while Marisol sits on her floor, with her head leaning against the side of the bed, also doing her homework.

Marisol looks up from her work and pokes Pim with her pencil eraser. Pim flails and pulls herself out of the way.

PIM
(giggling)
Don’t, that tickles!

Pim takes a pillow and swats Marisol with it.

MARISOL
Hey!

Pim tries to swat her a second time but Marisol catches the pillow and pulls. They struggle, neither wanting to lose. During the struggle, Marisol grabs Pim’s wrist and pulls her down, halfway over the bed and into her lap.

They laugh. They finish laughing. They look at each other. Pim smiles from Marisol’s lap.

PIM
(softly)
Hey.
Pim is reading a graphic novel on the couch. Marisol is wandering around the living room, studying it.

Marisol finds a baseball hiding behind a picture of Scott and Amara, sitting on a shelf, with a signature on it. She turns to Pim.

MARI SOL
What’s this?

PIM
What’s what?

MARI SOL
This.

Marisol pulls out the ball. Pim squints at it. She recognizes it.

PIM
Wow.

MARI SOL
What?

Pim gets up, leaving her book on the couch.

PIM
That’s my brother’s.

Pim takes the ball from Marisol, turning it over in her hand.

MARI SOL
Oh.

Marisol takes Pim’s other hand.

MARI SOL
What happened that day?

PIM
I don’t really want to talk about it ... if that’s okay.

MARI SOL
It’s okay.

PIM
This was the ball he pitched when they played in the state

(MORE)
PIM (cont’d)
championship. I didn’t know that they still kept this downstairs.

MARISOL
Why wouldn’t they?

PIM
Sometimes I wonder if my parents are trying to forget that he ever existed.

MARISOL
Is that why there aren’t very many photos in your house?

PIM
Yeah. But they haven’t touched anything in his room since... you know.

Marisol leans against Pim’s shoulder. They sit in silence. Pim holds onto Martin’s baseball.

Eventually Marisol looks at Pim from Pim’s shoulder.

MARISOL
Do you want to visit my dad with me this weekend?

Pim breaks her gaze from the baseball. She squeezes Marisol’s hand.

PIM
Yeah.

They return to silence.

MONTAGE - THE REST OF THE WEEK PASSES SLOWLY.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL, COLLEGE LITERATURE CLASS

Pim and Marisol sit in Mr. Clayton’s class.

MR. CLAYTON
How many of you have heard of Brave New World?

A few hands go up.

MR. CLAYTON
Perfect. At the end of class, grab a copy from the back of the room. I
(MORE)
MR. CLAYTON (cont’d)
want you to read the first three chapters for tomorrow.

Pim looks back at Marisol. She seems to be barely listening. Pim returns to face forward.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL, CAFETERIA

Pim and Marisol eat their food. Marisol’s friends (Other Students) talk to each other, but Marisol is quiet.

Pim glances over at Marisol as she stares at her food. Pim sets down her fork and leans her face into both of her hands, her own appetite lost.

EXT. TOWN LIBRARY

Marisol naps on a bench outside of the town library with a book at her side. Pim sits on the sidewalk, leaning against the bench.

Pim looks over a Marisol. She brushes the hair away from Marisol’s eyes and returns to her book.

INT. KELMIER HOME, KITCHEN

Pim, Marisol, Amara and Scott are cleaning up after supper. Amara puts away food while Pim and Scott do dishes and Marisol sweeps. The tv runs silently in the background.

END OF MONTAGE

INT. PIM’S CAR - SATURDAY

Pim starts the car and waves to her parents, who are standing outside their front door. She drives out onto the road.

Pim turns to Marisol, who looks a little hopeless.

    PIM
    You okay?

Marisol forces a smile.

    MARISOL
    Yeah.

    PIM
    You sure? You look nauseous.

Marisol shakes her head.

(CONTINUED)
MARISOL
I’ll be fine, don’t worry. I just hope he’s okay.

PIM
Mom said that he should be fine, and if he’s not, she can try stepping in.

MARISOL
Your family is so sweet.

Pim shrugs, watching the road.

PIM
We do what we can to fill the holes in our hearts.

Marisol glances over at Pim. She turns on the music and they sit in silence.

46 INT. PIM’S CAR - PIT STOP

Pim is driving. The radio is running. Marisol is staring out the window. Pim glances over at her.

PIM
Hey, I think I’m going to get gas here. Do you want a snack?

MARISOL
I think I’m good.

PIM
Come on, it’s on me. What do you want?

MARISOL
I’m okay. Don’t worry about me, Pim!

Pim pulls into the gas station next to a pump. She turns off the car.

PIM
(resigning)
Okay.

Pim gets out of the car.
EXT. GAS STATION

Pim walks over to the gas pump and chooses "Pay inside". She fits the nozzle into her gas cap. She put gas in her vehicle. After she finishes, she crosses the parking lot and enters the gas station.

INT. PIM’S CAR

Marisol has her head leaning against the window still. The music is running quietly in the back. She sees Pim exit the gas station with a few snacks in hand.

Soon, Pim enters the car. She tosses a few candy bars at Marisol.

PIM
Pick one and eat it.

MARISOL
Pim, I said-

PIM
And I said eat one. Chocolate will make you feel better.

Marisol rustles through the candy bars and picks one.

MARISOL
(she grumbles)
Thank you, Pim.

Pim starts the car and drives out of the parking lot.

PIM
No problem. But don’t eat all of them because I want one too.

INT. PIM’S CAR, OUTSIDE OF DETENTION CENTER

Pim and Marisol sit in Pim’s car in the parking lot of the detention center. They are both staring at the building. Pim turns to Marisol.

PIM
You ready?

Marisol nods. They both get out of the car and walk inside together.
Pim and Marisol enter the detention lobby. Marisol goes to speak to the lady at the desk while Pim looks around the room.

She sees other LATINO FAMILIES, consoling each other in the lobby: A MOTHER WITH BABY, a YOUNG BOY holding his GRANDFATHER’s hand, a MIDDLE AGED WOMAN, sitting alone.

Pim sits near Middle Aged Woman. Pim rubs her own hands nervously. Marisol walks over.

PIM
What did they say?

MARISOL
They said I can visit him in a minute.

PIM
Good!

MARISOL
It’s just half an hour, but at least I get to see him.

Marisol glances back toward the desk.

MARISOL
I told her that you were a friend of the family. You could come with me if you want.

PIM
I don’t want to spoil your reunion with your dad. We can come another time soon and I can meet him then.

MARISOL
(glancing back again)
Are you sure?

Pim tries to smile enthusiastically.

PIM
I’m sure. Don’t worry about it. Go see your dad!

MARISOL
(nodding in agreement, nervous)
Okay!
Marisol gives Pim a quick hug and walks briskly back over to the desk, where someone leads her out of the lobby.

51 INT. ICE DETENTION CENTER

Pim waits in the lobby. Middle Aged Woman is gone, as well as Mother With Baby.

Marisol returns.

52 INT. PIM’S CAR, AFTER VISITING HOURS

They close the car doors. Pim looks over at Marisol. She’s shaking, holding in it all in.

PIM
You can cry if you want.

Pim puts her hand on Marisol’s shoulder.

Marisol pushes her hand away.

MARISOL
(crying)
I don’t want to cry!

Marisol cries.

Pim waits.

They sit in the parking lot.

53 INT. PIM’S CAR – LATER, STILL DRIVING

Pim is driving. It’s starting to get dark. Marisol is asleep against the window.

Pim looks over at Marisol. Marisol starts to wake up.

MARISOL
Are we back yet?

PIM
We were, but I wanted to bring you somewhere. I already talked to Mom and Dad about it.

Marisol sits up and looks at Pim.

MARISOL
Wait, you left me sleeping in the car?

(CONTINUED)
PIM
Yeah, at my place, for about an hour.

MARISOL
Where are we now?

PIM
Nearby. I packed us supper.

Pim motions to the back seat. Marisol twists around and sees that there is a picnic basket. She looks back at Pim.

MARISOL
You-?

PIM
Yes.

Pim focuses on the road but tugs on Marisol’s elbow.

PIM
Hey, don’t worry. I think you’ll like it.

Marisol turns back to face the road. She glances at Pim, then looks out the window. Pim glances over at her and smiles.

54 EXT. NEARBY CAMPSITE, LAKE DOCK

Pim is leading Marisol with one hand over her eyes carefully down the dock while holding the picnic basket.

PIM
Okay, we’re good.

MARISOL
I can open my eyes now?

PIM
(putting down the basket)
Yeah, es lo que dije.

Marisol laughs.

MARISOL
(as she is opening her eyes)
Ooo, look who is learning her Spanish now-

She stops and looks out at the lake. Even though it is close to dark outside there are a couple boats out on the water.

(CONTINUED)
There are lamps near the parking lot behind them and near the park shelters, but above the lake the stars shine in the night sky.

MARISOL
How did you know?

PIM
You told me about how you used to come here.

MARISOL
I know, but-

She turns back to Pim.

MARISOL
Your brother- You would come back here? For me?

Pim shrugs lightly, embarrassed.

PIM
It seemed important.

Marisol comes over to hug her. They hug.

MARISOL
(lingering in the hug)
Thank you.

PIM
(stepping away from the hug)
Besides, my brother didn’t die here.

She points at the woods around the lake.

PIM
He died over there. On the other side of those woods, where state and private property meet.

Marisol stares at where Pim has pointed, as if trying to recreate what happened.

PIM
But tonight’s about you. I packed a blanket in here, and some food.

They unpack the blanket from the basket, leaving the food inside. They lay down on it and look up at the stars.
MARISOL
My dad used to tell me about the stars.

PIM
About the constellations?

MARISOL
More than that. He would tell me about the stars themselves, stories from his childhood, his dreams... And I would tell him about my day, about school, about my nightmares.

Marisol scoots closer to Pim. They’re faces are close.

PIM
(looking at Marisol)
Yeah?

MARISOL
(turning to look at Pim)
He would say to me, "Child, you are a star yourself. You are the sun in the night sky, and your nightmares are nothing but stardust. Your mind is a storyteller. It knows the things that you wish for and the things that keep you up at night. The only thing you can do is use the experience to try and understand yourself a little better."

PIM
(whispering)
Your father sounds like a good guy.

MARISOL
(whispering)
He is.

Marisol tears up again. She lets it roll down her face.

Pim takes her thumb and wipes it away.

Marisol grabs Pim’s hand before she can pull it away. She keeps it pressed against her cheek. Pim offers Marisol a soft smile, then she twists her head to look at the sky.

PIM
My brother and I used to watch them from the treehouse at my aunt’s

(MORE)
place, and after he died, I realized that the stars would continue being the same stars in the same place in the same night sky, with or without his existence. And for awhile, I couldn’t bring myself to look up anymore because that silence became too real. I wanted to hope that he was up there somewhere in the silence between the stars, but they only continued staring coldly down on me.

Pim turns back to Marisol.

PIM
That was my struggle with the world, but it doesn’t have to be yours. I’m sure the stars will align for you and your father soon. You deserve it.

MARISOL
I hope so.

They stare at each other. They’re closer than before, somehow.

PIM
(whispering)
We still have the food.

MARISOL
(whispering)
Yeah. Did you want to eat some now?

PIM
(whispering)
Did you?

Marisol pulls Pim’s hand away from her face and intertwines her fingers with Pim’s. She scoots even closer.

Pim’s eyes go from Marisol’s face to their hands intertwined to the space between them as Marisol scoots closer. She can feel Marisol’s breath now.

MARISOL
(breathing out, whispering)
Pim-

Pim’s breath quickens. She licks her lips.

(CONTINUED)
PIM
(whispering)
Yeah, Sol?

MARISOL
(whispering)
I think I like you.

They continue to inch closer. They are almost brushing noses.

PIM
(whispering)
Yeah, I know, me- 

MARISOL
(whispering)
No, I mean, like-

Pim breaks her hand away from where it was intertwined to cup Marisol’s jaw.

PIM
(whispering)
Sol, I know-

Marisol leans in. Their lips brush. She stops.

MARISOL
(whispering)
Can I- ?

PIM
(whispering)
Yeah!

Pim’s hand, still cupping Marisol’s jaw, slides to the back of Marisol’s neck and she pulls her onto her. They kiss, deeply, awkwardly, excitedly.

55 INT. HIGH SCHOOL, HALLWAY 55

Marisol is grabbing some books into her locker. Pim is standing nearby.

PIM
(smiling)
I’ll see you in class, okay?

MARISOL
(blushing)
Sounds good.

(CONTINUED)
Pim starts to walk away. Marisol finishes packing her bag. White Loner bumps into Pim as she walks by their lockers.

PIM
Oh, sorry.

Pim quickly walks away.

WHITE LONER
Whatever, Dyke.

Marisol looks up at the disturbance from her locker. Pim marches over to him and grabs his shoulder.

PIM
Excuse me?

White Loner slams his locker, with the Neo-Nazi decorations and a large black bag seen inside, shoving her hand off of him.

WHITE LONER
You heard me. I saw you and your girlfriend, brownie-

He points to Marisol.
-over there at the lake this weekend.

The students in the hallway have gone quiet.

PIM
Whatever.

Pim starts to walk again. Sports Dick snickers from a few feet away.

PIM
You have something to say too?

Pim gets in Sports Dicks face.

SPORTS DICK
Nothing. I should’ve expected it, really.

He turns to grab something from his locker.
It’s just a shame. Kelsey and I broke up...

Sports Dick takes out his book bag, closing his locker, turns to look at Marisol and bites his lip.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: 

SPORTS
...and I was really hoping to get balls deep into this one next.

Pim punches him in the face.

PIM
You fucking watch your mouth!

Sports Dick tries to punch her back. He misses. Pim lunges for him again, but Marisol grabs her arm and pulls her away.

MARISOL
Don’t, Pim-

Pim acknowledges her but shakes her off.

She gets into a defensive stance. Sports Dick comes at her but his teammates stop him.

TEAMMATE 1
Come on, man. Let’s just go. You don’t want to fight a girl. There’s no winning.

Sports Dick grumbles. Then Teammate 1 and Sports Dick walk off with the other teammates.

PIM
Oh, you’re going to run away? You scared?

Students rush off to class. Principal Nguyen appears.

PRINCIPAL NGUYEN
Kelmier. My office now.

Pim looks to Marisol.

PRINCIPAL NGUYEN
You can come too, Perez.

Marisol grabs her bag from the ground, shuts her locker door, and takes Marisol’s hand. They follow Principal Nguyen to her office.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL, PRINCIPAL’S OFFICE

Pim and Marisol sit across from Principal Nguyen. She looks tired.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

PRINCIPAL NGUYEN
You know, I did not wake up this morning thinking that I would be breaking up a fight before classes started.

PIM
Will you be calling him into the office as well?

Principal Nguyen glares at her.

PRINCIPAL NGUYEN
Is that really what you’re concerned about here? You’ve been doing so well these past few weeks, I thought something was changing in you.

PIM
He insulted Marisol. And me. Someone needed to knock him off his pedestal.

PRINCIPAL NGUYEN
You’re lucky that I am not suspending you. You have two weeks detention.

MARISOL
Both of us?

Principal Nguyen glances at Marisol.

PRINCIPAL NGUYEN
No, you were just a bystander. You two can go.

Pim and Marisol get up and exit the office.

57

INT. HIGH SCHOOL, HALLWAY

Marisol and Pim walk hand in hand, slowly, to class.

MARISOL
I’m sorry.

PIM
Why are you apologizing? I didn’t listen to you. I should have. I know this is my fault.

Gun shots are fired somewhere down the hallway. Marisol turns to Pim who is reliving her brother’s death.

(CONTINUED)
MARISOL
Come on!

They run to the nearest classroom.

58
INT. HIGH SCHOOL, COLLEGE LITERATURE CLASS

Pim and Marisol burst inside the classroom. Everyone turns to them.

MR. CLAYTON
Thank you for joining us ladies. If you could sit down, please.

Marisol drags Pim away from the door.

MARISOL
We heard gunshots!

The students look nervous.

KELSEY
That’s what that noise was??

MARISOL
Come on, let’s make a barricade.
Flip over your desks.

Mr. Clayton is unimpressed.

MR. CLAYTON
Let’s not disrupt class until we confirm this with the office.

There are screams in the hallway. More gunshots.

MR. CLAYTON
Everyone, make a barricade, keep low, and spread out behind it. I’ll lock the door.

The students start to do as he says when the screaming gets closer to the door. A few TERRIFIED STUDENTS rush inside, including White Loner.

Mr. Clayton crosses over to the door and locks them inside.

MR. CLAYTON
Are any of you hurt? What did you see?

The terrified students all shake their heads.

(CONTINUED)
TERRIFIED STUDENT 1
We couldn’t see anything. We just heard the shots nearby.

White Loner nods.

MR. CLAYTON
It’ll be okay. Help the other students prepare a barricade.

The phone rings. Mr. Clayton crosses to answer it.

White Loner pulls his gun out of his bag. He shoots it above the students heads.

WHITE LONER
I wouldn’t do that if I were you.

The students nearby him scramble away and try to hide. Mr. Clayton freezes.

MR. CLAYTON
Boy, listen, I-

WHITE LONER
Three years of going here and you don’t even know my name.

He swings the gun around and points it at the classroom of students.

WHITE LONER
I bet none of you do.

His focus lands on Pim. He points it at her.

Pim grabs Marisol’s hand and tries to block her.

WHITE LONER
We have had lockers next to each other this entire time. You used to sit next to me so that you wouldn’t be alone— it was so fucking annoying.

He moves the gun over to Marisol.

WHITE LONER
(looking at Pim)
I wonder what it would do to you to see another person you loved shot before your eyes.

Pim steps in front of her.

(CONTINUED)
PIM
Stay away from her!

MR. CLAYTON
Bobby, don’t!

White Loner turns to Mr. Clayton.

WHITE LONER
Nice guess.

White Loner shoots at Mr. Clayton, who ducks but is hit. The students hiding are frantic now. Some have their phones out. Kelsey screams.

White Loner turns back to Pim.

WHITE LONER
Your turn.

He shoots at Pim, but Marisol shoves her out of the way. Pim falls to the ground.

White Loner turns to the group of terrified students that he came in with. He shoots at them.

Pim tries to cradle Marisol’s upper body.

PIM
(crying)
No... no... Don’t.

Marisol is bleeding. She has been shot. She smiles at Pim.

MARISOL
Obviously, you’re a better fighter than I am.

Pim looks up at White Loner, who is still focused on the terrified students hiding in the corner.

Pim motions to Kelsey. She passes Marisol to her.

Pim looks around the room. She sees Sports Dick cowering behind the desks.

Pim moves out into the open, away from where Sports Dick, Marisol and Kelsey are hiding.

She stands up.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Hey—

White Loner turns around.

I know you’re in pain.

He points the gun at Pim again.

I know how much the pain and resentment can eat at you.

Keeping the gun in her sight, Pim inches forward.

But as annoying as I was to you. You kept me grounded.

Sirens can be heard in the distance.

The gun shakes in his hand.

I know it’s hard to believe, but it’s true. I may not have wanted to be around people or in school, but I persisted, and the only reason I felt I could do that is because I was comfortable enough sitting next to you through that difficult part of my life.

Pim is within arm reach of White Loner now. She holds her hands in the air, carefully.

He points the gun at her more firmly.

Don’t come any closer.

Look, I’ve got nothing in my hands. I am not afraid of you. I see the hate inside you, and I understand.

White Loner starts to lower the gun but quickly brings it back up again.

As he does this, Pim blocks his gun arm with her mirroring arm, reaches under to lock her hand around her wrist and pulls down with the force of her body, twisting his arm backwards until he drops the gun.
Pim kicks the gun aside. Mr. Clayton rushes over, picks up the gun, while Marisol wrestles with White Loner to get his arms locked behind his back and on his knees.

**PIM**  
(to the room)  
Call 911! Unlock the door. Get people out of here!

The students around her run out the door.

POLICE and PARAMEDICS run inside.

The Police take the gun, which Mr. Clayton has quickly set on the desk, and they hand cuff White Loner.

Pim runs to Marisol. Pim takes Marisol from Kelsey. She cradles her.

Paramedics attend to Mr. Clayton, the group of terrified students, and Marisol.

Pim cries and is overwhelmed with flashbacks of finding her brother:
- Her hand bleeding, cut from the barbed wire fence.
- The paramedics taking his body.
- Her screaming his name.

Pim kneels over Marisol as the paramedics help her.

**PIM**  
Marisol!

Pim watches as they take Marisol away from her.

59 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM 59

Marisol lies in a hospital bed, connected to monitors, asleep and alive. Pim is holding onto Marisol’s hand, asleep against the hospital bed.

Amara Kelmier enters and sees her daughter asleep. She goes to wake Pim.

**AMARA**  
(touching her shoulder)  
Honey? Wake up.

Pim wakes up and rubs the sleep away from her eyes.

(CONTINUED)
Amara crouches down beside her daughter.

AMARA
Do you want something to eat? Your father went to pick up some food for us.

PIM
No, I’m fine. I’m not hungry.

Amara stands up.

AMARA
Okay...

She pulls a chair over beside her daughter.

AMARA
The doctors said that she’s going to survive this.

Pim doesn’t respond to her mom.

AMARA
How are you doing after all of this?

PIM
It’s been a rough Monday.

Amara pulls Pim’s head to her chest.

AMARA
You two are so strong.

PIM
She saved my life.

Amara clenches Pim a little tighter.

AMARA
I will never forget that that girl took a bullet for you.

PIM
She’s dodged in front of a bullet for me. She’s helped me get back on track with school. She makes me happy.
AMARA
I can see that. She can stay with us as long as she needs to.

Pim sits back up and faces her mom. Pim grabs her mother’s hands.

PIM
(shaken, tearing up)
I want us to put back up the pictures of Martin. I need to feel his presence, especially now. The house feels so empty without him here, without his face on the wall. Please, Mom.

AMARA
(tearing up)
Yeah. We can do that.

Pim hugs her mother.

AMARA
(breaking down)
I’m sorry. I’m so sorry, Pim. I can’t believe that I almost lost you too.

PIM
Well, the world is a dangerous place.

AMARA
I know, but still—

They hug and cry in silence.

INT. KELMIER HOME, KITCHEN

There are welcome home banners up and "get well soon" cards, balloons and teddy bears on the counters. There is food and cake on the table, and Amara and Scott Kelmier are standing, waiting.

Pim walks with Marisol through the front door. Amara takes a photo of Pim and Marisol in the doorway.

AMARA
Yayy! Hold still!

Pim and Marisol pause for the picture.

(CONTINUED)
SCOTT
(going to pull out the chair for Marisol)
Welcome back!

Marisol sits down at the table.

MARISOL
Thank you so much for all of this. You didn’t have to.

SCOTT
It wasn’t just us. Everyone in town has been sending gifts. For both you and Pim.

Marisol smiles up at Pim.

MARISOL
Pim was very brave.

PIM
You’re the one who took the bullet.

MARISOL
Well, you’re the reason the guy was caught. Where did you learn how to do that?

PIM
My brother taught me a lot before he died. Including how to protect myself if I ever needed to.

Marisol squeezes Pim’s hand. She looks back at Pim’s parents.

MARISOL
I just wish I could see my dad now.

Pim looks to her parents. Scott goes into the other room quickly.

AMARA
Well, actually we have something for you too.

Marisol gets excited.

AMARA
Unfortunately, we can’t get him out of the detention center, but they have arranged you a video call.

(CONTINUED)
Scott reenters the room with a tablet and Pablo Perez on video call.

SCOTT
Here she is...

Scott passes the tablet to Marisol.

Marisol breaks down.

MARISOL
¡Papá!

Her father waves at her from the tablet. He breaks down as well.

PABLO (ON VIDEO)
(crying)
¿Cómo estás, mi sol, mi vida?

MARISOL
(crying)
Sobreviviendo. ¿Y tú?

PABLO (ON VIDEO)
Lo mismo...

Pim tears up and goes to hug her parents. They give Marisol some space.

PABLO (ON VIDEO)
¿Me ha dicho que salvaste una chica?

MARISOL
Sí pero ella me salvaba también. Su familia me permite a vivir aquí hasta que regreses.

PABLO (ON VIDEO)
Espero que pueda pronto.

Pablo looks off camera.

PABLO (ON VIDEO)
Sol, mi vida, desafortunadamente no puedo hablar más hoy. Visítame cuando puedas. Te amo mucho.

MARISOL
¡Te amo también, papá!

Her father hangs up the call, and Marisol sets the tablet down, smiling and crying.
Pim returns to her side.

**PIM**
You okay?

**MARISOL**
I will be, yeah.

Marisol looks at Pim’s parents.

**MARISOL**
Thank you.

Amara and Scott return the table. They start serving food.

**SCOTT**
It’s our pleasure. How about we all get some food in our stomachs, huh?

He hands Marisol a plate.

Amara reaches over and squeezes Marisol’s hand.

**AMARA**
We’ll figure out a way to help your dad, I promise.

Once they are all served. They sit down and start eating.

The tv behind them is shut off.

**EXT. EDGE OF A FOREST - SPRING**

The trees and the grass are green and wet. There are pockets of wildflowers in the grass.

The wood on the tree house is aging but sturdy, and the tree is almost swallowing the treehouse.

Marisol and Pim sit in the treehouse, overlooking the forest where Martin was shot. They both seem healthier, and almost healed.

Marisol has her arms wrapped around Pim, her chin on Pim’s shoulder, as Pim’s legs dangle over the edge of the treehouse.

They look down at the fence, near where Martin was shot, and farther out, where private bleeds into state property, over the forest and the state park and the lake, out into the skyline, where the sun is setting and all things seem a little bit more possible.