



Iowa Research Online  
The University of Iowa's Institutional Repository

---

University of Iowa Honors Theses

University of Iowa Honors Program

---

Spring 2018

## Silence in the Stars

Taylor Claman

Follow this and additional works at: [http://ir.uiowa.edu/honors\\_theses](http://ir.uiowa.edu/honors_theses)

 Part of the [African American Studies Commons](#), [Chicana/o Studies Commons](#), [Creative Writing Commons](#), [Language Interpretation and Translation Commons](#), [Latin American Languages and Societies Commons](#), [Latina/o Studies Commons](#), [Lesbian, Gay, Bisexual, and Transgender Studies Commons](#), [Other Feminist, Gender, and Sexuality Studies Commons](#), [Other Languages, Societies, and Cultures Commons](#), [Reading and Language Commons](#), [Screenwriting Commons](#), [Spanish and Portuguese Language and Literature Commons](#), and the [Women's Studies Commons](#)

---

Copyright © 2018 Taylor Elizabeth Claman

Hosted by Iowa Research Online. For more information please contact: [lib-ir@uiowa.edu](mailto:lib-ir@uiowa.edu).

---

SILENCE IN THE STARS

by

Taylor Claman

A thesis submitted in partial fulfillment of the requirements  
for graduation with Honors in the Theatre Arts

---

Tlaloc Rivas  
Thesis Mentor

Spring 2018

All requirements for graduation with Honors in the  
Theatre Arts have been completed.

---

Lisa Schlesinger  
Theatre Arts Honors Advisor

Silence in the Stars

By

Taylor Elizabeth Claman

Copyright © 2018 Taylor  
Elizabeth Claman

tclam2796@gmail.com  
(563) 379-8200

INTRO SCENERY MONTAGE

1 EXT. MIDWEST, OUT IN THE COUNTRY 1

-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

2 INT. AUNT GINA'S TREEHOUSE - SUMMER 2

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

3

INT. AUNT GINA'S HOME - DINING ROOM

3

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.

4 INT. AUNT GINA'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT 4

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?

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.

5 EXT. EDGE OF A FOREST - LATE SUMMER - EARLY(ISH) MORNING 5

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.



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

6

EXT. AUNT GINA'S FOREST'S EDGE

6

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

(CONTINUED)

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!

7 EXT. AUNT GINA'S FOREST'S EDGE 7

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.

8 INT. AUNT GINA'S BATHROOM 8

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

9 INT. POLICE STATION 9

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

10

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.

11 INT. HIGH SCHOOL, STUDY HALL 11

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.

12 INT. HIGH SCHOOL, COLLEGE LITERATURE CLASS 12

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?

SPORTS DICK  
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 13

Pim bursts out of the classroom and walks straight for a  
supply closet. She slips inside.

14 INT. HIGH SCHOOL, SUPPLY CLOSET - CONTINUOUS 14

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

15

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.

(CONTINUED)

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.

16 INT. KELMIER HOME, LIVING ROOM, STAIRCASE - CONTINUOUS 16

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.

17 INT. KELMIER HOME, PIM'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 17

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.

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.

18

EXT. FLASHBACK, PARK - FOUR YEARS AGO

18

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.

(CONTINUED)

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

19

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

20

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)

(CONTINUED)



PRINCIPAL NGUYEN (cont'd)  
 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.

21 INT. KELMIER HOME, LIVING ROOM

21

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.

(CONTINUED)

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

(still 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.

(CONTINUED)

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.

23 INT. PIM'S CAR

23

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.

24 INT. HIGH SCHOOL, HALLWAY

24

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?

25

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL

25

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.

26

INT. PIM'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

26

Pim starts the car. Marisol slips on her seatbelt.

PIM

Alrighty.

MARISOL

Vamos!

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, lickig 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

28

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.

(CONTINUED)

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.

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

29

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 too 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

30

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.



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?

(CONTINUED)

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.

31 INT. PIM'S BEDROOM

31

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)

(CONTINUED)

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

32

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.

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 33

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 34

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 35

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 36

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.

PIM  
(shaking the students hands)  
Hey.

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

37 INT. PIM'S CAR 37

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

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

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 39

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.

40 INT. KELMIER HOME, LIVING ROOM

40

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.

MARISOL

What's this?

PIM

What's what?

MARISOL

This.

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

PIM

Wow.

MARISOL

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.

MARISOL

Oh.

Marisol takes Pim's other hand.

MARISOL

What happened that day?

PIM

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

MARISOL

It's okay.

PIM

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

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

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.

41 INT. HIGH SCHOOL, COLLEGE LITERATURE CLASS 41

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)

(CONTINUED)

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.

42 INT. HIGH SCHOOL, CAFETERIA 42

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.

43 EXT. TOWN LIBRARY 43

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 at Marisol. She brushes the hair away from  
Marisol's eyes and returns to her book.

44 INT. KELMIER HOME, KITCHEN 44

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

45 INT. PIM'S CAR - SATURDAY 45

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

46

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.

47 EXT. GAS STATION 47

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.

48 INT. PIM'S CAR 48

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.

49 INT. PIM'S CAR, OUTSIDE OF DETENTION CENTER 49

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.

50

INT. ICE DETENTION CENTER

50

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 51

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 52

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 53

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

54

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)

(CONTINUED)

PIM (cont'd)  
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.

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.

56

INT. HIGH SCHOOL, PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE

56

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

(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

57

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

58

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.

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)

PIM

Hey-

White Loner turns around.

PIM

I know you're in pain.

He points the gun at Pim again.

PIM

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

Keeping the gun in her sight, Pim inches forward.

PIM

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.

PIM

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.

WHITE LONER

Don't come any closer.

PIM

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.

(CONTINUED)

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 handcuff 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)

PIM

What Mom?

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.

60

INT. KELMIER HOME, KITCHEN

60

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

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.

61 EXT. EDGE OF A FOREST - SPRING

61

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.