

FOLLOWING THE TRACKS

BY:

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FADE IN:

INT. MERCY CHILDREN'S HOME-LOBBY-DAY

AIMEE, 17, a dour teenager with long hair covering her face, sits on a leather couch that is cracked with age.

She looks down at the magazine covers on the coffee table. On one of the covers, there's a happy little FAMILY smiling up at Aimee. She turns it over with a SLAP.

In the corner of the room, the WEATHER is playing on the TV. The WEATHER MAN points to a large storm cluster.

WEATHER MAN

As you can see, Tropical Storm Christopher is currently taking shape in the Atlantic. This is a storm we'll be keeping an eye on for the next several days...

CLOSE IN on a door across from Aimee and the name plaque next to it: DR. LILY DAVIS.

DR. DAVIS (V.O.)

I heard you lost your job at that fast food place.

INT. MERCY CHILDREN'S HOME-DR. DAVIS'S OFFICE-DAY

Aimee sits in an overstuffed arm chair in front of the desk. DR. LILY DAVIS, mid-50s, sits calmly in her seat with her back perfectly straight. Aimee looks down at her feet.

AIMEE

It wasn't my fault.

DR. DAVIS

I never said it was.

AIMEE

You were thinking it.

DR. DAVIS

(Sighs)

Your manager told us-

AIMEE

I wouldn't read much into what he says.

Dr. Davis frowns and writes a note to herself. A problem to address later.

DR. DAVIS  
Aimee, have you put any thought  
into your future?

AIMEE  
It's hard not to when we talk about  
it every damn week.

DR. DAVIS  
You turn 18 soon. Your  
administrators and I want to make  
sure you don't-

AIMEE  
(Dark chuckle)  
What? End up homeless like some of  
the other kids that age out of this  
shit hole?

DR. DAVIS  
Aimee!

AIMEE  
Don't worry, Doc. I'm not going to  
be an addict or whatever.

Aimee closes her eyes and takes a deep breath, trying to relax.

DR. DAVIS  
(Sighs)  
I heard they need extra help in the  
thrift store. Stocking shelves.  
Taking inventory. I could put in a  
good word.

Aimee looks away from Dr. Davis. She knows she can't win this fight.

AIMEE  
Whatever you say.

DR. DAVIS  
Are you still having nightmares?

AIMEE  
Don't we all have nightmares around  
here?

DR. DAVIS  
That's quite a dark way to look at  
it.

All sound cuts off with the distant BANG of a GUNSHOT.

CUT TO:

INT. AIMEE'S CHILDHOOD HOME-LIVING ROOM-NIGHT-DREAM SEQUENCE

CLOSE ON the blank face of Aimee's mom, JOANNA, 40's. Her glassy eyes, so much like Aimee's, are opened wide. Blood begins to pool around her gaunt face and thin neck.

AIMEE (O.S.)  
(Echo)  
Momma? Wake up. Momma. Momma, I'm  
sorry!

CUT TO:

INT. MERCY CHILDREN'S HOME-DORMS-PRESENT DAY-DAY

Aimee gasps awake.

She leans her head over the side of her bed and looks underneath.

Under the bed, we see a BACKPACK and an old GUITAR CASE.

CUT TO:

INT. MERCY CHILDREN'S HOME-CAFETERIA-NIGHT

Aimee sits by herself at one of the lunch tables. She has her headphones on and bobs her head to the music. An old book of MAPS is open next to her elbows. Poems can be seen scribbled on the sides.

A blob of FOOD hits the table about an inch from her notebook. She looks up to see a group of MEAN GIRLS at the table across from her, headed by MADDIE and MEL, both 15. Maddie still holds up her dirty spoon, clearly the culprit. She looks disappointed that she missed.

INT. MERCY CHILDREN'S HOME-GIRL'S DORM-NIGHT

Aimee sits by herself, her headphones sit snugly over her ears. She looks down at the old book of maps.

It can now be seen that they are maps of the train tracks throughout Florida. There are hand-drawn lines all over the map, different routes in multiple colors.

In the corner of the map, a worn out PHOTO is taped to the page. The photo is of an 8-year-old Aimee and her teenage brothers: Patrick and Evan.

INT. MERCY CHILDREN'S HOME-GIRL'S DORM-LATER THAT NIGHT

Aimee thrashes in her sleep for a BEAT before suddenly bolting out of her bed. Her eyes are wide open, looking everywhere for a vanished assailant.

The sound of a distant TRAIN WHISTLE echoes through the night, causing Aimee to whip her head towards the window.

When her mind clears, she settles herself on the floor next to the bed. Her shaking hands reach under her bed to touch the guitar case.

INT. MERCY CHILDREN'S HOME-DR. DAVIS'S OFFICE-DAY

Aimee sits across from Dr. Davis again, dark circles evident under her eyes. She is withdrawn, her eyes looking outside again.

DR. DAVIS

Aimee....Aimee? Aimee!

Aimee slowly turns her gaze towards Dr. Davis, giving her a blank stare.

DR. DAVIS (CONT'D)

(Sigh)

As I was saying, I've been reading the reports from the other counselors. You have to make an effort with the other kids. Make friends. It will help-

AIMEE

Why bother? I'm going to leave soon anyway.

DR. DAVIS

Are you afraid of leaving people behind?

AIMEE

It's not like they want me to stay either.

DR. DAVIS  
We've discussed your brothers  
before-

AIMEE  
I don't want to talk about it.

DR. DAVIS  
Aimee. You need to-

AIMEE  
When I first got here, you said  
that I could use this time however  
I wanted-

DR. DAVIS  
But you're not going to heal if you  
don't talk about-

AIMEE  
I DON'T CARE!

Aimee bolts out of her seat and begins to pace the room.

AIMEE (CONT'D)  
I don't want to talk about it! I  
don't even want to think about it!  
I already did their trial! I'm  
done!

DR. DAVIS  
Like it or not, Aimee, you have to  
talk about what happened because it  
DID happen.

AIMEE  
I just want to be out of this  
place. With my brothers!

DR. DAVIS  
Have you asked your case officer-

AIMEE  
To try finding them? Yeah, it was  
the first thing I did when I got  
here. I asked them. I asked you!  
And I got jack shit!

DR. DAVIS  
Aimee, could you please-

Dr. Davis just gives Aimee a tired look and waves her hand  
towards the vacant seat. Aimee collapses back into her chair.

DR. DAVIS (CONT'D)

Thank you. Now...

Aimee stares out the window and lets Dr. Davis's voice fade out.

INT. MERCY CHILDREN'S HOME-LUNCH ROOM-NIGHT

Aimee sits by herself again, looking through her book of maps.

The group of mean girls start getting up from their table. As they throw away their food, we hear Maddie and Mel whispering to each other.

MADDIE

I heard they almost charged her for the murder.

MEL

Really?

MADDIE

Yeah, she ran away from the cops when they showed up at the house.

MEL

Well, after what I saw about her brothers on the news, it makes sense.

MADDIE

Mel, since when do you-

AIMEE

What did you say?

The two girls look at Aimee in shock. They've barely ever heard her voice, much less been addressed by Aimee.

MADDIE

We weren't-

AIMEE

Shut up. You!

(Points to Mel)

What did you just say? About the news. About my brothers. And don't act like you weren't talking about me.

MEL

What about it?

AIMEE

Just tell me what they said?

MEL

Apparently some wack job killed his brother near the Keys. Some drug thing. Their last name was Molina. That's your last name, right? I figured-

AIMEE

What were their names?

MEL

The dead guy's name was....Evan, I think? The other was-....Pete? Paul?

AIMEE

Patrick?

MEL

Yeah, that was it.

Aimee grabs her book and rushes out of the room.

INT. MERCY CHILDREN'S HOME-DR. DAVIS'S OFFICE-NIGHT

Dr. Davis is putting the last of her files into her briefcase when Aimee bursts into the room with a small stack of papers. She slams the papers on Elizabeth's desk.

The headline reads BROTHER SUSPECTED IN KEY WEST MURDER.

AIMEE

Couldn't find them, huh? Even when their pictures were in the papers last week?

Aimee glares at Dr. Davis with her hands on her hips.

AIMEE (CONT'D)

Well?

DR. DAVIS

You read the paper?

AIMEE

No, Mel watched the news and told.

DR. DAVIS

Since when does she watch the news?



AIMEE  
Why didn't you tell me?

DR. DAVIS  
Aimee...we care about-

AIMEE  
Don't give me that. Don't tell me  
you care about me, about my well-  
being. I had a right to know!

DR. DAVIS  
That your brothers were drug  
addicts and murderers? You're a  
child-

AIMEE  
I'm not a child!

DR. DAVIS  
-That has suffered too much in your  
young life.

AIMEE  
You don't know anything about my  
life!

DR. DAVIS  
We wanted to protect you.

AIMEE  
You don't just get to decide-

DR. DAVIS  
According to the state-

AIMEE  
YOU'RE NOT MY MOM!  
(Beat)  
The article said he was.....that he  
was in...shit...and Patrick?! The  
article said they couldn't find....

Tears start to stream down Aimee's face. Elizabeth tries to  
comfort the girl, but she pushes the woman away and rushes  
from the room.

INT. MERCY CHILDREN'S HOME-GIRL'S DORM-DAY

Aimee reads the news article about her brothers quietly under  
her breath.

## AIMEE

Patrick Molina, 25, is the prime suspect in the murder of his brother Evan Molina, 23. Both brothers were believed to be local drug dealers. Molina is believed to be at large...shit!

Aimee rips off a piece of the article and crumbles up the rest. She stares down at the PHOTO of her brothers.

Her book of maps catches her eye. A plan begins to take shape in her mind.

CUT TO:

INT. MERCY CHILDREN'S HOME-GIRL'S DORM-NIGHT

Aimee pulls her backpack and guitar case out from under her bed and slings it over her shoulder. She grabs her WALLET from under the mattress and sneaks out of the room.

EXT. MERCY CHILDREN'S HOME-NIGHT

Aimee shoves her backpack through a hole in the chain link fence, hidden by a bush. Then the guitar case. Then she goes through herself.

Gathering her things, she takes one last look at the children's home. Then she hitches her bag higher on her shoulder and jogging towards a set of old TRAIN TRACKS in the distance.

Overhead, LIGHTNING streaks across the sky and THUNDER rumbles.

EXT. TRAIN TRACKS-NIGHT

The distant whistle of a TRAIN echoes through the night followed by the crack of THUNDER.

She sees an open, graffiti covered TRAIN CAR up ahead just as the first drops of rain begin to fall. She looks inside to see if anything or anyone is occupying it. Seeing no one, she hops in. The rain begins to pour.

INT. TRAIN CAR-NIGHT

Aimee crawls into the train car, curling up in the corner.

She fumbles through her backpack and pulls out Patrick's CD player. She presses PLAY and begins to relax.

FADE TO:

INT. TRAIN CAR-DAY

Aimee slowly comes back into awareness, blinking the light and sleep from her eyes.

AIMEE'S PERSPECTIVE: The blurred vision of the train car slowly come into focus.

DEMETRI, early-30s, comes into focus across the car. Dark curls fall over his tired eyes as he plucks the strings of his old guitar.

DEMETRI

It's about time you woke up. I thought you were dead.

Aimee SCREAMS. Demetri jokingly SCREAMS back. They both stop at the same time.

AIMEE

Why are you screaming?

DEMETRI

Why are YOU screaming?

AIMEE

A strange man is staring at me when I'm sleeping.

DEMETRI

Strange man? Where?

Aimee just looks at him like he's an idiot.

DEMETRI (CONT'D)

(Realization)

Oh, me? Oh, I'm not strange. I'm eccentric.

AIMEE

Eccentric or strange. I don't give a shit. What are you doing in my train car?

Demetri's cord goes sour as he plucks the wrong note.

DEMETRI

Your car? I didn't see your name on it.

AIMEE

You don't know my name.

DEMETRI

Is it Transatlantic?

AIMEE

...No.

DEMETRI

Then this isn't your car.

AIMEE

You were staring at me in my sleep.

DEMETRI

In my defense, I thought you might be dead. I wanted to make sure you were breathing. The worst thing a man can do is bring in the body of a dead girl he doesn't know. Gives people the wrong idea.

AIMEE

If you didn't want to be stuck with a possible dead girl, why did you choose this car?

DEMETRI

(Shrugs)

An open car is an open car. And with that storm out there! Can't let my girl here-  
(nudges guitar)  
Get messed up.

Aimee takes out her book of maps and pulls out a separate map from the back. It is a more map of the train tracks in Florida.

As soon as she unfolds it, though, the paper is whipped out of her hands by the wind from the open train door.

AIMEE

No! No, no, no!

She tries to grab it, but gets too close to the edge. Just as the force of the train is about to pull her out, Demetri grabs a fistful of her shirt and tugs her back into the train car. She falls into his lap.

DEMETRI

Don't want to get too close there.

Aimee scrambles away from him, back into her corner. She looks at him with wide eyes, her breath coming in pants.

DEMETRI (CONT'D)

A thank you would be lovely.

AIMEE

....Thanks.

They fall back into silence for a BEAT.

DEMETRI

Where are you headed?

AIMEE

What?

DEMETRI

You must be heading somewhere specific. You had a map. Didn't even know kids your age knew what those were. I've been all up and down these tracks. Maybe I can help.

Aimee thinks for a BEAT before answering, trying to weigh her options.

AIMEE

Um...I...I don't really have any....South somewhere. Key West?

DEMETRI

Then you're on the wrong train, sweetheart. Next stop is Orlando.

AIMEE

(Eyes widen)

Shit.

DEMETRI

Don't worry. Should only be another half hour or so before the train stops. We can hop off while it's gettin' checked and hop onto a south bound from there if it's at the station. If not, we start walking.

Demetri pulls an old HAT from under his own BAG, puts it on and pulls it low over his eyes.

AIMEE

What do you mean "we"?

A SNORE from Demetri is her only answer. Aimee sighs, pulling out her headphones. She glances up at Demetri suspiciously.

Demetri looks at her from under his hat with a smirk, clearly not asleep.

EXT. TRAIN TRACKS JUST OUTSIDE THE STATION-DAY

The train begins to slow a few feet from the station entrance.

As the train comes to a full stop, Demetri's head pops out of the door to see if all is clear.

DEMETRI

Time to go.

Demetri jumps off the train and looks around at the other trains.

DEMETRI (CONT'D)

Damn, I don't think any of these are going south right now. You're gonna... you comin' kid?

Aimee jumps down, stumbling slightly. She looks around in dismay.

AIMEE

Seriously?

DEMETRI

(Shrugs)

Sorry, kid. Looks like you're walking. You're going to start going that way. Follow the tracks and you should be able to find your way south in no time.

Demetri points towards the tracks going south before hitching his guitar higher on his shoulder. He tips his hat and starts walking in the opposite direction.

AIMEE

What...where are you going?

DEMETRI

Plenty of places to play in Orlando.

He holds up his guitar.

AIMEE

Oh! Yeah, right. Good luck, I guess.

She waves and turns to head in the direction Demetri pointed to. She only makes it a few steps before she immediately stumbles into a ditch with a yelp.

Demetri runs over to her, putting his case down next to her.

DEMETRI

Are you okay?

He touches her arm to help her up. She flinches away.

AIMEE

Um, yeah, yeah. I'm fine. Nothing broken or anything.

DEMETRI

(Chuckles)

The American infrastructure, for you.

AIMEE

Umm...I guess.

DEMETRI

You're sure you're good?

AIMEE

Yeah, I'll be fine.

DEMETRI

Okay. Then, I'll leave you to it.

Demetri reaches down to pick up his case.

AIMEE

Wait! Umm...you know the way...right?

DEMETRI

To get to Key West? I guess.

AIMEE

Could you...could you show me the way?

What the hell is wrong with you?

Aimee hugs herself, holding her things close to her. Protecting herself.

DEMETRI

Really? You want a strange man to follow you through Florida?

AIMEE

I mean, true. I don't really know you-

DEMETRI

(Holds out hand)

Demetri.

Aimee stares at his hand, speechless.

DEMETRI (CONT'D)

Hello, I'm Demetri I like pina coladas and...don't give me that look! It's a good song!

Aimee raises her eyebrow.

DEMETRI (CONT'D)

This is the part where you shake my hand and tell me your name like a polite human being.

AIMEE

Ummm...right... I would have some ground rules.

DEMETRI

(Crosses arms)

Alright. Shoot.

AIMEE

Well, first of all, you walk in front. I'm not sure if I trust having you behind me. No touching me either. Unless I'm, like, in danger or something.

DEMETRI

Okay, I get that. What else?

AIMEE

And we are strangers. Once we reach where I need to go, we go our separate ways. Got it?

DEMETRI

(Over dramatic)

You're breaking my heart, kid. I thought we could be friends.



AIMEE

I'm serious. Will you do it?

Demetri thinks it over for a BEAT before giving Aimee a smirk and a nod.

DEMETRI

I'll do it. Besides, I can't leave a helpless girl like you wander the tracks by herself. Wouldn't be able to live with myself if something happened.

He starts to offer his hand for another handshake, but second guesses it.

DEMETRI (CONT'D)

Wait, you said-

She cautiously takes his hand and shakes it for a moment before quickly retracting it. She hitches her backpack on her shoulder again.

AIMEE

Ready?

Demetri smiles to himself. He opens his case and pulls out his guitar before swinging the case and guitar strap over his shoulder.

DEMETRI

Gladly.

He lightly strums the guitar, striding confidently past Aimee. She quietly follows.

AIMEE

(Reluctant)

I'm Aimee, by the way.

DEMETRI

(Grins)

It's lovely to make your acquaintance, Aimee.

AIMEE

(Rolls eyes)

It's just so you don't keep calling me girl or kid.

He chuckles to himself. He turns on his heel and starts walking backwards.

DEMETRI

I have a question, by the way.

AIMEE

What question?

DEMETRI

Why don't you just get a bus ticket?

AIMEE

(Sigh)

I...I'm looking for someone. And I'm not sure where to look. Just know I need to go South.

Demetri nods. Then he turns forward and begins to strum his guitar.

EXT. TRAIN TRACKS-DAY

Demetri leads the way, singing loudly, as Aimee follows a good distance behind. Aimee groans and covers her ears.

AIMEE

Do you ever stop?

DEMETRI

I eat sometimes.

Demetri continues to play.

AIMEE

I'm seriously starting to regret my life choices. How long am I stuck with you again, Tour Guide from Hell?

DEMETRI

About...a week if we walk 12 hours a day? Could be longer.

AIMEE

I'm not sure I can take your happy hobo self for a week.

DEMETRI

Not a hobo...we actually don't like that term. I personally prefer eccentric drifter.

AIMEE

What about food and a place to sleep-

DEMETRI

Then there's a bus station in the next city. I'm sure you'll save money if you just head straight down to Key West. Nap on the bus. Bathroom in the back.

AIMEE

Well I don't know if Pa-...I mean, I'm not sure if Key West has what I'm looking for. I just know I need to go south.

DEMETRI

Then you should have enough for food and such. We can camp out instead of paying for a hotel in every town.

AIMEE

But we don't have a tent or anything.

DEMETRI

There's this thing called grass. And trees!

AIMEE

Shut up, smart-ass.

Demetri chuckles.

Aimee glares at the back of his head until her stomach GROWLS. She digs into her backpack and pulls out a beaten up PROTEIN BAR.

Demetri looks back at the sound of the wrapper.

DEMETRI

Hey, you wouldn't happen to have another one of those for your gracious guide would you?

Aimee glares at him again. Demetri just shrugs and turns back around. A few seconds later a SECOND PROTEIN BAR smacks him the back of the head.

Demetri picks up the bar, grinning like a child at Christmas.

DEMETRI (CONT'D)  
Yes! Chocolate chip!

Aimee rolls her eyes at his antics, continuing to eat her food in silence. A small grin works its way across her face.

EXT. TRAIN TRACKS-NIGHT

Aimee lets out a loud YAWN. Demetri chuckles.

DEMETRI  
Tired?

AIMEE  
No.

They continue to walk in silence for a BEAT. Aimee yawns again.

DEMETRI  
Okay, bedtime!

AIMEE  
What am I? 5?

DEMETRI  
Nope, but you are-

Aimee yawns a third time.

DEMETRI (CONT'D)  
Tired. That's for sure. And we're not getting anywhere with you dead on your feet.

AIMEE  
Where exactly do you expect-?

Before Aimee can finish her question, Demetri is already making his way past the tree line of the forest beside the tracks. Aimee rushes to follow.

EXT. FOREST-NIGHT

Demetri makes himself comfortable on a fallen LOG. Aimee picks her way through the underbrush. Demetri pats the spot on the log next to him.

DEMETRI  
Home sweet home.

Aimee just glares at him and goes to sit on the ground next to the log.

DEMETRI (CONT'D)

Ant pile.

Aimee shrieks and scrambles to get away from the spot.

A CLOSE UP of the ground shows that there is, in fact, no ant pile. Demetri laughs until he falls off the log.

AIMEE

Are you kidding me?!

Aimee goes back to sit on the ground. She situates herself on the ground, glaring at him.

DEMETRI

Ah, come on now. It was funny.

AIMEE

(Sarcastic)

Yeah... very funny.

Demetri shrugs and leans him back against the log.

DEMETRI

Aww come on. I'm homeless and have to find joy where I can. Look, I'll keep first watch. Make sure no one finds us and steal our stuff.

AIMEE

How do I know you won't just steal my stuff and disappear in the night?

DEMETRI

If I wanted to steal your stuff, it would already be gone. I thought we already established that. Now go to sleep.

Aimee lays down with a huff. It doesn't take long for her to fall asleep.

FADE TO:

EXT. FOREST-MORNING

Morning is just beginning to peak on the horizon as Aimee and Demetri sleep under the trees. Each one uses their backpack as a pillow to sleep on.

Aimee begins to toss and turn, mumbling under her breath as a nightmare begins to take hold of her. Her body tosses and turns on the ground.

CUT TO:

INT. MOLINA RESIDENCE-AIMEE'S BEDROOM-NIGHT-DREAM SEQUENCE

The older Aimee sits on her childhood bed, whimpering. Heavy footsteps can be heard behind her closed door. She knows what is coming.

Chris kicks open the door with a loud BANG and grabs Aimee by the hair, pulling her close to his face. She flinches at the pain and the stench of his breath.

CHRIS

Nobody can help you now. Just like  
nobody could help your momma,  
little bitch.

He tosses her aside like a rag doll and her body slams into the corner of the room. In the other corner JOANNE'S BODY is sprawled with her wide, lifeless eyes staring at Aimee.

Chris's voice continues to echo.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

No one can help you now.

JOANNA

(V.O.)

Aimee.

CHRIS

No one... no one....

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST-NIGHT

Aimee wakes up with a SHRIEK Demetri is kneeling near her feet, his hand shaking her ankle.

DEMETRI

Aimee!

Aimee immediately kicks his hand away.

AIMEE

No touching, remember.

DEMETRI

You okay?

AIMEE

I'm fine.

(Notices the sun)

Come on. The sun is coming up. We need to get going.

DEMETRI

(groans)

But I'm still tired.

AIMEE

Too bad. The sooner you get me to Key West, the sooner you won't have me to wake your sorry ass.

DEMETRI

All right, all right. Jeez, someone woke up on the wrong side of the backpack this morning.

Demetri gets up and stretches. His stomach GRUMBLES loudly.

DEMETRI (CONT'D)

Whoa! Hey! You wouldn't happen to have anymore of those bar things do you?

Aimee throws a granola bar at his head again, only this time he CATCHES it.

DEMETRI (CONT'D)

Thanks, sunshine.

Demetri makes sure everything is organized in his pack before slinging it over his shoulder. He also shoulders his guitar.

DEMETRI (CONT'D)

I think there's a town nearby. We should stop there for a while, earn some extra cash, get some snacks. Start back on the tracks tomorrow.

AIMEE

And how do you expect to earn money again? Because I don't think people are looking to hire a hobo-

DEMETRI

Not a hobo.

AIMEE

For a day.

DEMETRI

Relax, I have a plan.

AIMEE

And what is your plan?

EMETRI

Don't worry. I'm not going to be your pimp or anything.

AIMEE

I didn't say-

DEMETRI

You're going to be my pimp!

Demetri jokingly grins as he walks around her. He begins to lead the way to where he thinks the next town is.

DEMETRI (CONT'D)

Who knows! Maybe you'll find what you're looking for there.

Aimee slowly pulls out a piece of paper out of her pocket and looks at it. It is a photo of Patrick from the newspaper. She smiles down at it.

AIMEE

Maybe I will.

EXT. TOWN STREETS-DAY

The pair enter a SMALL TOWN. The buildings show signs of recent renovations and the streets are busy with tourists and shoppers.

Aimee follows as Demetri walks aimlessly around. He focuses on different street corners, but eventually shakes his head at each one.

AIMEE

What exactly are you looking for?

DEMETRI

I'll know it when I see it. Just trust me.

AIMEE

I don't trust you. And yet... here we are.



DEMETRI  
Do you sing?

AIMEE  
What?

DEMETRI  
Do you sing?

AIMEE  
Why do you want to-

DEMETRI  
Ah ha!

Demetri's eyes brighten as they approach a large PARK where a COMMUNITY FAIR is taking place. A FOOD TRUCK sit on the street, busy serving to the hungry crowd.

DEMETRI (CONT'D)  
Perfect! Hey, grab me a burger from that truck over there while I set up, will you? No pickles.

AIMEE  
They look kind of pricey. Shouldn't we get something-...Wait, set up what?

But Demetri is already walking into the park, a skip to his step.

AIMEE (CONT'D)  
Demetri!

DEMETRI  
No pickles!

Aimee rolls her eyes. Her stomach growls and she walks over to the food trucks with a huff.

She pulls out Patrick's picture and is struck with an idea. She starts stopping a few people on her way to the truck.

AIMEE  
Excuse me? Have you seen this man?  
Excuse me?

EXT. CITY PARK-FOOD TRUCK-DAY

Aimee steps up to the ordering window and holds up the photo.

A RADIO is playing the NEWS in the window.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (O.S.)  
Hurricane Christopher looks like it  
will make landfall next Saturday.  
Already a Category 1, experts  
predict that it could grow to a  
Category 3-

AIMEE  
Have you seen this man?

FOOD TRUCK WORKER  
Hmmm...can't say I have. But I see  
a lot of people.

AIMEE  
(Sighs)  
Thanks.

FOOD TRUCK WORKER  
Can I get you anything else?

Aimee glances at the menu, weighing out the different prices.

AIMEE  
Um, yeah. Two burgers please. One  
with no pickles.

EXT. CITY PARK-DAY

Aimee now carries two greasy brown paper BAGS in one hand and counts the change in her other hand.

The strumming of a guitar and a smooth BARITONE begins to echo through the park and breaks Aimee's concentration.

AIMEE'S POV

Demetri is now set up in a corner of the park, gleefully playing his guitar and SINGING, attracting the attention of guests. The crowd is completely engaged in Demetri's performance. He is in his element.

Aimee slows her pace as she approaches the growing crowd, doing her best to stay on the outer edge close to Demetri.

Aimee looks down to see several people putting spare CHANGE into his hat on the ground in front of him.

As his song draws to a close, the crowd APPLAUDS. Demetri bows and thanks the crowd.

DEMETRI

Thank you, everyone! Thank you!  
 (Spots Aimee)  
 Aimee, my savior! She comes baring  
 food.

Aimee snaps out of her amazement and approaches him, holding out one of the paper bags.

A few more people put money into the hat as the crowd  
 SCATTERS.

A HIPSTER GIRL is the last one to step up, but she pauses as she gets a good look at Demetri's face.

HIPSTER GIRL

Hey, are you.....didn't you  
 release an EP or something a few...

DEMETRI

(Chuckles)  
 Sorry, sweetheart. I'm not that  
 ambitious. Just makin' a few bucks  
 for dinner.

HIPSTER GIRL

You just look so familiar.

DEMETRI

Got one of those faces.  
 (Picks up his hat)  
 I'd love to chat more, but my  
 stomach calls.

The Hipster Girl shakes her head again, but walks away. Aimee looks curiously at Demetri.

AIMEE

What was that all about?

DEMETRI

People thinking I'm better than I  
 am. Now, FOOD!

AIMEE

Yeah, yeah.

They two of them take their lunches and find a shady place in the grass to eat.

DEMETRI

So...what did you think?

AIMEE

About what?

DEMETRI

My performance! What did you think?

AIMEE

It was okay... I guess.

DEMETRI

You guess?! That's not what your face said.

AIMEE

Eat your pickle-less burger before I take it back.

They both open their bags and begin to dig into their lunch. Demetri pulls his hat closer and counts as he bites into his burger.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY PARK-30 MINUTES LATER

Aimee and Demetri sit under a tree looking pleasantly full. They both have their guitars out. Demetri helps Aimee tune her guitar.

DEMETRI

You never answered my question earlier?

AIMEE

About me singing? Yeah, I don't sing.

DEMETRI

Oh, come on now. What about those lyrics you keep writing in that old book?

AIMEE

They're not song lyrics. They're just poems. And they're private.

DEMETRI

And that guitar of your's? You were meant to be a musician.

Aimee looks at the guitar in her arms.

AIMEE

This? It's not mine. I mean I've messed around a bit, but I never really learned.

DEMETRI

Well, no time like the present. So, we have a few basic chords such as...

Demetri strikes a cord. Aimee mimics his finger placement. She strikes a cord of her own.

DEMETRI (CONT'D)

Good. Now-

The two move through the cords twice as Aimee gets the hang of it.

DEMETRI (CONT'D)

There you go! Try this.

Demetri plays a few simple chords of a song. Aimee smiles as she repeats it. Demetri chuckles as he stands.

DEMETRI (CONT'D)

Great! Now, are you ready?

AIMEE

(Mild panic)

Ready for what?

DEMETRI

Don't worry! Just keep playing those cords and I will do the rest.

Demetri begins playing something more advanced on his guitar as Aimee reluctantly stands. His complicated chords blend seamlessly with her simple ones. Aimee fumbles a little, but continues.

A few peoples take notice and make their way towards the duo.

DEMETRI (CONT'D)

(To the crowd)

Feel free to join in if you know it.

Demetri sings the opening lines of a verse. Aimee perks up, recognizing the melody. She hesitantly harmonize with him, SINGING loud enough that Demetri can hear her. His smile widens.

Their voices blend together a beautiful duet. A new CROWD begins to form around their little spot as their singing carry across the park. Aimee is nervous at first, but relaxes as she sees everyone wrapped up in the lyrics of the song.

As they finish the song, the crowd cheer and begin to place tips in Demetri's hat as they wander away. Demetri grins at Aimee.

AIMEE

Oh, shut up.

DEMETRI

I didn't say anything.

AIMEE

But you were gonna.

DEMETRI

You were the one who said you couldn't sing. I wasn't sure you were going to know that song either.

AIMEE

What kind of music did you think I listen to?

DEMETRI

You know. That teeny-bopper pop shit.

AIMEE

(Rolls eyes)

That stuff is crap.

DEMETRI

Then what do you like?

AIMEE

I don't know. Lots of stuff. My dad collected a lot of CDs, then Pat-....my brother, he took over after dad died.

They go quiet for a BEAT at the mention of her dad.

DEMETRI

Sorry about your dad, kid.

AIMEE

Thanks....And I'm not a kid.

Demetri smirks.

INT. DINER-NIGHT

Aimee and Demetri sit across from each other in the booth of a mom-and-pop diner. Demetri is counting the money from inside his hat.

DEMETRI

Thirty-three dollars and...eighty-five cents. Not bad for a day's work.

WAITRESS, mid-20's, approaches the table.

WAITRESS

Can I get you anything?

Demetri pulls up the menu and skims, having not looked yet.

DEMETRI

Hmm... Can I have eggs, bacon, grits, and a cup of coffee. Aimee?

AIMEE

(hesitant)

Um, I think I'll have...

Aimee looks up at the waitress, only for her eye to wander towards a TV just over the woman's shoulder.

CLOSE ON TV: A NEWS REPORT plays with the headline, STATEWIDE HUNT FOR MURDER SUSPECT CONTINUES. A MUGSHOT of Patrick comes up on the screen. Underneath the headline there is a caption reading "LAST SEEN IN JUPITER, FLORIDA."

DEMETRI

Aimee? Aimee!

AIMEE

What?

Demetri looks between Aimee and the waitress, the waitress looking impatient.

AIMEE (CONT'D)

I think I'll just have a bowl of oatmeal with some brown sugar and a cup of water, please

WAITRESS

Be right up.

The waitress walks away to put in the order. Aimee's knee is bouncing under the table as she looks up at the TV again.

The news anchor is now reporting on HURRICANE CHRISTOPHER and the preparations Floridians are taking.

DEMETRI

Good idea. Oatmeal sticks to your bones.

AIMEE

Whatever.

Aimee wedges herself in the corner of the booth.

DEMETRI

You okay kid?

AIMEE

Told you not to call me kid.

DEMETRI

Aimee-

AIMEE

How far is Jupiter?

DEMETRI

About 365 million miles.

AIMEE

What-....I meant the town, dip shit. How do you even know that off the top of your head?

DEMETRI

(Shrugs)

I play guitar and I know things. Why do you want to go to Jupiter, anyhow?

AIMEE

I...it seems interesting, I guess.

DEMETRI

Really? Jupiter?

AIMEE

Yeah, it's... not far from Palm Beach and....it's named after a planet...

DEMETRI

Okay, but I thought you wanted to go to Key West?



AIMEE

We can stop in Jupiter along the...  
I don't have to explain myself to  
you. You wanted to come with me for  
some God-forsaken reason. I'll just  
go on my own.

Aimee moves to leave the table, but Demetri catches her  
wrist. She quickly yanks it from his grip, but doesn't leave.

DEMETRI

Hey, look, can we just-

Demetri motions between the table and the waitress who is  
walking up behind Aimee with coffee and water. She looks at  
Aimee with a worried expression.

WAITRESS

You okay, honey?

AIMEE

I.....yeah.

Aimee sits back in her seat as the waitress sets down the  
cups. The waitress places a napkin next to Aimee's water with  
writing on it: *Are you in trouble? Yes or No?*

Aimee looks up at the waitress then back to Demetri who is  
happily drinking his coffee.

She glares at him then sighs. She taps *No*. The waitress nods.

EXT. TRAIN TRACKS-NIGHT

A train blurs past, horn blaring. As the last car speeds  
past, we see our duo work their way back onto towards the  
tracks.

Demetri turns, walking backwards so he can chat with Aimee  
while still sticking to her rules.

DEMETRI

Is it okay for me to ask what  
you're looking for? Or is it  
against the rules?

AIMEE

Yeah, no.

DEMETRI

But what if I wanted to help look?

Aimee sighs and quietly thinks for a BEAT.

DEMETRI (CONT'D)  
It's okay if you don't-

AIMEE  
(Whispered)  
My brother.

DEMETRI  
Your-

AIMEE  
I need to find him and he always  
wanted to go to Key West.

DEMETRI  
And Jupiter?

AIMEE  
I'm not sure where he stopped.  
Figured I'd just... go to a few  
towns. See if I can find him.

DEMETRI  
And if he's not there?

AIMEE  
(Shrugs)  
What about you?

DEMETRI  
What about me?

AIMEE  
You're a good musician. Why are you  
following a teenage girl around,  
playing street corners for spare  
change? Can't you play in a studio  
or something?

DEMETRI  
Now who's digging?

AIMEE  
(Shrugs)  
Only fair. You started it.

DEMETRI  
....There's a million guitar  
players like me. It's hard to find  
work.

AIMEE  
I don't buy that. You're good.  
Like, really good.

DEMETRI

(Over Dramatic)

I have a wandering soul. It refuses to be tethered down.

AIMEE

So you're homeless and smell like a dumpster because you like it?

DEMETRI

I'll have you know, I do not smell-

Aimee glares at him for a BEAT. He hesitantly goes to sniff under his arm and flinches back.

DEMETRI (CONT'D)

Okay, I smell a little.

AIMEE

Mhmm. So, you play for pennies because you like it?

DEMETRI

I wouldn't say it like that. Don't get me wrong, I love it, but there's something... therapeutic about playing your heart out to someone, even a stranger. I tried going the pro route, but it...it didn't end well. Anyways, I couldn't stomach white collar boredom either.

AIMEE

So you became a guitar playing hobo?

Demetri laughs and nods.

DEMETRI

You know, we'll probably reach another town in a few hours. We can swing in, earn a bit more cash.

AIMEE

Ugh... more singing?

DEMETRI

Come on. You enjoyed it.

AIMEE

You're delusional.

DEMETRI

You just don't want to admit you're starting to like me.

AIMEE

We've known each other for two days.

DEMETRI

It only takes 5 minutes to make a new friend.

Aimee rolls her eyes. She unconsciously grins.

EXT. SMALL TOWN STREETS-NIGHT

Aimee and Demetri wander through the streets of another small town. A few people wander around, but most of the town seems to be tucked in for the night.

AIMEE

So, Mr. Music Man, what do we do now? You're the expert. Do we find a park bench to sleep on for the night? A homeless shelter? Murder a junkie in a dark alley?

Demetri, not paying attention to Aimee's commentary, veers off in the direction of a BAR down the block. A neon sign reading "THE SEAGULL" glows over the door, casting a red glow over the bar people chatting outside.

DEMETRI

Aimee, check this out.

AIMEE

I don't think you can sleep in a bar. Or, if you do, it's highly frowned upon.

DEMETRI

Not that.

Demetri runs to the bar and dramatically gestures to the poster. It's advertising a weekly OPEN MIC NIGHT with a cash prize.

DEMETRI (CONT'D)

THAT!

AIMEE

An open mic?

DEMETRI

Yeah! The two of us singing, my guitar skills, you....strumming along. It'll be great!

AIMEE

I think you're forgetting the part where I'm 17. And it's bar. They won't let me in.

DEMETRI

Don't you have a fake ID or something? No? That's okay. I can work with that.

Demetri looks around, trying to come up with an answer when he suddenly spots something in the distance.

Without thinking, he takes her hand and starts to lead her in the opposite direction. She rips her hand out of his grip.

AIMEE

Hey! No touching. Remember?

DEMETRI

Sorry. Come on! I've got an idea.

Demetri is already jogging ahead while Aimee just stares at him in confusion.

CUT TO:

INT. THRIFT STORE-NIGHT

Demetri is looking through a rack of clothes. Occasionally, he holds something up to a very annoyed looking Aimee only to shake his head and put it back.

AIMEE

Aren't we supposed to be saving money?

DEMETRI

Sometimes you have to spend money to make money. Besides, we'll never get you in looking like that.

AIMEE

We'll have less money if we lose. Money we can use for, I don't know, FOOD!

DEMETRI  
We're not going to lose.

AIMEE  
Really? What makes you so sure?

DEMETRI  
I'm thinking positively. Now, you keep looking here. I'm going to check the dresses.

AIMEE  
What am I looking for, exactly?

DEMETRI  
Something that will make you look 19.

Aimee eyes the rack of clothes dubiously.

AIMEE  
And how am I supposed to-

She looks up to see Demetri is already across the store.

AIMEE (CONT'D)  
You don't even know my size!

DEMETRI  
Don't worry. I've got it.

Aimee shakes her head and goes back to look at the clothes. She pulls out a SHIRT and looks at it curiously.

CUT TO:

INT. THRIFT STORE-NIGHT-A FEW MINUTES LATER

Aimee walks out of a DRESSING ROOM, now dressed in a mini-skirt, halter top, and heels looking extremely uncomfortable. She goes looking for Demetri, stumbling every couple of steps in the heels. The outfit makes her look like a girl playing dress up.

AIMEE  
Demetri?

She finds him on the edge of a TOY section, staring at a little DOLL smiling on the shelf. He seems unaware of anything around him.

AIMEE (CONT'D)  
Demetri...hello?

She waves her hand in front of his face and he suddenly snaps out of his stupor. He looks her up and down before shaking his head.

DEMETRI  
Definitely not.

AIMEE  
You said I should look older.

DEMETRI  
Is that a scrap of fabric you just found laying around?

AIMEE  
(Sarcastic)  
Okay dad.

The word "dad" hangs heavily in the air. They stare at each other with wide eyes.

Demetri pulls a dress out from behind him and hands it to her.

DEMETRI  
Here. Try this on.

AIMEE  
Yeah, sure.

Aimee takes the dress from him and nearly jogs to the dressing rooms. She closes the curtain with a SNAP.

Demetri moves towards the dressing rooms to wait when he spies a LEATHER JACKET. It's a little aged and covered in patches. He pulls it off rack just as Aimee steps out in a short BOHO DRESS. Demetri smiles.

SHOP WORKER (O.S.)  
Yo! We close in 10!

DEMETRI  
Almost done!  
(To Aimee)  
One more thing.

He offers the jacket and she slips her arms into it. He turns her towards a nearby mirror and she looks skeptically at her reflection.

AIMEE  
I guess I look a little different.

DEMETRI

Um, excuse you! You look awesome.  
All we need is some make up and  
some scissors and we're in  
business!

Demetri is already walking towards the counter when Aimee  
snaps her gaze from the mirror.

AIMEE

Demetri, how much is this going  
to...wait, SCISSORS?

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND THE SEAGULL-NIGHT

Aimee is sitting on a dirty crate with a plastic convenience  
store BAG open at her feet, MAKE-UP peeking out from it. Her  
make-up is already done up with smoky eyes and bright lips.  
She looks a bit older.

Above her, Demetri is snipping away at her hair.

AIMEE

(Sarcastic)

Oh, yeah, a makeover in a smelly  
alley is what every girl needs to  
feel grown up.

DEMETRI

Oh, shut up. I'm concentrating.

AIMEE

How did you convince me to let you  
do this again?

DEMETRI

Same time you promised me your  
first-born child.

AIMEE

Fuck you, Rumpelstiltskin.

DEMETRI

Now, now. Don't curse the man with  
your hair in his hands.

AIMEE

(Mutters)

It's just hair. It'll grow back.

DEMETRI

Done! Check it out.



Demetri holds up a small MIRROR for Aimee's inspection. It's now cut in a shaggy bob that just barely sweeps her shoulder.

AIMEE

You know...I don't look half bad.

DEMETRI

Better yet, you look just slightly over 18. Now, come on. Let's go!

Demetri quickly picks everything off the ground and stuffs it into Aimee's bag. Then, he grabs her hand and drags her out of the alley.

AIMEE

Hey just because I let you touch my hair, does not mean we have elevated to hand holding!

INT. THE SEAGULL BAR-NIGHT

Aimee follows Demetri into the bar. She keeps close to the back of Demetri's shoulder.

The bar is full of people, many gathered around a small wooden STAGE listening to a SINGER perform.

Demetri guides her over to the bar and sits her on a stool.

DEMETRI

Stay here. I'm going to see about signing us up.

Aimee opens her mouth for a snappy response, but Demetri has already disappeared in the direction of the stage. Aimee taps the bar top, her eyes constantly moving to survey the people around her.

BARTENDER (O.S.)

You want something?

Aimee looks up to see a BARTENDER approaching her.

AIMEE

Umm...Water would be fine. Thanks.

He goes to pick up the glass, but pauses when he gives her a second glance.

BARTENDER

What's a young thing like you doing here?

AIMEE

Psh...I'm...not like I'm asking for  
a drink or any-...I'm 18.

DEMETRI (O.S.)

Aimee! Get over here!

Aimee looks to see Demetri waving her over to the side of the stage where he's talking to someone. She turns back to the bartender, smiling nervously.

AIMEE

I'm just gonna...yep.

She quickly hops off the stool and makes her way across the room to Demetri.

When she reaches him, he pulls her into his side with an arm around her shoulders. She stiffens. Next to him stands CONNOR, the stage manager for the bar.

DEMETRI

Aimee, this is Connor. Connor this  
is my baby sister, Aimee.

AIMEE

Sis-

DEMETRI

Connor has been kind enough to let  
us perform next.

AIMEE

Next?

DEMETRI

Don't want to keep you up too late.

AIMEE

Next!

CONNOR

It's a slim set tonight and the  
other guy is running late. You two  
can warm up backstage if you want.  
You're on in 10 after this guy's  
set.

DEMETRI

Fantastic! Come on, sis!

Demetri pulls her through a moth eaten curtain off to the side of the stage.

## INT. THE SEAGULL BAR-BACKSTAGE-NIGHT

The backstage area is cramped with layer upon layer of concert posters glued to the walls. A few instrument cases and boxes are piled in a corner.

Aimee immediately pulls away from Demetri and starts pacing.

AIMEE

Sister? Really?

DEMETRI

I would have said you were my daughter, but the math just doesn't work.

Aimee rolls her eyes.

## INT. THE SEAGULL BAR-STAGE-NIGHT

A MUSICIAN finishes his set before taking a bow and EXITING the stage. The owner of the bar, JOE, steps on stage. He's a quirky-looking old man with a carefree smile.

JOE

Thank you, George! Wasn't he great? Now, our next act is a brother/sister duo. Please welcome Demetri and Aimee Eury.

Demetri guides Aimee on stage. She looks nervously out at the crowd.

Demetri sits down at a stool, adjusting one of the two MICROPHONES in front of him. Aimee steps up to the other mic with her guitar, wincing at the brightness of the spotlight.

Her breathing starts to increase. White noise buzzes in her ears.

DEMETRI

(Muffled by static)

Hi, everyone. Like he said, I'm Demetri and this lovely lady is Aimee. Hope you like our style.

Demetri starts to strum his guitar, ready to start the song. Aimee is frozen in place. Her fingers hover over the guitar strings, shaking. She barely blinks.

DEMETRI (CONT'D)

(Whispered)

Aimee...Aimee...

He stops strumming to reach out for her wrist. The white noise abruptly STOPS. She pulls it away, but it's enough to bring her attention back to reality.

DEMETRI (CONT'D)  
Are you okay?

AIMEE  
...Yeah...Yeah, I'm fine.

DEMETRI  
You did this before in the park.  
Just take a deep breath-

AIMEE  
I said, I'm fine. Okay? Just...  
just start over. I'll get it this  
time.

Demetri nods and starts at the top again. This time Aimee SINGS the opening. She starts out shaky, but the further she gets into the song, the more confident she becomes. At the chorus, Demetri joins her. The audience looks entranced.

As they finish their first song, the room cheers.

Aimee looks at Demetri in shock and laughs to herself. He just grins and tunes his guitar for the next song.

DEMETRI  
(Crowd)  
Alright, alright, next song then!

INT. THE SEAGULL BAR-DINING AREA-NIGHT

Aimee and Demetri eat at a table in the back of the bar.

DEMETRI  
You did good kid.

AIMEE  
(Shrugs)  
I guess.

DEMETRI  
You guess? We were great! Have fun?

AIMEE  
Well, yeah it was fun, but-

DEMETRI  
No buts. As long as you're having  
fun, that's all that matters.

Demetri takes another bite of his food. Aimee looks at him curiously.

                  AIMEE  
Why are you helping me?

                  DEMETRI  
I told you. I don't like the idea  
of a helpless girl-

                  AIMEE  
          (Mutters)  
I'm not helpless.

                  DEMETRI  
-Traveling alone. Getting lost-

                  AIMEE  
Wasn't lost.

                  DEMETRI  
-In the American wilderness or,  
worse, get hurt by some stranger-

                  AIMEE  
Says the stranger.

                  DEMETRI  
-And end up dead in a ditch  
somewhere. Do you have to interrupt  
me?

Aimee smirks as she takes another bite of her food.

                  AIMEE  
I'm supposed to be your sister,  
right?

Demetri laughs and shakes his head.

                  DEMETRI  
          (Mutters)  
You remind me more of my daughter,  
sometimes. It's ridiculous.

Aimee looks startled by this information. Demetri, on the other hand, keeps eating mindlessly.

                  AIMEE  
You have a daughter?

                  DEMETRI  
What?

Demetri bolts upright in his chair as he realizes what he just said. The two stare at each other for a BEAT.

The loud ringing of the microphone's feedback echoes through the bar.

JOE

Hello, hello? Hey, everyone. If I can have all of our musicians up on stage please? It's time for the results.

DEMETRI

That's our cue!

Demetri quickly starts to make his way to the stage, Aimee following in his wake.

INT. THE SEAGULL BAR-STAGE-NIGHT

Aimee and Demetri stand with three other acts on stage as Joe walks back and forth up on the edge of the stage.

JOE

Alright! Well you've seen all of our acts tonight and it's time to decide who deserves our wonderful prize and an encore. Is it...

He places his hand over the head of the older soloist.

JOE (CONT'D)

George Crane?

There is a smattering of applause from the audience. A perky female soloist.

JOE (CONT'D)

Or maybe it's little Lily here?  
Wasn't she great?

Another smattering of applause echoes through the bar. Joe then moves on to the quartet standing next to Demetri and Aimee.

JOE (CONT'D)

It could always be our homegrown  
Tall Pines!

There is a large round of applause for the band. They are obviously the favorites of the town.

As Joe makes his way to Demetri and Aimee at the end of the line, Aimee unconsciously reaches out for Demetri's hand, gripping it nervously.

JOE (CONT'D)  
I know, they're awesome right? And last, but certainly not least, we have Aimee and Demetri Eury!

Another round of applause, this one slightly louder than before. Aimee looks surprised, a smile slowly blooming across her face.

JOE (CONT'D)  
Well, looks like we have a winner.

Joe pulls an envelope out of his back pocket and hands it to Demetri with a handshake. Joe pulls Demetri into his side and Demetri pulls Aimee into his as a BARTENDER takes a photo of the three.

Aimee is temporarily blinded by the flash. She looks up, trying to blink out the blur out of her eyes, and glances at a TV in the back of the bar playing the news.

We can hear Demetri and Joe speaking in the background, but their voices are faded.

DEMETRI  
Could I get a copy of that?

The MUG SHOT OF CHRIS suddenly appears on the screen. He is clearly glaring at the camera. A row of stitches winds it's way down his temple. The headline below his picture reads: MURDERER SENTENCED.

Suddenly, all of the noise in the bar blurs into WHITE NOISE. We hear CHRIS'S VOICE echoing through Aimee's head.

CHRIS (V.O.)  
Come out, little girl. It's just you and me, now. No one will care what happens to you. No one can help you.

Aimee stumbles away. Demetri tries to call out to her, but she can't hear him.

CHRIS (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
No one can help...

She rushes off the stage and out a nearby EMERGENCY EXIT.

## EXT. ALLEY BEHIND THE SEAGULL-NIGHT

Aimee rushes into the alley. The white noise cuts off and she is only surrounded by the distant chatter of bar patrons and the murmur of cicadas.

She leans her forehead against the bricks trying to catch her breath. Demetri follows after her, trying to comfort her.

DEMETRI

Hey. What's wrong? Are you okay?

AIMEE

Don't touch me!

DEMETRI

Aimee.

AIMEE

I said don't touch me!

Demetri backs away with his hands up.

DEMETRI

Okay, okay. Just tell me what's wrong.

AIMEE

Nothing. I just...I'm not feeling well okay? Can we just go?

DEMETRI

Sure. Just let me thank the guy okay? Why don't you freshen up in the bathroom before we go?

Aimee nods and hesitantly walks towards the bathroom.

## INT. THE SEAGULL BAR-BATHROOM

Aimee splashes water on her face and stares at her reflection in the mirror. She runs her hands through her hair.

AIMEE

(Sigh)

Calm down, Aimee.

The door to the bathroom BANGS open, scaring her. She quickly pivots to face the door and backs herself in the corner between the wall and the sink.

A WOMAN's hand gently grasps Aimee's shoulder. Aimee gasps as she looks up at the woman, a late 20's bar patron.



WOMAN

Are you okay?

AIMEE

Yeah, I'm fine.

WOMAN

You sure? Did you have anything to drink? Could it-?

AIMEE

I'm fine.

Aimee pushes herself off of the wall and turns off the faucet.

WOMAN

Hey, aren't you that singer? The one with the brother.

AIMEE

I...yeah.

WOMAN

You were really good! Have either of you done anything, like, professional? I swear I've heard his voice-

AIMEE

Thanks, but...no, we've never...he never...I have to go.

Aimee, still a little shaken, rushes out of the bathroom. The woman stares at the door, confused.

EXT. TRAIN TRACKS-NIGHT

Aimee and Demetri are walking just outside of town. They wander over to the exposed train tracks and start walking alongside them. Demetri tries to balance on one side of the tracks.

DEMETRI

You okay back there? You've been pretty quiet.

AIMEE

Yeah. Yeah. Just...shaking off the nerves, I guess.

DEMETRI

I get it. It can be scary up there.

AIMEE

Sure.

Demetri looks over his shoulder and sees Aimee messing with a thread on her sweater. He starts to strum on his guitar again.

AIMEE (CONT'D)

Can you not?

He hits a sour note. They continue to walk in silence for a BEAT.

DEMETRI

Mary.

AIMEE

Are you forgetting my name now,  
old-

DEMETRI

My daughter. The one I mentioned at  
the bar. Her name was Mary.

Amelia stops in her tracks and looks at him curiously.

DEMETRI (CONT'D)

I know you might not think you can,  
Aimee, but you can trust me. You  
are obviously running from  
something. Or maybe running towards  
it. I don't know. But if you need  
help or an ear...I'm here.

Aimee just stares at him in disbelief. He smiles kindly at her and continues to walk down the tracks.

DEMETRI (CONT'D)

Are we walking to Jupiter or not?  
Because there's no point of me  
going if you're not following.

Aimee hesitantly nods her head before taking a small step forward. Then another. And another.

AIMEE

(Whispered)

I'm not running from anything.

Once she reaches Demetri's side, he continues to walk, falling into place in front of her.

EXT. TRAIN TRACKS-DAY

Demetri and Aimee walk along the track. Demetri's walking backwards as he strums the guitar. Aimee starts to SING with him. It's an upbeat folk song.

The song plays over the MONTAGE.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAIN TRACKS-DAY

Demetri and Aimee wait for a train to finish passing by. They can be seen between the cars.

EXT. TRAIN TRACKS-NIGHT

Aimee and Demetri sneak onto a stopped train car.

INT. TRAIN CAR-NIGHT

Aimee and Demetri relax in the train car. Demetri plays his guitar while Aimee sits nearby.

She writes some poetry in the margins of her map book.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE-DAY

Demetri shops for supplies like protein bars and water in a small CONVENIENCE STORE. He brings it to the counter.

As the CLERK begins to check out the items, a small box of GUITAR PICKS capture his eyes. He adds it to his pile and hands the clerk some cash.

Nearby, Aimee eyes the MAGAZINES. On the top of a stand of NEWSPAPERS, a picture of EVAN stares up at the ceiling with the HEADLINE: "STILL NO ARREST."

EXT. RESTAURANT-DAY

Aimee stands in front of a RESTAURANT, approaching different couples with a picture of Patrick, asking if they've seen them.

In the background, Demetri is performing. He glances at Aimee.

EXT. PARK-NIGHT

Demetri sleeps sitting up on a BENCH, his head propped on the back. Aimee sleeps with her head on his shoulder, clutching her backpack to her chest.

EXT. PARK-DAY

Aimee and Demetri perform in a park, attracting some attention. Aimee spies a LITTLE GIRL who looks particularly amazed by the performance. Aimee goes over and brings the little girl in to dance with her in front of the crowd.

The child goes back to her mother. For a moment, Aimee sees the younger version of herself running into Joanna's arms. She blinks and reality returns.

INT. RESTAURANT-NIGHT

The restaurant is filled with patrons of all ages, laughing and chatting around the room. Most of their attention is centered on the stage. POSTERS hang on either side advertising a weekly OPEN MIC NIGHT.

On stage, Aimee and Demetri are performing the END of a SONG. As they finish, there's scattered applause throughout the room. The two bow to the audience before stepping off the stage.

The MC ENTERS.

MC

Alright, alright! Let's give another round of applause to Aimee and Demetri!

A WOLF WHISTLE echoes through the room at Aimee's entrance from backstage, alarming her. Demetri gently guides her towards a table.

MC (CONT'D)

(Chuckles)

Now, you don't want to go angering her brother. Remember, if you liked this act, their fish bowl is at the bar and ready for tips. Each of our performers will receive these at the end of the night. You can be sure they'll appreciate your contribution. Next up, we have-

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT - 3 HOURS LATER

The MC counts the TIP MONEY as he places each bill in Demetri's hand.

MC  
98...99...\$100. Not bad you two.  
You were one of our most popular  
tonight.

DEMETRI  
Thank you so much. We had a lot of  
fun.

Demetri hands the cash to Aimee and she stuffs it in her pocket.

MC  
My pleasure.  
(Eyeing Aimee)  
And you have quite the voice,  
little lady. Keep up the good work.

AIMEE  
Thanks.

DEMETRI  
Well, we need to get going. Can't  
keep her up all night.

AIMEE  
I'm just going to go to use the  
bathroom before we head out. Okay?

DEMETRI  
I'll meet you outside.

Aimee leaves. The two men shake hands.

MC  
Seems like a good kid.

DEMETRI  
Yeah, she's alright.

MC  
You guys have safe shelter for the  
storm?

DEMETRI  
Storm?

MC  
 (Chuckles)  
 Have you not been watching the  
 news?

EXT. BAR-NIGHT

Demetri exits the bar and leans against the wall near the door, waiting for Aimee to join him. A trio of TOUGH GUYS also exit the bar and claim a spot on the opposite side of the door.

Demetri takes a deep breath. He can't help overhearing the conversation going on next to him.

TOUGH GUY 1  
 Did you see that girl on stage  
 tonight?

TOUGH GUY 2  
 Which one?

TOUGH GUY 1  
 The pixie chick. The singer one.

TOUGH GUY 3  
 Oh yeah, she was a hot piece of  
 ass.

TOUGH GUY 2  
 The one with the brother? Dude,  
 what I would give for an hour with  
 that one.

TOUGH GUY 1  
 Bet you wouldn't even last that  
 long. She probably has a tight-

Demetri marches over and quickly has the 1st guy in a choke hold, pushed against the wall.

DEMETRI  
 Don't you dare finish that  
 sentence.

The 2nd guy punches Demetri in the stomach, causing him to stumble backwards and release his hold. The 2nd and 3rd guy hold his arms. He struggles, but can't get out of their grip.

TOUGH GUY 1  
 Think you can tell me what to do,  
 you punk ass bitch.

DEMETRI

You can't talk that way about-

The 1st guy punches him in the face.

TOUGH GUY 1

I can talk however I want.

The guy tilts Demetri's face up into the light of the bar sign.

TOUGH GUY 1 (CONT'D)

Well, look here, boys. It's the pixie chick's brother. He don't look so good.

TOUGH GUY 2

Maybe his sister needs someone else to take her home.

TOUGH GUY 3

We'll take good care of her.

Demetri's anger gets the better of him as he breaks the guys' hold, taking them by surprise. It doesn't take long before two of the guys are groaning on the ground and Demetri is sitting on top of their ringleader, Tough Guy 1, landing punch after punch.

Aimee EXITS the bar and STOPS in shock as she takes in the growing CROWD of spectators watching Demetri. She watches as a POLICE OFFICER runs up and pulls Demetri off the now unconscious stranger.

As the officer begins to handcuff Demetri, Aimee breaks out of her stupor.

POLICE OFFICER

You have a right to remain silent.  
Anything you say can and will-

AIMEE

Demetri...Demetri!

POLICE OFFICER

You have a right to an attorney.

AIMEE

Wait! Officer, wait that...that's-

The officer guides Demetri to a waiting car, reading him his rights, as Aimee struggles to catch up through the building crowd of bystanders.

The police officer puts Demetri into the back of the car. When Demetri sees Aimee trying to push through the crowd, he shakes his head. A warning for her to stay away.

She stops herself before she can pull the officer's attention.

Aimee can only stare after the car as it drives off into the night.

One of the tough guys stumbles up next to her and tries to wrap his arm around her. She flinches away, but steels herself enough to push him away. He tries to grin, but it is ruined by his swelling upper lip.

TOUGH GUY 2

Need a ride home, sweetheart?

He tries to touch her again. She instinctually hits him in the stomach. It is just enough for him to stumble onto his butt.

TOUGH GUY 2 (CONT'D)

Bitch!

Aimee spies Demetri's things nearby. She picks them up and rushes off in the direction the cop car drove towards.

INT. POLICE STATION-NIGHT-AN HOUR LATER

Aimee paces the waiting room, trying to calm her nerves. She looks at a CLOCK on the wall: 4:00 A.M. She paces again.

In the background, the NEWS CHANNEL plays on the TV.

NEWS REPORTER

In other news, a local man  
arrested for the murder of his wife  
and child-

AIMEE

(To Officer)

Could you turn that off or mute it,  
please? It's giving me a headache.

The officer takes a remote from behind the desk and MUTES it.

With a SIGH, Aimee turns her back on the TV and the rest of the waiting room. She looks at the wall of POSTERS instead, trying to find something to do.

She stares at a board of MISSING PERSONS where she sees her face peering back at her, slightly covered by another poster.



Aimee looks over her shoulder to see that the officer is focused on the computer. Aimee quickly pulls her own poster down, crumbles it, and throws it into a nearby TRASH CAN.

She turns back to the waiting room and begins to pace again. She looks up at the TV and FREEZES.

A headline begins to scroll across the screen: ARREST MADE IN MIAMI MURDER CASE. It is accompanied by the picture of Evan.

Demetri ENTERS the lobby, straightening himself off and walking up behind her. She doesn't notice, too focused on the screen. He puts his hand on her shoulder and she jumps.

DEMETRI  
Hey, you alright?

Aimee shrugs off his hand and picks up her bags.

AIMEE  
I need a computer.

She EXITS the station in a rush with Demetri trying to catch up to her heels.

EXT. LIBRARY-NIGHT

The sun is just beginning to peak over the horizon as Aimee and Demetri sit side by side on a bench. He is asleep with his head laying on her shoulder. Aimee bounces her knee, wide awake. Next to them is a large sign: "PUBLIC LIBRARY."

She is startled by the sound of the LIBRARIAN approaching them, her keys jingling as she walks.

She walks up the steps of the building and unlocks the door. Demetri nudges Aimee awake.

AIMEE  
Demetri... Demetri wake up.

His head pops right up, his eyes wide awake.

DEMETRI  
What?

But Aimee is already off the bench and making her way to the front doors. Demetri scrambles to grab his things and catch up.

INT. LIBRARY-NIGHT

The librarian is busy turning on computers around the first floor when Aimee and Demetri ENTER.

LIBRARIAN

(To Self)

Damn, I thought I locked that.

(To Aimee and Demetri)

We're not open just yet.

DEMETRI

Oh, we just saw you come in and my sister needed to use the bathroom real quick. Right?

He nudges Aimee who quickly nods.

LIBRARIAN

(Sighs)

Fine, it's to the left.

Demetri pulls Aimee to the side.

DEMETRI

Use the bathroom. Splash some water on your face or whatever, then we can look up whatever you want. Alright?

Aimee nods.

INT. LIBRARY-BATHROOM-NIGHT

Aimee stands in front of the mirror, staring at her reflection. She eyes trace how much her face has thinned out. She looks older. Her eyes are tired. Her hair is sticking out in all directions.

She furiously wipes a smudge of dirt from her check.

There's a knock on the door.

DEMETRI (O.S.)

The library is open now. You all set?

AIMEE

Yeah, be out in a sec.

Aimee takes one more look at herself before EXITING.

INT. LIBRARY-NIGHT

Aimee and Demetri walk over to the COMPUTER CENTER of the library. Aimee logs in to one of the computers.

A CLOSE UP on the screen shows her search: PATRICK MOLINA, EVAN MOLINA, MURDER.

The first article to come up is the headline: ARREST IN MURDER OF LOCAL DRUG DEALER.

Tears begin to build up in Aimee's eyes as she clicks the link and begins to read.

As she scans the article, different words jump out at her: OVERDOSE, DRUG RING, MURDER, ARREST. One particular phrase jumps out from the rest: THE POLICE HAVE YET NAME THE SUSPECT IN CUSTODY.

AIMEE

(Mutters to self)

It might not be him. It might-

She begins to hyperventilate as she tries to calm herself.

Demetri turns her chair and tries to pull her attention away from the screen. He places two fingers on her pulse.

DEMETRI

Aimee. Come on, breath with me.

Okay? In... Out... In... Out.

Aimee's breathing begins to calm, but seeing the article in the corner of her eye just leads her to panic again. She pushes away from Demetri and marches out of the library.

DEMETRI (CONT'D)

Aimee!

LIBRARIAN

Shhhh.

Demetri turns to see the librarian shushing him before turning back to her work. His eye catches the computer screen. He skims through the article himself for a BEAT before sighing again.

He closes the web browser and runs after Aimee.

EXT. LIBRARY-NIGHT

Aimee sits on the bench outside of the library, quietly crying as she stares at a PLAYGROUND across the street. It's quiet, empty.

Her eyes close as she hears the distant GIGGLING OF CHILDREN near the playground.

She opens her eyes to see a VISION of YOUNG AIMEE, 10, running past her, followed by PATRICK and EVAN. Aimee sits up, startled. A memory of better times.

YOUNG AIMEE

(Echoed)

You can't catch me! You can't catch me!

Patrick and Evan quickly catch up to the little girl. Patrick picks her up and tosses her in the air.

PATRICK

Got you, ya little stinker!

Evan ducks down and Patrick puts Aimee on Evan's shoulders.

EVAN

Hey, now you're as tall as us.

Young Aimee giggles as Patrick tickles her from behind.

A RUNNER crosses in front of the happy siblings and they VANISH, gone as quickly as they appeared.

Demetri comes running out of the library and, upon seeing Aimee, jogs over to the bench. He looks at her tear stained face and quietly sits next to her. They sit in silence for a BEAT.

DEMETRI

So...your last name is Molina?

AIMEE

(Whispered)

Yeah.

DEMETRI

(Smirks)

Pleased to finally meet you.

Demetri holds out his hand for a handshake. Aimee just stares at it until he lets it fall again to his side.

DEMETRI (CONT'D)

Was he what you were looking for?  
What you kept asking people about?

AIMEE

Yes. And no.

DEMETRI

Sounds complicated.

AIMEE

I have...had two brothers.

DEMETRI

The other was...

AIMEE

He's dead.

They fall into silence. Demetri absorbs everything. Suddenly, he looks up as he comes to a realization.

DEMETRI

In the library, you said "It might not be him."

AIMEE

(Nods)

Patrick. My brother. They claimed he...That's why I...I had to find him first. Find out what happened. The truth.

DEMETRI

They never said who they arrested.

AIMEE

I was trying to tell myself that, but...Have you watched the news when we're in those diners or bars? They've been looking everywhere for him.

DEMETRI

There could still be a chance-

Aimee, frustrated and angry, bolts from her seat and glares at Demetri.

AIMEE

A chance?! There was a chance they would come back when they left after my dad's funeral!

(MORE)

AIMEE (CONT'D)

A chance that after my mom got together with an asshole that they would come and get me! A chance that they would get my letters! That they would find me! I am done with chances!

Aimee picks up her things and marches away.

DEMETRI

Aimee!

AIMEE

Leave me alone!

DEMETRI

Let's talk about it.

Aimee begins to run. Before Demetri can run after her, a RUNNER grabs him by the arm.

RUNNER

Hey, dude, leave her alone.

EXT. TRAIN TRACKS-NIGHT

Aimee runs toward the tracks. She looks over her shoulder, checking to see if Demetri is following her. Suddenly, she trips on a rusty bolt that has come out of the tracks.

In frustration, she kicks it with her foot. This leads to her kicking and beating the ground with her backpack, really releasing her anger for the first time.

As she begins to lose steam, we hear a TRAIN WHISTLE in the distance. She blinks against the sudden light of the train and freezes, staring the oncoming train as if daring it to hit her.

She closes her eyes.

AIMEE

Hit me. Come on, hit me.

Suddenly, Demetri tackles her to the ground from the side. They roll off to the side of the tracks and into a ditch, missing the train completely. Demetri lands on top of her.

AIMEE (CONT'D)

Get off me!

Demetri quickly pushes himself off her with his hands in the air.

DEMETRI

I'm off. See, I'm off.

Aimee glares at him for a BEAT before trying to run again. Demetri bolts back to his feet and grasps her around the waist.

AIMEE

Let me go!

DEMETRI

You can't just run in front of an oncoming train and expect me to-

AIMEE

I can too! I did it before. You're not my dad!

At the word "dad," Demetri's grip goes SLACK for a second, enough time for Aimee to pull herself free. She runs once more.

DEMETRI

Where do you think you're going?

AIMEE

Anywhere but here!

DEMETRI

Look, I get that you're upset about your brother-

Aimee whirls around on Demetri, her eyes blazing and ready for a fight.

AIMEE

Don't! Don't even talk about-

DEMETRI

About what? Your brothers? Your family? So your family is messed up, everyone's is!

AIMEE

You don't understand!

DEMETRI

Then make me understand! Jesus, Aimee! You can't just... I know we met a few days ago, but even I can tell that you are holding the weight of the world on your shoulders and you don't have to.

AIMEE  
What's the point?

DEMETRI  
The point?

AIMEE  
It's not like it's going to change anything! Evan is dead. My dad is dead. My mom is-...and the only family I have is probably a criminal that-...that ki-...

Aimee finally breaks down, tears rolling down her cheeks and sobs rocking her whole body. As her knees start to give out, Demetri catches her.

She punches his chest a few times before finally giving in and letting herself cry.

DEMETRI  
Shhh. It's okay. Shhh. I've got you. I've got you.

He holds her tight, rocking her back and forth. She lets him.

EXT. CITY PARK-DAY

The city park is deserted as Aimee and Demetri make their way through it. The sky above them begins to darken and the wind picks up. A storm is brewing.

AIMEE  
Where is everyone?

DEMETRI  
The MC at the bar said there's a hurricane in the Gulf. We need to find a place to stay for a little while.

AIMEE  
But where will we-

DEMETRI  
Here we are!

Across the street, a stone CHURCH stands proudly. The sign out front reads, "STORM SHELTER, ALL WELCOME." Demetri gently takes Aimee's hand and begins to guide her to the church.



INT. CHURCH-DAY

All around the main worship chamber, a wide variety of EVACUEES are scattered among the pews: white, black, Christian, Jewish, Muslim, rich, and poor. On the side of the room, several volunteers are handing out food.

One of them is FATHER MONTGOMERY. He looks up as Aimee and Demetri ENTER. Aimee looks around the room in wonder at the architecture and works of art in the church.

Father Montgomery nods to someone next to him and leaves his post to greet the newcomers.

FATHER MONTGOMERY

Hello. Come to seek refuge from the storm?

DEMETRI

Yes. My sister and I were just passing through town when we heard about it and were hoping we could find safety here.

FATHER MONTGOMERY

Of course! We welcome everyone. I think we have a few extra blankets and water bottles somewhere.

DEMETRI

Thank you, Father.

Demetri starts to go in the direction of the blankets, but Aimee stays rooted to her spot. She is still looking curiously at the room.

FATHER MONTGOMERY

I take it you haven't been to church much?

Aimee jumps a little as she looks to Father Montgomery.

AIMEE

Um, no, never... Father? That's what they call you... right?

Father Montgomery, noting her shyness, approaches her slowly.

FATHER MONTGOMERY

(Nods)

And what's your name child?

AIMEE

I'm Aimee, sir... and I'm not a child.

FATHER MONTGOMERY

(Chuckles)

Of course not, Aimee. But I'm an old man. Most people are children to me.

Aimee cracks a small smile at the joke. This makes Father Montgomery smile more.

FATHER MONTGOMERY (CONT'D)

I am Father Montgomery, but you can call me Father Thomas. Would you like some chili? I should warn you, Sister Margaret makes it just a tad spicy.

AIMEE

(Smiles wider)

I'd like that.

FATHER MONTGOMERY

Wonderful! Come along, then.

Aimee follows Father Montgomery and Demetri as they make their way to where the food is being served.

CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH-DAY

The wail of hurricane force WINDS echoes through the church as the storm rages outside.

Aimee sits in the pews, enjoying a bowl of hot chili. Her face looks freshly washed and her sock-clad feet are propped up on her backpack.

She watches as Demetri sits down at an old PIANO with an exaggerated flourish, much to amusement of the small group of children that have culminated around him.

Outside, the wind begins to wail as the storm finally comes in.

FATHER MONTGOMERY (O.S.)

Cold?

Aimee looks up to see Father Montgomery standing over her. She flinches back slightly before she notices him holding a clean blanket.

AIMEE

Oh, um...thank you.

She hesitantly takes the offered blanket and wraps it around her shoulders.

FATHER MONTGOMERY

Mind if I sit? My left knee always hurts when the rain rolls in.

AIMEE

...Sure.

He nods his thanks as Aimee adjusts herself to make room for the older man.

FATHER MONTGOMERY

It seems you came just in time.

AIMEE

Yeah, it sounds like a big storm out there.

FATHER MONTGOMERY

True. It does. But I meant that your brother there is a welcome distraction for our younger patrons.

Demetri, oblivious to the conversation, begins to play a song. It attracts more of the evacuees to enjoy the entertainment.

AIMEE

Demetri's good at that kind of thing. Distracting people from their problems.

FATHER MONTGOMERY

Including your own?

Aimee quietly takes another bite of her food, avoiding Father Montgomery's gaze.

FATHER MONTGOMERY (CONT'D)

I've seen a lot of things, heard a lot of stories, in all my years in the church. Some even caused by my own brothers, I'm ashamed to say.

(MORE)

FATHER MONTGOMERY (CONT'D)

I can recognize that look in your eyes. You've experienced a lot in your young life, child. Your brother-

AIMEE

(Angry)

Demetri has nothing to do with any of that. He's done nothing.

FATHER MONTGOMERY

(Nods)

But someone else did.

AIMEE

...I don't want to talk about it.

FATHER MONTGOMERY

That's alright....Does he know?

AIMEE

I don't think-

FATHER MONTGOMERY

Do you think he will see you differently?

AIMEE

...I don't know.

Father Montgomery slowly gets to his feet, groaning slightly from the pain in his knee.

FATHER MONTGOMERY

Take it from an old man, child. A lot of regrets come from "I don't know."

Aimee looks up at him, a look of confusion crossing her face. She watches him leave before turning her attention back to Demetri. He's lost in his music, playing and singing a powerful ballad.

She takes a deep breath, shrugs off the blanket, and steels herself. She's made up her mind.

She gets up and begins to make her way over to the small concert.

Demetri plays the closing notes of his song. The kids clap and clamor around Demetri with dozen of questions. Outside, the storm grows louder. Worried parents quickly herd their children over to various corners of the church.

One of the parents, a YOUNG MOTHER, approaches Demetri, her eyes wide with excitement. Demetri immediately looks embarrassed, even a little nervous.

As she gets closer, Aimee catches the tail end of the conversation.

YOUNG MOTHER

I just can't believe that Apollo Jones is here of all places. I loved your album-

DEMETRI

Um...thanks. Really, I-

YOUNG MOTHER

Are you working on a second?

AIMEE

What is she talking about?

Demetri FREEZES. The young mother, ignorant to the building tension, keeps talking.

YOUNG MOTHER

His music. I mean, I know his first album didn't make a lot of waves, but they used to play some of his songs on the radio.

AIMEE

(Staring at Demetri)

The... the radio? Your songs?

YOUNG MOTHER

Especially, "Ghost on Main Street!" I loved that one!

AIMEE

His name is Demetri.  
Not...Apollo? Really?

YOUNG MOTHER

Then you just... poof! Gone! I mean there are one hit wonders all the time, but-

The world around Aimee begins to FADE as a few tears roll down Aimee's face. Demetri just stares back, not knowing what to say.

AIMEE

(Whispered)

You lied to me.

Aimee turns and marches to the other side of the church.  
Demetri chases after her.

DEMETRI

Aimee. Aimee! Wait-

She whips around, tears building up in the corner of her eyes  
and her face red with fury.

AIMEE

You said your name was Demetri.

DEMETRI

It is.

AIMEE

Oh really? Apollo?

DEMETRI

A stage name. I-

AIMEE

You said you had a daughter!

DEMETRI

...I did.

AIMEE

That there were a million guitar  
players like you!

DEMETRI

There are!

AIMEE

With songs on the radio? Bull shit!

DEMETRI

Aimee, can't we just-

AIMEE

You lied to me!

DEMETRI

I didn't lie to you. I just...  
didn't tell you everything. You  
said you didn't want to talk about  
the past.

AIMEE

Tell me, do you still get paid for  
those songs? Huh?! Because I know  
about...what's it called...  
royalties? Right?

(MORE)

AIMEE (CONT'D)

Do you still get royalties every time they play your music.

DEMETRI

...Yes.

AIMEE

And yet you insist on sleeping on a park bench and playing music on the street just so we can eat for the day. When all of this time we... we could have just bought a bus ticket-

DEMETRI

You said you didn't want to take a bus!

AIMEE

-and maybe I could have found my brother before he...before he goes to...to

DEMETRI

You don't know that.

AIMEE

You don't either!

Demetri takes a step toward Aimee. She flinches back, but it doesn't register to Demetri as he continues talking. He's too focused on getting her to understand. He doesn't notice her breathing escalating.

DEMETRI

Look, Aimee. I know you're angry at me and you have every right-

AIMEE

(Muttered)

Get away.

He continues to inch closer to her, pleading with her.

DEMETRI

But you have to understand...I don't like to use any of that money unless I have to. Not after Mary. I don't deserve any of-

AIMEE

(Louder)

I said get away from me!

Aimee weakly pushes Demetri back. Her hands are shaking.

DEMETRI

Aimee?

AIMEE

I can't breathe. I need-

Aimee ducks away from Demetri and heads toward a SIDE DOOR. Demetri pulls her back before she can open the door.

DEMETRI

Hey, no! You could die out there!

AIMEE

Let go!

FATHER MONTGOMERY

Demetri!

Their attention snaps to the Father Montgomery and notice the audience they've attracted.

FATHER MONTGOMERY (CONT'D)

Give her some space.

Demetri rushes to let go of her. Aimee pushes herself into a corner. Her wide eyes look unfocused.

DEMETRI

Aimee-

JOANNE (V.O.)

(Scream)

Aimee!

Aimee blinks and we

CUT TO:

INT. MOLINA HOUSEHOLD-LIVING ROOM-3 YEARS AGO-NIGHT

We see Aimee's eye peek through a crack in her bedroom door.

Joanne stands with her back in front of Aimee's room. She's blocking the door. Chris, his face red with rage, backhands her across the cheek. He stumbles a little in his drunken stupor.

JOANNE

Ch-Chris? What did I-?



CHRIS  
I've...I've had just about enough  
of your cheating ass-

JOANNE  
I told you I didn't-

CHRIS  
Shut up!

He slaps her again. Joanne looks back at Aimee's door.

JOANNE  
Stay in your room, Aimee!

Aimee scrambles to do what her mom says, shutting the door  
with an abnormally loud CLICK.

INT. MOLINA HOUSEHOLD-AIMEE'S ROOM-NIGHT

Aimee leans her forehead against it. The voices in the living  
rooms grow louder and she pushes her hands over her ears  
trying to block out the sound.

JOANNE  
Chris...What the...put that away...

CHRIS  
Don't tell me what to do! I hate it  
when-

JOANNE  
You're going to-

The sound of Aimee's heartbeat crescendos as the argument  
goes on, until...

BANG.

All sound cuts off.

Aimee's breath catches in her throat. She sits in the silence  
for a BEAT.

Every sound is amplified: her racing heartbeat, Chris's  
footsteps, her short inhales, his keys jingling lightly in  
his pocket, even the rumble of a storm in the distance.

CHRIS (O.S.)  
Get out here, little bitch!

Aimee quickly dives under her bed just as Chris kicks in the  
door.

She holds her breath as she hears the CLOSET DOOR being torn open on the other side of the room.

She listens as Chris's slow footsteps cross the room.

His hands snatch her ankle behind her and pulls her out kicking and screaming.

AIMEE  
LET ME GO!

Chris snickers as he uses his weight to hold down Aimee's flailing limbs.

CHRIS  
No one to protect you now.

Aimee blindly reaches out towards the bedside table until her fingers brush against the cord of a LAMP. With a hard tug, the lamp falls off the table and hits Chris's head with a dull THUD.

Chris pauses for a moment, enough time for Aimee to grab the lamp and hit him in the head once...twice....

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
(Muffled)  
Stop-

DEMETRI (V.O.)  
Stop! Aimee!

INT. CHURCH-DAY

Aimee blindly hits Demetri anywhere she can: his arm, his chest, his face. He struggles to get her to stop.

DEMETRI  
Aimee! Snap out of it! Come on,  
stop!

Suddenly, she blinks as if waking from a nightmare. Demetri has her wrists firmly in his grasp. Some of the other evacuees have crowded around them.

FATHER MONTGOMERY  
Alright, everyone. Leave the poor  
girl alone. Off you go.

The crowd disburses.

Aimee looks down at her feet, clearly embarrassed. She flinches as Father Montgomery kneels in front of her.

FATHER MONTGOMERY (CONT'D)  
You okay now, child?

AIMEE  
(Whispered)  
I...I couldn't save her. I...I was  
in the other....

FATHER MONTGOMERY  
Can you stand?

She hesitates, then nods.

Slowly, she tries to stand on her own, legs shaky. Demetri goes to catch her.

DEMETRI  
Aim-

FATHER MONTGOMERY  
Let her do it. She can do it.  
(To Aimee)  
Do you think you can get to that  
cot over there? Or do you need our  
help?

When he reaches for her, she flinches back. He immediately holds up his hands in surrender.

FATHER MONTGOMERY (CONT'D)  
It's alright, child. Just a few  
steps okay?

She nods. Each step is slow and shaky like a newborn deer, but she eventually reaches the cot and collapses on top of it.

FATHER MONTGOMERY (CONT'D)  
Would you like some water?

Aimee hesitates before nodding.

FATHER MONTGOMERY (CONT'D)  
Demetri, son? Could you get a cup  
of water, please?

DEMETRI  
Are you sure? I mean I-

FATHER MONTGOMERY  
She'll be alright, Demetri.

Demetri nods and begrudgingly leaves to get the water. Aimee physically relaxes when he is gone.

FATHER MONTGOMERY (CONT'D)  
There now. A bit better.

AIMEE  
(Whispered)  
He...he lied to me.

FATHER MONTGOMERY  
I'm sure he had his reasons. Did  
you give him a chance to say why?

AIMEE  
I...no. I...I'm just so....

FATHER MONTGOMERY  
Angry? Disappointed?

Aimee nods.

FATHER MONTGOMERY (CONT'D)  
Do you want to wait for him to come  
back or would you prefer to sleep?

AIMEE  
(Eye drooping)  
Sleep sounds...

FATHER MONTGOMERY  
Shhh...rest, child. I'll let him  
know not to disturb you. Alright?

Aimee gives another small nod as she lays down. It doesn't  
take long for her eyes to close and the world around her  
begins to blur as we

FADE TO:

INT. CHURCH-NIGHT

Aimee slowly wakes up. Her eyes crack open slightly, enough  
to see Demetri sitting in a chair next to her bed. She closes  
her eyes again, pretending to still be asleep.

Demetri looks older now, more his age. He mindlessly grazes  
his hands across his guitar. He stills at a black scribble on  
the bottom corner, so hidden that someone would have to look  
for it.

It's a stick figure of a little girl. MARY is messily spelled  
out next to it.

DEMETRI

(Whispered)

You know... I wasn't much older than you when my girlfriend told me she was pregnant. She wanted to give it up for adoption, give a nice family a chance to be parents. But the moment I saw that grey blob, I was hooked. She didn't want it so there I was: a young single dad with a little princess in his arms.

He takes out a picture from his back pocket. We can see from the back of it that it's wrinkled and discolored from being folded so many times over the years.

DEMETRI (CONT'D)

Mary was the best thing that ever happened to me. Loved running around the park, although she was always hesitant to make friends... kind of like you actually. When she started preschool, I decided it was time to try my hand at music. Got a record out and a song or two on the radio. Everything looked like it was going up. I was practicing in the garage while she played in the driveway. The door was open so I could keep an eye on her. I thought....

A SOB comes from Demetri.

DEMETRI (CONT'D)

I wasn't paying attention, so I didn't see the car...it was too late...she was just...gone and...GOD! I was supposed to protect her, damn it! I was supposed to...

Sobs overcome Demetri. Aimee doesn't move.

DEMETRI (CONT'D)

When I met you...you reminded me so much of her. Your sass. Your determination. That's why I felt this...this need to help you when I found that train. I couldn't be there to protect her, but maybe I could-

He lapses into complete silence. We continue to FOCUS on Aimee's face while Demetri quietly cries in the background.

After a BEAT, she slowly opens her eyes, only to see him walking to the other side of the church, shoulders hunched and shaking.

FADE TO:

INT. CHURCH-DAY

Morning light from the stained-glass window streams into the main sanctuary. A few people begin to stir from sleep. Outside, all is quiet. The storm has passed.

A beam of LIGHT hits Aimee's face, forcing her to blink as she wakes up. As she rolls over in a stretch, she lands on top of a piece of PAPER. A LETTER.

Confused, she sits up and opens it. A PICTURE and a GUITAR PICK falls into her lap as she does. As she reads the letter, her face grows sad then panicked.

AIMEE

(Whispered)

Dear Aimee, I'm sorry to leave like this, but-

DEMETRI (V.O.)

...after last night, I think it's better that I left you alone. Finally, after all of your complaining about me being a stalker. I put the cash that we earned in the front pocket of your guitar case...along with a little extra. There's enough for a bus ticket and a few nights at a motel wherever you land.

Aimee bolts out of her bed and rushes towards the front of the sanctuary.

EXT. CHURCH-DAY

Aimee runs out of the front door and frantically looks around. The streets are a mess of debris: branches and trash flutter around in the morning breeze.

DEMETRI (V.O.)

Don't you dare start blaming yourself.

(MORE)

DEMETRI (V.O.) (CONT'D)

In the short time we've known each other, I have grown to care about you and I'm so sorry that I have to leave you. I left you a little something to remember me by too. I wish you all the luck in the world in finding your brother and, if fate is kind, I hope we'll meet each other again.

Behind Aimee, Father Montgomery carefully makes his way down the steps of the church.

DEMETRI (V.O.) (CONT'D)

All of my love, Demetri.

FATHER MONTGOMERY

He made the storm be still, and the waves of the sea were hushed.

Aimee turns to him, tears already running down her cheeks.

FATHER MONTGOMERY (CONT'D)

Psalm 107.

AIMEE

Where is he?

FATHER MONTGOMERY

(Sighs)

I told him not to leave.

AIMEE

Where is he?!

FATHER MONTGOMERY

He left early this morning. Said you wouldn't want him here.

AIMEE

That's not true.

FATHER MONTGOMERY

I know.

AIMEE

(Starts Hyperventilating)

I...he just...he just left? He... he didn't want...

FATHER MONTGOMERY

Hey, now-

AIMEE

They always leave! They leave or they hurt and I...I didn't do...

FATHER MONTGOMERY

It's not your fault, child.

AIMEE

But...but it is...

Aimee's legs crumble under her, but Father Montgomery is able to catch her before she hits the ground.

AIMEE (CONT'D)

Why? Why do they...why did they leave...I would have been...I just...

FATHER MONTGOMERY

Shh...

Father Montgomery continues to calm her as he guides her gently back into the church.

INT. CHURCH-DAY

Father Montgomery guides Aimee onto the cot, just as he did the night before. He hands her a cup of water, instructing her to drink all of it.

FATHER MONTGOMERY

Feeling a bit better?

AIMEE

I don't know if I'd use that word, but...I guess.

FATHER MONTGOMERY

Do you have anyone else I can call? A mom? Dad?

AIMEE

I...no. They...they're long gone.  
(Panics)  
Don't call child service. Please. I can't go back. I...

FATHER MONTGOMERY

Shh...no need to worry about that. If sanctuary is what you need, then you shall have it.



Aimee looks down at the guitar pick that fell out of the letter. It's attached to a piece of string. A NECKLACE. She traces the edge of the plastic sadly.

AIMEE

Why did he leave?

FATHER MONTGOMERY

We can never be sure why anyone does anything, but if I had to guess...I would say that he thought you couldn't trust him. That you would look at him differently. That his presence would be more harm than good.

AIMEE

I wouldn't-

FATHER MONTGOMERY

I know...and I'm sure that deep down, he knows too, but...he's human. And humans do strange things that they think makes sense even if they don't.

They lapse into silence for a BEAT before Father Montgomery pushes himself to his feet with a groan.

FATHER MONTGOMERY (CONT'D)

Now...if you'll be okay for a few moments, I'm going to see what we can pull together for breakfast.

Father Montgomery starts to walk away.

AIMEE

He wasn't my brother you know. Demetri.

He pauses mid-step and turns with a grin.

FATHER MONTGOMERY

I know.

AIMEE

I thought...lying was a sin or something.

FATHER MONTGOMERY

I'm sure God can forgive. And besides...isn't that why his Son died on the cross? So we can be human every now and again?

He gives her a final grin and a nod before walking off in search of food.

Aimee ties the roughly made necklace around her neck. Her eyes catch the piece of paper that fell out of the letter. She hesitates, almost afraid of touching it before finally picking it up.

It only takes her a glance to make the tears return.

CLOSE IN on the PHOTO in her hand. It's a picture of Demetri, slightly younger and without the beard. A little girl sits on his lap, giving the camera a wide smile. It's MARY.

INT. BUS STATION-NEXT DAY

The BUS DEPOT is dull and still shows signs of the storm. Boards still over the windows. Leaves flutter through the door each time it opens. A few people are scattered throughout the waiting room.

Father Montgomery gently accompanies Aimee into the bus depot. Her bag and guitar case are slung over her shoulder.

FATHER MONTGOMERY

Are you sure you want to leave? You can always stay a few more days at the church if you'd like.

AIMEE

Thank you father, but...I need to do this. Plus, to be honest, the couch in your break room is not the most comfortable to sleep on.

FATHER MONTGOMERY

(Chuckles)

I don't have the heart to throw it away.

(Solemn)

Are you sure you'll be alright.

AIMEE

Yeah. I think I'll be alright.

Father Montgomery nods and pulls a business card out of his pocket. He holds it out to her.

FATHER MONTGOMERY

Don't hesitate to call if you need anything. Okay?

AIMEE  
No worries. I will.

Aimee gives him a small smile before heading to the TICKET COUNTER.

The TICKET CLERK loudly chews a piece of gum while typing away on their computer.

TICKET CLERK  
How can I help you today?

AIMEE  
One ticket to Key West, please.

The ticket clerk continues to type on the computer, while Aimee looks at the shifting times on the ARRIVAL and DEPARTURE BOARDS behind the counter.

INT. BUS-DAY

Aimee waves to Father Montgomery from the bus window. As he and the station grow smaller, she leans back in her chair and pulls out her CD player. She lets the MUSIC PLAY as she stares out the window.

She takes out her notebook and opens it to a page where her brothers' pictures are taped next the one of Demetri and Mary. On the page next to it are LYRICS.

As she tries to think of what to write next, she looks out the window and sits to attention as she thinks she sees DEMETRI walking down the road. She tries to follow the figure as the bus rushes past.

The image DISAPPEARS as quickly as it appeared. She shakes her head and leans back into her seat with a sigh.

EXT. BUS DEPOT-KEY WEST-DAY

Aimee cautiously EXITS the bus, looking curiously at the pastel painted houses and beach decor around her. A SIGN on the depot reads "WELCOME TO KEY WEST."

She shrugs her bags a little higher and walks away from the bus.

EXT. KEY WEST STREET-DAY

Aimee walks along the beach, approaching various tourists and locals with the pictures of her brothers.

AIMEE

Excuse me? Have you seen this man?...Excuse me, sir have you? Ma'am, do you know anything about this man?

FEMALE TOURIST

Isn't that the one that got arrested?

The woman continues to walk by, barely sparing Aimee another glance.

Aimee sighs and tucks the picture back in her pocket. She turns towards the nearest beach.

EXT.BEACH-NIGHT

The sun is starting to set over the cresting waves. Aimee stands on the edge of the water, swaying with the tide and eyes closed.

For the first time, we really see how young she is.

IN THE DISTANCE, we see a small party of TEENAGERS dancing, laughing, and drinking. They're dressed in bathing suits, sand sticks to their bodies from a day at the beach. They are so carefree.

Aimee stares at them for a BEAT. Her tattered sneakers hang loosely in her hands and her dirty toes bury themselves in the sand.

Another wave crashes, this one reaching her feet and surprising her. She jumps back, breaking her focus on the group.

She moves a few steps back and plops herself down in the sand, stretching her neck and shoulders as she watches the sunset.

A COUPLE from the party, CARSON and BECCA, begin to stumble away from the rest of the group. No one from the party notices. Aimee watches as the teenagers duck behind some bushes and loudly make out.

BECCA

(Slurred)

Mmm... Carson... stop...

JOANNE (V.O.)

Chris.... Chris... please....

Aimee's hands begin to shake as she focuses on her breathing.  
In...Out....

BECCA  
Carson...get off...

JOANNE (V.O.)  
Chris...Chris, stop...

BECCA  
Carson, OW! Stop!

Aimee is immediately up and jogging towards where the couple disappeared into the brush.

EXT. BEACH-BEHIND BUSHES-NIGHT

Carson holds Becca close, kissing her neck. Becca weakly struggles against him.

CARSON  
Shhh...Come on, Becca. Don't be such a buzzkill.

BECCA  
St-stop... Carson!

AIMEE (O.S.)  
Hey!

Aimee breaks through the branches just as Carson restrains a struggling Becca by the wrists and sits on top of her.

Aimee barrels into him, knocking him off Becca who scrambles away. Carson stands, obviously dwarfing Aimee, but she stares him down. Feet planted. Fists ready.

CARSON  
What the fuck do you think you're doing?

AIMEE  
She said stop.

CARSON  
What are you gonna do, huh?

AIMEE  
 (Muttered)  
 Something I should have done a long  
 time ago.

Aimee runs at him again, but he brushes her off easily and she falls heavily into the sand. He steps over her and kicks her in the stomach.

CARSON  
 You little shit.

CHRIS (V.O.)  
 Look at you, little bitch.

CUT TO:

INT. AIMEE'S CHILDHOOD HOME-AIMEE'S BEDROOM-NIGHT-FLASHBACK

Chris climbs on top of Aimee, tugging at her clothes and landing a backhand across Aimee's cheek.

CHRIS  
 Poor, little bitch. No one to help  
 your slut of a mother and no one to  
 help you now.

AIMEE  
 Get off me!

Chris simply laughs, his laughter booming in the empty room. Just as before, Aimee pulls the lamp off of the side table, hitting Chris in the head. Only this time, she uses the moment to push him off so she hovers over him with the lamp raised.

WHACK!

She furiously hits him over the head over and over again, lost in her anger.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH-NIGHT

In her blind rage, Aimee has knocked Carson on his back. She hovers over him with a PIECE OF WOOD, hitting him with her makeshift weapon.

AIMEE  
 I won't let you hurt her! Not  
 again!

Becca's friends burst through the brush, having heard the noise. It takes them a BEAT to pull Aimee off her target.

TEENAGER 1

What the hell is going on?

CARSON

This bitch came out of nowhere and just started attacking me for no reason.

AIMEE

Liar!

CARSON

She's crazy!

AIMEE

You were hurting her!  
(To the other teenagers)  
Let me go!

Aimee squirms and pulls until the other teenagers finally let her loose. As the anger starts to diminish, she flexes her now bruised and bloody hands. Her breathing still comes in harsh pants.

CARSON

Crazy bitch.

Aimee lunges to hit him again. She gets close enough for another kick to the gut before she's pulled away once more.

AIMEE

Next time you ignore the word no, remember that this skinny, crazy, little bitch kicked your ass.

She yanks her arms free once more before stomping back to her things. Behind her, the other teenagers begin to surround Carson.

TEENAGER 1

Dude, what was she talking about?

CARSON

Nothing man.

TEENAGER 1

It didn't sound like nothing.

## EXT. BEACH-NIGHT

Aimee shrugs her backpack over her shoulder and grips the handles of her guitar case.

A shaky hand taps her on the shoulder, making her jump. She whips around to stare directly into the wide eyes of Becca. Becca nervously runs her hands through her hair, trying to fix it.

BECCA

I...I just wanted to...thanks.

AIMEE

Don't mention it.

BECCA

He...Carson is normally a good guy-

AIMEE

He didn't seem too good.

BECCA

He just got carried-

AIMEE

Are you trying to convince me or yourself? Look, I don't care. We'll probably never see each other after this, but...I've done nothing before and things went to shit.

Aimee moves to walk back towards the street.

BECCA

Were you...

Aimee pauses. Takes a breath. Then another.

AIMEE

No...almost. It was someone I cared about. Like I said, things went to shit.

She tightens her grip on her guitar case and marches away before she can say anything else.

## EXT. KEY WEST STREET-NIGHT

Aimee wanders aimlessly around the streets of Key West. Around her, parties begin to wind down.



A couple stumble out of a nightclub. Waiters set chairs on top of empty tables, closing for the night. A groups of friends laugh as they walk back to their cars.

Lights from a nearby sign flicker across Aimee's face, advertising IDA MAY'S 24 HOUR DINER.

INT. IDA MAY'S 24 HOUR DINER-NIGHT

A small silver BELL rings throughout the nearly-empty diner as Aimee ENTERS. She takes in the cracked leather of the booths and the vintage photos of the diner through the years hanging on the walls. CLASSIC ROCK plays from an old jukebox.

There are only a handful of other customers scattered around the main dining area.

At the counter, IDA, mid-50s, methodically wipes down silverware at a long counter. She looks like a country beauty queen, almost like Dolly Parton.

IDA  
Sit where you'd like, darlin'. I'll  
be right with you.

Aimee slowly makes her way to the counter and hops onto a stool. Ida places a mug in front of her and pulls out a pad from her apron.

IDA (CONT'D)  
What can I get ya? Coffee?

AIMEE  
Oh, no I...um...

Aimee scrambles for the small menu propped on the counter.

Ida slowly takes in the girl's appearance: skin and bone, sand stuck to her short mop of hair, a bruise beginning to bloom on her chin. Her eyebrows raise at Aimee's blood stained knuckles.

IDA  
Tough night, kid?

Aimee glances down at her knuckles and chuckles to herself.

AIMEE  
You should see-

IDA  
The other guy? Heard that a time or  
two. Could use some ice.

AIMEE  
No. No, I'll be-

IDA  
(Yelling towards the  
kitchen)  
Hey, Ricky! Ricky!

RICKY (O.S.)  
What? I'm cleaning like you asked!

IDA  
Grab an ice pack for me, will ya?  
And some hot milk!

RICKY  
Got it!

Ida reaches under the counter for a large CANISTER labeled IDA'S CURE FOR EVERYTHING. She scoops out a hefty amount of HOT COCOA and drops it into Aimee's mug.

A FADED CAP and messy brown hair appear in the kitchen window as a slightly distracted Ricky places the requested ice pack and pitcher of hot milk on the ledge. He doesn't look up from wiping down the kitchen. We don't see his face.

Ida grabs both things, holding the ice pack out for Aimee to take. Aimee reluctantly takes it, hissing as the ice hits her knuckles. Ida smirks as she pours the milk into the mug.

IDA  
They may not be broken, but they  
are going to smart for a few days.

AIMEE  
Thanks.

Ida nods, quietly stirring the milk and cocoa until it's a deep, rich brown. Aimee stares at it curiously.

IDA  
My ma's old recipe. Cocoa with  
cinnamon, clove, nutmeg, and just a  
dash of spice. Plus-

She pulls out a can of whip cream and quickly tops the hot drink.

IDA (CONT'D)  
A little whip cream. She always  
said a good cup of cocoa could fix  
anything.

(MORE)

IDA (CONT'D)  
 (Pushes the mug towards  
 Aimee)  
 And it looks to me like you could  
 use a little fixin', sugar.

AIMEE  
 (Grins)  
 I think it'll take a lot more than  
 some cocoa to fix what I've got  
 going on.

IDA  
 (Shrugs)  
 You've got to start somewhere,  
 right?

AIMEE  
 I guess.

IDA  
 Want to talk about it?

AIMEE  
 Not really.

LARRY (O.S.)  
 Ms. Ida?

Ida and Aimee turn to see LARRY, an elderly man, in the  
 corner holding up his mug, silently asking for more coffee.

IDA  
 (To Aimee)  
 You just let me know if you need  
 anything, Sugar. Alright?  
 (To Larry)  
 I swear to God, Larry. Any more and  
 you won't sleep when you get home.

Aimee quietly nods, watching Ida move towards the other  
 customer.

LARRY  
 Aw, Ms. Ida. You know my night's  
 not over yet.

IDA  
 When are you gonna call it quits-

Aimee digs through her backpack and pulls out her book.  
 Peeking out of the top is the picture of Patrick from between  
 the pages. She pulls it out and stares down at it as she  
 takes a cautious sip of the cocoa.

She doesn't notice Ida behind her, looking at the picture over her shoulder.

IDA (CONT'D)  
 Little young for a bounty hunter,  
 aren't ya Sugar?

Aimee jumps a little in her seat.

AIMEE  
 What do you mean?

IDA  
 Boy was in the papers. Cops thought  
 he killed someone or something.

AIMEE  
 I'm...I'm just looking for some  
 answers.

IDA  
 Friend of your's?

AIMEE  
 (Turns back to the  
 picture)  
 More like a memory really.

Ida stares at Aimee for a BEAT. A small smile crosses her face.

IDA  
 What's your name, Darlin'?

AIMEE  
 Oh, um...Aimee.

Ida nods as her smile grows larger.

IDA  
 Well then, Aimee. I think those  
 hands of your's might still need a  
 few bandages if you have any hopes  
 of playing that guitar in the  
 future. I'll have my boy Ricky  
 bring them out.

AIMEE  
 Oh, I don't mean to be-

IDA  
 RICKY!

RICKY (O.S.)  
Jesus, woman! What?

IDA  
Is that anyway to speak to your  
boss? After all I do-

Ida EXITS into the kitchen. Aimee looks at the kitchen door curiously, listening to some of the conversation echoing from the kitchens.

IDA (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
I need you to patch someone up for  
me.

RICKY (O.S.)  
Is it Johnny, again? That's the  
third time this-

IDA (O.S.)  
It's not that a-hole. He can bleed  
out for all I care. Just take these  
bandages to the poor girl at the  
counter.

RICKY (O.S.)  
Why can't you-

IDA (O.S.)  
What did I just say, Ricky?

RICKY (O.S.)  
Alright. Alright. I'm goin'.

The kitchen door SWINGS open to reveal a scruffy looking man in his mid-twenties holding some BANDAGES. He wipes his hands off on his grease-stained apron as he looks up and meets Aimee's eyes.

Her eyes widen.

AIMEE  
Pat...Patrick?

RICKY squints at Aimee for a BEAT, trying to place her face when suddenly it CLICKS.

RICKY/PATRICK  
Aims, is... is that...

Aimee approaches Ricky slowly as if approaching a wild animal. Her fingers tremble as they reach out to touch his shoulder, attempting to convince herself that this is all real.

The moment her hand touches him she collapses, a broken sob escaping her as her brother catches her. He pulls her into a tight hug.

She doesn't pull away. Instead, she wraps her arms around him and hugs him back.

After a few moments of tears, Patrick pulls back to get a better look at his sister's face.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
 Jesus, Aimee. Look at you.  
 You...you're all grown up.

AIMEE  
 (Chuckle)  
 Yeah, that tends to happen after a couple of years.

Aimee pulls him in for another hug.

EXT. KEY WEST MARINA-NIGHT

The MARINA is quiet at this time of night, nothing but the crash of the waves and the creaking of older boats. The moonlight reflects off of the moving water.

Patrick and Aimee ENTER onto the dock. Patrick has his arm wrapped around Aimee, almost afraid that she'll fade if he lets go. She holds him just as tightly.

PATRICK  
 It took us awhile to get down here.  
 Followed the tracks south. Hitch-  
 hiked our way too. We were lucky  
 not to get murdered by some random  
 psycho.

AIMEE  
 (Chuckles)  
 I can relate to that.

PATRICK  
 You said his name was...Demetri.  
 Right?

AIMEE  
 He was a little...eccentric at  
 times, but...he looked out for me.  
 Said he couldn't live with himself  
 if a girl like me got hurt and he  
 did nothing.

Aimee absently plays with the guitar pick at her throat.

PATRICK

He taught you how to play dad's  
guitar?

AIMEE

(Grin)  
Yeah.

PATRICK

Well, I'm glad someone did. And I'm  
grateful that he kept you safe.

AIMEE

Just wish I could have said  
goodbye.

Patrick gives his sister's shoulder a squeeze. She holds him tighter.

They approach a small HOUSEBOAT at the end of the dock. It's a little rundown, aged by years of storms and salt water. However, it still feels homey.

Patrick releases Aimee and makes a grand gesture towards the boat.

PATRICK

Ta-dah! What do you think?

AIMEE

It's...nice?

PATRICK

(Mock shock)  
Aims. You come back into my life  
after all these years and you mock  
my Bessie? I am appalled!

AIMEE

(Laughs)  
Bessie? Really?

PATRICK

Actually, it was Evan's idea.  
He...he took one look and just knew  
that she was Bessie and she was  
our's.

The mention of Evan immediately dampens the mood, both of them looking suddenly somber.

AIMEE

You said he got into drugs.

PATRICK

Yeah. We...you have to understand, Aims that it was tough when we first got here. A couple of kids way over their heads. I was older so it was a little easier to get a decent gig as a dishwasher over at Ida's, but Evan... he got involved with these drug guys. Before I knew it, he was doing that stuff. I tried to get him to stop. I really did, but he wasn't hearing any of it. Even when we were little, you remember, he was always-

AIMEE

Stubborn.

PATRICK

(Nods)

That's one way to put it.

AIMEE

The papers said that you...I was so afraid that-

PATRICK

I told him that I would go to the cops. He must of told those guys he was working for because the next thing I knew he was dead of an overdose and there's this story in the paper about it being a murder and...It took awhile to convince someone to listen.

AIMEE

Maybe if I was here I could have helped.

PATRICK

I'm glad you weren't here for that.

AIMEE

But-

PATRICK

(Dark chuckle)

It wasn't pretty, Aims. Not just in the end, but all of it. Just-



AIMEE

I know...I saw mom...

Patrick heaves a heavy sigh. He rubs his temple.

PATRICK

Jesus Christ. I'm so sorry we left you there. You were so young and we never thought-

AIMEE

You're here now. That's all that matters. We're just a bit messed up now.

PATRICK

You're right. We're together...So, you want to see the rest of the place?

AIMEE

I'd love to see it.

With a sad smile, Patrick guides her onto the deck.

INT. PATRICK'S HOUSEBOAT-BEDROOM-NIGHT

Patrick opens the door to the small BEDROOM, revealing a simple, tidy room that doesn't look like it's been lived in for awhile.

PATRICK

So, my room is just back there. Bathroom's next door and this is...was Evan's room. I guess it's your's now.

AIMEE

It's great, Pat. Really. Although, very clean considering how messy Evan was as a kid.

PATRICK

Oh, no. It was like a hurricane blew through. I didn't do anything with it for awhile, but then the smell got unbearable.

They laugh lightly, enjoying happier memories, until Aimee lets out a long yawn. Patrick smiles.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Still have a bedtime, sis?

Aimee elbows him in the stomach, making him laugh more.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

I'll let you get some sleep. Night.

AIMEE

Night, Pat.

He pulls her in for one more hug before reluctantly crossing to the other side of the boat.

She lets her things drop at the foot of the bed, gently laying on top of the bed. She doesn't even bother to pull the comforter over herself as her eyes begin to grow heavy.

Just as they're about to close, her eyes focus on a small NIGHT STAND.

On the side of the night stand, just peaking out over the edge of the bed, are a series of words written in permanent marker.

*EVAN WAS HERE.*

She smiles and falls asleep.

INT. PATRICK'S HOUSE BOAT-BEDROOM-DAY

3 MONTHS LATER

An ALARM CLOCK goes off as Aimee groans and slowly opens her eyes. She turns it off with a SLAP before reaching out for her PHONE sitting on the bed side table.

She reads a text: *Happy 18th Birthday, Aims! Gone to work. Will see you tonight. Love you!*

Aimee smiles, pushing herself out of bed.

As she EXITS the room, her changes to the room are more noticeable.

Clothes hang haphazardly from a small closet. Pictures hang from the walls: old family photos and new memories of her and Patrick. There's even a picture of Demetri, an old promo picture from his days as a professional musician.

Down the hall we hear a SHOWER turn on.

INT. PATRICK'S HOUSE BOAT-BATHROOM-DAY

Aimee wipes steam off the bathroom mirror. Her hair, damp from her shower, has grown a little longer.

She picks up her necklace off the sink and ties it around her neck.

EXT. KEY WEST STREET-DAY

Aimee weaves her way through the tourist filled streets of KEY WEST, trying to make herself as small as possible.

At the corner of the street, a STREET MUSICIAN plays on some makeshift DRUMS. Aimee, waiting at crosswalk across the street, grins at the sight of the musician.

As she walks, a man bumps into her from behind, causing her to freeze up for a moment.

RUDE PEDESTRIAN  
Hey, watch it kid!

AIMEE  
(Mutters)  
Sorry...asshole.

RUDE PEDESTRIAN  
What?

AIMEE  
(Louder)  
Sorry.

The pedestrian grunts as he shoves his way through the crowd. As the man passes the drummer, he trips on one of his tip bucket, scattering the change on the pavement.

RUDE PEDESTRIAN  
Get a job, loser.

Aimee rushes over to help the musician pick up the money. She smiles at him.

DRUMMER  
Thanks.

AIMEE  
Don't mention it. I've played the streets before. I know how it is.

DRUMMER

Pretty girl like you? You shouldn't  
be playing on the streets alone.  
People will get the wrong idea.

AIMEE

...Wasn't alone.

By now, the drummer's tips have been put back in his tip  
bucket.

DRUMMER

Good! You always need someone to  
watch your back.

Aimee pulls a TEN DOLLAR BILL from her pocket and puts it in  
the bucket.

AIMEE

Don't stop playing.

Aimee walks away as the drummer starts to play again.

INT. THERAPIST OFFICE\_WAITING ROOM-DAY

Aimee ENTERS a plain, sterile hallway from an elevator. She  
walks toward a wood door at the end of the hall.

CLOSE UP on a nameplate. *"Dr. Madison Greenburg Psy. D. Youth  
Trauma Counseling."*

DR. GREENBURG (O.S.)

How are you feeling today, Aimee?

INT. DR. GREENBURG'S OFFICE-DAY

Aimee lounges on an overstuffed couch perched right next to a  
large window. DR. MADISON GREENBURG, late 40s, sits across  
from her. She's a stylish woman sitting with poise on the  
edge of her chair.

AIMEE

I'm fine.

DR. GREENBURG

Aimee...

AIMEE

Okay, okay. I'm...I'm doing better  
today.

DR. GREENBURG  
No nightmares last night?

AIMEE  
One, but...I did what you taught  
me. Worked on some lyrics.

DR. GREENBURG  
You mentioned at your last  
appointment that you had taken to  
writing songs since your  
experience.

AIMEE  
Well, I sometimes wrote little  
poems in the foster home, but there  
was something Demetri used to say.  
That there was something  
therapeutic about playing your  
heart out to someone, even a  
stranger.

DR. GREENBURG  
And have you played your music for  
anyone?

AIMEE  
Just Pat so far. Although, Pat and  
Ida are taking me to an open mic  
tonight for my birthday-

DR. GREENBURG  
That's right! Happy birthday!

AIMEE  
(Smiles)  
Thanks. Um... Pat knows the owner  
of the place and he said he could  
get me in last minute. You know, if  
I wanted.

Dr. Greenburg nods and jots down a few notes in Aimee's file.

DR. GREENBURG  
And how do you feel about that?

AIMEE  
I don't know. Nervous? Excited?

DR. GREENBURG  
You know you don't have to if  
you're not ready.

AIMEE

I know. I just can't help but feel like he...he would want me to keep playing.

DR. GREENBURG

Demetri?

AIMEE

Yeah.

DR. GREENBURG

You miss him. Don't you?

AIMEE

(Nods)

I finally got the nerve to look for his EP online the other day. It's really good.

DR. GREENBURG

You don't sound surprised.

Aimee looks out the window of the office building. In the corner of her eye she sees the drummer playing on the corner of the street. A small smirk makes its way across her lips.

AIMEE

I'm not.

EXT. KEY WEST BAR-NIGHT

Aimee walks up to a small hole-in-the-wall bar right off the beach. A poster outside advertises "Open Mic Night."

She shrugs her guitar case a little higher onto her shoulder as she spies Patrick just a few feet away. He glances at his phone every couple of seconds. His face lights up as he notices her in the busy beach-side traffic.

He jogs up to Aimee, his smile only growing as he sees the guitar case.

PATRICK

Does this mean what I think it does?

AIMEE

One word and I turn around.

PATRICK

Awww, but Aims!

AIMEE  
 (Rolls her eyes)  
 Come on, loser.

PATRICK  
 You know you don't have to if-

AIMEE  
 I'll be fine. It's not my first  
 time playing open mic at some dive  
 bar.

Aimee laughs to herself as she nudges Patrick's shoulder on her way into the bar.

PATRICK  
 Right, right...Wait, you JUST  
 turned 18! How did you get in?

Patrick chases after Aimee and ENTERS the bar.

INT. KEY WEST BAR-NIGHT

Patrick guides Aimee into the bar and waves at a group of his FRIENDS near the stage, Ida among them. He quickly weaves his way through the crowded tables to say hello, not realizing Aimee paused near the door.

Aimee watches her brother interact with his groups, pulling her guitar closer.

Patrick finally spots her by the door. He waves her over.

PATRICK  
 Aimee! Aimee, get over here!

Aimee hesitates for a BEAT before squaring her shoulders and making her way through the crowd, trying to make herself as small as possible. As she gets closer to the table, he reaches out and pulls her the rest of the way.

Ida is immediately at her side, giving her a gentle hug.

IDA  
 Happy birthday, Aimee.

AIMEE  
 Thanks, Ida.

IDA  
 I've already spoken with old Cody.  
 You'll be up soon so you can leave  
 your things here.

AIMEE

But I didn't know I was going to perform til-

Before she can finish her thought, she turns to glare at Patrick. He shrugs innocently.

PATRICK

Call it wishful thinking. Come on!

Her facade cracks and she laughs as he takes her hand. Before she knows it, they make their way to the stage. There they approach CODY, the middle-aged owner of the bar.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Got your next act for you Cody.  
This is Aimee-

AIMEE

Eury.

PATRICK

Eury?

AIMEE

(Shrugs)  
Stage name.

Patrick looks at her strangely, wanting to ask more but is interrupted by Cody, checking off Aimee's name on the list.

CODY

You're up next, kid.

AIMEE

I'm not a kid.

Cody ignores her, his attention already on the ACT currently finishing their set. As the ACT exits the stage, Cody climbs up to the mic.

CODY

Alright, alright. Weren't they great folks?

Aimee quickly scrambles to open her guitar case, pulling out the guitar and shoving the now empty case into her brother's arms.

CODY (CONT'D)

Next up, we've got a little lady coming up who also happens to have a birthday today.

(MORE)



CODY (CONT'D)

So treat her nicely. Give it up to  
Miss Aimee Eury!

The manager walks off as Aimee steps onto the stage, shyly  
blinking into the light. She takes out her guitar and  
approaches the STOOL in front of the mic.

AIMEE

Um...Hi. Um...I haven't done this  
in awhile, much less by myself,  
but...

HECKLER (O.S.)

Just play something!

PATRICK (O.S.)

Shut up, Asshole!  
(To Aimee)  
You're doing great, Aimee!

AIMEE

Thank you, Pat. That's my brother,  
by the way. Embarrassing as usual.  
Um... this song is for... a good  
friend of mine. One I hope I will  
meet again someday.

Aimee starts her song, not quite confident. She plays a slow,  
powerful BALLAD. As she gets further into the song, she grows  
more confident.

The song builds to a crescendo and in the back of the bar we  
see a glimpse of DEMETRI, watching Aimee play. A few tears  
fall from Aimee's eyes.

When the song comes to an end, Aimee blinks and the image of  
Demetri is gone.

The bar cheers as she comes back to her senses.

Aimee gives a shy smile and wave to the crowd and EXITS the  
stage. Patrick gives her a huge hug.

PATRICK

That was great, Aimee! I'm so proud  
of you. How do you feel?

AIMEE

Good? Nauseous?  
(Chuckles)  
I think I need some air.

PATRICK

Do you need me to go with you?

AIMEE

No, I...I'll be fine. I'll be right back okay?

PATRICK

If you're sure.

AIMEE

I'm sure.

She gives him a reassuring smile as she heads towards a nearby back EXIT.

EXT. BAR ALLEY-NIGHT

Aimee ENTERS the alley and leans her back against the brick wall with a sigh. She pulls her WALLET out of her pocket and takes out a PHOTO. She stares at it.

CLOSE UP on the photo shows that it is the same photo that Demetri had left with her of him and Mary.

Down the alley, a strumming GUITAR can be heard playing in the street. Aimee smiles to herself.

Then, a FAMILIAR VOICE joins the guitar, capturing Aimee's attention.

She stuffs her wallet back into her pocket, holding on to the photo, and makes her way out of the alley.

EXT. KEY WEST STREET-NIGHT

The streets are packed with tourists and locals alike enjoying the tropical night life.

Aimee comes out from the shadows of the alley and follows the sound of the singing. When she reaches the corner, she freezes in her tracks.

There, playing his guitar, is Demetri. The months have not been kind. He looks dirtier and more tired than he did before.

As if in a trance, Aimee crosses the street and makes her way through the crowd that has become Demetri's audience. She hides herself on the edge of the crowd, listening to Demetri play and sing.

As his song comes to an end, the crowd applauds and disperses. He tunes his guitar for his next song.

A few people drop tips into the hat at his feet or stop to compliment his voice.

CLOSE UP as a photo falling gently into the hat. The photo of him and Mary.

Demetri looks up in awe as Aimee shyly smiles in front of him. He smiles back.

Hey. DEMETRI

Hi. AIMEE

You good? DEMETRI

Yeah. AIMEE (SHRUGS)

As Aimee and Demetri continue to chat, the world around them continues to walk by, unaware of their reunion.

FADE TO BLACK.