

I AM ORANGE

Written by

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EXT. UNION SQUARE - EVENING

ALEX (22, tall and unassuming but not unattractive) walks with CHARLIE MATTA (23, short and cute). Charlie walks with an air of confidence that can't be learned.

They wait in line for the halal cart.

CHARLIE
Are you working this week?

ALEX
3-11, every night.

CHARLIE
Fuck. That's a lot.

ALEX
Better than the morning shift.

CHARLIE
And you're part time?

ALEX
Don't remind me.

CHARLIE
That should be illegal.

ALEX
Preaching to the fucking choir. But it's a restaurant. What am I gonna do?

It's their turn.

CHARLIE
Two lamb over rice. No salad. White and red sauce.

She pays and they step off the to side.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
You should quit.

Alex laughs.

ALEX
I'm already taking the whole summer off. I'll be lucky if they have a job for me in September.

CHARLIE
Then just quit now. Not like they
appreciate you.

ALEX
(sarcastic)
Sure. We'll see.

They get their food. Amy carries both.

She gets a text. She looks and snaps her phone away.

CHARLIE
I swear I'm going to kill that
brat.

Alex sighs. This is normal.

ALEX
What did she do this time?

CHARLIE
The little shit told me she might
not want to move up here in August.

ALEX
So?

CHARLIE
'So?' We were planning on her
living with us.

ALEX
It'll be fine. We'll convince her
over the summer.

CHARLIE
Or not.

ALEX
Then who cares? More space for us.

CHARLIE
I love the kid but sometimes she
hurts my head.

(Beat)
So? Meeting the family this
weekend? How're you feeling?

Alex brightens. Charlie purses her lips.

ALEX
How am I feeling? You *know* I'm
excited.

(MORE)

ALEX (CONT'D)

We've been friends for years and I've only ever met Amy. You've hung with my mom, what? Every break since we've met?

CHARLIE

New York/Brooklyn is a bit more palatable than the Keys, to be fair.

ALEX

Obviously.
(He shakes his head)
Whatever. It doesn't matter. I'm just excited to meet them.

CHARLIE

About that... I should tell you...

ALEX

That they're gonna hate me?

Charlie's caught off guard and laughs.

CHARLIE

No. They'll love you. Amy already does. The rest'll just fall in line.

She rolls her eyes

ALEX

Oh thank God.
(Nudging her)
What're you gonna do when Amy and I fall in love and run away together.

CHARLIE

(shoving him back)
You better not touch my sister.

Alex leans into the shove and laughs.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

(laughing)
Stop laughing. It could happen. We're basically the same person.

ALEX

Sure you are.

CHARLIE

Its the truth. Probably. Or it used to be.

ALEX

You're just saying that because I was first in line for you before I found out...

He trails off.

Charlie rolls her eyes.

CHARLIE

You can say 'gay', Alex. It's not dirty.

ALEX

Not what I meant, you asshole. I'm just embarrassed I didn't notice.

CHARLIE

To your credit, I didn't tell you for forever.

ALEX

You were hinting it constantly.

CHARLIE

Not my fault you're bullheaded. One-track mind and it wanted me.

ALEX

You don't have to be so smug.

CHARLIE

(sighing)

There really is something we need to talk about for the trip.

ALEX

What did I do?

CHARLIE

Not you. It's me.

ALEX

Charlie. Are you breaking up with me?

She laughs.

CHARLIE

No. I just-

A pair of drunk NYU boys stumble into them.

GUY 1
(slurring)
Gotta time?

ALEX
7:30.

The two guys look at each other, eyes wide.

GUY 1
Thanks, man. I thought it was
later.
(deep breath)
Oh boy.

GUY 2
(to Alex)
That your lady? She's... perky.
(to Charlie)
Hi, Perky.

CHARLIE
Thank you.

She pulls Alex toward her. The guys get sulky after that.

One shoves each other and they both laugh.

GUY 2
Aw, man. Maybe next time.
(miming a phone)
Call me!

He winks and they stumble off.

Charlie and Alex laugh.

CHARLIE
He didn't to leave his number.

ALEX
Nope.

They start to walk out of the square.

Charlie frowns at her bare arm.

CHARLIE
I got bird shit on me.

She rushes up and wipes it on Alex's shirt. He jumps back in shock.

ALEX
What the fuck are you doing?

CHARLIE
You're wearing a t-shirt. I'm
wearing a top. I wasn't gonna dirty
my shirt.

ALEX
That's fucking disgusting.

She grins devilishly.

CHARLIE
I know. But you love me.

ALEX
(side-eye)
I wouldn't be so sure.

CHARLIE
Admit it. You thought it was cute.

ALEX
No, it wasn't.

CHARLIE
It was cute.

ALEX
Nope.

CHARLIE
C'mon.

ALEX
Nope.

CHARLIE
C'mon!

ALEX
No.

She raises an eyebrow and purses. Alex laughs.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Fine. It was cute. But it's getting
cold and I'd kill to be in sweats
right now.

They wander out of the park in silence.

Amy wipes the rest of her hand off on a napkin from the dinner bag. She tosses it in a trash can.

She rushes to catch up with Alex, grabbing his hand in hers and swinging it.

ALEX (CONT'D)

(thoughtful)

Do you actually think your family
will like me.

Charlie squeezes his hand tight.

CHARLIE

Of course. I wouldn't tell you if
they wouldn't.

ALEX

Exactly.

CHARLIE

(droll)

That's not what I meant and you know
it.

ALEX

I know.

(beat)

But I'm spending an entire summer
with a bunch of people I don't
know. It's a little intimidating.
If it goes bad there's nowhere for
me to escape to.

CHARLIE

Good thing you'll have me.

There's another pause.

ALEX

You should tell them. They won't
care.

Charlie sighs and scuffs her toe on the ground.

CHARLIE

I know. I *know*. It's a just... You
know. Brandon came out a year ago
and they didn't care. They were
happy and proud and whatever. And
they'd feel the same way about me.

They stop at an intersection. Charlie leans up against a
trash can.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

But after they immediately went to me with the whole 'marriage and kids' thing because I guess they assumed Brandon's out for that

(Rushing)

Which is awful in so many ways and I know they'd understand and love me anyway but then they'd turn to Amy as their last hope and she doesn't need that. She's barely twenty-two. Let her be a kid for a while longer.

ALEX

(quietly)

And you're only twenty-three. You're still a kid, too.

CHARLIE

(rolling her eyes)

Whatever. I don't want her to deal with Mom's bullshit quite yet, okay. She told me that she might not even want kids. She doesn't need our parents telling her she's their last hope.

They pause at another corner.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

(soft, steady)

I'll tell them. I will. Just, after Amy's in love or Brandon's getting married or something. Just when everyone's happy and they won't bug her anymore.

ALEX

(quiet)

I didn't know all that.

CHARLIE

I didn't tell you.

(beat)

I want them to tell them. I want to tell them right now. And I will. I just want them happy first. Then they'll know.

ALEX

Thats... surprisingly kind of you.

Charlie shoves him.

CHARLIE
I can be nice, you know.

Alex laughs and she smiles. She yawns loudly, exaggerated.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
I'd kill to be horizontal right
now.

ALEX
What do you wanna watch tonight?

She grins devilishly. Alex catches on and shakes his head in
opposition.

ALEX (CONT'D)
No.

CHARLIE
(pleading, bouncing)
Pleeeeeaaaasse.

ALEX
Absolutely not.

Charlie stops bouncing.

CHARLIE
You don't even know what I was
gonna say.

ALEX
(raising his brow)
You weren't gonna say Space Jam?

Charlie looks anywhere but him before smiling innocently.
Alex rolls his eyes.

CHARLIE
(tugging on his shirt)
C'mon! I haven't seen it since,
like, April!

ALEX
It's barely May.

CHARLIE
The *beginning* of April.

Alex rolls his eyes and speeds up.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Its my favorite!

ALEX

Nope. Not watching it. End of story. Besides, I'm sure we'll watch it with your family.

CHARLIE

Fine. Whatever.

She scuffs her toe against the ground again. The two stop at a "no walk" sign. Alex stops ahead of Charlie in the gutter. A bike speeds by extremely close to him.

Charlie's eyes go wide.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

ALEX!

She yanks him back onto the sidewalk. Alex stumbles and nearly falls as the bike speeds by.

Charlie sighs and steps back, putting herself just off the sidewalk and into Alex's place.

Alex stands and brushes himself off.

ALEX

(annoyed)

I wasn't going to get hit. I know how-

(he turns, eyes wide)

CHARLIE, STOP!

Charlie looks at him in confusion, eyes still alight. A horn blares and the giant headlights of a barreling semi frame her for a moment.

SMASH CUT TO:

Sound of Sunshine by Michael Franti & Spearhead

THE FOLLOWING IS A MONTAGE FROM THE POV OF AN OAK CASKET.

INT. FUNERAL HOME - NYC

A funeral home director pushes the casket into a hearse.

INT. HEARSE - CONTINUOUS

The view through the rear window of the city disappearing.

EXT. LAGUARDIA - CONTINUOUS

The driver opens the back door and pulls the hearse out.
Alex is there. He meets them with clear eyes and a sad face.

INT. LAGUARDIA - BAGGAGE AREA - CONTINUOUS

The casket waits amongst suitcases.

EXT. TARMAC - CONTINUOUS

The casket waits next to the plane.

CUT TO:

EXT. TARMAC

The casket gets pushed onto the snakebelt. It rides it into the cargo hold.

INT. AIRPLANE - CONTINUOUS

A worker pushes it (not gently) against the wall.

CUT TO:

INT. AIRPLANE

The casket is now in the dark. The sound of the plane in the air competing with the music.

CUT TO:

INT. AIRPLANE

The sound is gone and the light is back.

CUT TO:

INT. AIRPLANE

A worker reloads the casket onto the snakebelt and it gets taken out of the plane.

CUT TO:

EXT. MIAMI INT'L AIRPORT - TARMAC

The casket is taken on the truck to the airport

CUT TO:

INT. MIAMI INT'L AIRPORT

Alex signs something at the baggage claim counter and looks at the casket.

CUT TO:

EXT. MIAMI INT'L AIRPORT

A driver loads the casket into the hearse.

CUT TO:

INT. HEARSE

The casket has a view of the ocean from Highway One on the way into the Keys.

CUT TO:

INT. FUNERAL HOME - MARATHON.

The casket waits in a bright room.

CUT TO:

INT. FUNERAL HOME - MARATHON.

The casket waits in the dark.

CUT TO:

INT. FUNERAL HOME - MARATHON.

The casket is in the light and visited by Alex and a bunch of other people.

CUT TO:

INT. HEARSE

A view of the ocean from the rear window

CUT TO

EXT. CEMETERY

The casket is being lowered into a grave.

CUT TO BLACK.

EXT. CEMETERY

The casket is in the ground.

Alex is pushed toward the grave. He all but throws his handful in. It misses the coffin and lands on the dirt.

TITLE CARD: I AM ORANGE

END MONTAGE

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. CEMETERY - POST-SERVICE

The last of the hole is being filled in. Alex stands against a tree while the immediate family groups together. He's noticeably more subdued than before.

AMY MATTA looks up and locks eyes with Alex. She says something to Brandon and walks to him.

ALEX
(without looking)
I wish I smoked.

AMY
It's been that kind of day.

They watch the family pack up. Brandon nods up at them, beckoning them back.

Amy pulls her keys out of her pocket. She dangles them in front of Alex.

AMY (CONT'D)
Wanna drive?

ALEX

I'm not sure that's a good idea...

AMY

Come on! I just got in. I've been driving all morning.

ALEX

I just...

AMY

Do you have your license?

ALEX

Yeah. But I probably haven't been behind the wheel in four, five years.

Amy presses the keys into his hand.

AMY

I trust you.

(beat)

Besides, driving always calms me down. I get so focused on the road that I forget to think about my problems. You drive, I DJ. Deal?

Alex grips the keys tight, shaking his fist a bit.

ALEX

Fine. Deal.

He follows her to her cherry red 1999 Mercedes two-door. He gets into the front seat and immediately pushes the seat all the way back and down.

Amy shrugs half-heartedly.

AMY

Sorry. Short.

ALEX

It's fine. I'm tall.

INT. MERCEDES - CONTINUOUS

He does something and the engine revs.

AMY

You have to take it out of park.

ALEX

Yeah, no. Thanks. I got it.

He puts the car into reverse.

Beat.

AMY (CONT'D)
The brake is on the left.

ALEX
(immediate)
Thanks.

He struggles to get out of the parking lot. Alex stares straight ahead and grips the wheel, but a small smile plays on his lips.

He hits the brakes a little too hard and Amy grabs the "oh shit" handle. Alex turns to her and narrows his eyes.

ALEX (CONT'D)
It was *your* idea.

AMY
Just keep your eyes on-- take a left up here. Just keep your eyes on the road. Pay attention to what you're doing. Please. I like this car and I don't want it hurt.

Alex rolls his eyes but does as she says.

She plays with the cassette player and a tinny version of Waiting in Vain by Bob Marley & The Wailers streams out.

AMY (CONT'D)
Take a right at the light.

Alex does.

She opens the glovebox and starts flipping through cassettes. He watches her hands and she follows his gaze.

AMY (CONT'D)
My grandma's.

ALEX
What?

Amy nods to the cassettes. They're well-loved but in good shape.

AMY
My grandma. It was her car first. The radio sucks so we're stuck with cassettes.

ALEX

That's cool.

AMY

Thank you! I think so, too. Charlie hated it but I got into collecting. She would get me one or two for my birthday every year... It's weird, but I think they're kinda cool. Unique, at least.

Alex looks at her. Amy's hands shift, clutching a tape until they're bone-white. He flicks the turn signal and the pulsing *click-click-click* is the only sound.

AMY (CONT'D)

(she can't hold it back)

This was her car first. She got it when she turned sixteen. When it was my birthday ten months later I got the choice of sharing with her or getting Brandon's beat-up Tundra. I went with Charlie. She was pissed.

(beat)

I was a month off of being in her grade. My birthday's in September and the cutoff was August. If we were a month older we would've graduated together. Got mistaken for twins enough anyway. I spent all of elementary hoping I was some kind of genius or some shit so I could skip a grade and be with her. Never worked. But I looked up to her so much.

Amy laughs to herself. Alex raises his eyes to look at her side-profile.

AMY (CONT'D)

She never knew that. How much I loved her. I never told her. She went to college and left and I never told her how much she meant to me. We weren't even talking when she died.

ALEX

(under his breath)

She knew.

AMY

What?

ALEX

She knew. She looked up to you,
too. You were her life.

AMY

Oh.

Beat.

ALEX

You graduate next week? Are you
excited?

AMY

Did you really just ask me if I'm
excited to graduate while driving
home from my sister's funeral?
That's cold.

ALEX

I-I'm sorry. I didn't mean- Ice cold.

AMY (CONT'D)

AMY (CONT'D)

Relax, Staten Island. I'm fucking
with you. The last thing Charlie
would want is for a boring funeral.

ALEX

(flustered)

Don't call me Staten Island. I live
in Brooklyn. That's an insult to
the whole fucking borough.

AMY

Sure. We should- take a left at the
light- we should get fucked up
tonight.

ALEX

What?

AMY

Here here here! Fuck. Okay just
hang a U-ie at the next one and
double back.

ALEX

Shit.

AMY

No worries. It's a bunch of
islands. Can't get too lost.

Silence while he course-corrects.

AMY (CONT'D)

We should get fucked up. Tonight.
After the wake. Or maybe during.
It's what Charlie would do.

ALEX

Okay even though it's something
Charlie would do I'm going to veto
blacking at a celebration of life.

AMY

That's what that's called.

ALEX

Pretty sure it's against some
religious laws.

AMY

I'm not religious.

ALEX

Then against some moral laws.

AMY

(pointing to herself)
Immoral.

ALEX

Your grandparents would put up a
huge fuss.

Beat.

AMY

Fuck. You're right. Goddammit.
After?

ALEX

Maybe another night.

AMY

You're a goddamn square, Staten. A
fucking cube and a half.

ALEX

It's good to see you again, too,
Amy.

AMY

You're an idiot.

INT. MATTA HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

Alex stands in the living room, beer in hand and uncomfortable. All around are people he doesn't know. They laugh and smile and cry as they swirl around him.

Alex takes a sip of beer.

An older woman looks at him with pity.

OLD WOMAN

Alex!

She walks over. Alex eyes her warily as she approaches. She pulls him into a one-sided hug, crying into his shoulder.

OLD WOMAN (CONT'D)

I am so, so sorry for your loss.

ALEX

Thank you. I, uh, appreciate it?

Alex tries to disentangle himself, but the woman pulls him back in.

OLD WOMAN

(exaggerated sorrow)

I can't even *imagine* what you're going through. To lose your fiancé so soon... so young... it's just *heartbreaking*.

ALEX

Fiancé?

OLD WOMAN

(gossiping)

Oh yes, your Fiancé! I'm so sorry. They *did* say you were keeping it quiet about the engagement. Had only barely broken the news to anyone. Unfortunately, Honey, *everyone* knows. We are *all* thinking of you and your fiancé.

Alex finally extracts himself. He looks at her in what can only amount to horror.

ALEX

Who- who told you...

OLD WOMAN

Someone. I'm not sure who. *Everyone* knows so it could have been anyone.

She reaches out and grips his hands. Alex fights to maintain a hold on his beer.

The woman looks him in the eyes.

OLD WOMAN (CONT'D)

You *will* get through this and you *will* find someone. Someday. To be a widow at twenty-three... We are *all* praying for you.

ALEX

(numb)

Twenty-two. I-I'm twenty-two.

The woman clicks her tongue and shakes her head sadly.

OLD WOMAN

Even worse.

She leaves. Alex is left staring after her in dumb shock.

He watches her approach LAURA MATTA- Charlie and Amy's mom. The woman grips Laura in the same tight hug and says something. Laura's mouth opens in a small 'o' as she discovers that Alex and Charlie were engaged.

Laura looks for Alex in the crowd. Her brows draw in an unspoken question. Alex shrugs listlessly.

Laura removes herself from the woman's embrace and sets off toward him. Alex leaves the room to avoid an immediate confrontation. He goes into the backyard.

Someone has set up a firepit and mourners are gathered, drinking and laughing. Alex looks past them to the lone figure- BRANDON MATTA, 30- standing at the fence, overlooking the water and the setting sun.

Alex finds himself standing next to Brandon.

BRANDON

(facing the water)

I would kill for a drink right now.

Alex says nothing, waiting for the older boy to continue on.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

I wanna get fucking pissed. Pissed. You know? My- Kenny. He said that all the fucking time. Annoyed the shit out of everyone.

(MORE)

BRANDON (CONT'D)

"Wanna get pissed tonight?" "I'm so pissed I'm gonna piss myself." He heard it once on some British cable spectacular and thought it was the funniest thing he'd ever heard. He had this ridiculously Southern accent- the kind you don't find in South Florida- and he would talk about getting pissed.

(beat)

God, I fucking loved him. I still do.

ALEX

Your boyfriend?

BRANDON

Did Charlie never tell you?

ALEX

Never tell me what?

BRANDON

Of course not. She was way too good for that.

ALEX

I don't...

BRANDON

Never mind. I'm just rambling. What's happening with you?

ALEX

Have you heard of the green flash? At the end of the sunset?

BRANDON

Of course.

ALEX

Have you ever seen it?

BRANDON

No. Never have.

ALEX

I'd like to, I think.

BRANDON

Is that what you wanted to ask? About a green flash?

ALEX

No.

(He sighs)

It's about Charlie... Charlie and..
me..

BRANDON

Oh, right. I'm so sorry about that,
brother. I heard about the
engagement. Kinda wish you had told
us first, before anything. But
congrats, I guess?

ALEX

Thanks- no, wait. That's the issue.
We *would've* told you first if that
happened, but it's not the truth.

BRANDON

You guys weren't engaged?

ALEX

No. I don't even know where that
rumor came from. I don't know
anyone here.

BRANDON

Shit, man. My parents are going to
be disappointed. When my dad told
me a little bit ago, he had this
light in his eyes that I hadn't
seen in a while. Just happy his
daughter got this happiness for a
moment before she.. died.

ALEX

I'm sorry. I can go tell everyone?
Clear things up before they get too
far?

BRANDON

What? No, don't do that. Wait till
tomorrow. Give my parents tonight
with this. Besides, the rest of the
people here don't need to know that
you never actually popped the
question, ya know?

ALEX

What?

BRANDON

What?

ALEX
Why would I 'pop the question'?

Brandon laughs.

BRANDON
Look, man. I might not know all that much about women but even I know that three years of serious dating without a ring is pretty bad in their book.

ALEX
Dating.

BRANDON
Yes. Are you slow?

ALEX
But, Charlie and I weren't dating.

BRANDON
Yes you were.

ALEX
No, we weren't.

BRANDON
Yes, you were.

ALEX
Brandon I think I'd know if I had a girlfriend.

BRANDON
Are you sure?

ALEX
Yes, Jesus.

Beat.

BRANDON
So you two weren't... together?

ALEX
No.
(beat)
I tried, once. Kissed her at a bar. She was nice about it, kissed me back, then sweetly turned me down before we went home. We laughed about it over Cheez-its and leftover cooking wine.

BRANDON

I can't believe she lied to us.

ALEX

Look, if it's any consolation at all she had a good reason for it.

BRANDON

Of course she did. Charlie was... intense... but she never did anything without reason. She would never hurt us without reason.

ALEX

That's a good word for it.

BRANDON

(sincere)

Thank you.

ALEX

What? For what?

BRANDON

For telling me. For trusting me enough to tell me more about my sister.

ALEX

I'm sorry for all of this. I really didn't know or I would have... I don't know. Warned you...

(beat)

I don't know *what* I would have done... I didn't know she did it, I swear.

BRANDON

I believe you.

ALEX

You do?

Brandon laughs without humor.

BRANDON

Of course I do. I know Charlie-knew. Whatever. I know how she... thought. I'm sure she had a good reason for.. doing all this.

ALEX

(quick)

She did! Of course she did! She said-

Brandon stops him with a hand raised.

BRANDON

You don't.. I believe you. I don't need to know her reasons. She didn't tell me on purpose. Just know it's not your fault.

ALEX

It's not my secret to tell, anyway. Just know that she loves you and wanted you to know.

(beat)

I love her. I love her so much. But we were never... like that.

The boys look out at the ocean, lost in their own thoughts.

After a moment, Brandon pulls Alex into a rough, slightly-awkward hug, clapping him on his back.

BRANDON

You're a good dude. I'm glad my sister had you. Even if it wasn't as the love of her life.

Alex smiles for the first time in a while.

ALEX

(casual)

How do you think I should tell the others? Over dinner or tomorrow or...

BRANDON

What? No. You can't tell them.

ALEX

What?

BRANDON

You just- you can't. You can't let them know that Char... she- that the whole *end* of her, you know, was a lie.

ALEX

I *know*.

BRANDON

They think you're in love, that you were friends for forever before finally getting together. That's so much of her life. So much of her time. You *can't* tell them.

ALEX

But it's a lie! They believe a lie about her.

BRANDON

I know. I *know* it is. But it- their hearts would break. And Amy... they were so close when they were kids. It would fuck her for life.

ALEX

Then what do you suggest I do? Live a lie for the rest of my life? Never touch another girl because I'm mourning someone *I never* touched?

BRANDON

No, no. Of course not. Just... don't tell them anything different. Act like nothing's wrong.

ALEX

I don't know. I'm not an actor. I'm-

BRANDON

You might not have been *in* love with her, but I know you loved her. You were her best friend. If anyone can do it, it's you.

Alex's eyes shutter and he takes a deep breath.

ALEX

I *could* do it. But-

BRANDON

Don't break their hearts. Please. It's not for long. Just through the next few days.. Then you go home and we part ways forever.

There's something sad about the finality of those words. Both boys look out over the ocean.

Alex sighs.

ALEX

I wasn't expecting this.

BRANDON

No one was.

The boys watch the sun set in silence. There's no green flash.

Brandon's phone buzzes. Brandon looks. Alex doesn't.

A week ago he was fighting with Charlie.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

You really can't-

ALEX

I know. I won't. Don't worry.

Brandon turns back to the horizon. Alex notices the end of his companionship and heads back toward the house.

He takes a sip of the beer he's still holding and makes a face. It's long since gone warm.

Alex peeks into the dining room and sees Laura accepting condolences from another unknown face. He changes paths and moves to the kitchen, craning his neck to watch behind him.

Amy is standing at the sink. He watches her pour herself two shots of whiskey and throw them both back.

She turns around and sees him. Her eyes go wide at being caught. She swallows what liquor is still in her mouth and wags her pointer finger at him, as if saying 'no'.

AMY

(slurring slightly)

Don't you fucking say anything, Staten. I'm legally allowed to drink and I've been through a lot this week.

ALEX

I wasn't going to say anything.

AMY

(haughty)

Good.

ALEX

But didn't we agree tonight's not the night.

AMY
No, you agreed tonight's not the night. I called you a quadrate.

ALEX
Good to know you can insult me even when plastered.

AMY
I insult *better* when plastered. But I'm not plastered.

ALEX
Sure.

AMY
I'm not!

ALEX
How much have you had?

AMY
(shrugging)
To drink? I don't know. Too much. Not enough.

She brings her hand to her chest, right over her heart. Her eyes brim with tears.

AMY (CONT'D)
(voice thick)
It still hurts so bad. Right here.

She turns and starts to make herself another shot,

AMY (CONT'D)
Take it in, you fucking cube.
You'll never see me cry again.

Alex shoots forward and stills her hand. He takes the whiskey away.

ALEX
And I don't want to. Hey! AMY (CONT'D)

ALEX (CONT'D)
You don't wanna do that. Trust me.
I know from experience.

AMY
I *have* experience.

ALEX
Sure.

AMY
You don't know me.

ALEX
I don't need to to know you're
being stupid.

AMY
(slurring)
Don't call a girl 'stupid', stupid.

ALEX
(rolling his eyes)
If you still disagree with me in
the morning I'll apologize. Deal?

AMY
Fine.

Alex puts the bottle on a high shelf, above Amy's reach.

AMY (CONT'D)
(re: top shelf)
Hey! That's not fair! You can't
just do that. It's wrong.
(changing her tone)
Do a shot with me.

Alex turns, surprised at the subject change. He shakes his
head 'no' to her pleading.

ALEX
No more tonight. You'll do
something you'll regret in front of
your grandma and tonight's about
Charlie, not you apologizing to
extended family. Besides, your
head'll hurt tomorrow.

She shrugs, pretending not to care. Her eyes tell a different
story.

AMY
Doesn't matter. Anyone says
anything and I'll fight them.

Alex laughs and she cracks a smile. It quickly falters as
tears push into her eyes.

AMY (CONT'D)
(voice thick)
I just miss her so much.

Alex breaks.

He opens an arm and she almost falls into his embrace.

ALEX

I know. I do too.

AMY

It hurts so much, Alex. I just want it to go away. It needs to not be *here* anymore.

ALEX

I know. I know. But not like this. At least not today. I promise we'll go out some night before I leave and we'll get so drunk that you'll never want alcohol to fix your problems again. Okay?

She nods against his chest and takes a racking breath.

ALEX (CONT'D)

But not tonight. Tonight is for Charlie. We're supposed to be happy and celebrate her. We'll get plastered another night. Besides, your grandma is still going to be here in the morning and do you really wanna be sweating vodka in front of her at breakfast?

Amy laughs through sobs and pulls back. Her face is blotchy and her mascara is running. She smiles.

AMY

I can't drink vodka but I get what you're saying. Thanks. For making me laugh. I am going to get you drunk someday soon and we'll dance our pain away.

ALEX

Fuck that.

AMY

Buzzkill.

Amy extracts herself from his arms. She makes a face.

AMY (CONT'D)

I'm just gonna... sneak past everyone and clean up in the bathroom.

ALEX

Smart.

She nods and looks at him. She nods again and starts to leave. Just before she does she turns back.

AMY

Why didn't you tell me?

ALEX

What?

AMY

That you were engaged to my sister. I was the last to know. Just seems like something you would've mentioned.

ALEX

It just happened, Amy. And then everything else...

AMY

I get it. It's fine.

(beat)

Just wish she had called to let me know.

ALEX

I'm sorry.

She nods.

AMY

I'm actually going to get cleaned up now. I'm sure I look a whole mess.

Alex starts to speak

ALEX

No. Actually I think you look...

(she's gone)

...really pretty.

He sighs and turns to the sink. He takes the empty shot glasses and starts washing them.

Laura walks into the room. She inhales sharply and Alex turns. On seeing who it is, Alex turns the water off and faces her completely.

LAURA
(softly)
You didn't tell me.

ALEX
I wasn't sure if it would... do
more harm than good?

His voice goes up at the end in the hint of a question.

She presses her lips together.

LAURA
She really picked a good one.
Someone who cared about us just as
much as she did.

ALEX
Yeah.

The awkward moment stretches infinitely longer.

Laura looks at the sink behind him.

LAURA
Oh, I can do those. You don't need
to.

ALEX
It's fine. I don't mind.

LAURA
No, no. You're a guest here. Go
find Brandon. Mingle. Whatever.

She gives him a hard look that dares him to talk back, no room to argue. Alex finally relents, leaving the sink.

ALEX
Yeah. Okay.

Alex leaves the kitchen. The party grows silent at the sight of him. He sidesteps the well-meaning guests to get to his room. When he passes Amy's, he finds her door ajar. There's a loud sniffle and he instinctually looks inside.

Amy is on the floor with her back to the bed. Her head is down and her hands are fisting her hair. She seems to sense Alex's gaze and looks up at him. Her eyes are still red, if not more so.

They lock eyes for a moment, then Alex moves on and into his own room.

He pulls the door all the way closed and locks it before assuming the same position Amy had been in.

His eyes are already shining as he ducks his head.

INT. MATTA HOUSE - NEXT DAY

Amy is in the living room, dressed in a bikini with some shorts thrown over, as though they were an afterthought. She's positively chipper for someone who drank as much as she did the night before.

AMY

Alex!

She waits a moment for him to respond again.

AMY (CONT'D)

Alex!

Brandon comes down the hallway, bleary-eyed and angry.

BRANDON

Amy, for the love of god shut up.
It's eight in the goddamn morning.
Go wake the kid yourself if you
need him that bad.

Amy smirks.

AMY

(louder)

Alex!

BRANDON

Fuck you.

He turns and goes back to his room.

Amy flips off his retreating form right as Alex emerges, just as bleary-eyed as Brandon.

He startles at the sight of her finger.

ALEX

What did I do?

She waves him off.

AMY

Not you. My brother.

AMY

I'm not dignifying that with a response.

ALEX

Charlie picked these out.

AMY

You're truly hopeless if you went to Charlie for fashion advice.

ALEX

What's wrong with what I'm wearing.

AMY

You look silly.

ALEX

Silly?

AMY

Yes, silly. Those pants practically reach your ankles. Was Charlie pulling a fast one or did she truly think you were eight feet tall?

ALEX

I *am* pretty tall.

AMY

Eight feet?

Beat.

ALEX

No.

AMY

I'm getting you new pants.

ALEX

Why?

AMY

I can't have you trailing after me all summer looking like a Bird.

ALEX

I'm not hanging out with you all summer. My flight back is next Monday.

AMY

Wait, what?

ALEX

I'm going home on Monday.

AMY

What happened to working at Jeb's?

ALEX

Your parents' place?

AMY

Yes, my parents' place. You and Charlie were going to work there with me all summer.

ALEX

Things change.

AMY

Obviously. But you still took the position from some poor ninth-grader looking to make an easy buck. Least you could do is stay and help out.

ALEX

Aw, Amy. Are you asking me to stay?

AMY

Yes, you fucking idiot. I just said that. I had a bad week and I want to spend the rest of a bad summer with someone else who was as close to Charlie as I was.

ALEX

Oh.

AMY

What are you going back to in New York, anyway?

ALEX

What do you mean?

AMY

Charlie told me you guys subletted your apartment for the summer. Where are you going to live?

ALEX

With my parents?

AMY

You want to live with your parents?

ALEX
Well, no. But-

AMY
Just stay with us. What's the worst that can happen? You finish your script?

ALEX
My script? You mean Charlie's. I'm just here for moral support.

AMY
Whatever. She's dead. It's yours now.

ALEX
I don't even know what we were going to write about. She just said she had an idea and that she wanted me to help her.

AMY
Then write your own story.

ALEX
It's... not that easy.

AMY
Why not?

ALEX
I'm not a writer.

AMY
Can you tell a story?

ALEX
Like, a joke?

AMY
A story. Any kind.

ALEX
I mean, I guess.

AMY
Then you're done. I can write. I just choose not to. You tell me a story and I'll write it for us.

ALEX
Us?

AMY
You, me. Charlie. She's a part of
this. It was her idea, after all.

ALEX
Right.

AMY
Don't tell me you've already
forgotten about my sister.

ALEX
(playfully)
Oh, fuck off.

AMY
Charlie? Your fiancé? Hit by a car
on Tuesday? Ring any bells?

ALEX
Now that you mention it...

AMY
See? You can be funny.

ALEX
I never said I wasn't funny.

AMY
I know. I did.

Amy grabs his arm and pulls him down a boardwalk to the
beach.

Beat.

ALEX
What's a bird?

AMY
Huh?

ALEX
You said I look like a bird.

AMY
Snowbird.

Beat.

Amy sighs dramatically.

AMY (CONT'D)

The tourists from up north? Have a house here but are only actually here for a month or two? Horrible drivers. You know the type.

ALEX

I actually don't.

AMY

You should. You're dressed like them. Actually, no. You're dressed worse than them. Might scare them off, in fact.

ALEX

Charlie said I could pass for a local.

Amy swallows.

AMY

Charlie was an amazing liar who hadn't been home for more than two weeks in over four years.

ALEX

Oh.

AMY

Anyway. Birds come down here from up north to pretend they're locals for a bit. But they only want to be helped by 'true' locals or whatever. Hence, me fixing your wardrobe. Other Birds working the Florida shops freak them out and if you're going to be working with me I can't have you scaring away my tips.

ALEX

That's...

AMY

Stupid? I know. But we all tolerate them because we want their money.

ALEX

Fair enough.

Beat.

ALEX (CONT'D)

I'm a bird?

AMY

Everyone north of Miami is a Bird,
but yeah. You check all the boxes.
Now,

She tugs on the collar of his shirt, her hand lingering a beat too long.

Alex has been watching her the entire time.

She pulls it back, turning away so he can't see her blush.

AMY (CONT'D)

Take off that shirt and get a tan
on your pale little Birdy ass so
you stop scaring the locals and the
other Birds. We'll deal with the
attire later.

ALEX

Later?

AMY

Now that you know you're not
leaving for a while, we have time
to sort you out. We can check the
shop at Dad's later.

She smiles cheekily and strips her shorts off, balling them up to use as a makeshift pillow.

Alex tentatively follows her lead and lays next to her. He smiles.

Beat.

AMY (CONT'D)

So are you going to come to my
graduation?

ALEX

I suppose. I wasn't sure but if I
do end up staying here-

AMY

When

ALEX

When I end up staying here, then of
course. Char and I had planned to
make a big weekend out of it.

AMY
 Oh, I had the whole thing planned
 out. I think it was about three
 days straight of non-stop partying.

Beat.

ALEX
 Seriously?

AMY
 Of course not. But we were going to
 have a good time. We still will.

ALEX
 It'll just be...

AMY
 Different.

She finishes in agreement.

ALEX
 Different.

Beat.

AMY
 We're going to be best friends,
 Alex. You and me, figuring it out
 together. Best friends.

Alex says nothing.

EXT. BEACH - A FEW HOURS LATER.

Alex and Amy are both laying in the same positions, except
 Amy has a slight glow to her, while Alex is lobster red.

Alex's phone rings, blaring SAIL by AWOLNATION. Both of them
 jump.

Amy sits up and looks at a slowly-moving Alex in horror.

AMY
 Fuck!

ALEX
 Sorry, sorry. It's just my mom.
 I'll call her back later.

AMY
 No, *fuck*, Alex. You're sunburnt.

Alex finally sits up, looking down to try and see the damage.

ALEX

What?

AMY

My mom's going to kill me.

ALEX

How? How did this happen?

AMY

(to Alex)

The fucking sun, you moron.

(to herself)

She's going to kill me, go to trial, plead guilty, then get off with fucking garbage collecting as community service because her murder was so goddamned deserved.

ALEX

But, like, I normally tan pretty well. I don't burn. I can lay out at the beach in New York for hours and just get a little color.

AMY

Florida sun is a different breed. You live by it or you die by it. I forgot that you couldn't live by it.

ALEX

Fuck. Am I someone who sunburns easily? That's gay.

AMY

Get up. We're going home.

Alex stands. His back is comically pale compared to his chest.

INT. BEACHSIDE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The whole Matta family - and Alex - gather around a table to eat.

The restaurant they're in is sticky and dim in the setting sun, blaring Dad Rock just a notch too loud. There's raucous laughter from the locals enjoying a meal together.

Alex's face is obviously sunburned, albeit nowhere near as bad as it was the day before.

LAURA

Alex, hon. You've barely touched your food. Do you want something else?

Alex looks at his untouched tacos with a grimace.

ALEX

No thanks. I'm not really hungry. I think I'll just take it home with me.

He takes a sip of beer.

Laura glares daggers at Amy.

LAURA

That tends to happen with sun poisoning.

AMY

I said I was sorry!

LAURA

If Alex gets skin cancer from this you're in so much trouble.

ALEX

I could get cancer?

AMY

(To Alex)

Are you stupid?

(To Laura)

He's not going to get cancer.

LAURA

That's what you're great aunt said right before she got cancer.

AMY

Mom! He's not going to get cancer.

Laura huffs.

Dave looks uncomfortable by the conversation. He raises his hand to the waitress and indicates another round.

ALEX

Oh, no. I'm good.

DAVE

You sure? I'm getting a round for everyone. It's no sweat off my back.

ALEX

(beat)

Okay. Sure. One more.

Dave smiles. The waitress deposits the beers and leaves.

Alex notices that Brandon didn't get one. Instead, the waitress brought him a soda.

ALEX (CONT'D)

(to Brandon)

You didn't want anything? I can call her back?

LAURA AND DAVE

He doesn't drink.

BRANDON

I don't drink.

Brandon clears his throat.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

I don't drink. I've been sober for a few years now.

LAURA

Since his... boyfriend... died.

She stumbles over the word a bit but catches herself, bringing it back around by the end.

AMY

Mom!

She shoots a sorry look at Brandon, then turns to Alex to explain.

AMY (CONT'D)

Brandon's boyfriend was hit by a drunk driver a while back.

LAURA

(piping up)

Really turned him off the stuff.

Brandon looks at the women, mildly annoyed.

BRANDON

Thanks for telling him *my* story.

(To Alex)

I mean, they're right though.

ALEX

I'm sorry, man. We just talked about this. I didn't mean to bring it up again.

Brandon claps Alex on the shoulder, but his eyes look heavier than just a few minutes ago.

BRANDON

No worries. Happens to the best of us. But I'm sticking with Coke.

ALEX

Facts, bro. Fair enough.

There's a brief, awkward pause as the family regains their bearings.

DAVE

So, Alex. I hear you're staying with us this summer?

ALEX

Um, yes, Sir. If that's okay with you guys?

DAVE

It's more than okay. We'd love to have you. It was in our summer cards anyways to have a new face in our home. Char- you don't have to have a reason to be here. Just be. Isn't that right, Laur?

LAURA

Of course. I already made up the room. Might as well get a bit of use out of it after all.

ALEX

If you're sure you'll have me...

AMY

Alex. Shut up. We agreed to take you in months ago. Just because Charlie's dead doesn't make that offer go away.

There's a visible flinch between the elder trio at Amy's crass mention of Charlie.

LAURA

(in a hiss)

Amy!

Brandon stands abruptly.

BRANDON
I'll be right back.

He heads outside for some air.

AMY
What? Are we supposed to pretend
it's not true? That she's not gone?

LAURA
(befuddled)
Well, no. But there's no need to be
crass.

AMY
If I wanted to be crass I would've
been. I was just being realistic.

LAURA
I'd just appreciate if you left Ch-
her name out of your mouth when
you're speaking about-

AMY
Facts? Okay. Fine.

LAURA
You know that's not what I meant.

Dave and Alex have looked supremely uncomfortable by the turn
the conversation has taken.

DAVE
Laur, hon. Let it be.

Beat.

LAURA
I'm sorry, Amy. I shouldn't have
lashed out.

AMY
Whatever. I shouldn't have been so
realistic, I guess.
(To Alex)
Well, you're more than welcome to
stay with us.

Laura just sighs.

Dave hops in, taking advantage of the end of the awkward
moment.

DAVE

I have you bartending at Jeb's on the weekends. That way you can have the weeks to do your research.

AMY

I work Thursday through Sunday so I can go with you.

LAURA

Ames!

AMY

What? I already told him I'm helping.

ALEX

She's right, Ms- Laura. We already discussed it.

LAURA

Was this before or after she led you into a third-degree sunburn.

ALEX

Before. But it still stands.

(To Dave)

Thank you... Dave. I appreciate it, but I don't really know much about bartending... Charlie and I were going to work a charter together.

DAVE

I love your enthusiasm but there's no way I'm letting you get on one of my charters without being either intensely trained or holding hands with an experienced captain. Since there's not really one of those willing to take you on, bartending is the only option.

ALEX

If it's that much trouble, you don't need to place me anywhere. I can find my own job.

DAVE

I need a bartender and have no other options. You'll do fine.

ALEX

Thanks...?

AMY

Don't let him get to you. It's not that hard. You'll catch on in a lick. Most of the people who show up want booze and soda. Learn how to pour a shot and turn on a blender and you're better than half the summer kids we usually get.

ALEX

That makes me feel better about myself.

AMY

(sweetly)

It wasn't supposed to.

ALEX

Well, thanks guys. It was really nice of you to take me in on short notice.

Brandon walks back in. He's noticeably looser and has red-rimmed eyes.

He puts his hands on Alex's shoulders just a touch too hard, making the latter jump.

BRANDON

Not short. Just different.

ALEX

Yeah. Right. Okay.

LAURA

(to Brandon)

Where'd you go?

BRANDON

Just needed some fresh air.

Amy lifts an eyebrow in Alex's direction and mimes smoking weed. Alex quietly laughs back.

Dave sees them and waves at them to quit, shaking his head, mock-stern. Amy smirks and nods.

LAURA

Okay. Are you feeling good?

BRANDON

I'm, um, I'm about ready to head home. If anyone wants to join me?

AMY
I'm about ready to dip. You good to go, Alex?

ALEX
Uh, yeah. Let me just pay-

DAVE
If you pull out a wallet so help me I will make you eat it.

Alex slowly puts away the wallet he was pulling out.

ALEX
Are you sure?

LAURA
He's sure. Get out of here. You three should head home.

ALEX
Okay. Thank you.

She shoos them off at the same time she beckons over the waitress.

INT. JEB'S FISHING POST - FRIDAY

JEB'S FISHING POST is a large restaurant/shop catering to locals and tourists alike. There's a shop with local vendors selling knickknacks to tourists out-front, a shop with fishing gear and necessities inside. Out back is a dining area leading down to the docks where children feed Tarpon and fishing charters wait for captains.

Amy leads a distracted Alex past all the touristy sites and into the inside shop. He constantly is forced to tear his attention away from all of the new and exciting things to see.

AMY
Jane!

She's slightly out of breath, a fine sheen of sweat coating her temples and plastering the wispy strands to her head.

No one comes into the room right away and Amy gives Alex a droll look.

AMY (CONT'D)
Jane!

JANE, a woman in her thirties who looks like she's spent her entire life in the sun, comes out from the back room, looking vaguely cross.

JANE

Hold onto your donkeys. I'm just-

She pauses, catching sight of Amy and Alex.

JANE (CONT'D)

Amy! Baby girl! I'm so sorry I didn't make it to the funeral. Someone had to make sure this place didn't burn.

She rushes over and gives Amy a big hug.

AMY

It's good to see you, too.

Amy steps back and presents Alex to Jane, who raises a brow.

JANE

Who's this?

AMY

Alex.

JANE

What are you doing with him?

AMY

He's working here for the summer.

Jane's brow climbs impossibly higher.

JANE

Why's he looks like... *that*?

AMY

Like what?

JANE

All... red.

ALEX

I got sunburned.

AMY

(smirking)
He got a sunburn

JANE

Oh Lordy-be.

AMY

He's working the bar this summer.

JANE

Your father hired a sunburned kid
in board shorts to run my bar this
summer?

AMY

He starts tonight.

JANE

I'm going to kill that man.

AMY

All weekend every weekend.

JANE

Just trying to put me in an early
grave.

ALEX

Do I still look *that* bad?

JANE/AMY

(simultaneously)

Yes.

AMY

Thats why I'm here.

JANE

To witness my early demise?

AMY

To take the kid shopping. Dad said
I could grab him a few things, on
him.

JANE

Uh huh.

AMY

He doesn't want him scaring off the
tourists by looking like one of
them.

Jane laughs.

JANE

That's ridiculous.

AMY

I know. But you see how he looks.
He actually might scare someone
off.

Alex grimaces but stays quiet.

JANE

True. I don't think I've seen trunks like those on someone over the age of ten in... maybe ever.

AMY

That's what I'm saying!

JANE

Did your dad really say you can put this stuff on his card?

Amy shrugged.

AMY

You've seen the kid. Even if he didn't I'm sure he wouldn't mind. Not when the alternative is him losing money.

JANE

Fine. Doll him up. But if your father rains hell it's on you.

AMY

Thanks, Jane.

Amy looks at Alex, sizing him up. She goes to the nearest mannequin and flips through a few shirts, eventually pulling pieces in his size matching the showcased outfit.

AMY (CONT'D)

(to Alex)

Try this on. And don't dally! We're needed behind the bar in twenty!

ALEX

(On his way to the fitting room)

You're working with me?

AMY

Until you get the hang of it. Then I'll probably float.

ALEX

(from the fitting room)

But for now?

AMY

Yes, you big baby. I'm working with you for now.

Amy looks at Jane and rolls her eyes, but there's a slight smile on her lips.

INT. FITTING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Alex admires his butt in his new swim shorts, now cut above the knee and sized correctly.

He opens the door as he finishes pulling on the long sleeve fishing shirt.

INT. JEB'S FISHING POST - CONTINUOUS

The girls look at him. Jane nods and Amy looks a little struck before shaking herself.

ALEX

This better?

AMY

You say as though I didn't handpick the outfit. Of course it's better.

ALEX

I still don't think what I was wearing was that bad.

Jane doesn't look up from where she's fixing a display.

JANE

I promise you that it was.

Amy grabs a windbreaker off a rack and tosses it to Alex, who clumsily tries to put it on.

AMY

Here

(to Jane)

This idiot took Charlotte's fashion advice.

Jane pauses at the name before recovering and responding.

JANE

That was his first mistake.

AMY

Exactly what I said.

Alex is still struggling to get the windbreaker around his neck.

Amy walks up and helps him, fixing it so it falls around his neck correctly.

They stand very close. Amy's hand lingers for just a second too long. Alex watches her the entire time.

She pats his chest and backs away.

AMY (CONT'D)

There. Now get to the bar! We're wasting daylight.

Alex looks confused, still unsure after their moment.

ALEX

But- it's three. I don't work till four.

AMY

And it's going to take me an hour to teach you how to pour a decent shot. So go. I'll meet you out there. I just need to pay.

He pauses a moment longer before nodding and heading out, tags swaying on the clothes.

Amy starts to stop him, but decides to let him go.

She starts puttering about the shop, pulling more clothes and checking sizes, choosing and discarding pieces indiscriminately.

JANE

What was that about?

AMY

Hm?

JANE

Don't 'hmm' me. You know exactly what I'm talking about.

Amy brings the clothes to the front. Jane starts to write down the inventory.

AMY

I don't know.

JANE

Don't know what I'm talking about or don't know what that was about?

AMY

Both?

JANE

Don't do that. Don't play dumb. Is there something going on that I should know about?

AMY

I really don't know. But it can't happen again.

JANE

Why not? He's cute, in a weird way. And he definitely likes you.

AMY

You're sweet, but no he doesn't.

JANE

Who's to say? He might.

AMY

He was Charlie's fiancé.

Beat.

JANE

Fuck.

AMY

I know.

Beat.

JANE

Do you like him?

AMY

Does it matter?

EXT. JEB'S FISHING POST - BAR - DAY

Alex is at the bar waiting for Amy and looking extremely out of place. The previous bartender is cleaning his space for the shift change and not saying a word to the new guy.

Amy walks up, carrying a bag of clothes. She drops them behind the bar and grabs the tag off of Alex's shirt in one swift motion.

ALEX

What was that?

AMY

Tag.

ALEX

Oh. Thank you.

AMY

Why aren't you behind the bar?

ALEX

Johnny over there didn't believe I actually worked here.

AMY

His name is Liam.

ALEX

I was close.

AMY

Can you really blame him, stomping up with tags hanging out all over? He probably thought you just robbed a Vans store.

She rips one off his pants and he jumps.

ALEX

Fine. I also didn't do a good job of convincing him.

AMY

What did you say?

ALEX

"I'm Alex. I'm bartending tonight."

AMY

What did he say?

ALEX

Nothing. He just laughed.

Amy smirks but tries to hide it.

AMY

Liam!

(She whistles)

Hey! This is Alex. He's our new bitch.

LIAM (28) comes over. He's handsome and tan and his dark brown hair is streaked with sun-streaks.

LIAM
Kid wasn't pulling my leg?

AMY
Dave's orders.

Liam leaves the drink he's making to come over. The guy at the bar waiting makes a face.

Liam shakes Alex's hand with a sticky one of his own.

LIAM
You ever been behind a bar before?

Alex surreptitiously tries to wipe the stick on his pants before remembering they're new. He lets the hand dangle.

ALEX
I've made my fair share of rum and cokes.

LIAM
Good enthusiasm. Fine. Hop on over.

Alex looks around for a way behind the bar.

AMY
No. Literally. You gotta hop the thing.

Alex nods. After a few false starts, he manages to get over.

Amy hops over behind him in one fluid motion.

LIAM
You ever had Sex on the Beach?

Beat.

ALEX
No. But not for lack of trying.

Amy laughs abruptly, loud and clear.

LIAM
I mean the drink. Get your head out of the gutter.

ALEX
Oh.

Liam and Amy make eye contact and sarcastically and silently mime being mad at him.

Liam gestures at Alex in mock-exasperation and Amy shrugs. They bicker back and forth a beat. Liam throws his hands up in exaggeration and Amy rolls her eyes.

They both turn back to Alex with huge smiles.

LIAM

This guy right here wants a sex on the beach because he hates us. You're going to finish it up for him.

The guy, BOBBY, in his late forties and bald, takes offense at the comment.

BOBBY

C'mon, Liam! You've gotta finish it for me.

LIAM

(to Amy)

I gotta take a leak. Can you two handle this sucker?

(to Bobby)

No can do, Bobby. Alex here is gonna finish it.

AMY

On it. Go piss.

BOBBY

Can you at least make it fresh? The ice is all melting down in there.

LIAM

(over his shoulder)

Same amount of liquor, Bob. A little bit diluted ain't gonna kill.

BOBBY

But-

LIAM

(mock stern)

Shut it. You take up space at *my* bar and waste *my* time having me make you shit drinks and one day you're gonna get an actual shit drink.

He heads out.

Amy turns to Alex and gestures to the pre-shaken shaker with a sickeningly sweet smile.

AMY
Go ahead, shake it up. Make the drink.

ALEX
Do I have to do anything else?

Bobby snickers and Amy shoots him a devastating glare.

AMY
Nuh uh, Bob. One more snicker and you're on your ass. It's almost four so I know for a fact you've been scaring the tourists off for the better part of four hours so you know I'll do it.

BOBBY
But-

AMY
Zip it.

BOBBY
Uh-

AMY
No.

BOBBY
Plea-

AMY
Zip.
(to Alex)
It's good to go. Pop a lid on that sucker and shake that melted ice to high heaven.

Bobby grumbles while Alex does as Amy says. He uses two hands and it dribbles a bit when he pops the shaker, but otherwise does surprisingly well.

AMY (CONT'D)
Perfect. Now dump that monstrosity over ice and we'll pray he goes into sugar shock before he has the wherewithal to order another.

BOBBY

Just for that I'm pre-ordering two more.

AMY

Sure you are. And I'll stop shaking them for you.

Bobby grumbles again and sips his sad Sex on the Beach.

AMY (CONT'D)

We love Bobby so we indulge his Sex madness and shake them for him. But I swear to God you shake a S on the B for a tourist and I'll fire you before you can pull the strainer out of your ass. Deal?

ALEX

Deal.

AMY

Good. Now, the only drinks you need to know are in here-

She pulls an old, liquor-stained notebook out from behind the register. The cover says "Jeb's's Juices" in little kid handwriting.

AMY (CONT'D)

Jeb was my grandpa, by the way.

ALEX

What is that thing?

AMY

(reverently)
It's our bible.

ALEX

Smells like a necromonicon.

AMY

You ever been hit by a necromonicon?

ALEX

Nope.

She smacks him with the notebook.

AMY

It's a bible so shut it. Every drink we can make is in this sucker. Someone asks for something and you can't find it in here? They're getting beer. Someone asks for a fancy name of some shit drink in this thing? Beer. You can't find a recipe you *know* is in here and the bar is full of rowdy customers? The recipe doesn't exist and they're getting...

ALEX

Beer. Yeah I got it.

She stands on her toes and ruffles his hair.

AMY

You're so smart, Staten.

ALEX

We haven't moved past that yet?

AMY

Nope.

LIAM

(coming back)

And get to thinking. Every bartender comes up with a specialty drink to put in the book when they leave.

ALEX

I don't have any specialty drinks.

LIAM

You will, man. I guarantee.

AMY

Now-

She hops up on the bar.

AMY (CONT'D)

Three margaritas. Then your training starts.

CUT TO:

EXT. MARATHON HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Amy pulls Alex by his hand. His burn has finally faded into what might be considered the beginning of a tan.

She leads him to two bikes. Both are pink. One of them was definitely Charlie's.

He raises the seat and hops on, following her to the road.

EXT. HIGHWAY ONE

Amy and Alex ride bikes down the highway in the sun. Alex squints and struggles to keep up with her.

They turn into an ice cream shop.

EXT. ICE CREAM SHOP - A LITTLE LATER

Amy and Alex sit out front, halfway done with their ice cream. Alex has chocolate peanut butter and Amy eats mint chocolate chip.

ALEX

That was Charlie's favorite.

AMY

I know.

(Leaning in)

I stole it.

ALEX

What?

AMY

The only reason she liked mint chocolate chip was because my parents hated it and wouldn't steal bites. More for her. But I saw her with it and decided I that that was my new favorite, too, so our parents made us share. Less for her.

ALEX

What was your favorite?

AMY

What?

ALEX

Before you decided you liked the same as Char. What was your favorite flavor?

AMY

I... I don't know. Probably something dumb like vanilla.

ALEX

Vanilla's not dumb.

AMY

Boring, then.

ALEX

Not boring. Different.

AMY

Fine. Different.

CUT TO:

INT. MARATHON HOUSE - AMY'S ROOM - TWO WEEKS LATER

Alex stands at the foot of Amy's bed. She's curled up in a little ball, hand under her chin like a kid.

Alex watches her for a second.

ALEX

Amy.

She doesn't move.

ALEX (CONT'D)

(louder)

Ames.

She shifts but doesn't wake up otherwise. Alex rolls his eyes and checks the time on his watch.

He goes up and shakes her.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Amy!

She sits straight up with a gasp and a strangled yell. Upon seeing Alex, she pulls her sheets up to cover her chest despite being in a giant t-shirt.

AMY
Alex what the fuck are you doing in
my room.

ALEX
(casual)
We were going to do research and
write today.

AMY
And you're in my room because...

ALEX
Because last night you said "Oh
Alex I swear I'll be up by noon and
if I'm not then just come in my
room and drag me out of bed."

He affects his voice in such a way that it sounds nothing
like her.

AMY
I must've been drunk.

ALEX
We were.

Amy looks at her phone. She throws a pillow at him.

AMY
It's only 11:57, you asshole.

ALEX
I guess my watch is ahead. Now get
your asshole out of bed and get
dressed. We're leaving in ten.
You're driving.

AMY
That's not a nice thing to say to a
lady.

ALEX
(sweet)
I know.

INT. MERCEDES - TWENTY MINUTES LATER

Amy and Alex slide into the car. Amy immediately starts to
fiddle with the music.

ALEX
Took you long enough.

AMY

Get off my ass. I'm hungover.

ALEX

I tried to get you to drink more water. You said that water was for pussies and losers.

AMY

I sound like a real treat.

ALEX

Made me laugh.

AMY

Like that's an accomplishment.

ALEX

Hey. I only laugh at funny things.

AMY

Then I should join an improv troupe.

ALEX

Do that and I'll never laugh again. Improv is the holocaust of comedy.

AMY

You can't say that.

ALEX

Oh. Sorry. "Improvisation."

She stops looking at her tapes.

AMY

I left all the good ones inside.

ALEX

You're not getting out of this car.

AMY

No shit. We're going tried and true.

She hits play and Waiting in Vain by Bob Marley & The Wailers comes on again. Amy puts the car in reverse and heads out of the driveway.

AMY (CONT'D)

So where are we headed today,
Chekov

ALEX

Key West.

She slams on her brakes. Alex looks up at her, one eyebrow raised.

AMY

Key West.

ALEX

Yes.

AMY

Right now.

ALEX

Yes.

AMY

Fuck you.

ALEX

Why?

AMY

Two hour drive to a tourist-filled sweatshop?

ALEX

Hey, you're the one who couldn't wake up before noon.

AMY

I wasn't told we were going to Key West.

ALEX

It's a Monday. It'll be empty.

AMY

It's *summer*. And *Key West*.

ALEX

I see your point.

Beat.

AMY

Are you set on this?

ALEX

Yes.

AMY
Only time this summer?

ALEX
Not even close.

AMY
Fuck you.

ALEX
Whatever you say.

INT. THE GREEN PARROT - MID-AFTERNOON

The Green Parrot is an old dive in Key West, the closest you can get to a local hang in the center of the city. It's the First and Last Bar on Route 1 and beloved by many.

The bar isn't crowded, but it isn't empty either. It's a weird time before the dinner rush when the only people inside are leftovers from brunch and a tourist or two snagging a quick one on their way to the aquarium.

Alex and Amy sit at a back table, sweating beers in front of them. Alex pulls a notebook out of his bag.

AMY
What's that for.

ALEX
I want to remember what we talk about.

AMY
For the piece?

ALEX
No, for the keepsake album I'm putting together of this summer yes for the piece.

AMY
You don't have to be snippy.

ALEX
You say, snippily.

AMY
That's not a word

ALEX
Do you want to write this.

AMY

Literally, yes. I already am. Now put your little ideas on some looseleaf and let's cobble this thing together. The summer's not getting shorter.

ALEX

Oh so now you're about my notebook.

AMY

Do you even have an idea about what we're writing? You know, since you never thought to ask my sister what your project was.

ALEX

I trusted her.

AMY

I still would've probably asked before going to spend a summer with a bunch of people I had never met.

ALEX

That's not true. I know you. I would've known Charlie. That's enough for me.

AMY

You're a simple man.

ALEX

You know me. Bread and beer.

AMY

So what's your big idea? The million dollar story that'll rival Charlie?

ALEX

Well I was thinking that it would follow a man-

AMY

Yawn.

ALEX

Who goes down to the Keys for the summer to write the 'next great American novel' and he can't do it and can only write a romance.

(MORE)

ALEX (CONT'D)

and at the end of the summer he realizes that his Romance was the next great novel the whole time.

Beat.

AMY

You're joking.

ALEX

No.

AMY

You're not joking?

ALEX

No I'm not joking. Why? Is it bad?

AMY

Ding.

ALEX

Really?

AMY

Dog shit.

ALEX

Really?

AMY

Alex I'm going to give it to you straight: I wouldn't wipe my ass with that thing. I wouldn't let you wipe your ass with it.

ALEX

Shit. What's wrong with it?

AMY

A hint: if it seems like a movie Joseph Gordon-Levitt would write and direct then it's best to steer clear.

ALEX

He's a good writer!

AMY

I will drive home right now and leave you to find your way back.

ALEX

He's not a good writer?

Beat.

AMY

Charlie sent me a script.

ALEX

What? When? Why are we listening to me at all, then?

AMY

You were going to write something new this summer! It's what she wanted!

ALEX

What's the script about? Why didn't she tell me about it?

AMY

I don't know.

ALEX

I wouldn't expect you to know why she didn't tell me about it, but-

AMY

No. I don't know what it's about.

Beat.

ALEX

It's not good?

AMY

I haven't opened it.

ALEX

You haven't.. looked at it yet?

AMY

Not yet.

ALEX

The last thing Charlie- your sister- ever wrote and you haven't read it?

AMY

No.

ALEX

Not even, like, a peak?

AMY

Nope.

ALEX

I admire your restraint, I guess.
But can we look at it?

AMY

No.

ALEX

Amy! It's her last piece! We should
send it off, get her into the
world.

AMY

I can't.

ALEX

Why not?

AMY

I just... I can't. Not yet. Not now.

ALEX

Oh.

AMY

Oh?

ALEX

I get it. No worries. Another day.

Beat.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Do you have any ideas? For the
script?

AMY

Why are we doing this?

ALEX

Doing what?

AMY

Writing a script.

ALEX

What do you mean? It was your idea.

AMY

It was Charlie's idea. And she's
gone so why are we doing this.
Neither of us are writers. It's not
our thing. It was her's.

ALEX

I just... I don't know. I wanted to keep her close.

AMY

I don't think we should do this.

She chokes on her words. Amy stands quickly.

AMY (CONT'D)

Excuse me.

She leaves to the bathroom. Alex is left at an empty table with empty beer glasses and an empty notebook.

He stands up and takes the empty glasses to the bar. He gets them two more.

After a minute, Amy comes back. Her eyes are clear, the kind that comes from a quick, violent sob. She sits right after Alex brings the beers.

ALEX

I got you another.

AMY

Thanks. I'll pay you back.

ALEX

Just get the next ones.

They sip their beer in silence.

EXT. MALLORY SQUARE - AN HOUR LATER.

Alex and Amy sit on the edge of the sea-wall, feet dangling over the ocean. They watch the sun and the boats and the islands across the way, one full of the mega rich, one full of the homeless.

Beat.

AMY

I'm sorry.

ALEX

What for?

AMY

I didn't mean... any of what's gone down here. I'm hungover and a little bit tipsy and I'm sad.

ALEX

It's okay.

AMY

It's not. I just... I feel so much that I feel nothing, you know? I'm so overwhelmed that I'm numb. I'm- there's nothing there. You know? But sometimes, there's so much there and it comes out snippy. You know?

ALEX

I know. It's okay.

AMY

I'm a horrible sister.

ALEX

What? No.

AMY

I knew her from the day I was born- she knew me before I was born. How do I just go from that to nothing? And not feel anything.

ALEX

I know what you mean.

AMY

No offense, Alex, but she was my sister. I think it's a little different.

ALEX

I get it. I really do. She was like a sister to me, too.

Amy makes a face.

AMY

Ew. That's-

Alex realizes his mistake.

ALEX

That's not... I didn't mean-

AMY

I got it. You're just trying to make me feel better. Thank you.

ALEX

Of-of course.

AMY

It just sucks. My parents are handling things... poorly, I think? They seem fine but they won't even say her name. Brandon loves to talk about her but he breaks into sobs and smokes a joint whenever he does.

ALEX

Think he can hook me up?

Amy smiles, weak.

AMY

I think it's wrong to not talk about her, like she never existed. But I also don't feel like sobbing whenever the c word is mentioned, ya know?

ALEX

Cunt?

Amy grins.

AMY

Fuck off. The other one.

ALEX

Oh. Right. Of course.

AMY

We can write your story, if you want.

ALEX

I thought you said it sucks.

AMY

It's not.. that bad..

ALEX

Thanks.

AMY

I mean, we can make it good...er...

ALEX

You don't have to try to make me feel better. You're right.

(MORE)

ALEX (CONT'D)

It sucks and I was only going through it because I love your sister and you wanted to.

AMY

We can do something else for her. I'll read the script she sent me, I guess.

ALEX

I'm not going to make you do that before you're ready.

AMY

Oh thank God. I will. I really will. Just... eventually. It's the last thing she sent me, the last words from her. I want them to- I don't know.

ALEX

You want to keep them pristine as long as you can.

AMY

Yeah.

ALEX

I get it.

AMY

Thank you.

ALEX

And there's no rule saying we need to be productive this summer. Why can't we just enjoy the bar and go to the beach and not think about life for a month? We're not getting any younger, but we do have our whole lives to waste away in a bedroom typing on a laptop.

AMY

Speak for yourself. I'm going to be an actor.

ALEX

Oh, yes. Of course. The most realistic of jobs.

She shoves him and he almost slips off the sea wall. She laughs as he struggles back on.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Thanks for your help.

AMY
You were fine.

ALEX
But I could've not been.

AMY
Let's go home. It's been a long
day. We can come back some other
time.

ALEX
Okay.

EXT. JEB'S FISHING POST - BAR - A WEEK LATER

Alex is shaking a Sex on the Beach for Bobby. Amy is on the
other side, setting up a whole row of shots.

The cap pops on the shaker and he gets covered.

AMY
Wasting good liquor over there?

ALEX
I don't know what you're talking
about.

He immediately sets to making a new drink. Bobby just sighs
at the delay.

AMY
My dad weighs the bottles, you
know. He'll know if you spilled
something.

Alex pauses.

ALEX
Really?

Amy laughs.

AMY
No. You're safe, Staten.

He finishes up what he was doing and pours the drink for
Bobby, who sips it with a content smile.

INT. MARATHON HOUSE - DINNER

The whole family gathers around the dining room table. Alex is on a folding chair between Amy and an empty, matching chair left for Charlie.

He spoons some broccoli onto Amy's plate. She watches him while he does it, only shaking herself out of the trance once he looks up.

She turns to her food. Alex watches her for a moment too long. He turns and catches Brandon giving him a hard, sad look.

DAVE

So I heard you've been messing with my inventory.

Alex jumps, shaking himself out of it.

ALEX

I'm sorry, sir. What did you say?

Laura takes the empty plate from the empty seat and begins to make a meal for Charlie. An offering to a dead girl.

DAVE

Giving free liquor to Bobby. Bobby, of all people.

ALEX

Oh, no. I'm sorry. You misunderstood. I'm sorry-

LAURA

He's just messing with you, Alex. Amy told us what went down.

DAVE

Gave us a good laugh.

LAURA

You watch out for Bobby, though. He's a serial lottery loser.

ALEX

Uh-

DAVE

Gout-stricken. Bring it up and he'll talk your ear off about his decaying leg.

LAURA

His poor wife. She's always gone.

AMY

(Clarifying)

Bobby's an alcoholic. He's been pretty good recently about walking in, but sometimes he rides his motorcycle. Those days he can't have anything.

BRANDON

I don't know how you still serve him at all. Man's a mess.

DAVE

He's a good guy.

BRANDON

He's going to kill someone some day.

LAURA

(to Alex)

He's harmless.

BRANDON

He drives on the other side of the road for fun.

DAVE

It's in good fun. Mostly.

BRANDON

I can't stand you people.

He stands and stomps off, genuinely upset.

The rest of the family is left in deafening silence.

INT. ALEX'S BEDROOM- 6 AM - A WEEK LATER

Amy struts in like she owns the place. Alex is passed out in bed, sprawled on top of the sheets. He has his phone in hand, like he fell asleep watching YouTube videos.

AMY

Alex. Get up.

He sits up immediately, despite her not raising her voice. He's shirtless but doesn't cover himself, not the way he would've a few weeks ago.

AMY (CONT'D)

Can you swim?

ALEX

Good morning to you, too.

AMY

Can you swim?

ALEX

Yes, I can swim.

AMY

Good. Get your suit on. We're going snorkeling.

ALEX

We're.. wha...?

She's gone.

EXT. JEB'S FISHING POST - DOCK - EARLY MORNING

Amy leads Alex past all the big commercial fishers and the charters to a little family boat in the back. Alex is carrying two snorkel kits. Amy has a cooler and a beach bag.

They clamber into the boat. Amy takes off, steering.

SFX: THE KEYS BY MATT DUNCAN

It's a crisp, clear morning. The first time Alex had been on the water since he's been down here. He splits his time taking in the nature and Amy, driving the boat in her suit and a sweatshirt right next to him.

They go far out, leaving land behind. The further out they get the chopier the water is.

Finally, they reach a seemingly random expanse of water, filled with other little vessels and more commercial boats.

Amy kills the engine and they drift in slowly, watching out for the snorkelers in the area.

They're silent as Amy puts on her snorkel gear and helps Alex into his, the boat rocking them softly all the while.

ALEX (V.O.)

Where are we?

AMY (V.O.)
(hushed)
Just follow me.

Amy flips into the water and Alex scrambles after her. She spits into her mask and washes it in the salt water like a pro. Alex tries to copy her, nowhere near as clever about it. He sinks and bobs, taking water and losing it rapidly.

He gets the mask on. Amy nods at him to follow her. He pops his snorkel in his mouth and takes off after her.

She swims slowly, waiting for him to catch up. He fumbles a little but soon catches the hang of swimming with fins. Amy extends a hand and he swims up to be by her side.

Despite the beauty around them, Alex can only watch her.

They swim a touch further. Alex is still watching Amy. She turns and catches him looking. Exasperated, she points down.

Alex is confused. She does it again. Finally, he follows to what she's looking at.

10 feet beneath the surface is a twenty-five foot statue of Jesus Christ.

He's covered in coral and is indescribable. Fish swim around him in fluorescent schools, like his outstretched arms summoned them to him. At the base of the statue are two nurse sharks bumbling by.

Alex becomes completely frozen in awe. He watches as people scuba and snorkel down to get a closer look.

From where they are, the mid-morning sun pools in Christ's hands in a religious offering.

Alex forgets where he is and breathes in, sucking water into the snorkel and breaking the spell.

He rises up, choking, with Amy right behind him. He rips his mask off and tries to take deep breaths. She floats while he coughs.

ALEX
(still coughing)
Can we go there?

AMY
What?

ALEX
Can we go? Down? To the statue?

AMY
You mean dive down?

ALEX
Yeah.

AMY
Sure. I mean, if you think you can.
Not that I don't think you can
handle it, but it's harder than you
think.

ALEX
I want to go.

AMY
Okay.

ALEX
I need to go.

AMY
(softer)
Okay. We'll go. Come on. Just don't
touch him.

Alex puts on his mask and follows Amy again. This time, they don't float. When Amy dives down, Alex follows.

He kicks himself down, leaving Amy behind. Hand outstretched to Christ's, he goes toward him, vision focused only on getting to the statue.

He makes it, sideswiping children and tourists. He sees a man with gloves hold Christ's hand and decides to do the same.

The second his hand reaches into the sunlight to touch the red corral on Christ's hand, he rears back in pain.

Alex shoots to the surface, Amy following behind him slowly.

He comes up coughing again, spitting water and the snorkel out of his mouth and clutching his hand in pain. Amy rises next to him. She blows the water out the snorkel and let's it fall from her mouth.

ALEX
Fuck me.

AMY

I told you not to touch him. Let's get back to the boat.

EXT. BOAT - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Alex lays in the bow, holding his hand. Amy drives, in only her suit. She takes them away from the crowded snorkeling spot and into the rising sun.

EXT. BOAT - AN HOUR LATER.

The boat is anchored and floats freely. They're still in open ocean, but land is in sight now.

Amy holds Alex's burned hand. She pours rubbing alcohol on it. Alex flinches but otherwise stays quiet.

AMY

I told you not to touch.

ALEX

You didn't tell me it would bite me.

AMY

I thought you'd listen to me.

ALEX

We both know I'm not that smart. What was that?

AMY

Fire coral. It sucks. Everyone down here deals with it sooner or later, though.

ALEX

Not that. Well, that. But I mean the statue.

AMY

Christ of the Abyss. He's been here since the '60s.

ALEX

He's...

AMY

I know.

(Beat)

(MORE)

AMY (CONT'D)

We've never been a religious family but taking someone new to see him has always been the closest I ever get to understanding.

ALEX

Thank you. For showing me. I'm sorry I touched the coral.

AMY

No worries. I've seen him before. Besides, I have a surprise.

She gets up quickly and heads to the back of the boat. She produces a couple of beers and comes back, passing one to Alex.

In her hands she has a doob tube and a lighter. She pops the joint out and lights it in a swift motion before passing it to Alex.

He takes a deep drag, savoring. They start to pass it back and forth.

ALEX

From Brandon?

AMY

You think I can't get my own?

ALEX

No, but like-

AMY

Relax. It's from Brandon. It's always from Brandon.

They look at the cars in the distance. On one side of them is life and on the other side is Life.

Amy takes another hit and a long sip of beer.

AMY (CONT'D)

I can't believe she's gone.

Alex coughs.

AMY (CONT'D)

Sorry. I didn't mean to bring her up. I don't wanna be a downer.

Alex waves her on.

ALEX

Please. Talk about her all you want.

AMY

How can you know someone from the day you were born and then get over them being gone? She knew me before I knew me and I'm supposed to let her go?

ALEX

I don't know.

AMY

It's rude. It's so rude and I'm numb and I feel nothing. Nothing. What's wrong with me?

ALEX

I don't know. Nothing's wrong with you. I don't know.

AMY

I never got to really know her, you know? I was a year behind but I never really knew her. I would've.

ALEX

When you moved up with us?

AMY

Yeah. Lived with you and Charlie.

ALEX

You still can. Offer's still up, I mean.

She smiles sadly and leans back.

AMY

I used to be jealous of her. I wanted to be her, in every sense.

ALEX

I get it.

AMY

If her favorite color was green then so was mine. We had to be the same. God, she hated it.

ALEX

I don't believe that for a second.

She takes the joint back and lays down on the cushion. After a moment, Alex joins her.

For a second, they're just two bodies floating in an infinite sea.

AMY
People are colors.

ALEX
What?

Their eyes are reddening and their tongues are loose-ing.

AMY
People? Everyone has a color.
Brandon is blue. Charlie was red.

ALEX
Oh.

AMY
I always wanted to be red.

ALEX
Why weren't you?

AMY
Doesn't work like that. She was
born red and I wasn't. Easy as
that. But god, I wanted to be red.

ALEX
You're red to me.

She laughs.

AMY
I'm not. I'm not, but I love you
for that.

There's a beat of silence.

AMY (CONT'D)
I used to have a crush on you.

ALEX
(shocked)
What?

AMY

Yeah. Before I knew about you and Charlie... When I went to New York to visit. I had the silliest biggest crush on you.

ALEX

Did Charlie know?

AMY

God, no. By the time I worked up the courage to tell her she'd announced you were together. To the grave. Or, to hers, I guess.

ALEX

Don't tell me that.

AMY

I'm sorry. I don't want to make you uncomfortable.

ALEX

You're not making me uncomfortable. Just making me think too much.

She passes him the end of the joint.

AMY

Finish it. Don't think. Besides, I'm over it now. Mostly.

He does.

Amy stands.

AMY (CONT'D)

Get your ass up. We're going back in the water.

She tosses him his goggles and pulls her own on.

ALEX

Where are we going?

AMY

There's a shipwreck down here. It's no Jesus statue, but it's cool and it's empty. I thought you'd like to see it.

She jumps in the water, hair streaming. Alex doesn't even hesitate before jumping in after her.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOAT - AN HOUR LATER

Amy let's Alex steer the boat. She stands behind him, one hand on the wheel, the other on his on the throttle.

They fly alongside the highway, just outside the no-wake zone and passing cars and little skiffs.

Amy's hair streams behind her and her chest grazes Alex's back with every bump. His throat bobs every time.

ALEX
(over the wind)
So what are you?

AMY
(yelling back)
What?

ALEX
What color are you?

AMY
Oh. I'm orange.

ALEX
What?

AMY
Orange! I'm orange!
(beat)
So are you!

EXT. JEB'S FISHING POST - BAR - A WEEK LATER

Alex tends bar. He shakes a Sex on the Beach for Bobby.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Amy and Alex stand in knee deep water, using a cast-net. Amy stands behind him, correcting his arm positioning.

Alex throws the net. He pulls it back in, teeming with bait fish.

Amy throws her head back in laughter. Alex watches her with a smile.

CUT TO:

INT. MARATHON HOUSE - EVENING

The family sits around the table. Everyone but Brandon has a mixed drink, but Brandon's eyes are red from whatever he was smoking earlier.

No one looks at the empty chair.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEIGHBOR'S POOL - MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT

Amy leads a nervous Alex through her neighbor's backyard, both of them dressed only in swimsuits.

She looks both ways before jumping in. Alex pauses for only a moment before following her.

There's a moment when Alex is beneath the surface, the only light from the full moon.

He settles to the bottom and opens his eyes, looking up.

Amy is floating face down on the surface, looking at him. When they make eye contact, she smiles.

Alex pushes himself off the ground and shoots to the surface.

When he breaks the top, all of the lights come on in the house.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Hey!

Alex freezes. Amy laughs and grabs his hand pulling him out of the pool.

AMY

Go go go!

They run around the side of the house, dripping wet and laughing.

CUT TO:

JEB'S FISHING POST - BAR - EVENING

Amy and Alex tend bar together. They work like a well-oiled machine: Amy passes Alex perfectly filled beers and Alex spills them during hand-off.

ALEX

When's your graduation?

AMY

Sorry?

ALEX

When do you graduate? It's July.

AMY

Why do you care?

ALEX

You asked me to go. And, contrary to popular belief, I care about you.

She hands him another beer. He sloshes a bit over the side.

AMY

What a sweetheart. Does it matter?

ALEX

I guess not. Not if it doesn't to you.

AMY

It doesn't.

ALEX

You sure?

AMY

Of course. Why would I care that my sister died the week before my finals and I flunked all of the classes because I didn't do anything. Couldn't do anything-

ALEX

Amy-

AMY

Or that I'm taking one of them right now, during the summer I should've been enjoying with her. It doesn't matter. It's just time. We all have an infinite supply.

She laughs mirthlessly.

AMY (CONT'D)
What a bitch.

ALEX
I'm sorry.

AMY
It's fine. It had to come up at
some point.

Amy sets about making some kind of drink, something with a lot of alcohol and not a lot of mixer.

ALEX
So when do you graduate?

She hands one drink to Alex and keeps the other for herself. She takes a sip, prompting Alex to do the same.

AMY
December.

ALEX
That sucks.

AMY
No shit.

ALEX
Why'd you ask me to go, then?

AMY
I don't know. I guess some part of
me wanted some part of her to be
there, too.

ALEX
Amy...

AMY
I know, I know. It was stupid of
me.

ALEX
No it wasn't.

AMY
It was. Don't worry about it.

ALEX
You know I'd go if I could.

AMY

I know.

ALEX

I'm just gone by then.

AMY

I know.

She picks up a rag and starts to wipe down the counter.

Beat.

She stops.

AMY (CONT'D)

You don't have to be.

ALEX

What?

AMY

Stay. What are you going back to in New York, anyway? Stay for a little longer.

ALEX

Amy, I don't...

AMY

What's the risk? You're only young once. Have some fun before going back to your life. You can be a waiter anywhere. Why not here?

ALEX

Amy...

AMY

I'm sorry. It was stupid.

ALEX

Stop saying that. It's not stupid.

AMY

Then why-

Dave and Laura come into the bar area.

DAVE

Amy! Alex! No drinking behind the bar.

LAURA

Oh, come on, Dave. They're fine.

DAVE

(to Alex and Amy)

You know that's not allowed.

AMY

Dad, please. Just once.

DAVE

No. If I let you next thing I know
Liam is downing shots of rumple
minze and tripping all over
himself.

LAURA

Dave...

AMY

Listen to Mom. It's been a long
day. One drink. One. That's it. I
swear. You *know* I can hold my
liquor.

Dave sighs. He holds up one finger.

DAVE

You get one drink, one time. But
the second you mess up even a
single order, you're grounded. The
both of you!

Alex's head shoots up, shocked he's included. He makes like
he's going to apologize to Dave, but the hint of a smile on
Dave's face gives him pause.

ALEX

Thank you, Sir. One time. Won't
happen again.

DAVE

Yeah, well. See that it doesn't.
And don't call me sir. Next time
you do I'm going to ground you
anyway.

This time, Alex smiles.

CUT TO:

EXT. MARATHON HOUSE - HAMMOCK - EVENING

Amy, Alex and Brandon lay out on the hammock, side by side. The waves crash in the distance and there's a faint *thump* of rock music coming from the too-quiet, shitty outdoor speaker.

Brandon is visibly already blitzed, but pulls a joint out of his pocket. He lights it with a flick of his wrist and takes a hit before passing it down the line.

CUT TO:

EXT. MARATHON HOUSE - HAMMOCK

The three are all toasted. Amy gets up in a hurry and sways for a moment.

AMY

Needa piss.

BRANDON

Don't fall in.

She walks off without looking back, flipping him off the whole time.

Brandon and Alex laugh for a beat too long.

Brandon grows serious.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

Kenny and I...

ALEX

Your parents don't know what he meant to you.

It's a statement. Fact.

Brandon waits a moment, letting the words hang in the air.

BRANDON

I came out in college. To everyone but my parents. My sisters, the knew. Probably before me. And Kenny... I started dating him right after coming out, five years back. We were immediately in love. Like, preparing-to-spend-our-lives-together-on-day-three kind of live.

(MORE)

BRANDON (CONT'D)

But I didn't come out to my parents till last year and when I did I introduced Kenny as my brand-spanking-new boyfriend.

He pauses.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

It wasn't anything against them. They just aren't fans of lies and, to them, me not telling them that I was gay and that I had a long-term, serious boyfriend was the biggest of lies. I didn't want to disappoint them like that.

(Switching gears)

I know you heard them stumble over the whole 'gay' thing before, but they are supportive. I swear. They support me. They're just... unsure. And I was always planning on telling them. It just wasn't ever the right time.

(Backtracking)

When Kenny... died... to them it was just my new boyfriend who I had been with for all of three months. Of course I was in mourning, but I would snap out of it soon and move on. I had to.

Brandon turns to Alex. There's such immense pain in his expression that Alex crumbles.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

They thought I knew him for three days. He got in the crash the night he proposed.

(Verge-of-tears scratchy and quiet)

I never told them the truth.

He wipes under his eye. Alex squeezes Brandon's shoulder. Comforting him the best he could.

ALEX

(Quiet)

I'm sorry.

Brandon chuckles drily.

BRANDON

I don't think I've told all of that to anyone. Even my sisters don't know all the truth. Thank you.

He composes himself, blinking away the last evidence of tears.

Alex smiles at him wryly.

ALEX

Of course.

Beat.

BRANDON

Look at us.

ALEX

What?

BRANDON

I'm lying to my parents about not being engaged to the dead man of my dreams while you're lying to them about being engaged to their dead daughter. What a fucking pair we make.

ALEX

(mostly to himself)

Yeah. What a fucked up pair.

Alex takes the joint from Brandon and re-lights it.

He takes a long drag and sighs.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Hey.

BRANDON

Hey.

ALEX

I don't think I can do this anymore.

BRANDON

It's okay, dude. Just breathe through it. You'll come down soon.

ALEX

No- I know how to be high, you jackass. I mean *this*, like in the biblical sense.

BRANDON

I'm not religious.

ALEX

Fuck you. Just listen to me.
(Taking a deep breath)
The Charlie thing. Pretending we were together. It's killing me, man.

BRANDON

Oh. You seem to be doing fine.

ALEX

But I hate myself. And Amy's gonna hate me when she finds out.

BRANDON

Then don't tell her?

Brandon doesn't seem to understand that this is the last thing Alex wants.

ALEX

I don't wanna keep secrets from her.

BRANDON

(matter-of-fairly)
Because you want to fuck her.

ALEX

What?
(blushing)
No.

BRANDON

It's fine, dude. I get it.
(pause)
Actually, no I fucking don't. But I already thought you knew Charlie intimately so why not my baby sister? The rest of my life's a storm of shit so why not make my family's implode so you can fuck my other sister.

There's venom in his final words.

Alex takes a beat, trying to process if Brandon meant this or not.

ALEX
Fuck you, man. That's not the
reason and you know it.

Alex stands and leaves the hammock. He storms off toward the house.

On his way there, he bumps into Amy, literally, tottering her way back to the hammock.

AMY
(giggling)
Whoa there, cowboy. Where's Angel
Eyes?

ALEX
(breathless)
You wanna go out?

AMY
What?

ALEX
Lets go out. Drink.

AMY
Okay. Where do you wanna go?

ALEX
Key West?

AMY
It's late. We are *not* driving all
the way there for one drink.

ALEX
Fine. You pick. Is there anywhere
around here?

AMY
The Dog House?

ALEX
Sounds shitty.

AMY
It is.

ALEX
Perfect.

AMY
I can't drive. Not right now.

ALEX
I can.

AMY
Bees fucking knees. Let's go.

CUT TO:

INT. RED MERCEDES - NIGHT

The windows are down in the car. Alex drives. Amy has her hand outside, riding the wind with her palm. The old tape deck plays a tinny version of Stop Your Crying by Ted Hawkins.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE DOG HOUSE

The Dog House is an old bungalow. The only thing differentiating it from any other house is the loud music, smell of cigarettes, and lovingly-painted mural boasting its name.

Amy leads Alex to the front door.

INT. THE DOG HOUSE

The interior is a gutted house turned bar. The hall leading to what were probably once bedrooms is blocked by a pocket door and emits the smell of frying food.

The clientele is a hodgepodge of different people, from Amy and Alex's age to elderly men, all sipping college drinks and beers out of plastic cups.

A hush goes over the crowd when they see Amy, brows lowering and hands raising to mouths as they gossip about the poor girl with the dead sister.

There's at least one murmured condolence as they belly up to the bar.

ALEX
Two gin and ginger ales.

AMY
That's a weird ass fucking drink.

ALEX

You told me to come up with my own.

AMY

Fair enough.

The bartender hands them the drinks and takes Alex's card.

Amy takes a sip.

AMY (CONT'D)

Not bad, Staten. Shit kinda slaps.

ALEX

I know what I'm doing.

AMY

But try something a bit cooler next time. No way is that concoction going in the necromonicon.

ALEX

I thought you said it was a bible.

AMY

Same difference.

They find some seats in the back of the bar.

AMY (CONT'D)

Why'd you need out?

ALEX

What?

AMY

Escape. Why are we here?

ALEX

Rough day.

It stays at that. Amy doesn't pry. She doesn't need to. She's had more than enough of her own.

ALEX (CONT'D)

She saved me, you know? Died saving me?

AMY

(Softly)

I know. My parents told me.

ALEX

I never got to say thank you. Or
sorry for being an idiot.

AMY

It wasn't your fault.

ALEX

I know.

He's still glum and it's obviously not just from misplaced
guilt.

There's a pause before Amy launches into an animated telling
of a joke.

AMY

Bert and Betty Hill are on their
honeymoon in Transylvania. While
they're driving along the
countryside, this huge storm comes
in and causes Bert to crash into a
tree. When he comes to-

ALEX

What are you doing-

AMY

-When he comes to, he sees Betty is
super hurt and bloody and just not
doing well. And Bert knows he needs
to get her to the doctor or a phone
or something. So even though he's
hurt, he drags her out of the car.
Eventually, he sees this ugly
mansion on a hill and takes her up.
When he gets there, he knocks on
the door and this hunchback little
man opens the door. "Yessss," he
says.

ALEX

I've seen this movie.

AMY

Shut up. "Yessss," the guy says and
Bert's like "my wife's hurt can you
help". And this guy's like "oh yeah
my master's a doctor let me go get
him." So Bert carries his wife in
and takes her into the laboratory
and puts her on a table. Then this
man rushes in with the little guy,
dressed nice.

(MORE)

AMY (CONT'D)

"I'm afraid Igor misled you," he says. "I'm a scientist, not a medical doctor. But I'll do what I can."

ALEX

Ames I really don't know where you're going-

AMY

Alex. Shut up.

(Launching back in)

And Bert collapses too because he's hurt and tired. And Igor lays him next to his wife. And the doctor works super hard but can't get them back. In his sadness, he leaves Igor to figure out what to do with the bodies and goes upstairs to play his piano. As soon as he starts playing, Igor is shocked to see Bert and Betty Hill sit up, alive. He runs all the way upstairs and, out of breath, yells "Master, Master! The Hills are alive with the sound of music!".

Silence. Alex says nothing, but the corner of his lip twitches.

AMY (CONT'D)

The Hills are alive with the sound of music!

She raises her eyebrows at him.

ALEX

(Smiling)

That was dumb.

AMY

But you're smiling.

ALEX

Where the hell did you hear that.

AMY

Charlie told me it once.

ALEX

Really stuck with you, huh.

AMY
I only use it in the most desperate
of situations.

ALEX
Thank you.

AMY
She wouldn't want you to feel sad.
Or bad. It wasn't your fault.

ALEX
(earnest, stressing)
Thank you.

AMY
Of course.

CUT TO:

EXT. JEB'S FISHING POST - BAR

Alex and Liam tend bar. Alex pours Bobby his drink with a flourish.

BOBBY
You're getting pretty good.

ALEX
Get good or die trying.

LIAM
Just like mama always used to say.

CUT TO:

INT. JEB'S FISHING POST - AFTERNOON

Alex is in Jane's shop, looking at clothes alone. He picks some board shorts out for himself.

On the way to the counter, he looks at the display of baseball caps. After a moment, he grabs a white one with a fly fishing lure on it and throws it with the rest of his clothes.

Jane smirks as she rings him up.

CUT TO:

EXT. MANGROVES - DAY

Alex and Amy fish in the mangroves on the same family boat as before. Alex wears his new shorts and Amy has on the hat he bought.

Its easy to see the summer has had its way with him. Alex is sporting a deep tan and his hair has lightened.

There's a tug on the end of his pole and Amy jumps up and down, encouraging him to reel it in. He tries but pulls too hard, reeling in an empty line.

Amy pats him on the back and laughs.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY ONE - DAY

Amy and Alex ride bikes down the highway in the sun. Amy's hair streams from beneath her cap and Alex watches her intently.

They turn into an ice cream shop.

EXT. ICE CREAM SHOP - A LITTLE LATER

Amy and Alex sit out front, both of them eating vanilla.

Alex gets some on his chin. Amy laughs and wipes it with her finger. She puts the finger in her mouth, almost on reflex.

Alex watches the entire time.

Amy seems to realize what she just did. She blushes and stands in a hurry.

AMY

I'm going to wash my hands.

ALEX

Yeah. Okay. Yeah.

She stands quickly and goes back into the ice cream shop.

Alex finishes the last bites of his ice cream and puts his head in his hands, clearly in distress.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH - SUNSET

Alex, Amy, and Brandon sit on the beach. Amy and Alex have a half-empty handle of whiskey and a 2 liter of coke in front of them. They drink out of solo cups. Brandon has a water, but his eyes are red.

Nostalgia by M.A.G.S. plays quietly.

BRANDON

What are you two doing after this?

ALEX

I think we're going to watch movies back at the house. You're more than welcome to join.

BRANDON

What are you watching?

AMY

Would you believe me if I told you this guy calls himself a director and has never seen *Alien*?

BRANDON

Fuck you you've never seen *Alien*?

ALEX

(shrugging)
I never wanted to.

BRANDON

You've seen, *Blade Runner*, though?

AMY

(shaking her head)
No.

ALEX

(glum)
No.

BRANDON

So a double feature tonight?

AMY

That's what I'm hearing.

ALEX

Fine. Whatever.

AMY

I'm going to pretend you're just as excited about this as we are.

ALEX

Of course I am.

BRANDON

Next thing we know you're gonna say
you haven't seen Twister or
something.

Alex is silent.

AMY

Holy shit. Where in New York did
your mother find a rock big enough
for you to grow up under?

ALEX

I- what?

AMY

Never seen Twister oh my- shut the
fuck up its setting.

She turns to the sunset without waiting for a reply.

ALEX

I wasn't saying anything.

AMY

Hush.

They sit in silence for the last few seconds of sunset and a
few minutes after.

Once it's firmly down, Amy sighs.

AMY (CONT'D)

It's never going to happen.

ALEX

The green flash?

AMY

Yeah. I've been looking the whole
summer and I've never seen it.

ALEX

Have you ever?

AMY

No.

(Beat)

Char did. Once.

BRANDON

(sitting up)

She did?

AMY

Yeah. Few years ago. Swear to god the girl was yodeling with excitement. Said she could die happy.

Beat.

ALEX

Fuck.

AMY

I know.

ALEX

She said that a lot. Did a lot of things she said would let her die happy.

AMY

That's good, I guess.

ALEX

Yeah.

BRANDON

Do we have to talk about this right now?

AMY

About Charlie? I'd like to.

BRANDON

I'm not really in the mood to be sad.

AMY

Then don't be. We'll talk about happy things.

BRANDON

It'll still make me upset.

AMY

Jesus Christ, Brandon. Grow the fuck up. You and Mom and Dad... at least you mention her name, I guess. But I'd kill to be able to talk about our sister without you bursting into tears or sucking down enough weed to put an elephant on its ass.

BRANDON

I'm sorry that the death of my sister hurts. Sorry I'm not a soulless bitch like you.

AMY

Oh my god. Oh my god! We're all hurting. All of us. I'm hurting. Alex is hurting. It's not getting better because you're sobbing into your pillow every night. Talk about her! Pretend she existed! She lived! She lived and we don't talk about her living! She's either dead or she never existed. I hate it. Goddammit talk about her.

BRANDON

I can't.

AMY

You wanna know why I've spent the whole summer with Alex and not you? You wanna know? Alex talks about her. He was her fucking fiancé and he can't keep her name out of his mouth. And she's alive when we talk about her. She's a person. She's doing things. She has accomplishments. She's not a sob story buried six feet under and it's so nice.

BRANDON

I can't.

AMY

Try. For fuck's sake, try. And smoke like a normal person. Mom's catching on.

She grabs the handle of whiskey and storms off.

Brandon sighs and takes a sip of the coke straight out the 2 liter.

Alex, who listened in silence, waits a moment before storming after her.

CUT TO:

EXT. MARATHON HOUSE

Amy is in the Mercedes, about to back up. The tape deck is blasting Slicker Drips by The White Stripes far too loud.

She bangs on it over and over.

AMY
Stop. Fuck.

She slams the deck one more time.

AMY (CONT'D)
Fuck it.

She puts the car in reverse.

Alex comes running up and puts his hands on the trunk.

She slams to a stop.

AMY (CONT'D)
(cross)
What?

ALEX
Where are you going?

AMY
Drinking.

ALEX
Can I come?

AMY
Fine.

He doesn't move. The music just blares.

AMY (CONT'D)
What are you doing? Get in or go
away.

ALEX
You're tipsy.

AMY
So?

ALEX
Get out. We're walking.

AMY

I don't wanna go to Jeb's.

ALEX

We'll go somewhere else.

AMY

There's nowhere else we can walk to.

ALEX

Then we're going to Jeb's. Neither of us are driving right now. Now get out. We're going drinking? We're walking.

AMY

Fine. Fuck.

The immediate silence from the tape is deafening.

She gets out, slamming the door. She takes a swig from the handle, straight, as she comes round to meet him.

Alex grabs the handle from her and takes his own swig.

CUT TO:

INT. JEB'S FISHING POST - BAR

Liam is wiping down the bar. The only guest left is Bobby.

Amy and Alex walk in, Amy holding the handle like it's a lifeline.

LIAM

What're you two up to?

AMY

Drink with us?

LIAM

C'mon, Amy. I'm closing up the bar.

AMY

It's not that late yet.

LIAM

9:30 on a Tuesday. You guys have thirty minutes to drink your fill.

AMY

I'll close up. Don't worry.

LIAM

Is your dad gonna have my ass if I agree to that?

AMY

If it was busy, probably. But it's us and Bobby. We'll close up and get drunk on his shit after. Unless you wanna join us?

LIAM

Uh, yeah no. Maybe next time. Gina's home with Avery and if you're serious about closing I might be able to see her before Gina puts her down.

Liam raises an eyebrow at Amy, who shoots him.

AMY

Go, go. We'll be fine. Actually, can you make us drinks before you leave?

LIAM

Fine. Whaddya want?

AMY

Two Boat Drinks.

There's a pause.

LIAM

Amy-

AMY

Don't. Just make them.

He nods and sets about making them their drinks.

AMY (CONT'D)

(to Alex)

You're gonna love this.

ALEX

Am I?

AMY

Just wait. Tastes like summer.

ALEX

I'll be the judge of that.

AMY

Disagree and I'll stop taking you out with me.

ALEX

I think history proves that I'll just tag along anyway.

Liam puts the drinks in front of them.

LIAM

Thanks again, guys. And if Dave's pissed it was your fault.

AMY

Whatever. Just get out of here. Tell Gina I send my love.

He salutes and heads out.

Amy and Alex sit in silence with their drinks.

Alex takes a sip. It's just as good as he imagined.

ALEX

You're right. Tastes like summer.

Amy doesn't reply, just stirs her straw in the drink.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Ames? You okay?

She puts on a forced smile.

AMY

Never better.

ALEX

Do you... wanna talk?

AMY

Nope. Not right now.

She takes a deep drink, draining half her glass in one go.

Alex watches sadly.

AMY (CONT'D)

I'm not being sad tonight. I just need a drink to get the happy going again.

ALEX

Do you maybe think you've been getting drunk a lot lately?

AMY

Oh so Brandon can be blitzed every goddamn hour of the day but when I have a drink *I* have a problem?

ALEX

No, that's not what i-

AMY

Because newsflash: you drink just as much as I do.

ALEX

I know, I just.

Amy puts her head in her hands.

AMY

Fuck.

ALEX

I know.

AMY

Fuck.

ALEX

I know.

AMY

Do you?

ALEX

Yes. Better than you know.

He takes another big sip of his drink.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Okay so this couple, the Hills, are on vacation in Austria. And they're hurt and go to this haunted mansion. And this guy, Igor, let's them in and says he's going to heal them but they collapse when they get inside-

AMY

-Alex-

ALEX

-And then Igor can't help them. But when the Master gets home he starts to play the piano and when he does Igor sees the couple sit up-

AMY

-Alex-

ALEX

-And he runs to his master and yells "The Hills are alive with the sound of music!"

Beat.

AMY

It's a good thing I stopped your script in its tracks.

Alex is cheeky. His horrid retelling was on purpose.

ALEX

That bad, huh.

AMY

(through laughter)
Yes it was definitely that bad.

ALEX

Good thing I'm sticking to directing.

AMY

Definitely for the best.
(beat)
Thank you.

ALEX

She wouldn't want you to be sad. Or mad.

AMY

Thank you.

ALEX

Of course.

Beat.

Alex sucks down his drink.

ALEX (CONT'D)

And this really is really good.

It is.

AMY

Yeah?

(brightening)

Well, suck it down. I'll make us more.

She finishes her drink and hops over the bar.

BOBBY

Make me another?

AMY

Sure thing, my man. I'm not shaking it, though.

BOBBY

(without venom)

Fuck you.

AMY

I'll double the liquor though.

BOBBY

I take it back.

AMY

Yeah, you do.

She whips his up in a flash, then turns her and Alex's.

AMY (CONT'D)

You know, I've been drinking this since I was seventeen.

(She pulls out the liquor and makes the drink while narrating)

Two ounces coconut rum- not Malibu. Fuck Malibu. One and a half of triple sec. Top it with equal pineapple and orange juice. Spritz of soda for luck.

She finishes them off and passes one drink to Alex. They both take sips.

AMY (CONT'D)

It's Charlie's.

Alex looks up.

ALEX

What?

AMY
Boat Drink. It's Charlie's recipe.
Her contribution to the
necrominicon.

ALEX
Oh.

AMY
Yeah.

She climbs back over the bar and sits next to Alex.

ALEX
What's your drink?

AMY
I haven't made one. I haven't left
yet.

ALEX
Do you know what you're going to
make?

AMY
Figured I'd just wing it.

Beat.

BOBBY
I haven't seen your sister around
here in a while. How's she doing?

AMY
What the fuck, Bobby?

ALEX
Hey, man. What's wrong with
you?

BOBBY
What's her name? Charlie? Charlie.

It's clear he's drunk and serious.

AMY
Charlie. Her name was Charlie.

BOBBY
Where's she at? I thought she was
actually coming home this summer?

AMY
She was supposed to.

BOBBY
Wha..?

ALEX
(gently)
She died, Bobby.

He pauses, his mostly empty glass halfway to his mouth.
He changes gears and raises it in a toast instead.

BOBBY
To Charlie, then. I'll drink to her
every night, but tonight's in her
name.

It's the most coherent he's ever been.

Alex and Amy raise their glasses in a toast.

AMY/ALEX
To Charlie.

They all drink. Bobby belches, loud and high, breaking the
tension.

Amy puts her hands on the bar and gets up with a laugh.

AMY
Music. I'm getting us music. And
none of that shitty fake beach
ambience. Real shit.

ALEX
I'll get us more drinks?

He looks around for ascent. Amy claps on her way to the
radio.

AMY
Whip up something good.

ALEX
I'm just gonna make the same thing.
(To Bobby)
You want another Sex on the Beach?

Bobby rattles the ice in his glass and shakes his head.

BOBBY
Nah, man. Make me one of those
drinks.

ALEX
You got it.

Amy hits the right button on the radio and the music comes to life, blaring some Jimmy Buffett song.

Amy laughs and comes back over.

AMY
Good enough.

Alex passes out three Boat Drinks.

ALEX
(raising his)
To Charlie.

BOBBY
To Charlie.

AMY
To Char.

They drink.

CUT TO:

INT. JEB'S FISHING POST - BAR - LATER

Alex, Amy, and Bobby have a plethora of empty glasses in front of them. They've moved on to just passing around a handle.

Waiting in Vain by Bob Marley & the Wailers plays one final time.

It's clear they are all equally drunk.

Bobby stands abruptly.

BOBBY
I have weed. Want some?

Both of them shake their heads. They're closer than before, practically on top of each other.

AMY
No offense, Bobby, but I am never putting my lips where yours have been.

BOBBY
And yet you kiss your mamma.

Amy gasps in mock indignation

AMY
Bobby! How dare you!

ALEX
(laughing)
Not cool, man.

Bobby winks.

BOBBY
More for me then.

He pulls out a lighter.

Alex and Amy wave their hands at him.

ALEX
Whoa whoa whoa!

AMY
Just cause you're with us doesn't
mean you can light up in here. Take
it out back!

BOBBY
(grumbling)
Squares.

He waddles off.

Beat.

Alex and Amy burst into laughter.

Amy starts to fall off her stool. Alex catches her. They both
laugh harder.

When she's righted, they're even closer than before. Their
lips are a breath away.

AMY
(softly)
Im sorry

ALEX
(smiling)
Why are you sorry?

AMY
(giggling)
I don't know. Why are you smiling?

ALEX
I don't know.

They lean in at the same time and kiss.

They break apart, noses touching. Amy giggles and Alex leans in and kisses her, much harder.

A life-changing, hand-in-hair heart-stopping kiss.

One that ends too soon.

AMY
I can't.

ALEX
(murmuring)
We can.

They kiss again.

AMY
(against his lips)
But what about Charlie?

ALEX
What about her?

AMY
She- this is wrong.

She kisses him again.

ALEX
Is it?

Amy starts to lose her resolve.

AMY
You were engaged.

ALEX
Mmm.

AMY
She's my sister.

ALEX
Mmm. I love you.

That get her. She feels back.

He looks around, lost and cold.

AMY
What did you say?

ALEX
(still befuddled)
I- you know what I said.

AMY
This. This is wrong.

ALEX
How?

AMY
(shocked)
You were engaged three months ago.

ALEX
Huh?

AMY
(losing patience)
You were in a relationship.

ALEX
No I wasn't.

AMY
(confused)
What?

Alex sighs. His eyes clear and sadden.

ALEX
No. I wasn't. Charlie and I... we
were never together.

AMY
How do you mean?

ALEX
She... we lied to you. Before coming
down. We wanted your parents to
believe we were together.

AMY
Both of you decided this?

Beat.

ALEX
Yes.

AMY
Why the fuck would you do that?

ALEX

I don't know. I don't know. Why do we do anything?

AMY

Don't you fucking do that. Why didn't you stop it? When she died. Why'd you lie to me? Fuck, Alex! I told you things I never would've told you just because you and my sister were together.

ALEX

I don't know. It was Charlie's secret to tell and I couldn't do it when she was gone.

AMY

Maybe not my parents but me! You could've told me! I would've understood! Fuck, Alex! This fucking sucks.

ALEX

I'm sorry.

AMY (CONT'D)

Don't you fucking apologize to me.

ALEX (CONT'D)

She didn't mean to leave you in a lie. She loved you-

AMY

I'm not mad at Charlie. I'm mad at you! *She* would've told me. *She* wouldn't have kept this going, not to me. *You* lied. *You* kept it. *You* should've known not to hide this.

ALEX

But- Brandon told me not to tell.

AMY

And Brandon knows best, right? Knows better than you? Fucking grow up. It's your mistake. Own up to it.

ALEX

Ames-

AMY

Don't 'Ames' me.

ALEX

Amy, please. It wasn't supposed to go this far. Just for a little bit. Please. You can trust me.

AMY

Trust you? Really? You think I can trust you? Go fuck yourself.

ALEX

Amy, come on-

AMY

Don't. Don't. Go. I'm going to shut this place down.

ALEX

Amy-

AMY

Leave. My bar. My house. My life. Just- get out.

He stands. He looks back at the doorway.

Amy is on the stool, sobbing.

CUT TO:

INT. MARATHON HOUSE - NIGHT

Alex stomps through the sleeping house, grabbing whatever is his. A shirt here, a book there.

He makes enough of a ruckus that a half-asleep Brandon leaves his room.

BRANDON

What's wrong?

Alex turns to look at him, eyes bloodshot and face tear stained.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

Oh, fuck.

He leads him out back and into the night.

EXT. MARATHON HOUSE - HAMMOCK

The outdoor speakers quietly play Mexico by Cake.

Alex follows Brandon to the hammock. They bypass it and stop at the fence, looking over the water.

BRANDON
What happened?

ALEX
Do you have weed?

BRANDON
What?

ALEX
Can we smoke?

BRANDON
I don't think that's smart right now...

Alex laughs joylessly.

ALEX
Right. Now you care about the ethics of smoking.

BRANDON
Fuck you.

Beat.

ALEX
She- Amy- she found out.

BRANDON
What?

ALEX
She fucking found out.

BRANDON
Fuck.

ALEX
It's a goddamn mess.

BRANDON
Whoa whoa whoa. What's wrong? Calm down.

ALEX
She found out that Charlie and I were never a thing.

BRANDON

You were the one that was pushing to tell her the truth. Isn't that what you wanted.

ALEX

Not like this. Not me running my mouth and spilling the beans. She's furious.

BRANDON

Fuck.

ALEX

And she's pissed I never told her before. And that you knew. And she told me she can never trust me again.

BRANDON

I can't believe you told her. You knew it'd ruin her image of Charlie.

ALEX

Fuck, Brandon. Do you know your sister at all? It didn't ruin her image of Charlie. It ruined her image of *me*. She doesn't care that Charlie and I weren't a thing. She cares that I lied to her face and continued to lie to her for three fucking months. I lied to her for three months about being engaged to her fucking sister and, as far as she knows, never even thought about telling her.

BRANDON

Oh.

Beat.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

She really didn't care?

ALEX

No.

BRANDON

Oh.

(Beat)

Why are you packing?

ALEX

She told me to leave her life.

BRANDON

And you're just gonna do it?

ALEX

What choice do I have? There's no reason for me to stay. She hates me now so why would I bother to stay any longer. The subletters leave in three weeks. I can stay with my parents until then.

(Softer)

It would hurt me to see her everyday just as much as it would hurt her to see me. Besides, she doesn't care about me.

BRANDON

What do you mean?

ALEX

She doesn't care about me. Not anymore.

BRANDON

If she cared about you less you wouldn't be trying to leave.

ALEX

(huffing a laugh)

Whatever you say.

BRANDON

Look. Believe what you want. But Amy cares about you. And running away right now won't solve this. It'll only make it worse. The wound's not gonna heal, not for both of you. Her and Charlie were barely speaking at the end but wanted to come back together. At least give her what Charlie couldn't and give her the goodbye she deserves. Don't leave her in a fight like Charlie did.

Brandon puts his hand on Alex's shoulder and squeezes, a big brother gesture.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

She's already broken from that. Don't break her more.

ALEX

How do you suggest I do that?

BRANDON

Stay. Just for a few more days. Let her live and let yourself breathe. Then you can leave.

ALEX

How do I fix things when they're this bad? When Charlie and I fought we'd forget about it the next day like it never happened. Why is it so different with Amy?

BRANDON

You weren't in love with Charlie.

CUT TO:

EXT. JEB'S FISHING POST - BAR

Alex works with Liam.

Amy walks in, sees him, and turns tail.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH - SUNSET

Brandon and Alex watch the sunset. There's no green flash.

CUT TO:

INT. MARATHON HOUSE - DINNER

The whole family laughs together.

Brandon sits between Amy and Alex.

No one seems to notice they're not talking.

CUT TO:

INT. ALEX'S BEDROOM - EVENING

Alex writes in a notebook on his bed.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH - EVENING

Alex sits in the surf in his dry clothes, alone, getting soaked.

He looks up at the stars, waiting. They say nothing.

CUT TO:

INT. MARATHON HOUSE - ALEX'S ROOM

Amy knocks and enters gingerly. She's never been this adamant about privacy before.

Alex is packing his suitcase.

AMY
Are you leaving?

ALEX
Soon. My flight's still in two weeks but I think I'm going to move it up. Your dad said he'd drive me.

AMY
You told him?

ALEX
No. Never. Just that I think I need to go home early for some reason.

AMY
Oh.

Beat.

ALEX
What do you want from me, Amy.

AMY
(small)
I don't know.

ALEX
I told you the truth. I told you I love you. You told me to leave. I'm going.

AMY
I don't think I want you to leave.

ALEX
What do you mean?

AMY

Here.

She hands him a printed out copy of a script.

Alex takes it, his eyebrows rising

ALEX

You finished writing it?

AMY

No. I read it.

ALEX

What?

AMY

Charlie's script. I read it. Last night. It was fucking amazing.

ALEX

(Reverent)

This is Charlie's?

AMY

It's beautiful. It told me everything.

ALEX

It did?

AMY

You filled in the gaps. It told me everything else. I'm sorry I didn't read it earlier.

ALEX

Thank you.

AMY

(confused)

Of course.

ALEX

I have it.

AMY

What?

ALEX

My drink. For the necromonicon.

AMY

What is it?

He pulls out the notebook he's been writing in.

ALEX

Two ounces Crown, 1/2 ounces of orange juice, lemon juice, simple syrup. Dash of bitters. Splash of absinthe.

AMY

Absinthe? This isn't fucking New York, Staten.

ALEX

Topped with an orange.

AMY

What's it called.

ALEX

The Charlie.

(Beat)

It took me a while to remember it. It's what she drank in the city. What she started to drink. I thought you might like to keep it.

Amy doesn't know what to say. She comes up to where he is and pulls him into a tight hug.

They stay like that for a suspended moment.

Amy finally pulls away, giving Alex a kiss on the cheek.

AMY

(softly)

Thank you.

ALEX

Of course.

Beat.

Alex picks up the script again.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Can I read this?

AMY

One condition.

ALEX

Anything.

AMY

You stay.
(rushing)
Not for forever. A few more months.
Through graduation, maybe. Spend
some time away, get a grip on
reality. With me.

Alex looks at the script in his hand. The title reads I Am Orange, but he focuses on Charlie's name.

AMY (CONT'D)

Its about me. Us. It's an apology
and a love letter in one. It's our
life here, today.

ALEX

I don't know.

AMY

Please. No strings, no conditions.
Just a script and a grip.

Alex looks up from the script at her. She's so hopeful he can barely breathe.

He smiles.

A slow version of Kokomo by The Beach Boys starts to play.

THE END