

GRACE NOTE

Feature Screenplay by

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INT/EXT. CAR, TRAVELING - DAY

ABIGAIL STONE, 30, presses a button and music explodes from the car speakers. Her hands tap on the wheel, and she sings along - she has a beautiful voice, but she is simultaneously unaware of both her talents and her beauty. Her long, unruly hair dances in the breeze, and her eyes light up with quirky possibility.

Abigail spots something on the road and shuts off the music, squinting at the slowly-moving suspect.

SERIES OF SHOTS ALONG THE ROAD

- Abigail stands over a turtle, patiently waddling along with him as he crosses the road.

- High-fives the turtle. He doesn't cooperate.

- Car-driving and music-playing once more; she belts out the song, proud of herself (and the turtle).

- Eats a sandwich at a rest area, looks over at a squirrel. Sings him a bar from the song.

- Back in the car. Glances at the passenger seat.

INSERT: Divorce Papers: Abigail Stone and David Mitchell

- Abigail looks out the window, then back at the legal document. Considers, then grabs the papers and flings them out the window - they explode into the sky and onto the near-deserted highway.

- Abigail diligently picks the papers up off the road.

- Abigail tosses the pile of collected papers into the backseat.

- Drives into the night. She's getting tired.

- Pulls into a Walmart. Music fades.

2

INT. WALMART - NIGHT

Abigail walks to the bathroom, holding her toiletries. Salutes someone with her toothbrush as she passes.

3 INT. WALMART RESTROOM - CONTINUOUS

While Abigail brushes her teeth, she spots graffiti on the wall that reads: "Home is where the heart is." She rolls her eyes and spits.

4 INT. WALMART - CONTINUOUS

Abigail heads to the exit, but comes face to face with a GARDEN GNOME, sitting on a shelf. He is separate from the other gnomes, who have their own display. She stares at him, so wise and ridiculous. She picks him up and carries him to his counterparts. Takes a step back. Something isn't right.

5 EXT. PARKING LOT - MINUTES LATER

Abigail walks to her car, carrying the gnome. She is parked on the far side of the lot, under the amber glow of a flickering light. She opens the back door and crawls onto the paper-filled seat, making a pillow with her jacket.

She holds the gnome close. The parking lot light blinks above them. It is a stark, surreal moment, eventually interrupted by the sound of a couple approaching their nearby vehicle.

MALE

Well, you didn't have to come.

FEMALE

I just didn't want to spend our night looking for something they obviously didn't have in stock.

MALE

I get it. Jesus.

FEMALE

You're right. I should've just stayed home.

They slam their doors and drive away. The light stutters again. Abigail, eyes wide, looks at the gnome. They are nose to nose. She feels a surge of affection.

ABIGAIL

Home is where the gnome is.

They touch noses, then she holds him close and shuts her eyes, strangely content.

6

INT. CAR TRAVELING - NEXT MORNING

Wind in her hair, Abigail drives north, the gnome buckled in the passenger seat. The divorce papers are in a neat pile on the back seat. Her phone buzzes - a voicemail: David. She glances at the phone once, twice, planning to ignore it, then shuts off the radio and plays the message.

DAVID (V.O.)

Abbie. Hey, just checking in. I hope your drive is going well.

(pause)

I know this isn't what you planned.

She looks over at the gnome, sardonic.

ABIGAIL

Oh, no, this is exactly how I imagined my life.

DAVID (V.O.)

But now you can focus on you, you know?

Abigail apprehensively looks at herself in the rearview.

DAVID (V.O.)

I wish things were different, Abbie, I do. I should have told you about Haley, but it came out of nowhere, you know? But you and I weren't working, and we knew that. But, hey, I bet your family is really looking forward to having you back home--

Abigail deletes the message with a forceful jab. The phone tilts on its holder. She throws the apparatus to the floor.

ABIGAIL

What else did we know, Dave? Please, fill me in.

She drives for a moment, then whips the car to the side of the road, braking. Puts her head in her hands, then laughs. Shakes it off. She doesn't cry, but rather collects herself and looks at the gnome, reassuring him.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

It won't always be like this.

He doesn't respond. He accepts her as she is. She starts the car to resume her drive, staring ahead.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)
Home is where the gnome is.

7 INT/EXT. CAR - LATER THAT DAY

Drives past a pastoral sign for Sylvan, CT. Abigail is talking conversationally with the gnome.

ABIGAIL

Every day was kinda the same, you know? I'd play tennis, read some books, make dinner - salmon and asparagus. Most likely salmon and asparagus. Healthy, you know? Omega 3s. Well, then David stopped coming home. Not all the time. Sometimes.

(looks at the gnome)

Wait, was that a sign? Was that like a really clear sign that I missed? Don't judge me.

(points)

Oh, look - my elementary school.

(pause)

She's a news reporter, you know. Haley. Knows like three languages.

(acquiesces)

Whatever, fine, yes - we'll play on the playground.

8 EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL PLAYGROUND- MINUTES LATER

Abigail pushes the gnome on the swing. He falls off the seat, face-plants into the sand.

9 EXT. GAS STATION - AFTERNOON

Abigail pulls into a small gas station, glances at Herman, wipes a few flecks of sand off his face.

ABIGAIL

Wait here, please.

Abigail pumps gas while the gnome sits nearby on a trashcan, clearly not obeying. She spots a YOUNG COUPLE, early 20s, canoodling nearby.

The young woman, KATIE HASTINGS, 20, has brightly colored hair and thick black eyeliner. Her boyfriend, JEREMIAH DRYER, 23, is a modern day James Dean, soaked in sex appeal and emotional angst. Abigail watches as he leans against a wall, threatening with a smile to kiss his girl.

Abigail squints at them, puts her elbow up and leans against the car, closes her eyes, but can't block out their laughter. She opens her eyes again, looks at the gnome, sings to him:

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)
"You're the one that I want - ooh,
ooh, ooh.

She holds up the gas pump and taps the gnome ceremoniously atop the head.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)
And he shall be named... Herman.

Opens the back door and grabs the pile of divorce papers.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)
Herman, please wait here.
(then)
For real this time, yo.

She walks the papers to a recycling bin near the couple. Jeremiah's hand is on Katie's waist, clutching her. Katie catches her watching them.

KATIE
Um, can we help you?

Abigail stumbles, dropping the papers to the ground.

ABIGAIL
Oh, jeez--

Jeremiah turns and assesses. Katie laughs at Abigail as she fumbles to collect the papers.

JEREMIAH
Katie, stop-

Jeremiah leaves Katie's side and moves to Abigail.

JEREMIAH (CONT'D)
Here, let me help you.

He grabs a handful of sheets, glances at them. Abigail snatches them from his hands, scoops up the rest, and throws the stack into the bin.

ABIGAIL
Yes, it's hilarious, thank you.

She stalks back to her car.

JEREMIAH

Hey, wait--

KATIE

Jer, just let her go.

JEREMIAH

(turns to Katie)

Why'd you have to be like that?

KATIE

What? She was being super creepy.

10 EXT./INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Abigail grabs Herman, gets in the car, buckles the gnome.

ABIGAIL

Pay no mind to the mean canoodlers,
Herman. Let's get you home.

Abigail drives away, locking eyes with Jeremiah as she goes.

11 EXT. GAS STATION - CONTINUOUS

Katie rolls her eyes.

KATIE

Oh my god, she's so weird.

Jeremiah reveals a wry smile, seemingly amused.

KATIE (CONT'D)

Hey, babe. Come here and kiss me.

Jeremiah hesitates, his back to Katie, as though he might decline, but then turns to grant her wishes.

12 EXT. STONE FAMILY HOUSE - MINUTES LATER

Abigail pulls up beside a well-groomed suburban home along a picturesque residential street. Over-dressed stay-at-home mothers are waiting at the ends of their driveways, some idling in their SUVs, some standing and chatting, awaiting the bus that will return their overachievers. Everything is perfectly upper middle-class.

Abigail gets out of her car, disheveled and forlorn, holding Herman. She glances at her car, dinged and unwashed, and then at herself in the window reflection, looking much the same. A soccer mom glances over, gives her a look of disapproval.

Abigail waves, then turns to face her childhood home. The house matches every home on the street, except this one is white and the mailbox carries the family name "Stone." Abigail covers Herman's eyes.

ABIGAIL

Oh God, it's all so boring.

Abigail heads towards the house, then stops, looks around, and plants Herman in the grass.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

There you go. We're home now.

(then)

Can I get you anything? A bit of patchy moss? A whimsical mushroom trio? No? You good? What a trooper.

She blows Herman a kiss and goes to the front door, knocks.

VERONICA, 45, a vivacious and earnest red-head, opens it.

VERONICA

Hi, can I help you?

ABIGAIL

Yes, actually, I'm looking for Jesus.

VERONICA

Excuse me?

ABIGAIL

Veronica, I'm really sorry I missed the wedding.

Veronica takes a moment.

VERONICA

Wait, really? Abigail?

REID STONE, 26, throws open the door. He's a skater boy turned theater nerd who has grown into an independent and conscientious man. Abigail only sees her punk little brother.

REID

No fucking way.

VERONICA

Reid, please.

REID

The prodigal son returns!

ABIGAIL
You know, funny you say that.

Reid looks back and forth between the two women.

VERONICA
Apparently she's looking for Jesus.

REID
(laughing)
Oh, I'm sure she is!

Reid jumps out, grabs Abigail by the shoulders and ushers her into the house.

13 INT. STONE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

REID
What the fuck are you doing here?

Veronica closes the door, shoots a disapproving look.

VERONICA
Language.

ABIGAIL
Did you see my gnome?

REID
Did I see...? Fucking-A, sis.
(to Veronica)
Sorry, sorry.

Reid ruffles Abigail's hair, jostling her around.

REID (CONT'D)
What's up? Why you here?

ABIGAIL
I just... I missed you so much!

REID
Bullshit.

ABIGAIL
And it was time to meet Veronica.

VERONICA
Well, I think it's great. Your room
is still-

REID
 (tone changes, more
 sarcastic, harsh)
 Hey! But you know - crazy thing.
 Haven't seen you in like, ten
 years.

ABIGAIL
 Seven.

REID
 Yeah, I thought you had your own
 husband and shit.

ABIGAIL
 Hey, yeah, I thought you had your
 own apartment and shit.

VERONICA
 Actually, Reid has a great place
 over at the--

REID
 David's boring the crap outta ya,
 huh?

ABIGAIL
 What? No.

REID
 (to Veronica)
 He's boring the crap out of her.

VERONICA
 Well, I for one think it's great
 that you're home.

REID
 Oh, home.

He takes Abigail's bag off her shoulders.

REID (CONT'D)
 That's a relative term for Abbie,
 isn't it?

Reid tosses Abigail's bag to the floor.

14 INT. CHILDHOOD BEDROOM - LATER

Abigail drops her bag on the bed, then looks around the room
 she grew up in. Her high school diploma on the walls, awards
 for spelling bees, volunteering, chess.

A picture of her and David sits on a bureau. She picks it up, squints at it, then places it on its face.

The only thing colorful in the room is a picture of the family. She stares at it. Abigail, Reid, Peter, and her mother, Leah, are at the park. Her mother has a guitar in her hands and a vibrant smile on her face.

She overhears her father and Veronica talking downstairs.

PETER (V.O.)
But what is she doing here?

15 INT. KITCHEN - SAME

PETER STONE (55), flecks of grey in his hair, sorts through his briefcase.

PETER
She can't just show up.

VERONICA
Well, can't she? This was her home.

PETER
Operative word, Veronica - "was."

VERONICA
Don't 'operative word' me, mister.
Hey, maybe she wants to reconnect.
Maybe she needs some space - maybe
she wants to finish her degree!

16 INT. CHILDHOOD BEDROOM - SAME

Abigail clutches the doorframe, picture still in her hands.

VERONICA (O.S.)
Peter, c'mon. Give her a chance.

PETER (O.S.)
At what? I don't know. I don't even
know who she is anymore.

Abigail focuses on the picture, on herself as a young girl.

VERONICA (O.S.)
Well, maybe this is your chance to
find out.

Abigail slams the door, not wishing to hear any more.

17 INT. STONE KITCHEN - SAME

Veronica glances towards the sound of the door slam, then lowers her voice and pulls Peter close.

VERONICA
Honey, c'mon. You've been wanting her to come home.

PETER
Yeah, but... I don't think I can...

VERONICA
You can. And, maybe... maybe this will help us all process...

PETER
Process.

VERONICA
Yes. Maybe, maybe you and the kids can heal, you know, from losing Leah, and-

Peter pulls away.

PETER
That was a long time ago.

VERONICA
Yes. Yes, it was.

PETER
This is ridiculous. There's nothing to "process," whatever that means.

Peter exits the room, exclaiming as he leaves.

PETER (CONT'D)
Just set another place at the table.

Veronica watches him go, wishing he would stay. She goes to the silverware drawer, pulls out a set. Her hands shake and she throws the silverware on the counter, dismayed.

18 EXT. DRYER HOUSE - DAY

Jeremiah bicycles up to a run-down, Cape-style house. The bushes are overgrown, the grass long and littered with leaves. The paint is peeling.

TWO OFFICERS are at the front door, peering in the windows.

Jeremiah hops off his bike and jogs up, concerned.

OFFICER #1 turns as he approaches. He is the older of the two, a formidably trained officer, passing his knowledge and skills onto his protégée.

OFFICER #1
Jeremiah Dryer?

JEREMIAH
Yeah, what's up?

The second officer (said protégée) is CHARLIE O'TOOLE, 24. He posts an official piece of paper to the front door.

JEREMIAH (CONT'D)
Charlie, what the hell you doing?

CHARLIE
Hey, Jer. Sorry, I gotta do this...

JEREMIAH
What the fuck's going on?

OFFICER #1
Excuse me, Mr. Dryer, maybe you could step over here and we could have us a little chat.

The officer steps to the side, gesturing.

OFFICER #1 (CONT'D)
Preferably without the foul language.

JEREMIAH
(to Charlie)
Is he serious?

Charlie nods. Jeremiah considers resisting, but trudges over.

OFFICER #1
With all due respect, Jeremiah, I think your mother was a fine lady, and she wouldn't want you living like this.

JEREMIAH
Well, with all due respect, Officer - you don't know jack shit about my mother.

The officer bristles, but collects himself.

OFFICER #1

Maybe you're right. But I do know a good deal about maternal figures, and they don't particularly care for their sons living in squalor in condemned houses.

JEREMIAH

Condemned...

Jeremiah realizes what Charlie is nailing to the door.

OFFICER #1

Now you have 60 days to fix her up and prove to us you can take care-

JEREMIAH

But wait, the mortgage is covered- it comes out each month, automatically. Comes right out.

CHARLIE

This is about more than money, Jer-

JEREMIAH

Shut your face, Charlie.

(to Officer #1)

What is this about?

OFFICER #1

Mr. Dryer, you can't be living in a run-down house. No electricity, poor upkeep. And we're getting complaints from the neighbors about... about the curb appeal.

JEREMIAH

The curb appeal.

Jeremiah looks at Charlie, who nods seriously. Jeremiah picks up a large stone, throws it, shattering a first floor window.

JEREMIAH (CONT'D)

There's your fucking curb appeal.

Officer #1 shakes his head.

CHARLIE

(whispers)

I don't think you're helping your case, man.

JEREMIAH

Oh, fuck off, Charlie.

Jeremiah enters the house, slamming the door behind him.

19 INT. DRYER HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Scattered beer cans and empty liquor bottles litter the floor. It looks like a bachelor pad for a starving artist rather than the first floor of a suburban cape house. Beyond the obvious, it's clear this was a nice home at one time - instruments hang on the walls beside colorful artwork.

Officer #1 approaches the broken window and speaks to Jeremiah through the shattered glass.

OFFICER #1

We'll wait here to let you get what you need and vacate the premises.

Jeremiah crosses his arms.

OFFICER #1 (CONT'D)

Or you can join us at the station.

Jeremiah kicks a foot-full of trash across the floor and exits the room. He tosses a few items into a backpack (clothes, toothbrush, notebook) grabs his guitar, and exits.

20 EXT. DRYER HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The officers watch as Jeremiah huffs his way to his bike.

CHARLIE

All ya gotta do is fix it up, Jer,
and you can move right back in.

Jeremiah flips Charlie the middle finger, hops on his bicycle, and pedals away.

21 INT. MOM'S MUSIC ROOM - DAY

Abigail enters carefully, looks around, touches a few things. Everything looks as it always did. She picks up her mother's guitar, sits down, strums it. It's out of tune.

Peter comes to the doorway with a gust of belligerence.

PETER

Stop that, stop it! You're not supposed to be here.

ABIGAIL

Hey! Nice to see you, too, Dad.

PETER
I haven't seen you in years.

ABIGAIL
Well, here I am.

Abigail strums the guitar; Peter snatches it from her hands.

PETER
Yes, I see that.

They look at each other. Peter calms down.

PETER (CONT'D)
What do you need, Abbie?

Abigail searches her father's eyes.

ABIGAIL
Have you talked to David lately?

PETER
No, he's been quiet. Why?
Everything okay?

ABIGAIL
Yeah, I just... Actually, he... I
just wanted to come home, you know--
finally finish my degree.

Peter pauses. He appears to like this idea.

PETER
Yeah?

ABIGAIL
Yeah, I wanted to before, but it
was too complicated, with the new
firm, and all. Plus I only need a
few more credits at SCC.

This triggers Peter again.

PETER
No shit you only need a few more
credits, Abigail. You should have
been licensed years ago, and your
husband should have insisted you
finish school before, before...
(takes a deep breath)
How are you paying for all this?
Because if you think you can just
traipse back here and--

ABIGAIL
No, Dad, no. I'm fine, we're fine.

PETER
So, I mean, are you thinking of
taking over the business?

ABIGAIL
That would be hard from D.C., Dad.

PETER
Of course, of course.

ABIGAIL
(pauses)
It's really nice to see you.

Peter goes to leave, stops. He's holding his wife's guitar.
He looks at it. Abigail stands, takes it from his hands.

22 INT. THEATER AUDITORIUM - DAY

Guitar flashes in Jeremiah's hands. He's playing to an empty
auditorium, getting out his angst, his emotions.

23 INT. MOM'S MUSIC ROOM - DAY

Abigail looks through her mother's old photos and paperwork.
Finds an envelope labeled "For Abbie-gale (college
graduation)". Opens it to find a note.

LEAH (V.O.)
Dearest Abbie, it's a short trip
around the sun, my darling one. Do
what you love, be with those who
light your heart on fire, and find
home, wherever you are.

ABIGAIL
Oh, my God.

The next page is hand-written sheet music with a sticky note.

LEAH (V.O.)
Play this song, and remember me.
Play this song, and remember you.

24 INT. THEATER AUDITORIUM - CONTINUOUS

Jeremiah still plays, but the song is angrier, louder now.

25 INT. STONE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Abigail storms into the kitchen, where Peter and Veronica are having a discussion. She holds up the papers she found.

ABIGAIL
Why don't I know about this?

Peter realizes what she is holding, eyes go wide.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)
I thought she stopped writing to us
after high school.

Peter collects himself.

PETER
It was for college graduation. You
didn't graduate.

Abigail throws the papers on the table in front of them.

ABIGAIL
Bullshit. I'm 30 years old. You
didn't think I should, that I
should-

PETER
You didn't graduate, Abigail!

Abigail pounds the paper with her finger.

ABIGAIL
But this was important! I needed -

Abigail breaks away, distraught, then returns.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)
She thinks I know how to sing, Dad-
to play! I mean, Jesus, maybe -
maybe I would be different. Maybe I
would have stuck with music,
instead of - instead of-

PETER
What? Following in my footsteps?

ABIGAIL
Dad, I didn't even do that! I
didn't do... I didn't do anything.

PETER
That is nobody's fault but your own.

Abigail is hurt, but decides to let it go.

ABIGAIL

That's not my point, Dad. She wrote me a song. She didn't do that for any other milestone.

Abigail picks up the sheet music.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

I don't know, maybe- maybe I'd be different.

Everyone is quiet for a moment.

PETER

Or maybe you'd be exactly the same.

26 INT. THEATER AUDITORIUM - CONTINUOUS

Jeremiah finishes the song. Puts down his guitar. Looks out at the empty auditorium.

27 EXT. STONE HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

Abigail sits on the grass beside Herman, guitar on her lap. She attempts to play the song, but fails. Frustrated, she lowers the guitar, falls onto the grass, looks at Herman.

ABIGAIL

Yup. Welcome home, Herman, my man.

28 INT. KITCHEN - NEXT MORNING

Abigail enters, stops short when she sees Veronica pouring herself a coffee.

VERONICA

Coffee?

ABIGAIL

No, thank you.

Abigail grabs a hard-boiled egg from the refrigerator and sits down at the table to peel it. Veronica joins her.

VERONICA

I know your dad can be curt-
(Abigail snorts)
But he loves you.

ABIGAIL
I know that.

VERONICA
Okay.

Abigail struggled with the egg. She's making a mess of shells on the table.

ABIGAIL
I know my father loves me.

VERONICA
Good. No, I'm glad.
(pause)
He struggles, you know, still. With losing your mother, then losing you-

Abigail stands, inadvertently knocking the table and spilling some of Veronica's coffee.

ABIGAIL
Jesus, he didn't lose me!

Abigail throws the egg into the trash.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)
Apparently there's nothing to lose.

Abigail exits the house. Veronica stands motionless in the kitchen, then wipes the broken eggshells off the table.

29 INT. REGISTRAR'S OFFICE - DAY

The disgruntled REGISTRAR wipes muffin crumbs off the counter and attempts to explain the situation again.

REGISTRAR
Well, you see, after seven years, your credits here at Sylvan Community College - they reset, and you start from scratch.

ABIGAIL
What are we at now?

REGISTRAR
6.5 years.

ABIGAIL
Oh. Well, shit.

REGISTRAR

Yes, well shit. Why didn't you just finish your degree seven years ago?

ABIGAIL

I got married.

REGISTRAR

Oh. Congratulations.

ABIGAIL

Yes. Yay, life choices.

REGISTRAR

Well, I've got you all set with your last two Accounting courses. However, it looks like you still need an art credit.

ABIGAIL

Excuse me?

REGISTRAR

You know, an opportunity to...

The Registrar pulls out a flier and reads off of it.

REGISTRAR (CONT'D)

"...express yourself through the fine arts." We have... Guitar, Vocal, Sculpture, Drawing, Piano.

The Registrar hands the pamphlet to Abigail, who takes it.

ABIGAIL

And what if I don't wish to express myself through the fine arts?

REGISTRAR

Then you don't graduate.

ABIGAIL

I love to express myself, in all the ways. Actually, you know what? Perfect. Through a web of lies and deception I recently discovered that my dead mother wrote me a song. Which I can't play. So maybe I'll take guitar, and through osmosis or something I'll become more like her and less like me.

(pause)

I'm a throwaway item.

(MORE)

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

(pause)

Like a vacuum. Or a paper plate.

REGISTRAR

Sounds like you need less guitar
and more counseling.

ABIGAIL

Just sign me up.

REGISTRAR

(checks the computer)

Sorry, guitar is full.

ABIGAIL

Oh. Piano?

REGISTRAR

The only art course with remaining
space this semester is... Vocal.

ABIGAIL

(flips over the list)

Then why did you show me this list?

Registrar waits a moment.

REGISTRAR

So what do you want?

ABIGAIL

Are you screwing with me?

(no response)

Yes, yes, okay, thank you - Vocal.

REGISTRAR

You know, if you're really
interested in guitar, there's
plenty of people around campus who
could-

ABIGAIL

Oh, no, it's a stupid idea. I suck
at everything.

Registrar looks at her blankly, then searches for another
pamphlet, pushing it across the counter. It reads: "Are You
Struggling with Life? Come See a Counselor Today".

30

EXT. SCHOOL CAMPUS - LATER

Abigail exits the school, folding up her registration
information and tucking it into one of her books.

She sees Jeremiah sitting on the back of a bench, playing the guitar and singing. She stops to watch/listen. He is very good - raw, intimate, talented.

Jeremiah looks up, spots her. Stops playing. Eyes connect.

He steps off the bench to approach, and Abigail instinctively steps back. Before he can reach her, a group of people interrupt, including Katie, who steals a kiss.

Abigail turns away, immediately crashing into somebody.

ABIGAIL

Oh my God, I'm so sorry.

BRIAN

Abigail, is that you?

Abigail looks up to see BRIAN RICHARDS, 30, a friend from high school. Once awkward and shy, he has grown into a handsome, confident man.

ABIGAIL

Brian Richards? What are you - do you go to school here?

BRIAN

(laughs)

Good God, no. I'm a professor - English department.

ABIGAIL

Oh, jeez, of course. Sorry.

BRIAN

What are you doing here? I thought you ran off to D.C. with a lawyer.

ABIGAIL

Yeah, you know, you're right, and that's all... so great. I was just, you know, good ole days.

Brian spots Abigail's books and registration slip.

BRIAN

So you're taking classes?

Abigail tucks the paper further into the book.

ABIGAIL

Well, yeah, I thought, why not! Finish my degree. Use this big, beautiful brain of mine.

BRIAN

That's true, makes sense. But
Abigail Stone always made sense. Or
is it - what's your name now?

ABIGAIL

Stone - Stone is fine.

BRIAN

Ah, very modern. Well, I'm around,
and in the directory if you feel
like getting a drink, catching up.
It's really great to see you,
Abbie.

ABIGAIL

Yeah, it's... it's pretty great to
see you, too, Brian.

Brian walks away, but shouts back:

BRIAN

Don't say it like it's such a
surprise!
(turns, smiles at her)
SCC looks good on you.

Abigail blushes, looks down. Then she looks over to where
Jeremiah was playing guitar, but he's gone.

31 INT. STONE HOUSE - LATER THAT AFTERNOON

Abigail returns home, animated, hopeful.

ABIGAIL

Dad? Dad! I have good news - it was
a close call, not gonna lie, but
one more semester and--

She spots her suitcase, and the rest of her stuff packed up
in a box by the door.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

What's going on?

Peter is at the table, watching her.

PETER

David called.
(Abigail is silent)
He was worried about you.

Abigail releases an awkward burst of laughter.

ABIGAIL
No, that's really sweet.

Peter holds up a large, open envelope. A new set of divorce papers.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)
Awesome. That's great. Thanks,
Dave. Great way to share with the
class.

PETER
Why didn't you just tell me what
was going on?

Abigail doesn't respond. Peter shakes his head.

PETER (CONT'D)
Abbie, Abbie, what did you do?

Abigail pauses, not sure she heard correctly.

ABIGAIL
Come again?

Peter stands, moves the envelope towards her on the table.

PETER
It takes two to tango, Abigail.

ABIGAIL
Okay, wow.

PETER
And I know you can be emotional.
You're like your mother that way-

ABIGAIL
Oh my God, please stop.

PETER
I just know how you can be-

Abigail grabs the open envelope with the divorce papers and flings it across the room. The papers explode out of the envelope and onto the floor.

ABIGAIL
This is why I didn't want to tell
you!

PETER
Oh, because heaven forbid I'd have
an opinion that you didn't like?

ABIGAIL
(chuckles, chagrined)
Yeah, that must be why, Dad.

PETER
Abigail, you need to be reasonable.

He gestures to her suitcase by the door.

PETER (CONT'D)
You need to go home to your husband
and sort all of this out--

ABIGAIL
Be reasonable, Abigail. You're not
welcome here, Abigail. Don't have
an opinion or anything resembling
human emotion, Abigail!

PETER
Listen, I know relationships can be
hard-

ABIGAIL
But you don't know anything about
my relationship, Dad. Yet here you
are, assuming any failure must be
on my part.

PETER
I know David is successful, smart,
and that he takes good care of you.

ABIGAIL
What- are we talking about money
now? Because money made mom so
happy-

PETER
Don't bring your mother into this.

ABIGAIL
She was so impressed by how you
were never here, and had to raise
two snot-nosed kids by herself.

PETER
Now wait a minute, I provided for
all of you.

Abigail takes a moment, chooses her words.

ABIGAIL

You provided what you wanted to provide.

Silence. Peter walks to the front door and swings it open. It's raining now. He picks up the box of Abigail's possessions, and tosses it out into the rain. Looks at her.

PETER

Now, you can pick all that up and come back into my home with some respect, or you can leave.

After a stunned moment, Abigail walks to the door, spotting Veronica in the dining room, clearly distraught. Without a word, Abigail snatches up her suitcase and leaves.

32 EXT. STONE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Abigail is on her knees in the rain, gathering up her possessions, holding back tears.

VERONICA (V.O.)

This is not only your home, Peter.

33 INT. STONE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Peter watches Abigail from the doorway, conflicted.

PETER

Don't do this, Veronica. Not now.

Veronica looks at Abigail in the rain, then at her husband.

VERONICA

This was not your decision to make.

She exits the room. Peter remains paralyzed at the door.

34 EXT. STONE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Abigail throws everything into the car - goes to get in, but stops. Walks around, looks over at her father in the doorway, snatches Herman up from the ground and displays him proudly.

ABIGAIL

Home is where the gnome is!

Rain falls on Herman's protective face.

35 INT./EXT. CAR - NIGHT

Abigail goes for a reckless drive, rain pounding. She comes to a startling halt at the end of a road - the town cemetery. She sits there, car vibrating, hands shaking. The rain slows. She looks over at Herman.

ABIGAIL

I'm sorry. You must feel so uprooted.

36 EXT. CEMETERY - MINUTES LATER

Abigail sits by her mother's grave, holding Herman.

ABIGAIL

Hey, Ma. I got your note. A little late, but... not your fault.

(pause)

I can't read the music, Mom. I stopped playing after... I stopped a lot of things after you were gone.

(pause)

David left me. Dad kicked me out. I don't... I don't know what to do.

A police car pulls up beside her, and Charlie steps out.

CHARLIE

Excuse me, ma'am, it's after hours.

ABIGAIL

Oh, we're just having a quick check-in with my mom.

CHARLIE

I need you to go back home, ma'am.

ABIGAIL

That's real cute, sir. It's a good thing that I know, deep in my heart, that home is...

(holds up Herman)

Where the gnome is.

Charlie, wary at this, puts up his hands and approaches her.

CHARLIE

No, home is where you need to go.

ABIGAIL

Well I don't have a home to go to, sir.

(MORE)

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

Unless it's with this gnome, and
he's with me, and we're right here.
So we're as good as home, if you
want to look at it that way.

Charlie is still approaching her, befuddled.

CHARLIE

I'm sorry, but I'm not allowed to
look at it that way, ma'am. I need
you to exit the premises, now.

ABIGAIL

I need to speak with my mother.

Charlie takes Abigail by the arm.

CHARLIE

You can speak with her in the
morning. I need you to leave.

Abigail pulls away.

ABIGAIL

No, we're staying!

CHARLIE

No, you and your gnome are going!

Charlie reaches, but Abigail wrenches Herman away, shouting:

ABIGAIL

Vive la Gnome!

And accidentally pummels Charlie in the face.

37 INT. JAIL CELL - MORNING

Abigail is on her back, gazing at the ceiling of her cell.

She takes out her mother's song, tucked into her pocket.
Begins to sing/hum the words - tries a couple different ways.

Jail cell opens. Officer Charlie O'Toole is there, his nose
bandaged and bruised.

CHARLIE

Abigail Stone, you're released.

Abigail jumps up.

ABIGAIL

Back into the wild!

CHARLIE

If I may, please keep the wild to a minimum, ma'am. It's a small town.

Abigail nods her head seriously.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

You know I'm gonna have to report this, right?

ABIGAIL

Oh God, please don't do that. I've never done anything wrong - you saw - a big boring record of nothing.

CHARLIE

You were trespassing after hours, refused police orders, and then proceeded to physically assault me.

ABIGAIL

Yeah, but... that was mostly... Oh my God, where's Herman?

Charlie is confused, then gestures to the gnome, sitting in a desk chair. Abigail runs to Herman, embraces him.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

Oh, my sweet little garden frolicker, I can't believe you attacked that super forgiving, really understanding officer.

Charlie takes a deep breath, holds it. Releases it.

CHARLIE

Okay, I'll let it go this time.

Abigail skips towards the door with Herman.

ABIGAIL

Thank you, thank you!

She stops, looks at her watch, turns to Charlie.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

Any chance I could use your shower?

38 INT. BUSINESS/MATH DEPARTMENT - DAY

Abigail is clean and clothed for her first day of school. She attends business class, and is clearly bored by the subject matter. Herman is seated at the desk beside her. A couple students look at her warily.

She scribbles a list:

39 INSERT: LIST

DO WHAT YOU LOVE

WHAT I LOVE:

~~Business Stuff~~

~~Getting Arrested~~

David.

Abigail squiggles over David's name, crossing him out, but unsure. She thinks for a moment, looks over at her friend, then writes: "Herman."

She shows Herman the list, points at his name.

40 INT. ARTS DEPARTMENT - LATER

Abigail walks down the corridor carrying Herman, glancing into classrooms along the way. Photography. Dance. Pottery. She looks in one window and recognizes Jeremiah, teaching guitar. She confers with Herman, squints her eyes, then looks back through the window.

Jeremiah looks up. She swiftly holds Herman in front of her face.

41 INT. MUSIC ROOM - DAY

Abigail peruses the walls of the music room. Awards and photographs of an opera singer are on display, along with newspaper articles with headlines that read "18-year old operatic sensation!" and "Theoharis to tour Italy, France."

ANGELIQUE THEOHARIS, 47, watches her. She looks just as stunning as the photos, only a little older, a little fuller, and a bit more disillusioned.

ABIGAIL

Oh, wow, so this is like- your thing.

The smile on Angelique's face defies the lurching of her heart at the question.

ANGELIQUE
You could say that.

Abigail continues to browse the memorabilia, fascinated.

ABIGAIL
I don't have a thing. I have no things.

ANGELIQUE
What's your vocal background, Abbie?

ABIGAIL
Well, I def know how to sing in the car. And the occasional squirrel enjoys my sweet, sweet songs.

She picks up a framed photograph of Angelique with a celebrity.

ANGELIQUE
How do you know that?

ABIGAIL
(offhandedly)
By their general expressions.

ANGELIQUE
By the squirrels' general expre- So Abbie, what are you looking for from our time together?

ABIGAIL
My mom - she was a singer- and she wrote music, beautiful music. When you look at her, even a picture of her, she... glows.

ANGELIQUE
You don't think you do that?

Abigail continues to stroll through memorabilia.

ABIGAIL
Oh, I know I don't do that. But look at you, look at these pictures - you are part of that glowy world.

ANGELIQUE
I was, yes.

ABIGAIL
Can I hear you sing?

ANGELIQUE
This isn't about me.

ABIGAIL
But can I?

ANGELIQUE
We're here to hear you sing, my
dear.

ABIGAIL
Well, yes, so it would seem
relatively important to know
whether you're capable of teaching
me.

Angelique is not sure whether to be affronted or refreshed by
Abigail's honesty. She approaches Abigail.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)
I'm, I'm sorry - that was quite
sassy-

ANGELIQUE
(singing)
"Caro mio ben / Credimi almen."

Abigail eyes widen. Angelique snatches a piece of paper off a
music stand, hands it to Abigail.

ANGELIQUE (CONT'D)
Now you.

Abigail is stunned. She puts Herman down on a table, then
looks at the paper, back at Angelique.

ABIGAIL
I - I can't-

ANGELIQUE
"Caro mio ben."

Abigail feels the pressure and squeaks out a response.

ABIGAIL
"Caro mio ben."

ANGELIQUE
"Credimi almen."

ABIGAIL
 "Credimi almen."

ANGELIQUE
 (with a flourish)
 "Senza di te / Languisce il cor."

Abigail, wide-eyed, goes to try, but Angelique interrupts:

ANGELIQUE (CONT'D)
 I'm kidding, please don't try that.

ABIGAIL
 Oh, thank God.

ANGELIQUE
 Now how did that feel, where did
 you feel it, in your body?

ABIGAIL
 In... my throat?

ANGELIQUE
 Yes, and that's why the sound was
 weak and superficial, lacking depth
 or honesty.

ABIGAIL
 Thank you, yes.

ANGELIQUE
 Abbie, have you ever leaned over a
 bridge and felt the pull of the
 water, like an outside force upon
 you?

ABIGAIL
 Nope.

ANGELIQUE
 Try it sometime. When you find a
 bridge, lean over it, watch the
 water move beneath you. Because
 there's power there, in the moments
 when we lean into our lives.

Abigail nods her head, digesting. Angelique approaches.

ANGELIQUE (CONT'D)
 Now turn, here, and lean against
 this wall.

(MORE)

ANGELIQUE (CONT'D)

Put your hands up, like this, and I want you to try again, but this time - push, lean into the wall, lean into yourself, pull from your core, from here.

Angelique presses her hands above Abigail's diaphragm. Abigail looks at her hands on the white wall, then braces herself and tries again.

ABIGAIL

"Caro mio ben. Credimi almen."

This time the sounds she creates are richer, deeper. She looks at Angelique in surprise.

ANGELIQUE

So you practice - you lean, and you access those pieces of yourself again and again, until it becomes habit. And then one day, you can take the wall away, because you won't need it anymore.

Abigail looks at Angelique, moved by this, touches her throat and stomach simultaneously.

ANGELIQUE (CONT'D)

And perhaps next time we can waste less time calling into question my credentials.

42 EXT. SCHOOL CAMPUS - AFTERNOON

Abigail leaves her lesson - it's raining again, the sun fading. She stops, stands in the rain a moment with Herman, lifting her face. Something has shifted inside her. Looks down at her ring, shifts it around with her thumb.

Checks her phone. She has a voicemail from her father. She listens to it as she walks through the rain.

PETER (V.O.)

Look, Abbie, I just want to say... It's not that I don't want you here. I just think you need to stand on your own two feet. You're a smart girl, you just... you make emotional choices, Abigail. You can't come home after all this time, and just... expect us to understand what you need.

(pause)

(MORE)

PETER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 You should really think about going home.

She reaches a brick wall. Hangs up, puts Herman on the ground.

ABIGAIL
 Home. You should think about going home, Abigail.

Abigail looks at the wall, and puts her hands up to practice her lesson, the rain falling around her. She begins to sing.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)
 "Caro mio ben. Credimi almen."

It's emotional for her, and in a mixture of hysteria and self-pity, she lets herself fall to the ground beside Herman.

KATIE (V.O.)
 I want to help you, but I can't.

43 INT. KATIE'S DORM ROOM - SAME

Jeremiah leans against a window frame, looks out at the rain.

JEREMIAH
 I don't expect you to.

KATIE
 You're repressing, that's what you're doing. Repressing, and avoiding. I think you're stuck.
 (pause)
 I'm capable of more, you know. I study this stuff.

JEREMIAH
 (absently)
 I know you are.

KATIE
 I'm good for more than just sex and drinking at the Palette.

Jeremiah doesn't respond.

KATIE (CONT'D)
 Have you been talking to your counselor?

JEREMIAH
 Fuck my counselor.

KATIE
Jeez. Maybe I will.

JEREMIAH
Katie, what do you want from me?

Katie snaps out of it, stands on her bed, cajoles him.

KATIE
I want you to talk to me! I want
you to deal with your shit and have
fun again. I get it, it sucks, you
miss your mom. But I miss you.

Katie hops off the bed and tugs at Jeremiah's shirt.

KATIE (CONT'D)
And that's the fucking sappiest
thing you're gonna get from me.

Jeremiah doesn't respond. He has spotted Abigail in the rain.

KATIE (CONT'D)
Jesus, I'm talking to myself. What
is so goddamn fascinating?

JEREMIAH
That girl - from the gas station -
I keep seeing her.

Katie follows Jeremiah's gaze.

KATIE
Oh, great. That lady be batshit.

Jeremiah turns to Katie - they are close now, framed by the window. He looks at her for a moment, considering her.

JEREMIAH
Why do you have to be like that?

KATIE
Like what?

JEREMIAH
Like this!

Jeremiah pushes away from the wall, grabs his guitar. Sits, strums the guitar once, hard, and stands back up.

JEREMIAH (CONT'D)
I can't do this anymore.

44 EXT. SCHOOL CAMPUS - SAME

Abigail sits on the ground against the wall, head back, eyes closed, rain falling. A car pulls up. A moment passes.

REID (O.S.)
 Prodigal son, or Job. Make up your
 mind.

Abigail looks - Reid is towering over her.

REID (CONT'D)
 It's not that bad.

ABIGAIL
 Psh. I'm totally fine.

Reid holds out his hand. Abigail hands him Herman. Reid takes the gnome, holds his hand out again for Abigail.

REID
 C'mon, drama queen. Veronica
 called. You can stay with me.

Abigail allows Reid to pull her to her feet.

ABIGAIL
 No, thank you. Totally capable of
 taking care of myself.

REID
 Of course you are.

ABIGAIL
 Also, I got arrested. But you know
 what? It's all for the best. All of
 it. You know why? Because I need to
 stand on my own two feet.

Abigail trips and Reid catches her. They look at each other. Abigail looks full of mischief.

REID
 You're an idiot.

45 EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

Jeremiah weaves through gravestones, playing his guitar. He slows his stride, slows his strumming, as he approaches his mother's graveside. Stops playing. Sits.

JEREMIAH

Yeah, so you're probably gonna give me shit for not visiting, but whatever. It's what you get for dying.

Looks askance at her grave, as though waiting for a reprimand.

JEREMIAH (CONT'D)

But shit, mom, I wish you were here, to see me, you know? And not because I'm handsome as hell. I wish you were here to see me. You're the only one who ever could.

A cop car pulls up and Charlie rolls down his window.

CHARLIE

I'm sorry, Jer, but I see you there, and I'm gonna have to ask you to leave.

JEREMIAH

Oh, fuck off, Charlie.

Charlie puts the vehicle into park, closes his eyes, shuts off the car.

CHARLIE

Jer, please. It's after hours.

JEREMIAH

(shouting)

Hey mom, isn't it funny how shitwads can grow to become even bigger shitwads?

(to Charlie)

Oh, sorry, Charles, I'm just asking my mom the important life questions.

CHARLIE

Jer-

Jeremiah jumps up, grabs his guitar and starts to walk away.

JEREMIAH

Okay, Charlie! I'm leaving, Charlie! Thank you for patrolling the area, Charlie!

Jeremiah stops, turns back to his mother's grave.

JEREMIAH (CONT'D)

The thing is, mom - Charlie's not the shitwad.

CHARLIE

Thank you.

JEREMIAH

I'm the shitwad. I haven't done a fucking thing- none of the things we planned. I'm not a fraction of the person you saw. And it's not good enough. I'm not good enough. And I'm gonna make it right.

Jeremiah grabs his bike, hops on and bikes away, flipping Charlie off as he goes. Charlie hangs his head.

CHARLIE

I hate cemetery duty.

46 INT./EXT. CAR - NIGHT

Reid pulls up to an old warehouse building converted to a performance space. This is The Palette, a music venue/bar frequented by the local artists and musicians. Abigail sits in the passenger seat, holding Herman.

ABIGAIL

Yeah - here, here! Let's go here.

REID

We're here.

ABIGAIL

So this is like your place, right? Where the cool artsy kids go to be cool and artsy.

REID

Maybe we should go home. Get you and the gnome settled in.

ABIGAIL

Herman. I never went here, you know - not once, all those years.

REID

Well, I'm sure you were busy studying.

ABIGAIL

Yes, please, remind me again how cool I am.

Abigail leans forward, places her forehead against Herman's.

REID

You doing okay, Ab?

Abigail sits up.

ABIGAIL

Me? Yeah. How about you?

REID

I'm okay.

ABIGAIL

I'm sorry I've been... absent. I guess I figured, you know, that you and Dad didn't need me.

REID

Yeah, well, Dad and I haven't really been talking too much.

ABIGAIL

Really? I figured you two were cool, when I saw you at the house.

REID

Veronica's cool. But I boogaloo out when Dad shows up. I can't deal with his... vitriolic nature.

ABIGAIL

Big words for a little brother.

REID

Yeah, well, I've come far.

ABIGAIL

You have. I want to hear more about-

There's a slam on the hood of the car, and a group of kids holler at Reid before entering the bar. Abigail hands Herman to Reid.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

Okay, let's go! I wanna see this place.

Abigail jumps out of the car and heads to the front door. Reid scrambles after, looks at Herman in his hands, then places him on the roof of the car.

REID
We're leaving you here.

47 INT. THE PALETTE MUSIC HALL - CONTINUOUS

Abigail opens the door, met by laughter and loud music. Reid comes up beside her, holds the door.

ABIGAIL
Plus, I need a drink.

REID
Abbie, you don't drink.

ABIGAIL
I don't drink, I got no friends, I don't swear. I'm boring as shit. We get it, thank you.

REID
Okay, okay - I'll get you a drink, and I'll find some friends for you.

Abigail touches Reid's arm.

ABIGAIL
That would be swell.

Reid extracts himself from her grasp and disappears into the crowd. Abigail acclimates to her surroundings. A live, raucous band plays on the small stage, while people mill about, dancing, laughing. Abigail, a little overwhelmed, moves towards the interior until she can see the stage.

And there stands Jeremiah - he's the lead singer of the band. She stops, watches him in his element. He's fun- he's fascinating. She narrows her eyes.

48 INT. THE PALETTE - NIGHT

Abigail dances to the music, a drink in hand. CHASE (18), TAUREN (25), and LAURA (22) are there with Reid - all members of the band previously on stage.

ABIGAIL
You guys sounds really great!

LAURA

Thank you.

ABIGAIL

What's your band name?

CHASE

Oh, jeez Louise!

Abigail holds up her hands, bewildered.

LAURA

Please don't ask that question.

ABIGAIL

Um, isn't a name like the most important part of your brand?

CHASE

Our brand? Ha! That's brilliant.

TAUREN

Okay, so the thing is, they don't have a name.

CHASE

We don't have a name.

TAUREN

Hey, I abdicate my role in this.

CHASE

Shun the traitor!

Abigail is still confused, so Reid comes over to explain.

REID

Tauren just got a big fellowship in the city. He's heading out soon.

LAURA

Tauren's too cool for us now.

TAUREN

You know that's not true.

Tauren touches Laura's arm, delicately, apologetically. Laura looks away, and Tauren turns to Abigail.

TAUREN (CONT'D)

We just never locked one down. But you're right, it's an important marketing step and might have something to do with the fact that we hardly ever gig.

He yells the last few words at Chase, who covers his ears.

CHASE

La la la!

LAURA

Hey, it doesn't help that Jer is a total flake.

REID

Oh, give him a break.

Katie enters, looks around. Abigail points her drink at her.

ABIGAIL

Her.

Katie locks eyes with Abigail.

KATIE

Oh, fuck. Of course you'd be here.

Abigail takes a gulp of her drink.

REID

Hey, slow down, killer.

Jeremiah comes down from the stage, walks by them.

CHASE

Jeremiah! Bequeath upon us a name!

Jeremiah ignores them, heads to the bar.

LAURA

What's his problem tonight?

KATIE

Hell if I know.

ABIGAIL

(to Katie)

Of course you'd be here.

Abigail makes a gesture with her hands.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)
Stuck to his face.

REID
Whoa, hey- I'm sorry- this is my
sister- she's a little imbibed-

Katie laughs, but follows to the bar. Abigail trails her;
Reid follows suit.

KATIE
Oh, don't worry- I met your sister
the other day-

ABIGAIL
And the gnome.

KATIE
With her gnome.

REID
Ah, yes, her gnome.

ABIGAIL
We both saw both of you.

Katie meets Jeremiah at the bar, gestures for two drinks.

JEREMIAH
(to the bartender)
None for me. I'll take a water.

KATIE
(perplexed)
Um, okay? I can't buy you a drink?

JEREMIAH
I'm done with all that for a while.

KATIE
So first you try to break up with
me, and now you're what? Sober? Did
you have some sort of coming to God
moment I missed along the way?

Jeremiah looks away.

REID
You guys broke up?

KATIE
No, we're fine - he had like a mini
crisis or some shit.

JEREMIAH

Yeah, Reid, man, about that, I've gotta talk to you about something.

REID

Sure, dude.

Jeremiah looks at Katie, then back at Reid.

JEREMIAH

Not now.

KATIE

Like that, all this obscure bullshit. What's so damn sacred you can't share it with your friends?

Jeremiah is quiet. Abigail watches intently, sips her drink noisily through a straw; they turn to look at her. She holds up her glass.

ABIGAIL

I just started drinking today.

Jeremiah grabs the cup out of her hand and tosses it out behind the bar.

JEREMIAH

Well, stop.

ABIGAIL

Hey! That was my drink!

JEREMIAH

All that shit will get you is a bitchy ex-girlfriend and a condemned house.

KATIE

Excuse me?

ABIGAIL

Oh, my.

Reid jumps in, takes Jeremiah by the shoulders.

REID

All right, buddy, let's go have that chat.

(to Katie)

Watch my sister.

The guys walk away. Abigail turns and smiles at Katie. Slowly, she takes the drink from Katie's hands.

ABIGAIL
Hi, best friend.

She takes a loud slurp through the straw.

49 EXT. PALETTE - CONTINUOUS

Jeremiah and Reid exit the side door. Reid greets a few people and takes a swig from his beer. Jeremiah removes a cigarette from his pack and lights up. Takes a hit, then stares at it.

JEREMIAH
Fuck.

Jeremiah snuffs out the cigarette and tosses the pack at a random kid. Initially affronted, the guy is then grateful.

REID
You're in rare form.

JEREMIAH
I just can't do it anymore.

REID
Then quit, great. Smoking sucks.

Jeremiah leans over a railing, clearly anguished, clearly not talking about the cigarettes.

JEREMIAH
Whatever, yeah. I'll figure it out.
I'm just a piece of shit, you know?

Reid doesn't know what to say. Jeremiah glances over at Reid's car, then back at him, gesturing.

JEREMIAH (CONT'D)
Is that a fucking gnome?

50 EXT. PALETTE - LATER

Abigail exits the bar, walks past Jeremiah and Reid. They are having an in-depth conversation, drawing plans on napkins, when they spot her. She heads down the sidewalk, off-kilter.

REID
Hey! Where you going?

She holds up her phone; they return to their plans.

51 EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Abigail continues away from the bar, dialing a number. Puts David on speaker as she ambles down the street.

DAVID (V.O.)
Hey, Abbie, what do you need?

ABIGAIL
(attempting to be formal)
Hello, David. Lovely evening we're having here in New England.

DAVID (V.O.)
What's up?

ABIGAIL
I heard you were worried about me.

DAVID (V.O.)
Ah, right. I spoke with your father.

ABIGAIL
Oh, I'm aware.

DAVID (V.O.)
I sent you an extra set of papers, in case you misplaced them during the drive.

ABIGAIL
And I appreciate that, David. Taking real good care of them this time.

DAVID (V.O.)
Okay.

Abigail comes up to a bridge, approaches the side railing.

ABIGAIL
It's because I'm boring, right?

DAVID (V.O.)
I don't know what we're talking about, Abbie.

Abigail puts her hand out, feels the air. Thinks of Angelique.

ABIGAIL
(with a lofty accent)
"There's power in the moments we lean into our lives."

DAVID (V.O.)

Abigail?

Abigail crawls over the railing, holding onto the bridge rails, leaning over the water.

ABIGAIL

David, I thought, I thought we had created, like, a home, you know?

DAVID (V.O.)

We did.

ABIGAIL

But now? Not so much. Now I need a new home.

DAVID (V.O.)

You know it wasn't working between us.

ABIGAIL

Did I? Did I, David?

DAVID (V.O.)

Abbie, I don't know what you want me to say.

ABIGAIL

I bet she's really great. I bet she's enjoying our home.

DAVID (V.O.)

No one is here but me, Abbie. I'm sorry you're not feeling well.

ABIGAIL

I really thought - I thought I was what you needed me to be.

(pause)

Was it all a lie?

DAVID (V.O.)

Abbie, Abbie, no - of course not. If anything, I'm just - I'm just too honest. I can't fake what isn't there.

Abbie is quiet, staring down at the water.

DAVID (V.O.)

Abbie, what are you doing?

ABIGAIL
Leaning into my life, David.

Abigail drops the phone onto the pavement, grasps the bars, and closes her eyes. She opens them again and gazes at the water below her. She stretches her arms out, to feel the leaning, the pull.

Then Jeremiah's hands are clutching her arms, pulling at her. Reid runs up behind him, shouting.

REID
Abbie! Stop!

A whirlwind as Jeremiah and Reid grab her, pull her over the railing. Abigail falls to the ground, begins to laugh/cry.

REID (CONT'D)
What the fuck were you doing?

JEREMIAH
Hey, it's all good, I've got her--

REID
No, what the fuck were you doing,
Abbie? Jesus.

Abigail is on the ground, laughing-crying.

ABIGAIL
(mocking)
"I'm just too honest, you know!"

Reid picks the phone up, glances at the Caller Id.

REID
Jesus.

DAVID (V.O.)
Abbie? Are you there?

Reid hangs up, looks at Abigail with sympathy, but his words contradict his concern.

REID
Ugh, just get her up. I'll pull the
car around.

Reid jogs off as Jeremiah helps Abigail to her feet.

ABIGAIL
He's too honest, you know. He just
can't fake what isn't there. But
me?

(MORE)

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)
 I get to fake it all - my smiles,
 my orgasms... I get to fake my
 entire fucking life.

Jeremiah manages to get Abigail to a standing position, but she puts her arms around him, pulling him down. He tries to keep her at a distance, but she leans into him, face to face.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)
 How much of your life do you fake,
 Jeremiah?

Jeremiah looks at her in the moonlight- her angst, her turmoil. He understands it. She puts her fingers on his face, trails them across his lips. He's about to respond when she lifts up her face and shouts to the skies:

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)
 Herman! Oh, Herman, where are you
 when I need you?!

Abigail's face contorts and she reaches for the railing.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)
 Okay, just let me-

JEREMIAH
 Hey, hey, no-

ABIGAIL
 No, I just need to-

JEREMIAH
 Abbie, be careful. Stay here.

Abigail wrenches away from Jeremiah to throw herself against the railing and vomit over the side.

52 INT./EXT. CAR - MINUTES LATER

Reid helps Abigail into the backseat of the car.

ABIGAIL
 Herman! Herman, where are you?

Reid grabs Herman from the roof and hands him off. Abigail snuggles him.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)
 Aw, my little muffin.

REID
Jesus, how many drinks did she
have? Katie, I asked you to watch
her.

As Reid gets the car ready, Jeremiah turns to Katie.

JEREMIAH
What the fuck were you doing?

KATIE
(laughs)
I don't know, it was entertaining.

JEREMIAH
She obviously wasn't up to it; what
the fuck were you thinking?

REID
(interjecting)
I've got your bike.

Reid grabs Jeremiah's bicycle and puts it in the trunk.

KATIE
What's up, Jer? Too good for us all
of a sudden?

Jeremiah looks at Reid, at Abigail, then back at Katie.

JEREMIAH
Katie, I'm not good enough for
anything.

Katie approaches him, touching his arm.

KATIE
Oh, c'mon, Jer, I think you're
great, just the way you are.

JEREMIAH
Yeah?

KATIE
Yeah. Of course I do.

Jeremiah pushes away from Katie, walks around to the
passenger seat of the car, looks at her over the hood.

JEREMIAH
Then raise your fucking standards.

Jeremiah and Reid get in the car and drive away.

Katie is left standing alone on the bridge.

53 INT. THE TURRET APARTMENT - NIGHT

They are at the Turret, Reid's apartment building. A large open living room/kitchen/common area branches off to four bedrooms. Murals, paintings and instruments cover the walls.

Jeremiah and Reid drop a sleeping Abigail onto the couch. They stand there for a moment, taking it in.

REID
Hey, Jer, about the house.

Jeremiah looks at Reid, hopeful, respectful.

REID (CONT'D)
It's a lot of work, but, I'll do it. We'll fix it up, get you back in there. And you can stay here 'til then, no charge.

JEREMIAH
Oh, man, that's amazing-

REID
Hold up. I'm gonna ask you a favor.

Reid looks at Abigail, sleeping on the couch.

JEREMIAH
What?
(looks at Abigail, then back at Reid)
What, you mean like babysit?

REID
I've got this new job, the set for the musical, now you with the house-

Jeremiah looks unconvinced.

REID (CONT'D)
Dude, I don't have a spare second. I mean, she's my sister, and what was that shit? On the bridge.

Jeremiah looks at Abigail sleeping on the couch.

JEREMIAH
I don't know, man - seems like trouble.

(MORE)

JEREMIAH (CONT'D)

I can't be getting into shit right now - You saw me cut Katie loose. I've gotta take care of myself.

REID

You don't get it- Abbie's like - I don't know, but after tonight, I can't just let her...

(one last push)

I mean shit, dude, unless you'd rather hire your own crew and pay your own rent?

Jeremiah looks at Abigail and sighs, resigned to his duties.

54 INT. THE TURRET APARTMENT - MORNING

Abigail wakes to a face directly in her face. MACKIE MORGAN, 23, is a young man with Down's Syndrome, and the most sincere, enthusiastic, genuine person Abigail will ever meet.

ABIGAIL

Oh, Jesus!

Abigail scrambles to a seated position, wrapping herself in her blanket. Mackie sits across from her, watching her calmly.

MACKIE

You'd be surprised how common that mix-up is.

ABIGAIL

Uhm...

MACKIE

Me, as Jesus. Would you like some tea? You look like a lady who appreciates a delightful cup of tea.

ABIGAIL

I, um... where is everybody?

Remembering something, Mackie jumps up, pokes his head out the window and shouts.

MACKIE

Ding, ding, ding! She's awake!

(back to Abbie)

Normally I'd be helping Reid at the theater but I was put on Abbie-gale duty. That's you.

ABIGAIL
That's me.

MACKIE
Are you sad?

ABIGAIL
I... I don't know-

Mackie plops down in front of her, puts his hand on his chin.

MACKIE
Sometimes saddest is the prettiest.

Jeremiah enters with painting materials. Mackie jumps up.

MACKIE (CONT'D)
Black tea, green tea, orange tea,
mint tea. We've got all the teas!

ABIGAIL
I'm okay, I don't need-

MACKIE
Ooooh, I know! Oolong!

Jeremiah places the materials on the table, doesn't say anything. Abigail watches him.

ABIGAIL
Morning.

Abigail walks over, looks at the supplies.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)
What's all this for?

MACKIE
(shouts)
It's for your room!

Abigail looks inquisitively at Jeremiah. He shrugs.

55 INT. ABIGAIL'S BEDROOM - MINUTES LATER

Abigail stares at a beautiful expanse of mural on the bedroom walls - Tauren's work, indicative of his life as a musician.

ABIGAIL
But I was't planning on staying.

JEREMIAH
Oh jeez, just stay in one place.

Abigail looks at him, confused.

JEREMIAH (CONT'D)
Reid really wants you to live here.

Abigail gestures to the mural on the wall.

ABIGAIL
Are all the rooms like this?

JEREMIAH
(somewhat sarcastically)
Until all our dreams are realized
and the artist metamorphoses-izes
into their next stage of creation.

Jeremiah thrusts a paintbrush into Abigail's hands.

ABIGAIL
What am I supposed to do?

JEREMIAH
What does it look like you're
supposed to do?

Mackie interjects.

MACKIE
Here, Abbie, we're painting the
walls! Then they'll be white. Like
a fresh coating of snow on a cool
winter's day.

Abbie stares at the beautiful walls, paintbrush suspended.

ABIGAIL
I can't paint over this.

JEREMIAH
Oh, but you can!

Jeremiah grabs the paintbrush from her hand, plunges it into the white paint, and splatters it across the wall. Abigail shrieks. Mackie moves to Abigail's side.

MACKIE
It's okay, Abbie-gale. Jeremiah's
grumpy today.

ABIGAIL
(to Jeremiah)
Than what are you even doing here?

JEREMIAH

I'm helping.

Abigail reclaims the paintbrush from Jeremiah's hands.

ABIGAIL

Well, you're not.

Jeremiah drops the rest of the materials on the floor and walks out of the room. Abigail looks at Mackie, who holds a paintbrush, big smile on his face.

MACKIE

I'm helping.

ABIGAIL

(chuckling)

Yes, Mackie, you are.

56 INT. PETER'S ACCOUNTING OFFICE - DAY

Reid sits across from his father in a small but formal office. Reid is uncomfortable. Peter is pleased to see his son, but also in business mode.

PETER

Well, this is a surprise. Here to learn the business?

REID

Dad, you know this isn't who I am.

PETER

Right, of course.

REID

Actually, I don't know if Veronica told you, but I'm the new tech director at the college.

(then)

Youngest one they've ever had.

Peter nods his head, doesn't react much.

PETER

So how can I help? You in trouble?

REID

Dad, I haven't been in trouble since I was seventeen.

PETER

Well, let's not discount what you put me through after your mother left.

REID

Died.

PETER

What?

REID

She died, Dad. She didn't leave.

PETER

(tries to make a joke)

Well, she left me alone to deal with your shenanigans.

REID

Jesus, never mind. I'm not here for me. It's Abbie... I think, I think she's considering taking her life.

Peter is concerned, but doesn't know what to say. Finally:

PETER

Isn't that a little melodramatic?

Reid winces at this.

REID

Look, I know you and Abbie aren't on the best terms...

PETER

Abbie and I are fine. She's finally finishing her degree. She'll probably be in the office next door before we know it.

REID

That will be thrilling for her.

Peter folds his hands, leans towards Reid.

PETER

You're serious, though? You think she might be in danger?

REID

I mean, she's different, I don't know. She's acting weird. Should we, I mean, should we call David?

PETER
No, David has enough to deal with.

Peter takes out his checkbook.

PETER (CONT'D)
Here's what we're gonna do. Each week I'll deposit some money into your account-

REID
I don't need your money.

PETER
I'll deposit some money into your account, and you look after Abbie.

REID
I've already got it covered, I just wanted you to know-

Peter thrusts a check out to Reid.

PETER
Look after Abbie, okay? I don't want anything to happen to either of you, ever.

Reid, resigned, takes the check.

EXT. ACCOUNTING OFFICE BUILDING - MOMENT'S LATER

Reid tears up the check and throws it away as he passes a trashcan. Gets in his car. He pulls down the visor to reveal a copy of the same family photograph from Abigail's bedroom.

57 INT. THE TURRET APARTMENT - DAY

Jeremiah sits on the couch, playing his guitar. He can see Abigail and Mackie through the bedroom door, painting. They are laughing, but Abigail is struggling - she has clearly never painted a wall before. He tries to ignore her, but ultimately puts down his guitar.

58 INT. ABIGAIL'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jeremiah strolls into the room and attempts to grab the roller from Abigail's hands.

JEREMIAH
Here, give me that.

Abigail pulls back, won't relinquish the roller.

ABIGAIL

Hey!

JEREMIAH

Let me see, you're fucking it up.

MACKIE

I think she's doing a great job.

The paint job is terrible, splotchy, in various directions.

ABIGAIL

Well, I've never painted before.

Jeremiah gives up on acquiring Abbie's, prepares a new roller.

JEREMIAH

I never would have guessed.

ABIGAIL

Yes, because clearly not knowing how to paint a wall is an egregious character flaw to you people.

Jeremiah begins to paint.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

Wait, wait, why can't you show me?

JEREMIAH

Because that would take way more effort than just doing it myself.

ABIGAIL

But I want to learn!

JEREMIAH

Then take a class.

MACKIE

Jer, but isn't it important that she paint the wall herself?

Jeremiah stops.

MACKIE (CONT'D)

Reid likes when people paint the walls themselves. With help, of course. Because, because when you paint it yourself, you see the white, layering over someone else's dream - preparing the palette for yours.

JEREMIAH
Yes, Mackie.

MACKIE
For your dreams.

JEREMIAH
Got it.

Abigail smiles big at Mackie, then turns that smile over to Jeremiah, holding up her roller.

ABIGAIL
A few pointers then?

VOICE OVER of Abigail singing.

ANGELIQUE (V.O.)
Now, pull from your core.

59 INT. MUSIC ROOM - DAY

Abigail stands before a music stand, vocalizing her scales, as Angelique paces in front of her.

ANGELIQUE
Let it flow from you, don't force it. Just like in life, there are things we should never force into being, but rather let go.

Abigail stops singing.

ABIGAIL
I think that's enough pointers for today.

ANGELIQUE
Why are we stopping? Don't stop. Push through this.

Abigail picks up a photograph of Angelique as a young woman, performing on stage.

ABIGAIL
I can barely imagine it.

ANGELIQUE
Sometimes I barely remember it.
(then)
I haven't performed in ten years.

ABIGAIL
I don't understand.

ANGELIQUE
It... left me.

ABIGAIL
Oh come on, I've heard you sing -
you're amazing.

ANGELIQUE
An instrument changes over time,
Abbie. As singers, our bodies, our
voices are our instrument. Air
flows into us, through us, creates
music as it leaves us. But if we
are unable to change with our
instrument, the music becomes
something different, unknown.

ABIGAIL
I thought I was alone in that
feeling.

ANGELIQUE
We have to be brave enough to get to
know our instruments all over again.

Abigail turns to face the white wall, stares at a it - puts
her hands up, and takes a deep breath to sing.

60 INT. ABIGAIL'S BEDROOM - DAY

Abigail sighs. She is standing, looking at the expansive
white wall in her new bedroom.

Jeremiah leans against the doorway, guitar in hand.

JEREMIAH
So, you've got your white room.
What'cha gonna do about it?

ABIGAIL
Bang my head repeatedly against...

She leans her head against the wall.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)
...this wall.

He gives her a lopsided smile, amused. Their eyes connect,
but Abigail looks down at his guitar. She pushes herself off
the wall and approaches him, picking up Herman on the way.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

I've got a name for your band, by the way.

Jeremiah lifts an eyebrow; Abigail lifts Herman up for display.

JEREMIAH

A Weird Lady and Her Gnome?

ABIGAIL

Ha, ha. No - The Gnomeonics.

Jeremiah considers, then chuckles, amused.

JEREMIAH

Okay, that's pretty brilliant.

Abigail smiles, puts Herman down and pulls out the copy of her mother's song from her pocket.

ABIGAIL

Jeremiah? Do you think... I mean, I was wondering...

JEREMIAH

Spit it out, Ab.

ABIGAIL

Well, you see, I have this song, and I don't know how to play it.

Jeremiah tips his head at her.

JEREMIAH

Hold it up.

Abigail holds the song up as Jeremiah picks up his guitar and starts to play. Abigail pulls the song away.

ABIGAIL

Oh, no! I have to be the one to play.

(pause)

My mom, she wrote this for me- I should be the one to play it.

Jeremiah stares at her.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

I guess she assumed I would be like... artistic and self-aware, or whatever.

JEREMIAH

Uh-huh...

ABIGAIL

Plus I'm making the radical,
possibly delusional assumption that
I'll play this song and experience
some sort of transformative moment
where I'll magically know what to
do with my life.

Jeremiah's eyes widen. He pushes himself off the doorframe.

JEREMIAH

Okay, then. Grab your guitar.

She doesn't respond, so he looks back at her chagrined face.

JEREMIAH (CONT'D)

No guitar. Okay, who do you know
who has a guitar you could borrow?

Abigail gives a shaky grimace.

61 EXT. APARTMENT - MOMENT'S LATER

Jeremiah straddles a bike, indicates for Abigail to get on.

ABIGAIL

What?

JEREMIAH

Hop on.

ABIGAIL

That looks dangerous.

Jeremiah stares at her blankly.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

We can take my car.

JEREMIAH

Life is passing us by, sweetheart.

Abigail considers, feels foolish, then gets on the bike.

62 EXT. SYLVAN STREETS, BICYCLING - DAY

Abigail and Jeremiah bike through the roads of Sylvan -
Abigail is scared, but eventually raises her arms to fly.

Jeremiah looks up at her, sunlight in her windblown hair.

63 EXT. STONE HOUSE - DAY

Jeremiah and Abigail pull up on the bike, look at the house.

JEREMIAH

Alright, do we need to go over the layout of the floor plan?

Abigail dismounts.

ABIGAIL

A foundation of misunderstanding, with stairs leading straight to disillusionment and loss.

Jeremiah hops off the bike, drops it to the ground.

JEREMIAH

Okay, well I'll distract the natives while you navigate those emotional land mines.

64 INT. STONE HOUSE, ENTRYWAY - CONTINUOUS

Abigail opens the front door and peeks in. Jeremiah comes up behind her, leans against her. She looks at him, so close, glances at his lips... a sound comes from another room, so she squeals, runs into the house and up the stairs.

Jeremiah chuckles, casually stands in the entryway.

Peter enters the room, concerned.

PETER

May I help you?

JEREMIAH

I'm with your daughter.

PETER

You're with--

JEREMIAH

Abbie, your daughter. Moral support.

PETER

(yells up the stairs)
Abigail! Where are you?

JEREMIAH

Somewhere in the halls of disillusion, I believe.

Peter looks at him warily.

PETER
You know she's married, right?

JEREMIAH
Yes, sir.

Peter gives him another strange look then yells up the stairs.

PETER
Abbie! What are you doing?

65 INT. MOM'S MUSIC ROOM - SAME

Abigail holds the guitar and looks at the picture of the family. She puts it down, goes to leave, but waits.

66 INT. DOWNSTAIRS - SAME

Peter moves to ascend the stairs, but Jeremiah delays him.

JEREMIAH
Sir! I just wanna say, your
daughter is really... something.

PETER
Okay.

JEREMIAH
Weird as fuck, but really great.

67 INT. MOM'S MUSIC ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Abigail laughs a little, happy to hear Jeremiah's words.

68 INT. DOWNSTAIRS - SAME

Peter can't begin to understand what's going on.

PETER
Yeah, I guess she's... hey, I hope
you're not pressuring her to sign
those papers.

JEREMIAH
Papers? I don't know what you're-

Abigail runs down the stairs.

ABIGAIL
Hey, Dad. Thanks, Dad.

Passes Peter and heads to the door.

PETER
Hey, that guitar is not yours!

Abigail stops, turns to him.

ABIGAIL
Not yours, either, Dad.

PETER
Well, you can't just traipse in
here and-

Abigail steps towards her father, looks him in the eye.

ABIGAIL
I'm taking the guitar. Also, I'm done
with Accounting. It's stupid. Also,
I'm done trying to make you proud of
me.

PETER
(flustered)
What are you saying?

JEREMIAH
That actually all sounded pretty
straightforward.

They ignore him.

ABIGAIL
I thought you'd be happy I got
married, but you were just resentful
I moved away. I come here and
foolishly believe this degree will
get me back in your favor, but you
only want me to take over the
business because Reid won't. I don't
know what I want, but I don't want
this. It's all gotten me nowhere.

Abigail takes a quick breath, holds up the guitar defiantly.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)
Mom would want me to have this.

JEREMIAH
That's probably true.

PETER
 (to Jeremiah)
 You stay out of this.
 (to Abigail)
 Abigail, maybe you should be
 focusing on your future right now.

ABIGAIL
 That's what I'm doing.

JEREMIAH
 That's what she's doing.

PETER
 Stay out of this!
 (to Abigail)
 You should be focusing on your
 studies, on what the business could
 offer you and David, not playing
 music with some college pretty boy.
 (to Jeremiah)
 No offense.

JEREMIAH
 None taken.

ABIGAIL
 Jeremiah is my friend.

Jeremiah gives Abigail a strange look, oddly touched.

PETER
 You should be focusing on your
 marriage.

ABIGAIL
 Dad, this is my chance to focus on
 me - a life that makes me happy.

PETER
 Well, perhaps you should have
 thought about that before throwing
 your life away!

It's as though the words have slapped Abigail. She steps
 back, then towards the door, clutching the guitar. She exits.
 Peter hits the stair railing with his hand.

PETER (CONT'D)
 Damn it! I shouldn't have said that.
 (looks at Jeremiah)
 Tell her I'm sorry, I didn't mean
 to say it - not that way.

Jeremiah looks Peter up and down.

JEREMIAH

Well, no offense, sir, but that's
the way you said it.

Jeremiah exits, slamming the door behind him.

69

INT. THE PALETTE - NIGHT

Abigail slams her empty glass onto the bar.

ABIGAIL

He's such an asshole!

KATIE

You mean Jeremiah?

Katie pushes her glass over to Abbie to finish. Jeremiah
walks up, catches this, and pushes the glass back.

JEREMIAH

No, she means her father.

Abigail looks at Jeremiah hazily, pulls at his shirt.

ABIGAIL

No, no, I mean you.

Jeremiah extracts himself, chuckling. Katie bristles at their
camaraderie.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

I mean, all of you. You're all
assholes.

JEREMIAH

That's what all rejected women say.

ABIGAIL

I'm not rejected. Oh wait, two men
have kicked me out of their houses
in the last week...

KATIE

Wait, what do you mean, two men?

ABIGAIL

My father, and my husband.

This catches Jeremiah's attention and he looks at Abigail.
She dares to keep the eye contact.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

He left me. He told me to leave. I wasn't enough. I wasn't enough.

Jeremiah wants to hold her, to say something comforting, but the moment won't allow for it. Katie's eyes bore at him. Abigail swings around to Herman, who sits on the bar.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

All I have left is Herman!

She places the drink in front of Herman.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

Here buddy.

(then)

Bartender! I need a drink for my friend! No, for me. I gave my drink to my friend. I need a drink for me.

The BARTENDER looks at Jeremiah, who indicates she's cut off.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

(spotting Jeremiah)

Hey! What'chu think you're doing?

JEREMIAH

Cutting you off.

ABIGAIL

Psh. Cutting me off.

Abigail shoves him a little, but he grabs her hands. Their fingers stay intertwined, and eyes meet. Katie interjects:

KATIE

So what are you, her babysitter?

Jeremiah's eyes connect with Katie's, and he drops Abigail's hands, looks away. Katie puts it all together. As Abigail bugs the bartender for a drink, Katie pushes Jeremiah to the side, out of Abigail's hearing.

KATIE (CONT'D)

Oh my god, you're her goddamn babysitter.

JEREMIAH

Shut up. I'm doing Reid a favor.

KATIE

Yeah, okay, you're doing you, yourself, and Jeremiah a favor.

JEREMIAH

Look, I'm trying to get my shit together.

Jeremiah and Katie watch as a couple guys approach Abigail at the bar, intrigued by Herman, asking questions.

KATIE

The two of them are pretty popular.

Jeremiah squints as one of the young men flirts with Abigail, buys her a drink.

JEREMIAH

Just stop fucking with her.

KATIE

Oh come, I can't help it. She's too easy. Sucks about her marriage, though.

JEREMIAH

Yeah, I guess. Whatever.

Katie looks at Jeremiah, trying to read his thoughts.

KATIE

And what do you get out of this?

Jeremiah is distracted. Katie is aware of Jeremiah's distraction and doesn't like it. She plasters on a smile and returns to Abigail's side, pulls a sharpie out of her pocket. She takes Abigail's arm and starts to write.

ABIGAIL

I'm being attacked!

KATIE

Oh, calm your tits. Here, call me.
We'll hang out and bitch about men.
(looks up at the guys)
Sorry, boys.

The guys walk off. Abigail is surprised by Katie's gesture.

ABIGAIL

I thought you hated me.

KATIE

Well, I hate a lot of things.

Katie winks at Jeremiah, then walks away. Jeremiah comes to Abigail's side. She holds up her arm.

ABIGAIL
She likes me!

Jeremiah takes the glass out of her hands.

JEREMIAH
Don't hang your hopes on it. Here,
let me drive you home.

ABIGAIL
Don't you know? I got no home.

JEREMIAH
Well, then let me drive you to your
pajamas.

ABIGAIL
Mmm, pajamas.

Abigail picks up Herman, jumps off the barstool and heads
towards the door. Jeremiah follows.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)
They really liked Herman - I think
he's collecting a fan base.

JEREMIAH
No, they really liked you. Little
young for you, though, eh, missy?

Abigail stops, gives him a cursory glance up and down.

ABIGAIL
No younger than you.

Their eyes meet, and something unspoken is acknowledged.

JEREMIAH
Yeah, you're right.

70 INT. STONE HOUSE, MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Veronica and Peter prepare to go to sleep.

VERONICA
It'll settle down. Peter - Peter,
look at me. She's going through a
lot right now.

PETER
I know. You're right.

VERONICA

You've been through a lot. All of you. Peter, I was thinking... Maybe - maybe this is a good time to convert the music room.

PETER

What?

VERONICA

I mean, Abbie's home now - she wants some of her mother's things, and we could--

PETER

You're seriously making a pitch for your photography right now.

VERONICA

Peter, I'm not a fool. I see the way you, how you're always glancing at the door. It's like you're waiting for Leah to come home. What does that make me? A stand-in?

PETER

God, no! Veronica, of course not. How can you say that?

VERONICA

How am I supposed to make this my home when all the rooms are waiting for their owners to return?

Peter and Veronica look at one another, not sure what to say.

71 EXT. THE BRIDGE - NIGHT

Abigail is pacing by the bridge, practicing her speech, phone in hand. Herman is watching from the middle of the road.

ABIGAIL

David, I'm not calling because I want to come home; I'm calling because I need to understand why. So I can be better. So the next person won't...

Abigail trails off, then presses the speed dial for David.

DAVID (V.O.)

What's up, Abbie?

ABIGAIL
 (mocking)
 What's up, Abbie?

DAVID (V.O.)
 Seriously, that's how we're gonna
 start the conversation?

ABIGAIL
 No, no, I had it planned way better
 than that. Dammit.

A car approaches and Abbie points at Herman.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)
 Please do not splatter my gnome!

DAVID (V.O.)
 Abigail?

ABIGAIL
 Hi, David. How are you?

DAVID (V.O.)
 Are you drunk?

Abigail whines a little, hangs herself halfway over the railing of the bridge, looks down at the water.

ABIGAIL
 David, what's happening?

DAVID (V.O.)
 We're getting a divorce, Abbie. As
 soon as you get me the papers.

ABIGAIL
 Oh. Right.

DAVID (V.O.)
 Yeah, I thought I was pretty clear.

ABIGAIL
 Yes, you're always super clear.

DAVID (V.O.)
 I'm sorry, Abbie, but it's probably
 best if you move on.

ABIGAIL
 But I don't know how--

Suddenly, Jeremiah runs up to Abigail at lightning speed, pulling her away from the bridge.

JEREMIAH
 Jesus, Abbie, what are you doing?

DAVID (V.O.)
 What's that? What's happening?

Jeremiah grabs the phone out of Abigail's hands, looks at the screen to see who it is. Holds it up to his ear.

JEREMIAH
 Hi, David? This is Jeremiah, and I would like to personally invite you to go fuck yourself.

Jeremiah hangs up the phone and puts it in his pocket. He grabs Abigail's shoulders and shakes her.

JEREMIAH (CONT'D)
 Seriously?

Abigail shrugs.

ABIGAIL
 Oopsies.

Jeremiah approaches her, checks her for invisible bruises, surprised by his own emotional reaction.

JEREMIAH
 You could've gotten hurt.

ABIGAIL
 Nobody's going to get hurt.

A car pulls towards them. Abigail raises her hands, shouts.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)
 Stop in the name of the gnome!

Abigail picks up Herman and walks away on shaky feet.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)
 Okay, Herman almost got hurt.

Jeremiah looks at her, then at the bridge, bewildered.

72 INT./EXT. CAR - LATER

Jeremiah's hands are hard on the wheel. Abigail is chilling in the passenger's seat, humming.

JEREMIAH
 What are you doing?

ABIGAIL
What do you mean?

JEREMIAH
Why are you acting like an idiot?

ABIGAIL
I'm just sitting here, humming a
little ditty-

JEREMIAH
No, I mean, the drinking, the
bridge. The guys. The acting cool.

ABIGAIL
Oh yeah, I'm so cool.

JEREMIAH
You're not gonna win your husband
back acting out like this.

Abigail considers, looks out the window, admits:

ABIGAIL
I don't want to win him back.

Jeremiah looks at Abigail, then back at the road.

JEREMIAH
No?

Abigail looks at Jeremiah while he drives. He feels this, and
glances at her. She quickly averts her eyes.

ABIGAIL
Oh! Stop the car!

Jeremiah pulls over, concerned.

JEREMIAH
What? What's wrong?

Abigail gazes at a house.

ABIGAIL
I think this is the loveliest house
in Sylvan.

JEREMIAH
Jesus, don't do that to me.

ABIGAIL
What do you think they're doing
inside?

JEREMIAH
Probably hoping a creepy lady isn't
watching them from the street.

ABIGAIL
Do you think they're happy?

JEREMIAH
Nobody's ever happy.

Abigail turns to look at him. He doesn't budge.

ABIGAIL
You don't mean that.

Jeremiah shrugs. Abigail looks back at the house.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)
We were happy, when mom was alive.

Jeremiah squints his eyes - he can relate.

JEREMIAH
Where's that song?

ABIGAIL
Huh?

JEREMIAH
Do you have a copy of your song?
Give me the song.

ABIGAIL
Okay, okay.

She takes the copy out of her pocket as Jeremiah puts the car
into gear and peels out.

73 EXT. DRYER HOUSE - NIGHT

They pull up. Jeremiah exits the vehicle, grabs his guitar
from the back, heads to the front door. Abigail follows.

ABIGAIL
Um, I don't know if we should be here.

Jeremiah opens the unlocked door and enters the house.

74 INT. DRYER HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Jeremiah grabs a bag and starts throwing bottles and trash away, suddenly embarrassed. Abigail stands in the doorway, surveying, concerned.

ABIGAIL

Are we cleaning up after homeless people now?

Jeremiah stands straight, somewhat contrite.

JEREMIAH

Myself, actually.

Abigail lets out a breath, processing this information. Jeremiah throws the trash bag into a corner.

JEREMIAH (CONT'D)

Yeah, well, I'm working on it. Come on, I wanna show you something.

Jeremiah grabs his guitar and a lantern, switches it on and heads to another room, gesturing for Abigail to follow.

75 INT. DRYER HOUSE RECORDING STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

The studio is half-finished, equipment strewn about, unfinished walls. Jeremiah sorts through items, searching. Abigail comes to the doorway.

JEREMIAH

Mom and I were gonna set this up, have our own little studio - record for local talent, you know? Launch their careers and shit. I was gonna be in charge of audio production, and she'd focus on branding, marketing.

Jeremiah finds what he needs, stops, looks around.

JEREMIAH (CONT'D)

Anyhow, that was the plan.

(Pause)

Then she died.

Abigail tilts her head at him sympathetically. He shrugs.

JEREMIAH (CONT'D)

Drunk driver, heading home from the college, from a show.

ABIGAIL

I'm sorry.

JEREMIAH

I was at the after-party. She offered to drive me home, but I stayed.

Abigail begins to speak but he cuts her off.

JEREMIAH (CONT'D)

I know it's not my fucking fault, so you don't have to tell me that.

Abigail holds up her hands in surrender.

JEREMIAH (CONT'D)

Anyhow, I'm not the only one with a dead mom.

Abigail is quiet. Jeremiah shrugs it off.

JEREMIAH (CONT'D)

So, the Gnomeonics, eh?

ABIGAIL

Well, I think it's clever.

JEREMIAH

How else would you "capture our brand", Miss Stone?

Abigail sits.

ABIGAIL

Well, now that you have a super awesome name, you need a strong web presence. If I were you I'd hire an intern to manage your Facebook, Insta, Bandcamp. Your personalities rock, you have the coolest gnome in the world - you could be a hit.

JEREMIAH

True, true.

ABIGAIL

Oh, and you could post your rehearsal and recording process, some behind the scenes, around the town kind of stuff.

JEREMIAH

That's some good shit, Abbie. Okay, so - here's the deal. You help me package The Gnomeonics, and I'll teach you how to play.

ABIGAIL

Really?

JEREMIAH

Yeah, you're really fucking good at this stuff. Deal?

Abigail smiles big as Jeremiah strums his guitar, which CROSS
FADES TO

SERIES OF SHOTS

76 INT. BAND PRACTICE ROOM - DAY

The Gnomeonics practicing- a quirky, upbeat sound with a guitar, keyboard, and accordion (much like the band SNMNMNM). Abigail is laughing as she live streams the rehearsal.

The drums have new signage with "The Gnomeonics" emblazoned. Jeremiah is the lead singer/guitarist, ready for battle.

77 INT. MUSIC ROOM - DAY

Abigail in a vocal lesson with Angelique, talking excitedly.

79 INT. BAND PRACTICE ROOM - DAY

Jeremiah and the band open up boxes of branding, stickers, t-shirts, etc. He throws one at Abigail's face, and they laugh.

80 EXT. AROUND TOWN - DAY

The band runs around town with Herman, laughing, snapping pictures of Herman in fun and compromising positions. Abigail is included now, part of the band in an elemental way.

83 INT. DRYER HOUSE RECORDING STUDIO - NIGHT

The music transitions to Abigail practicing her song in the lantern light. She stops, distracted by the rings on her finger. She puts down the guitar, inspects her hand.

Considers. Takes the wedding rings off, places them on the windowsill. Continues to practice.

84 INT. ABIGAIL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Abigail cuts out pictures, making a mural of photographs and memorabilia on the wall. Jeremiah returns home, watches her through the crack in the door, smiles.

She sees him. He has a "Gnomeonics" shirt on, with a drawing of a gnome that strongly resembles Herman. She stops working, walks up to the door. They look at each other through the opening. He points at his shirt with a goofy grin.

She smiles, and goes to shut the door. He stops it from closing, and slips her a college pamphlet that reads "Marketing Major - Sylvan Community College".

The door closes between them.

Abigail stares at the pamphlet. Jeremiah has scribbled the words "Go for it, Abbie-gale" on top.

85 INT. ARTS DEPARTMENT - DAY

Abigail rushes to Angelique's office, marketing pamphlet in hand. The door is closed with a sign that reads "Dr. Theoharis is out today." Abigail is disappointed.

86 INT. REGISTRAR'S OFFICE - DAY

REGISTRAR

So you want to change your major?

ABIGAIL

No, I'm inquiring about the possibility of changing my major.

REGISTRAR

In your last semester.

ABIGAIL

Well, yeah, that's the thing. I want to make sure my older credits won't like... disappear, if I take longer to get my degree.

The Registrar is staring at Herman.

REGISTRAR

Why is that gnome here?

Abigail takes Herman off the counter, removing him from the Registrar's critical gaze.

ABIGAIL
 Herman, don't get involved with
 this.
 (to Registrar)
 It's just something I was
 considering, it's not a big deal.

87 EXT. CAMPUS - DAY

Abigail hops in her car and slams the door, looks at Herman. Glances at Katie's faded number on her arm. Grabs her phone.

88 INT. MALL HAIR SALON - DAY

Abigail is in a salon chair, already halfway through her makeover. Katie sits in the chair beside her, swiveling.

HAIRDRESSER
 So no math?

ABIGAIL
 No math. Marketing... I think.

HAIRDRESSER
 What'll you do with that?

ABIGAIL
 Whatever I want, I guess.

KATIE
 How about Jeremiah?

ABIGAIL
 Excuse me?

KATIE
 I mean, what does he think?

ABIGAIL
 I, I'm not sure--

HAIRDRESSER
 Wait, is he yours?

Abigail looks at the hairdresser, who is pointing at Herman sitting proudly on the counter.

ABIGAIL

Yeah, that's Herman, my little
buddy. You're next, you vagabond.
(affectionately)
Look at that little beard.

HAIRDRESSER

Wait, you're with the Gnomeonics!

ABIGAIL

Yeah, well, I mean-

HAIRDRESSER

Oh my God, I'm obsessed.
(to Katie)
They're amazing.

KATIE

I mean, duh, that's Jer's band--

HAIRDRESSER

Oh my god, the video you guys
posted in the cemetery with the
gnome like, planting flowers and
shit, that song - so cool.

ABIGAIL

Thanks.

HAIRDRESSER

And that was you? You, what,
designed all that?

ABIGAIL

Yeah, yeah I did.

HAIRDRESSER

Okay, sweetums, then why are we
even considering math?

The hairdresser spins Abigail around to reveal her new look.

90

INT./EXT. CAR - LATER THAT DAY

Abigail drives, glances over at her Katie.

ABIGAIL

It's not like that, you know, me
and Jeremiah.

Katie shrugs, looks out the window. Abigail pulls up to
Katie's house.

KATIE

And if it were, how would you feel?

The question unnerves Abigail, but Katie doesn't give her a chance to respond. Instead she gets out of the car, slams the door shut, then leans into the window.

KATIE (CONT'D)

All I'm saying is, be careful. You deserve better.

Abigail inspects Katie, trying to figure out her game.

ABIGAIL

I like to think we're all just doing our best.

Katie doesn't know how to respond, so she rolls her eyes and walks away.

91 EXT. TOWN OF SYLVAN - DAY

Abigail takes pictures around town with Herman, chuckling to herself. Takes notes, checks Instagram, etc. She spots Veronica in a store window with a portable studio set up, taking product shots.

Abigail enters the store with a jingle of the bell. Veronica looks up, lowers her camera, smiles.

VERONICA

Abbie, hi! You just caught me getting some shots.

ABIGAIL

I didn't realize you came to location for these.

VERONICA

Oh. Well, typically, you wouldn't.

ABIGAIL

Above and beyond!

VERONICA

Well, um, actually... your father won't let me set up a studio in the house quite yet.

ABIGAIL

What? Why not?

(pause)

(MORE)

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

I mean, mom's music room would be perfect- all the natural light, shelving, outlets.

VERONICA

Yeah. I'm aware. He's aware.

Abigail understands, sighs, lowers her head, holding Herman.

VERONICA (CONT'D)

You and Herman out adventuring?

ABIGAIL

You legitimately make me sound crazy, but yes, we are.

Abigail pulls out her phone and shows Veronica some of the shots she's been capturing.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

We're getting some images for the band - Herman doing random awesome things, like Herman does.

Veronica takes the phone from her hands, flips through.

VERONICA

Abbie, these are really good. Great concept. Reid told me the band has been taking off lately.

ABIGAIL

(blushing)

Yeah, sorta. I guess. Yeah.

VERONICA

I remember when I realized photography was my "thing." I didn't know what it was all gonna look like, but I knew it mattered, you know? I knew what to fight for.

Veronica hands the phone back to Abigail.

92

INT. REGISTRAR'S OFFICE - DAY

REGISTRAR

So you want to change your major?

ABIGAIL

Yes.

REGISTRAR

Like how you wanted to change your major the other day, but not.

ABIGAIL

Yes.

REGISTRAR

Where's the gnome?

Abigail places Herman on the counter. The Registrar inspects him, pleased.

REGISTRAR (CONT'D)

Okay. Let's get this figured out.

93

INT. ARTS DEPARTMENT - LATER

Abigail goes to see Angelique, but the sign is still there. She walks away, but spots Jeremiah in the dance studio, practicing with a young woman.

Brian walks up beside her, looks at what she's looking at. Abigail jumps a little and feigns disinterest in Jeremiah.

BRIAN

I keep seeing you with all these kids - taking the college life a bit too seriously?

ABIGAIL

They're just - friends of my brother's. I'm staying at the Turret.

BRIAN

Ah. That must be a trip.

ABIGAIL

Yeah.

BRIAN

So I was thinking... I know it's last minute, but maybe I could take you out tonight? I know this great place- I think you'd really like it.

ABIGAIL

Oh, um...

Brian gestures to the dance studio.

BRIAN

Figured you could use a break from
babysitting all the frat boys.

She looks at the place where her ring was, then up at
Jeremiah one more time. He spots her, and she quickly starts
walking down the hall. Brian follows.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

So what do ya think? Yeah?

ABIGAIL

Oh, yeah. Most definitely.

94 INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Mackie and Jeremiah are in the living room, playing chess.
Abigail comes to the door of her bedroom, ready for her date.

Jeremiah looks up, doesn't say anything, but clearly admires
her. Mackie stops what he's doing and admires her, too.

MACKIE

Oh, Abbie. You look like a million
and a half dollar bills. Where you
going?

ABIGAIL

On a date.

The teakettle whistles; Jeremiah stands and goes to the
kitchen to make himself some tea.

MACKIE

Oh, that's a great idea. You should
expand your horizons. He better treat
you like a princess, Abbie-gale.

ABIGAIL

Oh, he can just treat me like me.

MACKIE

But you're a princess.

ABIGAIL

What's a princess to you, Mackie?
Tell me.

Mackie lists the following qualities on his fingers.

MACKIE

Well, a princess is kind, and she's pretty but not necessarily in an obvious way, you know? And she has many talents like the harmonica and singing, and she probably drinks a lot of tea.

Jeremiah hands Abigail a cup of tea. Surprised, she takes it.

JEREMIAH

Saw you at the studio.

ABIGAIL

Yeah, I was trying to find Angelique. You know where she is?

JEREMIAH

Nah, she didn't tell me.

ABIGAIL

Huh.

JEREMIAH

You looked like you wanted to dance.

ABIGAIL

Oh, no. I don't even know how--

He takes the cup from her hands, puts it down, takes her in his arms.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

Okay, yeah - you literally just gave me that-

JEREMIAH

Then you can learn to dance.

Abigail is wide-eyed. Jeremiah dances with her, simple steps.

JEREMIAH (CONT'D)

You can learn anything you set your mind to, Abigail Stone. You're unstoppable.

Their eyes communicate more than either of them understand. Abigail breaks away, picks up her drink.

ABIGAIL

I think I'll set my mind to drinking this tea. Thank you, for this - for this tea.

MACKIE

Princesses usually know how to dance.

JEREMIAH

Thank you, Mackie.

(to Abigail)

You just seemed a little jealous, you know, at the studio.

Abigail half-spits out her tea.

ABIGAIL

Okay, Jer. Yeah. That must have been what it was.

MACKIE

Does this mean I can hang out with Herman while you're gone?

ABIGAIL

Of course. You can be Herman's babysitter.

Mackie squeals with delight and runs out of the room to find Herman. Jeremiah and Abigail look at each other, pressure between them.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

Maybe you're the one who's jealous.

Jeremiah moves towards her as he speaks.

JEREMIAH

Maybe you're right. Maybe... maybe I don't think you should be going on a date with anyone but-

The door opens and Reid enters with a couple friends, all carrying large drums.

REID

So we'll push all the furniture to the sides, and make a big circle around this way.

(acknowledges them)

Hey guys. Drum circle tonight - you joining?

Mackie enters holding Herman.

MACKIE

That's a big affirmative for me and Herman! But Abbie has a date.

Reid raises an eyebrow. Looks between Abigail and Jeremiah.

REID

Oh?

There's a knock on the open door. Brian sticks his head in.

BRIAN

This where all the cool kids at?

JEREMIAH

Oh, this keeps getting better.

Jeremiah exits into Abigail's bedroom. Abigail watches him, then smiles at Brian.

ABIGAIL

Hi, ready to go. Just, just give me a minute.

95 INT. ABIGAIL'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Abigail enters the room.

ABIGAIL

Excuse me, my room.

JEREMIAH

You've started something really great here.

He refers to the mural of photos and memorabilia on the wall.

JEREMIAH (CONT'D)

You think Professor Douchebag is gonna help you get closer to what you want?

ABIGAIL

It's just a date.

Jeremiah picks up her guitar, thrusts it at her. She takes it, unwillingly.

JEREMIAH

Well maybe you should have a date with your guitar.

He picks up a paintbrush. Hands it to her.

JEREMIAH (CONT'D)

Or your walls.

ABIGAIL

I don't have to be alone all the time to figure things out.

JEREMIAH

No. But you do need to be alone to spend time with yourself. And your art.

Abigail is quiet, puts the items on her bed, looks at him.

ABIGAIL

David was never home. I was alone all the time. I know how to be alone, Jeremiah.

JEREMIAH

I'm sorry. I'm not trying to fight with you.

Jeremiah approaches her, reaches for her hand. She pulls back, but he holds on.

ABIGAIL

Then what are you trying to do?

He ascends her fingers to his lips, pauses, then kisses the place where her rings used to rest.

96

EXT. APARTMENT - MINUTES LATER

Abigail slams the apartment building door shut behind her.

BRIAN

Well, that's certainly a place to call home.

ABIGAIL

Yeah.

Jeremiah comes out of the building, heads to his bike.

BRIAN

(to Abigail, laughing)

Sure you don't want to stay and bang on some drums?

Jeremiah hops on his bike. Abigail watches him pedal away. Brian notices what keeps her attention.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

You two seem close.

Abigail is distracted, stops walking and looks around.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Hey, sorry, I'm just teasing ya.

Brian reaches for her hand, but she whips it back.

ABIGAIL

I'm sorry, I - I've got stuff I
need to do.

97 EXT. SCHOOL CAMPUS - LATER

Abigail brings her guitar to the bench where she first saw Jeremiah. Sits on top of the seat, the way she saw him do. Begins to practice her music and sing. She is much improved.

98 INT. DRYER HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Meanwhile, Jeremiah is working at his mom's house, cleaning up the studio. He sees Abigail's rings - picks them up, examines them in his palms.

99 EXT. SCHOOL CAMPUS - CONTINUOUS

It begins to rain. Abigail puts the guitar back in its case, then lifts her face to let the rain fall.

100 INT. DRYER HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Jeremiah places the rings back on the windowsill, considers.

101 EXT. SCHOOL CAMPUS - CONTINUOUS

Abigail walks towards her car; stops by the wall where she first cried, touches it.

Jeremiah bikes down the lane, towards The Turret, but sees Abigail. He bikes straight up to the stone wall where she stands, hops off and drops the bike, and pushes her gently against the wall- all one fluid motion, like a wave.

He leans against her, moving in for a kiss. Pauses.

ABIGAIL

Wait.

Eyes connect.

102 INT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

The drum circle has begun - a dozen artists with drums, laughing, playing. Reid leads the group and Mackie takes his job seriously. Herman sits beside him with his own little drum. The beat is deep, tribal, like a heartbeat.

103 EXT. SCHOOL CAMPUS - CONTINUOUS

Abigail and Jeremiah are a breath apart.

ABIGAIL

Okay.

Jeremiah kisses Abigail. She comes alive.

104 INT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

The drum circle continues, builds in momentum.

105 EXT. SCHOOL CAMPUS - CONTINUOUS

Abigail breaks away from the kiss, puts her hands on Jeremiah's face, making sure he is real, keeping him close. He returns the sentiment, holding her arms tightly.

Abigail breaks away and runs off, leaving her guitar leaning against the wall. Jeremiah picks it up.

106 INT. APARTMENT - LATER

Abigail enters the apartment and weaves her way through the drum circle, towards her room.

Mackie grabs her arm and pulls her down to drum.

She drums for a while, caught up in the steady, heady beat - still reeling from Jeremiah's kisses.

107 EXT. SCHOOL CAMPUS - CONTINUOUS

Jeremiah plays Abbie's guitar under an awning, watching the rain, contemplating. Stops playing.

One more chord, slaps the guitar. He has made a decision.

108 INT. ABIGAIL'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Abigail enters her bedroom, closes the door. In the background, the drums are still pounding. She breathes.

She picks up a paint brush, prepares some paint.

Stands in front of the walls, considers. Begins to paint.

109 INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jeremiah enters the apartment building, but gets caught up in the drum circle, as well. He repeatedly looks over at Abigail's door.

110 INT. ABIGAIL'S BEDROOM - LATER

Abigail has painted Herman on the wall. She considers him, smiles. Taps his nose with her brush.

She stops. Jeremiah has entered. She does not turn around.

Jeremiah is soaked from the rain. He takes off his shirt, and approaches Abigail, her paintbrush suspended. He comes up behind her and his hands hover over her skin.

Finally, he grabs her waist, kisses her neck. She turns to him.

ABIGAIL

I painted-

JEREMIAH

Herman, I see that. He looks great.

ABIGAIL

Do you think he'll like it?

Jeremiah holds Abigail's chin with his fingers, runs his other hand through her hair, almost roughly. She drops her paintbrush.

JEREMIAH

I'm sure he loves everything about you.

111 INT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

The drum circle continues, crescendoing.

112 INT. ABIGAIL'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jeremiah and Abigail make love.

113 INT. ABIGAIL'S BEDROOM - NEXT MORNING

Abigail wakes to Herman's face in her face. Mackie is holding the gnome, and reveals his smile from behind it.

MACKIE

Tea?

Abigail sits up, looks around.

ABIGAIL

Where is everybody?

MACKIE

It's Jeremiah's fixing up day.

ABIGAIL

Huh?

MACKIE

The day for fixing up the house.

ABIGAIL

Well, why aren't we there?

MACKIE

Because you're here.

ABIGAIL

Wait, are you like my squire?

MACKIE

(seriously)

I am your brother's squire.

ABIGAIL

What did Reid tell you?

MACKIE

That it was physical work so you wouldn't want to do it.

(whispers)

Probably because you're a princess.

Abigail's eyes flash fire, and she flings the blankets off the bed. Mackie shrieks.

MACKIE (CONT'D)

Protect your maiden decency!

ABIGAIL
Mackie, I'm fully dressed.

Mackie lowers his arms, sees her pajamas, calms down.

MACKIE
Oh, okay. Close call.

114 INT. DRYER HOUSE - DAY

Abigail and Mackie enter the open front door. Mackie holds Herman up so he can see the work that is being done. Everyone is working on different projects throughout the house. Reid, Jeremiah, Katie, Laura, Chase are all there. Reid looks up.

REID
Hey, you're here!

ABIGAIL
Hey, you're a shithead!

Jeremiah looks up. His eyes shine a little when he sees her.

REID
Dude, you were out cold. I figured I'd let you sleep. Grab a brush - be useful.

Chase approaches Abigail with a brush, sandpaper, a bucket.

CHASE
Here, here's a bunch of shit. I don't understand any of it.

ABIGAIL
Thanks.

CHASE
No, for real, thank you. I don't know what you did, but the band is like, on a whole new level.
(shouts)
Fuckin' Gnomeonics, man!

Everyone laughs, and Abigail and Jeremiah's eyes connect. He gestures for her to join him.

115 INT. DRYER HOUSE - LATER

Jeremiah and Abigail are in the living room by the window, painting, Herman overseeing. Across the room, Reid is on a ladder working on a patch on the ceiling.

ABIGAIL

It's gonna be a beautiful home.

JEREMIAH

It was always beautiful, when she was here.

ABIGAIL

It will be again.

Jeremiah nods his head at Herman.

JEREMIAH

I hope Herman approves. I mean, maybe he'll want to come live here with me, one day. Make it his home.

Abigail's eyes shimmer a bit, and she tilts her head. Jeremiah is quiet, then stops painting and turns to Abigail, looks at her inquisitively.

JEREMIAH (CONT'D)

What were you really doing that first night on the bridge?

ABIGAIL

(guffaws)

I wasn't trying to kill myself, if that's what you're asking.

JEREMIAH

I know.

Abigail puts down her paint and brush.

ABIGAIL

Okay, fine, well - let's prologue all this with the knowledge that, although not suicidal, I was in fact drunk.

JEREMIAH

Oh, I remember.

ABIGAIL

It was Angelique. I had my first lesson with her, and she had me thinking about, about all the ways I wasn't alive, you know? All the parts of me I had let atrophy. And she does this thing where you lean against a wall and you sing-

JEREMIAH

I remember.

ABIGAIL

Of course, yeah. Well, I've never leaned into a wall. I've never leaned into anything - a river, a hard conversation, a kiss. Anything.

They look at each other.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

I always pull back. So I wanted to know, you know, what it felt like to lean.

She looks at him; he's staring at her lips.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

Plus, I was drunk.

JEREMIAH

Oh, I remember.

Jeremiah leans closer to Abigail, about to reach for her, as Katie approaches and claps her hands.

KATIE

Less chatting, more working.

ABIGAIL

Hey, you. We were just discussing my, um, first night in town.

KATIE

Yeah, I remember. You were a hot mess.

Abigail looks at her, deciding whether to be combative.

ABIGAIL

Yeah, I don't recall you being much better.

Katie looks away.

KATIE

Well, wasn't a bright spot in my life now, was it?

She shoots a visual dagger at Jeremiah.

JEREMIAH

It was for the best.

KATIE

Oh yeah, no, I can see that.

Awkward moment. Katie considers, then leaps in.

KATIE (CONT'D)

Well I guess it worked out because that was the night you got your new babysitting gig, wasn't it?

JEREMIAH

Katie, don't -

ABIGAIL

What do you mean?

KATIE

Hey, maybe if I fake jump off a bridge someone will give half a shit about me, too.

ABIGAIL

What does that have to do with-

KATIE

Do you really think Jer just took you under his wing out of the goodness of his big ole heart?

Jeremiah stands, goes to interject, but Katie throws down what she's holding and heads out.

KATIE (CONT'D)

Oh sweetie, don't kid yourself.

She's gone. Abigail looks at Jeremiah. The sound of Katie's car pulling away. Abigail stands.

JEREMIAH

Abbie, it's not like she said--

Abigail picks up Herman.

ABIGAIL

Herman, I think we should go.

JEREMIAH

Hey, Abbie, it's not what you think-

Reid stops what he's doing, looks at them. Jeremiah jumps up.

JEREMIAH (CONT'D)

No! Abbie! I'm...

Abigail turns, waits.

JEREMIAH (CONT'D)
I'm not getting paid.

Abigail gestures to all the work being done, to Reid.

JEREMIAH (CONT'D)
It's not the same.

ABIGAIL
(to Reid)
I'm assuming this was your idea?

Reid climbs down the ladder.

REID
Abbie, Dad and I were worried about
you.

ABIGAIL
Oh my God, and here I thought...

Reid approaches Abigail, but she holds out her hand.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)
Jesus, Dad probably paid you to pay
him to monitor me like an insane
person!

Reid is quiet. Because it's true.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)
Holy shit! I can't even right now!

Abigail exits with Herman, slams the door behind her.

116 EXT. PARK - MOMENTS LATER

Abigail storms away from Jeremiah's house, through the park.
Jeremiah runs after her.

JEREMIAH
Abbie, hey, Abbie, please wait!

Jeremiah calls after her. She spins around, chucks Herman at
Jeremiah, who catches him. Abigail continues her escape.

JEREMIAH (CONT'D)
Hey! Abbie, stop!

Abigail stops again, but doesn't turn around. She refuses to
let him see how she feels.

JEREMIAH (CONT'D)

Abbie.

ABIGAIL

Just don't. I get it.

JEREMIAH

What do you get?

ABIGAIL

I'm glad Reid is helping you with your mom's house. I am. But you didn't, you didn't need to involve me like this.

JEREMIAH

Abbie, I didn't plan for any of it to happen this way.

Abigail turns, surprising Jeremiah with the emotion in her eyes. Still, he takes a step towards her.

JEREMIAH (CONT'D)

I didn't expect to fall in love with you.

ABIGAIL

Oh, my God! Just shut your face.

She grabs Herman from his arms and stalks away.

JEREMIAH

Abbie, I'm serious! I'm sorry! I should have told you!

(then)

And stop throwing Herman around; he's gonna get hurt!

Abigail spins around.

ABIGAIL

Heaven forbid anybody gets hurt.

JEREMIAH

Abbie, I--

ABIGAIL

I trusted you. I spent time with you, even though I knew I was playing the fool-

JEREMIAH

Now, wait a minute.

ABIGAIL

I don't know why I'm so surprised!
You're a 23-year-old musician who
can't keep his house clean-

JEREMIAH

This has nothing to do with my age.

ABIGAIL

Doesn't it? You know nothing about
what it means to be an adult.

JEREMIAH

And you do, Miss maybe I'll paint
something today or, no, maybe I'll
sing a song? Oh! Or maybe I'll just
dance around with my pet fucking
gnome?!

ABIGAIL

That's... really mean, and really
accurate.

JEREMIAH

People get hurt, Abbie. I fucked
up. Yes, Reid agreed to help with
the house if I looked after you.

ABIGAIL

But I'm not a child--

JEREMIAH

And I did, because, because I need
to fix things in my life right now.
And then it turned into something
else, because you're amazing. Okay?
And I wanted to be around you.

ABIGAIL

Gross.

JEREMIAH

I want to be around you all the
time.

ABIGAIL

You don't have to do this.

JEREMIAH

None of us have to do anything,
Abbie.

Jeremiah approaches her, goes to take her in his arms, but
Abigail wrenches away.

ABIGAIL
Yeah, including tell the truth.

Jeremiah backs off, hands up.

JEREMIAH
Okay, I give up. You're right. You win, Abbie. I'm just an asshole musician and you're an old, intellectual, experienced divorcee. What the fuck do I know?

Jeremiah walks away, calling over his shoulder.

JEREMIAH (CONT'D)
Have a nice life, Ab. Bye, Herman.

Abigail is left holding Herman, victorious yet defeated.

117 INT. ABIGAIL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Abigail falls onto her bed with Herman. Sees something of Jeremiah's and throws it across the room.

ABIGAIL
(to Herman)
This whole time, I was such a fool.

For the first time, she allows herself to cry. Her phone vibrates on the nightstand. She looks at the screen - David is calling. She hesitates, collects herself, then answers.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)
Hello?

DAVID (V.O.)
(on phone)
Abbie. Hey. How are you?

ABIGAIL
I'm...
(sits up in bed)
I'm fine.

DAVID (V.O.)
God, it's good to hear your voice.
Are you okay? You sound different.

Abigail looks around, bewildered, gets out of bed.

ABIGAIL
I'm- I'm fine. What do you want?

DAVID (V.O.)
 Abbie, I was just wondering... have
 you signed the divorce papers yet?

Abigail looks over at the pile of unsigned papers on the desk, doesn't respond. Rather she dips a paintbrush into some black paint and slashes it across the wall, across her mural.

DAVID (V.O.)
 Because, I was thinking. I mean,
 you still have a lot of stuff here.

She continues to destroy her work.

ABIGAIL
 Yeah, you can just throw it away.

DAVID (V.O.)
 Oh. Well, I thought you might want
 to... come take a look at it.
 (pause)
 Abbie, I... I thought you might
 want to come home.

Abigail is fascinated. Places her brush in some vibrant red paint, and continues to swirl her emotions onto the wall.

She hears Jeremiah enter the apartment, turns to watch him through the opening in the door.

ABIGAIL
 What about Haley?

DAVID (V.O.)
 She's out of the picture. She'll be
 out of the picture.

ABIGAIL
 She is or is not out of the
 picture?

DAVID (V.O.)
 She's gone. You're my wife, Abbie.

ABIGAIL
 Oh, I'm aware of that.

Abigail approaches the doorway. Jeremiah spots her.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)
 So now you want me to come home.

DAVID (V.O.)
 I know this isn't what you planned.

ABIGAIL

No. But you know, nothing ever is.

She slams the door.

118 INT. AUDITORIUM - DAY

Abigail enters the dim light of the theater. The lights are bright on the stage, contrasting with the darkness of the room. Abigail sits somewhere in the middle, with Herman.

Reid directs a few members of his crew, sending them off on assignments. They are constructing the set for the school musical. Mackie is on stage, painting a tree. He sees her.

MACKIE

Abbie-gale!

Reid turns, puts his hand up to shield his eyes so he can see into the audience. Puts down his materials, hops off the stage. Joins her, sits beside her. They have a quiet moment.

REID

Abbie, I-

ABIGAIL

Wait. I'm - I'm leaning.

REID

Okay.

ABIGAIL

You really love the theater.

REID

I think I love... being part of something. It vibrates, you know? The energy of it.

ABIGAIL

I can see that now, after spending time with you, with... with Angelique, everyone.

Quiet moment.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

I left you. I did. I pushed all of this away. Mom died, and I thought I handled that okay, but I didn't. None of us did. And I didn't lean into any of that, I pushed it all away.

REID
Hey, it's all in the past.

Abigail looks straight at him.

ABIGAIL
It's not. It's all here, between us-
me and you, us and dad.
(then)
I don't want it there anymore.

Reid doesn't say anything, but rather takes her hand in his. Squeezes it.

Mackie stumbles on his small ladder, knocking over a fake tree and causing a few items to roll off the stage. He quickly stands and gathers what he can.

MACKIE
Oopsie daisies! Don't mind me!
Carry on as you were!

Abigail and Reid laugh at Mackie's antics. Abigail looks at Reid's face, filled with love for his friend.

ABIGAIL
Where did you find him?

REID
Mackie? Jeez, I don't even know.
One day he was just there. So we
took him in - gave him a room,
involved him with the band, and now
he's one of us. His parents are
grateful, but, I mean, shit... I
can't imagine him not here.

ABIGAIL
I'm going home.

REID
Yeah?

ABIGAIL
Yeah.

REID
Abbie, what does that even mean?

Abigail looks at her ring finger, then up at Mackie as he high fives another crew member. She gives a weak smile.

ABIGAIL
Touché.

119 INT. ABIGAIL'S BEDROOM - LATER

Everything is packed. Herman sits in the center of the bare room. Abigail sits in front of him, prepared to have a serious conversation.

ABIGAIL

Herman. I need to go.

(then)

I'm gonna leave you here, so you can be with the band.

(then)

Oh, no. You wouldn't like where I'm going. It's not fit for a sassy classy gnome.

(then)

There's nothing here for me. I had my chance at all this, way back when, and I don't think I played my cards right.

She stares at Herman for a moment.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

Please don't look at me like that.

120 EXT. CAR - LATER

Abigail packs the car. Jeremiah pulls his bike up beside her.

JEREMIAH

Last thing I recall, this guy abandoned you.

Abigail turns, stoic.

ABIGAIL

He's my husband.

JEREMIAH

Well that's a bunch of bullshit, if you ask me.

Abigail continues packing.

ABIGAIL

Good thing I didn't.

JEREMIAH

Well, if you did ask me, I would say he abdicated husband privileges when he took away your home.

ABIGAIL

Well, you abdicated friend opinion
privileges when you got paid to be
one.

Abigail stops packing, looks at him.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

He's my husband. It's the right
thing to do.

JEREMIAH

None of that is why you're leaving.

ABIGAIL

Oh yeah? Enlighten me.

Jeremiah approaches, takes her hand. He reveals her palm and
places her rings there.

JEREMIAH

You're going because you're scared.

Abigail looks at the rings, places them in her pocket.

ABIGAIL

Everything we do, we do because
we're scared.

Jeremiah takes her hands, terrified she's going to drive away
and he'll never see her again.

JEREMIAH

Don't pull back, Abbie. Not from
this. Lean into this, please.

Abigail looks down.

CLOSE IN ON: their entwined hands.

MATCH CUT TO:

121 INT. DAVID'S CONDO, D.C. - DAY

Abigail and David's entwined hands. She looks up at his face.
He cups her chin.

DAVID

Jesus, it's good to see you.

Abigail attempts a smile. David admires her rings.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I'm so glad you're back. We're gonna figure this out. I've got some work to do at the office but, please, make yourself at home.

David leaves, and Abigail looks around, lost.

Walks to an empty white wall, touches it.

122 INT. ABIGAIL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jeremiah is in Abigail's room, gazing at her trashed mural. He turns and looks at Herman, who still sits in the center of the room. Jeremiah sits beside him, pats him on the head.

123 INT. DAVID'S CONDO - NIGHT

Abigail is curled up on the couch, laptop open, scrolling through the Gnomeonics social media feed. She comes across a picture of Jeremiah, handsome as ever, hanging out with Herman. She can't breathe.

DAVID

Whatcha looking at?

Abigail jumps a little, goes to shut the computer, but stops.

ABIGAIL

Actually - this band - I branded them. Their name, concept, social media, marketing, all of it. And they actually really took off.

David comes around to sit beside her.

DAVID

Oh yeah?

ABIGAIL

Yeah, I was actually in the process of changing my major last week. I think, I mean I'm actually really good at this stuff.

DAVID

Let me see this.

David takes over the laptop, gives everything a look. Chuckles.

ABIGAIL

What's up?

DAVID

Nothing, it's just... they're kids,
you know. I mean, it's cute, but -

David hands the computer back to her, heads to the kitchen.

DAVID (CONT'D)

You deserve better than that.

Abigail stares at the screen, then at the place David has
been sitting. Touches the cushion.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Hey, hun - what should we make for
dinner?

124 INT. DAVID'S KITCHEN - LATER

Abigail and David are eating salmon and asparagus.

DAVID

So the partners think they're gonna
officially bring me on in the spring.

ABIGAIL

That's great.

DAVID

No, you're great.

Abigail looks down at her silverware, plays with it.

DAVID (CONT'D)

You're not eating.

Abigail looks at her rings. David's phone buzzes.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Hold on, I've gotta get this.

David moves into the hallway to answer the phone.

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

What can I do for ya, Bill?

David returns into view, puts on his coat. Checks his pockets
for his wallet then heads to the bedroom.

DAVID (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Hey, sorry hun, but I've gotta just
pop out for a minute - grab some
signatures.

Abigail stands, walks to the entryway. David returns, smiles.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Sorry, I know I promised a talk and
a cuddle. I'll be back in a jiffy.

ABIGAIL
No rush. Totally get it.

David kisses Abigail on the cheek.

DAVID
Make yourself at home.

ABIGAIL
You already said that.

He looks at her, not understanding, then goes to leave.
Abigail gives it one more try.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)
Hey! Maybe we could...

Abigail moves to the white expanse of wall in the front
hallway, puts her hands on it.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)
Paint a mural here. Something with
color. Maybe cherry blossoms or
something.

David processes this request, clearly not embracing it.

DAVID
Yeah, I mean... If that's what
you'd like.

ABIGAIL
I think it would be beautiful.

DAVID
Might come across a little
bohemian, next to everything else,
but we'll talk about, okay?

Abigail manages a weak smile, nods.

ABIGAIL
Okay.

David leaves. Abigail touches the white wall again, imagining, then lets her hands drop to her sides.

125 EXT./INT. DAVID'S CONDO - LATER

Abigail closes the door behind her, bags in hand. The pile of signed divorce papers sit on the table with her wedding rings. A large "Goodbye" is painted across the white wall.

126 EXT./INT. ANGELIQUE'S HOUSE - DAY

Abigail knocks on the door. Angelique opens it, surprised as Abigail moves past her.

ABIGAIL

Where were you last week?

ANGELIQUE

How did you find my house?

ABIGAIL

It's a one horse town. Where were you?

ANGELIQUE

I was in Prague, for an audition.

ABIGAIL

Um, excuse me, what!?

ANGELIQUE

Let's not make a big deal about it. Where were you this week?

ABIGAIL

I had some things to take care of.

Angelique is quiet, aware that something is up.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

Angelique... I just have a question, and I already know the answer. But I need to hear you say it to me.

ANGELIQUE

Anything for you, my dear

ABIGAIL

Is it too late for me? To change what I'm doing, who I am?

(MORE)

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

Or are we basically stagnant,
stuck? Because I want to be better
than this.

Angelique narrows her eyes, doesn't respond. Abigail begins to feel embarrassed, goes to retract the question, when Angelique begins to sing a sweeping operatic piece.

Abigail is stunned, moves to sit. After half a dozen measures, Angelique ceases. A quiet moment.

ANGELIQUE

Leaning in also means having the
momentum, the energy, the drive to
keep moving forward.

(then)

Say you're doing hurdles - if you
don't keep moving forward, you're
going to get hurt. If you hesitate,
if you slow down... it's over. You
can't be afraid, Abbie, even though
you might stumble or fall, or your
voice may crack or you make a bad
note or a decision that takes you
the wrong way for a while - at
least you're moving forward.

Angelique takes Abigail into a friendly embrace.

ANGELIQUE (CONT'D)

Hey, and at least that way nobody
can say you're holding anything
back.

127 EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

Abigail plops down in front of her mother's tombstone, guitar at the ready, Herman by her side.

ABIGAIL

Okay, I'm gonna play you the song.
Momma, are you ready to hear this?

Abigail begins to play, then stops.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

I left David. I couldn't do it. He
doesn't see me, he'll never see me.

She starts to play again, then stops.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

And, I don't know for sure, but I
might have found someone who does.
Who sees me. And I see him.

(then)

Anyways, here we go.

Abigail begins to play. Before she can enter the song,
though, Charlie pulls up alongside her in a cop car.

CHARLIE

Ma'am.

Abigail drops the guitar onto the grass in front of her.

ABIGAIL

Oh, give me a break, Charlie!

128 INT./EXT. JAIL - NEXT MORNING

Abigail wakes up in her familiar cell. Veronica stands at the
open door, holding the guitar and shaking her head. Abigail
jumps off the cot and heads to the front door.

ABIGAIL

Okay, back into the wild!

Charlie hands Abigail Herman on her way out.

CHARLIE

Less wild, more wholesome living.

Veronica shrugs at Charlie and follows Abigail outside.

VERONICA

Your father's in the car.

ABIGAIL

Ah, yes. Bring it on.

Veronica puts her hand on Abigail's shoulder, stopping her.

VERONICA

He gave me the room. I have a
studio now.

Abigail is happily surprised by this news, hugs Veronica.
Turns and opens the back door to the car, gets in.

ABIGAIL

Dad, I hear you're softening up!

Dad looks at her in the rearview mirror, then chuckles.

PETER

Well, if so, it's by necessity. To counteract my daughter's new life as a hardened criminal.

129 EXT. STONE HOUSE - LATER

Abigail stands looking at her childhood home, much as she had when she first arrived. Her heart has softened towards it.

Peter approaches.

PETER

Reid told me how upset you were.

ABIGAIL

(shakes her head)

I get it. You were protecting me.

PETER

Trying to. It's all I ever want to do.

Abigail nods her head, understanding.

PETER (CONT'D)

So, marketing, huh?

ABIGAIL

Yeah. It feels right.

PETER

Abbie, I... I don't have... what your mom had. She could talk to you, she could show love in a way that I... I struggle with.

Abigail looks at him, her very human father whom she loves.

ABIGAIL

Oh, Dad. I like to think we're all doing the best we can.

Abigail leans against her father, enough to show she cares.

130 INT. ART DEPARTMENT AUDITORIUM - LATE AFTERNOON

Veronica and Peter enter the auditorium as Abigail approaches Reid, standing off to the side. He sees her, brightens.

REID

What's this?

Abigail shrugs.

ABIGAIL
Home sweet home.

REID
But what are you- What about David?

ABIGAIL
Reid, shut up.
(then)
Where is he?

REID
Abbie, Jer's gone. The band took a gig. He and the guys are gone for a couple months. They left.

ABIGAIL
Oh.

REID
I mean, they'll be back. 6 weeks, maybe?

ABIGAIL
Yeah, no, of course. Thanks.
(then)
Break a leg.

REID
Not staying?

ABIGAIL
I was gonna take a walk, if that's okay. Do you want me to stay?

Reid shakes his head, no, gestures for her to do what she needs to do.

131 EXT. DRYER HOUSE - LATER

Abigail meanders over to Jeremiah's house. Everything looks great, fixed, new. The sign is gone. She turns the door handle, but it's locked.

There is a handmade sign in the front garden that reads: "Home is where the gnome is" along with a bunch of happy little gnomes by the front door. She finds a key under one. Enters.

132 INT. DRYER HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Looks around, spots Herman in a place of honor. Runs to him.

ABIGAIL

Oh, buddy. I'm so sorry. I was lost
without you.

133 INT. RECORDING STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

She walks into the studio, perusing the place where she and
Jeremiah spent so much time, missing him.

134 EXT. DRYER HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Jeremiah and the band pull up in the van. Jeremiah hops out.

JEREMIAH

Be right back!

135 INT. DRYER HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Jeremiah enters with long strides to grab Herman, stops when
he realizes the door was unlocked.

ABIGAIL (O.S.)

Excuse me, what do you think you're
doing with my gnome?

They look at each other with the world in their eyes.

JEREMIAH

Well, um, Herman's hitting the
road. We booked a tour.

ABIGAIL

I heard; that's really awesome.

JEREMIAH

Nothing big. Decent opener.

ABIGAIL

I think it's great.

JEREMIAH

Well, you were a big part of it.

ABIGAIL

I'm glad.

JEREMIAH

You, um... you're in my house.

ABIGAIL

Yeah, well - you know, home is where-

She points at Herman.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

That guy is.

She might as well be pointing at Jeremiah. Everyone (even Herman) knows it. Jeremiah wants to smile, but can't believe it, not yet.

JEREMIAH

Well, you probably shouldn't have left him behind then, huh?

Abigail takes a step towards him.

ABIGAIL

No. No, that was a big mistake.

Jeremiah approaches. He's close enough to hand Abigail Herman without extending his arms.

JEREMIAH

You broke his heart.

Their foreheads touch, eyes half shut. It's hard to breathe.

ABIGAIL

I should make something clear.

JEREMIAH

What's that?

Abigail holds Herman up between them.

ABIGAIL

I go where he goes.

Jeremiah snatches Herman from her hands and steps out the front door. He's in the afternoon glow of sunshine, Abigail still inside. He holds his hand out to her. She takes it. He pulls her towards him and they meet at the threshold. The sun takes them in, and explodes into a splash of rainbow color.

FADE TO BLACK.