

Self Portrait

written by

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**OVER BLACK:**

"It's part of the privilege of being human that we have our moment when we have to say goodbye." - Patti Smith

**FADE IN:**

**INT. CANCER WARD - DAY (10 YEARS AGO)**

CANCER PATIENTS in various stages of treatment are all over.

Oncology nurse IRIS (40s) drops a patient's chart off at the reception desk. She grabs one labeled "Chloe Finley."

**CHLOE'S BOOTH**

CHLOE FINLEY (16) plays a retro video game. She's gaunt with an artist's soul and an IV drip attached to her arm.

Next to her, watching intently, is knife maker and terminal breast cancer patient ROBERTA (50s). She's short with a floral bandana covering a freshly shaved head.

TEENAGE CHLOE

He's going to--

ROBERTA

Use the magnet beam right... now!

Chloe presses a combination of buttons.

The villain on screen dies. A game ending screen comes up.

Chloe celebrates. Roberta smiles maternally.

Chloe hugs her. She looks up to see Iris adjusting her IV.

IRIS

I'll come back.

Iris walks back to the station.

ROBERTA

How are you feeling?

TEENAGE CHLOE

I haven't thrown up today, so I got that going for me.

ROBERTA

I did this morning. I think I saw a shoe in there.

They both laugh.

TEENAGE CHLOE

Why can't my mother talk to me the way you do?

ROBERTA

It's hard to joke in here.

TEENAGE CHLOE

She's always so stern.

ROBERTA

It's different when it's your kid as opposed to your friend.

(beat)

My daughter is the same way about this as your mother, I think.

Beat.

TEENAGE CHLOE

I got the results back from my lab work. The doctor says I'm doing better and I thought--

ROBERTA

Until you leave here on your own, ringing that damn bell, she's always going to worry. And after that... she'll still worry.

TEENAGE CHLOE

She shouldn't.

ROBERTA

She's your mother. Part of the job responsibility is worrying.

TEENAGE CHLOE

I just want her to think about what I'll do after this is over, not what this liver enzyme or that.

ROBERTA

Just talk to her about that painting you said you'd make. It'll look good in my shop, in case you are looking for a place to put it.

Chloe smiles.

**INT. CANCER WARD BATHROOM - TWO HOURS LATER**

Chloe's mother BETH (40s) looks around, worried. She's an older version of her daughter.

Chloe throws up in the stall.

TEENAGE CHLOE (O.S.)

I'm fine.

Chloe exits the stall and washes her mouth in the sink.

Beth pats her on the back.

Chloe looks at herself in the mirror. She weakly smiles.

**INT. CANCER WARD HALLWAY - DAY**

Chloe's father GEORGE (40s) leans against the wall, tapping his foot. He's a real estate magnate.

Beth and Chloe walk out.

George looks at his daughter with concern.

CHLOE

I'm fine, dad.

Beth and George exchange a glance.

GEORGE

Let's get you home, dear.

**INT. CANCER WARD - DAY (SEVERAL DAYS LATER)**

Iris grabs Chloe's file and walks over to her booth.

**CHLOE'S BOOTH**

Chloe looks at self-portraits of famous artists on a tablet.

Iris walks over and sits down next to her. She looks at the IV drip, adjusting it.

IRIS

How are you feeling today?

TEENAGE CHLOE

Great until I got here.

Iris glances at Chloe's tablet.

IRIS  
Still searching for inspiration?

TEENAGE CHLOE  
The first thing I paint will be called "Portrait of a girl who kicked cancer's ass." I just have to figure out how that looks.  
(looks at Iris)  
Where's Roberta?

IRIS  
(looks away)  
We just found out.

Chloe closes her eyes for a moment. She brushes a tear away.

TEENAGE CHLOE  
I hope it was peaceful.

IRIS  
Her family said she went to sleep and didn't wake up.

Chloe takes a deep breath, holding back tears.

IRIS (CONT'D)  
She's not in pain anymore.

Iris turns to see:

#### **RECEPTION DESK**

DYLAN (16) and his mom LYNN (mid 40s) check in.

Dylan is tall, thin, and awkward. An anime-themed t-shirt hangs off of him.

Lynn is in the end stages of lung cancer. She signs a sheet of paper, exhausted.

Dylan helps his mother over to one of the booths.

#### **CHLOE'S BOOTH**

Iris walks over to Lynn's booth.

Chloe's fingers quickly type on the tablet. Roberta's obituary comes up. She is survived by a daughter, JOANNA (21), a dark-haired, dead ringer for her mother. Her eyes looks up to see Iris place an IV into Lynn's arm.

**LYNN'S BOOTH**

Lynn lays down.

TEENAGE DYLAN  
I'll get you some water.

Lynn spots Chloe.

Chloe waves and gives her a thumbs up.

Lynn responds in kind. She sees Chloe turn back to her tablet and motions to her son.

LYNN  
You should talk to her.

TEENAGE DYLAN  
Do I have to?

LYNN  
Your father said she was very nice.

Dylan looks over to Chloe and then back to his mother.

Lynn is fast asleep.

**CHLOE'S BOOTH**

Chloe's eyes are focused on her tablet. A self-portrait of Vincent van Gogh is up on it.

Dylan walks up behind her. His eyes focus on the painting.

TEENAGE DYLAN  
Who's that?

TEENAGE CHLOE  
Van Gogh

She turns and looks at him.

They exchange friendly smiles.

Dylan motions over to his mother.

Chloe looks over.

Lynn is out cold.

TEENAGE DYLAN  
I don't think we've met.

TEENAGE CHLOE

Chloe.

TEENAGE DYLAN

Dylan.

TEENAGE CHLOE

(motions to the tablet)

He painted over thirty of these and I can't even make one.

TEENAGE DYLAN

How come?

TEENAGE CHLOE

The self-portrait is how people look at you as an artist after a certain point. They get debated and discussed and it should be easy to paint yourself, right?

TEENAGE DYLAN

Maybe you're overthinking things.

TEENAGE CHLOE

I'll be happy once this is over.

TEENAGE DYLAN

Can you throw on a movie?

TEENAGE CHLOE

The Wi-Fi sucks her.

TEENAGE DYLAN

I was hoping Netflix would work because I wanted to finish The Beat That My Heart Skipped.

TEENAGE CHLOE

The only thing on the TV is the Hallmark channel. After a month of that you'll want to watch Beverly Hills Samurai 3.

TEENAGE DYLAN

The sequels were better.

TEENAGE CHLOE

I didn't know they existed.

TEENAGE DYLAN

They brought back the villain from the first for all of them, too!

**INT. CANCER WARD LOBBY - DAY**

DOCTORS, NURSES, and other WORKERS all surround a large bell.

Behind the bell is a plaque with the poem "Ringing Out" by Irve Le Moyne engraved onto it.

George, Beth, Dylan, and Dylan's mother all watch as Chloe approaches the bell.

Chloe looks through the crowd. She turns to the bell and emphatically rings it three times.

Everyone celebrates.

**INT. LOFT APARTMENT - NIGHT (SIX MONTHS LATER)**

Empty, freshly cleaned.

A beaded curtain leads into a bedroom. A small kitchen has older, well-maintained appliances. The bathroom door has an older crucifix on it.

Chloe walks in. Her hair is short and her body starting to fill out. Her eyes look around. Her smile is massive.

TEENAGE CHLOE

This is perfect!

George and Beth walk in and look around. Beth looks at George. He shrugs.

GEORGE

Are you sure?

TEENAGE CHLOE

It's close to McCullar Art.

GEORGE

That's a year away.

TEENAGE CHLOE

You said I could have anything I wanted when we beat this.

GEORGE

We could go to Hawaii.

BETH

My cousin Debbie and her family are there. It's paradise!



TEENAGE CHLOE

This is a perfect painting space.

BETH

Let's say McCullar accepts you,  
Chloe... wouldn't you want to live  
in the dorms, with people your age,  
until you're ready?

TEENAGE CHLOE

This is a perfect studio.

GEORGE

What about Dylan?

TEENAGE CHLOE

He's just a friend.

BETH

You spend a lot of time with him.

Chloe groans.

GEORGE

If it's this or a bunch of lazy  
crackheads in the dorms--

BETH

Dear!

George and Beth exchange looks.

Chloe looks around.

Beth looks at her husband. She nods.

GEORGE

I'll pull the car around.

George leaves.

Beth takes a deep breath.

BETH

Your father wants me to ask you if  
you want to go to her grave.

TEENAGE CHLOE

I already missed her funeral.

BETH

It's a chance for you to grieve--

TEENAGE CHLOE

I don't want to, OK?

BETH

It's good to get it out.

TEENAGE CHLOE

Maybe later. I mean It's not like she's going anywhere, right?

Beth groans.

Chloe's phone buzzes with a text from Dylan. A video is attached of him playing music.

TEENAGE CHLOE (CONT'D)

Can we go to the piano bar? Dylan is playing!

Beth nods.

**INT. PIANO BAR - NIGHT**

A large CROWD vibes to Dylan singing "Sweet Caroline" by Neil Diamond while playing his ass off on an expensive piano.

A dozen WOMEN (20s) sing along. Two of them stare at him with lust in their eyes.

Chloe and her parents walk inside.

Beth and George stand near the entrance.

Chloe walks up to the crowd.

Dylan spots her.

They exchange smiles.

Dylan finishes playing.

The crowd explodes.

DYLAN

(into the microphone)

Give me a couple of minutes to adjust my throat.

Dylan motions for Chloe to come over.

Chloe walks over and sits down next to him.

George takes a photo of them.

**PIANO**

Chloe looks at Dylan's tablet.

TEENAGE CHLOE  
Nice boomer music.

TEENAGE DYLAN  
I just play them.

TEENAGE CHLOE  
Do you get paid?

He points to the tip jar. She puts a dollar in it.

TEENAGE DYLAN  
My old man wants me to work in the  
mail room instead of here. It'll  
help when I become a lawyer, at  
least that's his plan.

TEENAGE CHLOE  
And yours?

TEENAGE DYLAN  
Who knows but God help me if I wind  
up as some dork in an expensive  
suit at that place.

TEENAGE CHLOE  
God help us all.

He swipes through several songs. The tablet lands on "Because  
the Night" by Patti Smith.

TEENAGE DYLAN  
Can you sing?

She looks around and then at him.

TEENAGE CHLOE  
Are you serious?

TEENAGE DYLAN  
My voice could use a rest.

She leans in.

TEENAGE CHLOE  
In front of all these people?

TEENAGE DYLAN  
I'll carry you.

Chloe shakes her head no in pure terror.

TEENAGE DYLAN (CONT'D)  
I bet you have a great voice.

TEENAGE CHLOE  
Hard no.

Dylan swipes through several more songs, landing on "Don't Stop Believin'" by Journey.

TEENAGE DYLAN  
Are you sure?

TEENAGE CHLOE  
We're going to Roarke's.

TEENAGE DYLAN  
Do your parents like that place?

TEENAGE CHLOE  
They said I could pick out my first  
dinner after I rang the bell.

TEENAGE DYLAN  
God help us all indeed.

He chuckles.

They hug.

She walks away.

Dylan plays the song.

The crowd gets into it.

Dylan sings. His eyes spot Chloe and her parents leave. They turn around to see several women tip him. He smiles.

**INT. LOFT APARTMENT - NIGHT (MONTAGE)**

Furniture and painting materials are brought in.

Teenage Chloe hangs a framed photo of herself and her parents on the wall. She grabs a canvas and writes "self-portrait" on the back. Her hands place it on an easel. She paints on it, stops, and then paints over it in white once it's dry.

Teenage Dylan walks in. He places a picture of the two of them on a counter.

MATCH CUT TO:

**INT. LOFT APARTMENT - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)**

An updated photo of Chloe and Dylan is on the counter.

She's 26 now, curvy with long flowing black hair.

He's tall, dark and handsome.

The framed photo of Chloe and her parents is covered in dust.

A colorful invitation for an "Artist Exhibition" for Chloe is on a table.

Chloe stares at a freshly painted white canvas. Layers of covered-up paint are evident on the corners. Her phone buzzes with a text from Dylan.

"Got a table."

She looks at it and then back to the canvas. Her hand moves towards a brush and grabs it. She takes a deep breath and goes to paint. Her hand stops. Chloe puts it down and leaves.

**INT. SPORTS BAR - NIGHT**

A hockey game is on every television.

A sign advertises a "Wings From Satan's Taint" contest.

If you can defeat the spiciest wings in the Midwest, you win a t-shirt. No one has ever beaten it.

BAR PATRONS surround a LARGE MAN trying to be the first. Sweat drips off him and onto the floor, his face contorting to hide the pain. Two chicken wing bones are on a plate. His hands grab his mouth. He sprints to the bathroom, past--

Dylan sitting at a table, staring at a dating app on his phone. A tailored suit clings to him. His eyes focus on profiles in a dating app.

Two beers and a basket of potato skins are in front of him.

Chloe comes up behind him. Her eyes focus on his phone.

CHLOE

No.

DYLAN

No?

Chloe sits down across from him.

CHLOE  
She's an online activist.

DYLAN  
But she's hot.

CHLOE  
That's not a real job.

DYLAN  
Says the artist.

CHLOE  
You're too good for her.

DYLAN  
Did I mention that she's hot?

CHLOE  
You should be looking for more than  
just looks, Dylan.

DYLAN  
I'm not looking for Miss Right.

CHLOE  
She's not good enough to be Miss  
Right Now, either.

Chloe takes a swig of her beer.

DYLAN  
My firm is debating a new drug  
testing policy for the associates.

CHLOE  
It's just pot, right?

DYLAN  
One of the rich kids showed up high  
on coke and now we're all fucked.

Chloe shrugs.

DYLAN (CONT'D)  
One of the name partners wanted to  
talk about my future over lunch.

CHLOE  
Is that good or bad?

DYLAN  
Younger me would've called me a  
sell-out for taking the job.

CHLOE  
And what does current you say?

DYLAN  
Money's awesome.

CHLOE  
Welcome to adulthood, right?

They clink drinks.

DYLAN  
I've got a date for your thing.

CHLOE  
What about the hot Twitter girl?

DYLAN  
In case we don't click, you know?

CHLOE  
When you show up at my place with  
orange chicken--

DYLAN  
You can say I told you so.

She grabs a potato skin and takes a bite.

CHLOE  
I wish I could just paint and not  
have to deal with all of this.

DYLAN  
It'll be fine.

CHLOE  
All those people looking at me--

DYLAN  
And telling you how great your art  
is and how they all want to give  
you unspeakable amounts of money to  
put it up in their living room.

Chloe takes another bite.

DYLAN (CONT'D)  
What's the worst that happens?

She shrugs.

**INT. LOFT APARTMENT - DAY**

A handful of T-shirts are on the couch.

Chloe looks at them. Her phone buzzes with an email from Raylan labeled "Guest List." She opens it up.

Dylan and his date are listed on it.

She clicks reply. Her fingers quickly type "My parents, too." She stops and deletes it. Chloe takes a deep breath and replies: "That's it." Her eyes turn to the photo of her and her parents. She pulls up her caller ID.

"Mom" and "Dad" are the first two that come up.

Chloe goes to delete them and stops. She pulls up a cemetery map. She clicks on her parents. They both died on the same day... and Roberta is near them. She pulls up her mother on Caller ID and dials her. After two rings she gets voicemail.

BETH (V.O.)

This is Beth, you know what to do.

Chloe struggles to hold back tears.

CHLOE

I could save a lot of money if I would let your numbers go but...

(beat)

It'd be like you were gone.

(beat)

I know you are but... I get to hear your voice one more time and I can't let someone else have that.

(deep breath)

My first exhibition is tonight.

(tear comes down)

I wish you guys could be there.

(wipes tear away)

It's unfair it was a car crash. I thought I'd get to say goodbye, not just listen as someone told me you both were gone.

(deep breath)

I miss you both.

(beat)

I miss you, dad.

(deep breath)

Wish me luck tonight. I'll need it.

Chloe hangs up.



**INT. GALLERY BACK ROOM - NIGHT**

RAYLAN JAMESON BILLINGSWORTH (60s, gallery owner) looks around. He's tall, thin, and properly elegant. His eyes spot a beaten-up purse near the women's bathroom.

RAYLAN  
There's a lot of people here  
waiting for you, my dear.

Chloe exits the bathroom. An older t-shirt for a Sri Lankan death metal band and beaten up jeans cling to her.

He sighs loudly.

CHLOE  
You said comfortable but not--

RAYLAN  
I meant more like a nice dress.

CHLOE  
Do I have to do this?

RAYLAN  
Do you know how Pollack paid his  
rent before he was Jackson Pollack?

CHLOE  
I'll double your cut if you do that  
for me.

RAYLAN  
When you become the most famous  
artist in the world... you can  
paint in a Montana shack and people  
will think it makes you quirky.

CHLOE  
What if I do that now?

RAYLAN  
They'll assume your painting has a  
bomb in it.

CHLOE  
Can I hire an actor to--

Raylan snaps his fingers.

RAYLAN  
We're selling your paintings for  
fifty thousand dollars apiece.

CHLOE

Holy shit.

RAYLAN

You act like that's a lot of money.

CHLOE

That is a lot of money.

RAYLAN

It's a drop in the bucket if you become the artist I know you'll be.

CHLOE

Now I really don't want to do this.

RAYLAN

There's a reason why it's called the art business. You have to play the game just a little bit.

CHLOE

The game is dumb.

RAYLAN

But, alas my dear Chloe, it is a game we must play despite its inherent stupidity.

She looks around.

RAYLAN (CONT'D)

People who know art, really know art, are here.

CHLOE

I just don't want my story, as an artist, to be that I sold some painting for money. I want to be--

RAYLAN

It's not going to be that.

She smiles.

RAYLAN (CONT'D)

It's going to be she sold those paintings for a shit load of money!

Chloe goes to say something... and then promptly passes out.

RAYLAN (CONT'D)

Chloe?

**INT. CANCER DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY (THREE DAYS LATER)**

Chloe looks around, bored. Her eyes fixate on several older posters focusing on cancer prevention, detection and avoidance on the walls.

Chloe's longtime Oncologist ORSON JACKSON (70s) walks in. He has medical results in one hand.

ORSON

It's been a while, Miss Finley.

CHLOE

You said five years after the all-clear. That was... three years ago.

ORSON

Have you passed out recently?

CHLOE

This is overkill. I freaked out and I panicked and then splat. The hack my HMO sent me to is trying to finance a house off of this.

ORSON

I am happy that he did.

CHLOE

You might be the only one.

Orson places her results on a counter.

ORSON

When he called me he could not pronounce Myelodysplastic Syndrome.

CHLOE

So I'm fine, right?

ORSON

Your liver enzymes, blood sugar, and potassium levels are all out of the range they should be. You also have some very troubling numbers on a metabolic basis, too. I can go on but if it was a single test I'd be worried. That it's over a dozen--

CHLOE

I've been eating badly lately.

ORSON

These sorts of numbers don't just happen from stress and a bad diet.

CHLOE

I'll stop eating fast food.

ORSON

Based on everything, we need to run some tests just to be sure.

**INT. LOFT APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Chloe stares at the canvas, brush in hand. Her hand goes to make a stroke and stops.

DYLAN (O.S.)

You painted over it again.

Chloe turns to see Dylan with Chinese takeout in his hands.

CHLOE

I can paint everything but the woman in the mirror.

DYLAN

I think you've been doing this since I first met you.

Her eyes spot the Chinese food.

CHLOE

Is it funny or sad this time?

DYLAN

I did nothing wrong.

Chloe rolls her eyes. She walks over to the kitchen and grabs some dinnerware.

CHLOE

That you know of.

Dylan sits down on the couch. He places the Chinese food on the table.

DYLAN

Emma wanted to have dinner and--

CHLOE

Did you take her to McFinn's?

She places dinnerware on the table.

DYLAN  
Didn't get the chance.

CHLOE  
Oh no.

They both place food on their plates.

DYLAN  
I left my phone on the table when I  
went to the bathroom and then  
Twitter girl sends me a video of  
herself... well... you know.

Chloe thinks for a moment and then roars in laughter.

DYLAN (CONT'D)  
It's not funny.

CHLOE  
If it was someone else telling you  
that story, you'd laugh.

Chloe looks at her watch and then the food.

DYLAN  
Everything OK?

CHLOE  
They want me to do some tests.

DYLAN  
They just did some, didn't they?

They eat.

CHLOE  
As soon as he saw the insurance  
card it was "We're doing all the  
tests, young lady."

DYLAN  
For good reason.

CHLOE  
He probably wants a vacation home.

DYLAN  
It's better to be safe than sorry.

CHLOE  
Says the person who won't be stuck  
in a metal tube for two hours.

**INT. MRI ROOM - DAY (SEVERAL DAYS LATER)**

Chloe's feet stick out of an MRI machine.

A TECHNICIAN stares at the monitor. They motion to someone. A RADIOLOGIST comes in and looks at it. His eyes open wide.

**INT. CANCER DOCTOR'S OFFICE - SEVERAL HOURS LATER**

Chloe sits in the same chair, her hand gripping it intensely. Her heart is beating so loudly she can't hear anything.

Orson points to Chloe's MRI scan on a monitor. His finger moves from her brain to her lungs.

Her eyes turn to it.

A large tumor is on her brain and more are all over her.

Chloe's eyes look it over. They turn to the Orson.

ORSON

Miss Finley... are you listening?

Chloe snaps out of it. A chill goes down her spine.

CHLOE

Glioblastoma, grade four, that can not be cut out plus several tumors in my pancreas and liver.

(beat)

Terminal.

Silence.

ORSON

We should discuss your options.

CHLOE

How much time do I have?

ORSON

Without treatment, I'd say three months would be very generous.

CHLOE

How much longer if we did chemo?

ORSON

Double that, potentially.

CHLOE

So six months, right?

Orson nods.

ORSON

I can get you in there this week  
and get you started.

**INT. LOFT APARTMENT - DAY**

Chloe walks in and looks around. She drops a handful of pamphlets onto a table.

They're all for dealing with terminal cancer. A card for a cancer treatment center is clipped to one. Her eyes focus on the canvas for a moment.

It's still blank.

Chloe walks over and sits on her couch. Tears pour down her face. She collapses into the couch. Her phone buzzes with a text from Dylan: "You up for some skins tonight?" She looks away, sobbing uncontrollably.

MATCH CUT TO:

**INT. LOFT APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Chloe's eyes are puffy and bloodshot. She sits up and turns to the canvas. Her eyes focus on it. She gets up and stares at it. Her hand grabs a brush.

KNOCK KNOCK!

CHLOE

It's open.

Dylan walks in with takeout from the bar.

DYLAN

You weren't answering your phone.

She turns and sees him, then the food.

CHLOE

You didn't have to.

DYLAN

It's weird eating there alone.  
(sees the canvas)  
Still nothing.

CHLOE  
It might be the last thing I ever  
paint right now.

DYLAN  
Is everything OK?

CHLOE  
They found something.

DYLAN  
Oh no.

The takeout bag falls out of his hands, hitting the floor.  
He rushes over and hugs her.

CHLOE  
It's on my brain stem and it's too  
big to cut out this time.

DYLAN  
Can they do anything? You beat it  
once already.

CHLOE  
They caught it early last time. Now  
it's just delaying the inevitable.

DYLAN  
How much time do you have?

They sit down.

CHLOE  
They said a couple of months, maybe  
more if I do chemo again.

He reaches over and grabs her hand.

DYLAN  
So six months.

CHLOE  
They got me in quickly, at least.

She squeezes it.

DYLAN  
Let me know what you need, OK?

Chloe nods.



**EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY**

A sedan parks far from it.

**INT. SEDAN - DAY**

Chloe stares at the hospital entrance.

A YOUNG GIRL WITH CANCER (5) and her PARENTS walk inside. The young girl's parents are putting on a brave face for her.

Chloe's eyes focus on them. She opens the car door. Her eyes look at the hospital. Visions of George and Beth walking the teenage version of her inside flood her brain. They look at each other the same way. She slams the door shut. Her hand inserts the key. Chloe starts the car and drives away.

**INT. CANCER DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY**

Chloe sits in a chair, relaxing.

Orson walks in, Chloe's file in his hands.

ORSON

Miss Finley, how are you feeling?

CHLOE

I'm OK.

ORSON

I called the treatment facility. They said you haven't been there.

CHLOE

I've decided I'm not doing it.

Orson sighs.

ORSON

Have you considered everything?

CHLOE

I remember last time, and how I felt, and I don't want that.

ORSON

There's still a chance that chemo and radiation could shrink it enough for us to try surgery.

CHLOE

It's on my brain stem.

ORSON  
If it shrinks enough--

CHLOE  
What are the odds?

ORSON  
Not zero.  
(beat)  
It'll give you more time to settle  
your affairs.

CHLOE  
So I can be bedridden, throwing up,  
and praying for death... again?  
Pass.

ORSON  
If you want someplace different,  
because of your experiences, I can  
recommend a couple of places that  
are just as good.

CHLOE  
You can write this down in my file.  
(clears throat)  
I'm not going to do treatment.

Silence.

ORSON  
I would strongly advise against  
that, Chloe.

CHLOE  
I get a one hundred percent chance  
of being miserable for a not zero  
chance of beating this.

ORSON  
I understand this can be a lot  
right now but--

CHLOE  
I spent about a year just  
exhausted, puking everything up,  
and zonked on pills the moments  
they weren't injecting poison into  
me. I'm not going to spend the last  
moments of my life in bed, praying  
to die, like I saw everyone else  
doing at the end.

Orson thinks for a moment.

ORSON  
You should see Doctor Church.

CHLOE  
Doctor Church is the same quack I  
saw last time. Hard pass.

Orson sighs.

CHLOE (CONT'D)  
She should've run a moving company  
because she really loved to unpack  
things about... *this*.

ORSON  
I can't force you to do this but--

CHLOE  
Then I'm OK not doing it.

ORSON  
I think you should, for the sake of  
your mental health at least.

CHLOE  
Give me one good reason.

ORSON  
It'll help you handle all of this.

She gives him a thumbs down.

ORSON (CONT'D)  
It's something to do.

Chloe thinks for a moment.

CHLOE  
It'll cut into my painting time.

ORSON  
Most people want to do all sorts of  
things when they hear this news.  
(beat)

If you're not going to take my  
medical advice, then I would say  
that if I was in your shoes I'd go  
and knock out all the things I said  
I would do before I die and hadn't  
gotten around to. There's got to be  
more to Chloe Finley than just a  
brush and some paint, right?

**INT. SPORTS BAR - NIGHT**

The Wait Staff surround a TALL THIN MAN going for the wings challenge. One final wing is in front of him. His eyes focus on the clock.

Ten minutes remain.

Chloe watches. A mostly empty basket of potato skins and a full beer are in front of her.

Dylan walks up and sits down across from her. His eyes are focused on the wings.

DYLAN

Do you think he can do it?

CHLOE

He's been staring at that wing for a country minute right now.

DYLAN

Wouldn't it be something?

The Tall Thin Man looks at the wing, then the clock, and then sprints to the bathroom.

Dylan's eyes look at the table and then her.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

I'm surprised you have an appetite.

CHLOE

The skins are always great.

DYLAN

My mom could not eat a damn thing when she was going through chemo. I assumed it would be the same for you this time around.

Chloe takes a deep breath and looks around.

CHLOE

I'm not doing treatment.

Silence.

DYLAN

Why not?

CHLOE

I remember how it was and I'm not living through that again.

DYLAN  
What if it works?

CHLOE  
The phrase the doctor used was not  
zero. That's about as good as--

DYLAN  
It means more time.

CHLOE  
Shitty time.

DYLAN  
It's still more time.

CHLOE  
I don't want to talk about it.

DYLAN  
That's fair, I guess.

Dylan spots WANDA, a waitress, and motions for another beer.

**INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Small, almost claustrophobic.

A framed photo of Chloe and her parents in happier times is  
near a digital clock.

It's 2 am.

Chloe lies in bed, staring at the ceiling. She looks at the  
clock. Her eyes close for a moment and then spring back open.  
She stands up and walks into the living room.

**INT. LOFT APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Chloe walks in and up to the canvas. Her hand grabs a brush.  
Her eyes turn to the easel. She stares at it for a while. Her  
eyes looks at her paint and then back to the canvas. Chloe  
drops the brush and walks back into the bedroom.

**INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Chloe gets back into bed. Her eyes close for a moment. She  
takes a deep breath. Her eyes open up, fixed on the ceiling.  
Her fingers tap the side of the bed.

**INT. LOFT APARTMENT - DAY**

Chloe looks at the canvas.

Fresh white paint stares back at her.

She grabs her brush, her eyes turning to her palette.

The brush gracefully dips into the black ink.

Chloe goes to paint but stops. Her eyes look around the apartment and then back to the canvas.

DYLAN (O.S.)

I've got three strokes before you paint over it.

Chloe turns and sees Dylan walk in.

A six-pack of beer is in his hands.

They look at each other for a long moment.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

Can we talk?

CHLOE

Do you want me to apologize for getting cancer?

DYLAN

I just don't want you to die.

CHLOE

I really can't help that.

DYLAN

I understand but--

CHLOE

I went through it once and that was... unpleasant. This time it's going to be worse and there's no chance I walk away from it.

DYLAN

It's more time!

CHLOE

Where I'll be bedridden and in an unspeakable amount of pain.

DYLAN

Please don't talk like that.

CHLOE  
How should I talk?

DYLAN  
That your life is precious and you  
want as many days as you can above  
ground, painting and--

CHLOE  
I want good days and all I'd be  
adding are bad ones.

DYLAN  
They're still more days!

CHLOE  
Give me one good reason to.

Dylan thinks for a moment.

DYLAN  
You'd qualify for medical  
marijuana... and they deliver now.

CHLOE  
My folks wouldn't consent the first  
time because my dad thought the  
hour after you indulged you become  
a crack fiend.  
(imitating George's voice)  
First, you smoke the weed, then you  
will be robbing banks with a bunch  
of lazy crackheads!

He laughs.

CHLOE (CONT'D)  
My oncologist said there has to be  
more to me than just this and it's  
just fucking with me.

DYLAN  
You could do some boomer shit like  
jump out of airplanes and--

She shakes her head no.

DYLAN (CONT'D)  
We could get high.

CHLOE  
I don't think he'd be impressed.

DYLAN  
It could help you paint.

CHLOE  
You're going to keep going unless I  
say yes, right?

She nods.

**INT. LOFT APARTMENT - LATER**

A loud action movie is on the TV. The HERO of the action  
movie is in an MMA fight.

A large pizza box is on the table, surrounded by empty beers.  
One final slice is inside.

Next to it is a small pipe and an empty bag marked "Green  
Death" with a marijuana leaf on it.

Chloe and Dylan watch the movie. Both are impossibly stoned.

Her eyes turn to the pizza box.

DYLAN  
Why is there always one slice left?

CHLOE  
It's the grease.

DYLAN  
What?

CHLOE  
Roarke's is so greasy but you don't  
feel it until there's one slice  
left and then it taunts you.

DYLAN  
We've finished one before, right?

CHLOE  
When you order a Roarke's there are  
always leftover slices.

Dylan thinks for a long moment.

DYLAN  
I think there's one in the back of  
my fridge since... yeah.

CHLOE  
I always wind up tossing.



DYLAN

You should eat it now, so you don't waste any food.

CHLOE

Once that grease settles, it's over. You've got to get it in before it hits you.

Dylan stares at the TV for a moment.

DYLAN

This is way unrealistic.

CHLOE

Beverly Hills Samurai Eight, where a guy has to infiltrate the UFC to find the man who killed his half-brother, isn't realistic. Wow.

DYLAN

No, it's not that.

CHLOE

Is it the barbed wire death match to get into the UFC that did it?

DYLAN

Everyone in the film has abs.

Chloe laughs.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

The ring announcer is probably going to take his shirt off and have like a fifty-pack.

Chloe passes out.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

I bet ninety percent of this film's budget was spent on coconut oil.

Chloe snores.

Dylan looks over and smiles. His eyes look around the room. He spots a blanket and places it on her.

Chloe's hand grabs it tightly on instinct.

MATCH CUT TO:

**INT. LOFT APARTMENT - DAY (NEXT DAY)**

Chloe wakes up, her hand still clutching the blanket. Her eyes look around and then at her phone.

A text from Dylan is unread.

She grabs it and opens it up: "Buzz me if you need anything."

Her hand drops the phone back on the table. Her eyes look at the pizza box.

It's empty.

Her eyes wander over to her easel. She gets up and walks over. Her hand grabs her brush, dabbling it in black paint. She goes to paint but stops. Her eyes turn back to the pizza box. Chloe walks over to it.

The brush paints "Win Something Worthwhile."

A smile slowly breaks out on Chloe's face. She paints "Make Something Glorious." Her eyes scan the room, landing on the cross. Chloe focuses on it for a while.

The brush paints "Go to Confession" and "Sing."

Her hand goes to cross it off but stops. Chloe paints "Visit Roberta" underneath it. Her eyes turn to the canvas. She paints the outline of a woman's head and shoulders onto the canvas. Her strokes are deliberate.

**INT. SPORTS BAR - NIGHT**

A large crowd watches a hockey game.

A pair of empty beers are in front of Chloe and Dylan.

Dylan thinks for a long moment. Something dawns on him.

DYLAN

You could do a painting contest.

CHLOE

Art competitions are just about who is trendy and political bullshit.

Chloe looks around. A hockey challenge between periods is on.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

How hard is it to do that?

DYLAN

The season is over tomorrow.

Chloe's eyes spot the wing challenge.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

I could ask one of the partners at  
my firm but--

She smiles.

CHLOE

The Wings from Satan's Taint.

DYLAN

Do you know how hot those are?

CHLOE

No one has conquered them.

DYLAN

And for good reason.

CHLOE

It has to be meaningful.

DYLAN

Are you sure?

Chloe waves at Wanda.

Wanda walks over.

CHLOE

Not really.

Wanda spots the empties.

WANDA

Can I get you a refill?

CHLOE

The Wings from Satan's Taint.

Wanda reaches into her pocket and pulls out a laminated card.  
She hands it to Chloe.

Chloe's eyes open wide.

Dylan looks at Wanda.

WANDA

In case something bad happens.

DYLAN  
They're just wings.

WANDA  
Some guy went to the hospital years ago so now we have to hand that over to anyone considering it.

DYLAN  
That won't hold up in a court of law, you know.

WANDA  
I'm just the messenger.

Chloe hands it back to Wanda.

CHLOE  
I'm ready.

WANDA  
Are you sure?

Chloe looks at Dylan. He shakes his head no.

CHLOE  
I'm sure.

**INT. SPORTS BAR KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Wanda places a ticket onto the holder.

A BAR COOK spins the holder and grabs it. He looks at it and pauses. His eyes turn to Wanda.

WANDA  
She read the card.

The Bar Cook looks at the ticket and takes a deep breath.

**INT. SPORTS BAR - NIGHT**

Wanda walks through a crowd gathering around Chloe and Dylan's table. A plate of six large, juicy, and impossibly spicy wings are on her tray. Next to it are ranch and blue cheese sauce. A Satan-themed clock is on it.

Several beers and two glasses of water are on Chloe's table.

Wanda places the wings in front of her.

Chloe watches the clock be placed on the table.

WANDA

You have one hour to finish. If you  
leave the chair, you forfeit.

CHLOE

I got it.

Wanda turns the clock on. One hour slowly clicks down.

WANDA

Good luck.

The Crowd stares at Chloe.

Chloe is instantly uncomfortable. Her eyes turn to Dylan.

He smiles and mouths "You got this."

Chloe's eyes turn to the wings. She sniffs. The hotness of  
the wings overwhelms her nostrils. She takes a deep breath  
and grabs one of the wings. Her mouth takes a big bite.  
Impossible amounts of heat go through her instantly. She  
clamps her mouth tight and forces it down.

CHLOE

Holy shit.

She slams most of her beer down.

DYLAN

My nose hurts just smelling it.

CHLOE

You're not helping.

He pushes a glass of water to her.

Chloe takes a quick drink. She steadies herself and stares  
down the wings. Her hand grabs the first. She takes two quick  
bites.

Dylan sees an empty chicken wing bone hit the table.

Chloe takes a long drink of water.

The crowd shouts "One!"

Chloe's eyes turn to the wings. She takes a deep breath. Her  
mouth quickly devours the wing, chasing it down with the rest  
of the beer. Her hand holds her mouth shut as she swallows.

Another empty chicken wing bone hits the table.

The crowd shouts "Two!"

CHLOE (CONT'D)  
Holy fuck that's hot.

DYLAN  
Four more!

Chloe sweats profusely.

CHLOE  
Why did you let me do this?

DYLAN  
You're a grown-ass woman!

Chloe's eyes turn to the wings. She grabs one and dips it in the ranch sauce.

DYLAN (CONT'D)  
You're ruining the taste.

CHLOE  
Enhancing the taste.

DYLAN  
Ranch dressing is for people who can't handle the heat.

Chloe takes one bite.

CHLOE  
You're welcome to do this next.

She takes another bite.

DYLAN  
Pass.

He watches as another empty chicken wing bone hits the table.

The crowd shouts "Three!"

Chloe grabs a glass of water and slams it. Her hand reaches for another.

Both water glasses are empty. One beer remains.

Her eyes look around.

Wanda and her fellow WAITERS watch from the bar.

Chloe motions for another glass of water.

WANDA  
We're all out!

Chloe turns to Dylan.

DYLAN

You're going to be the first one on  
the wall, I can feel it.

She turns to the wings.

Three remain.

Chloe grabs one and quickly devours it. She drops another  
empty chicken wing bone onto the pile.

The crowd shouts "Four!"

Her eyes turn to the plate.

Two remain.

She turns to her drinks.

Most of the two beers remain.

She takes a long swig. Her eyes look at how much is left.

It's mostly empty.

She looks at her shirt. It's caked in sweat. Her eyes turn to  
the plate.

CHLOE

I can't taste anything but the  
sauce right now.

She takes two bites of the wing.

DYLAN

Then it should go down easy!

Chloe finishes the wing.

The crowd shouts "Five!"

Chloe finishes the other beer. Her eyes look at the table.

A pile of chicken wing bones is next to the final wing.

She looks at it.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

One away from total victory.

He looks at the clock. She has half an hour left.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

You can't wait it out.

CHLOE

I've got lots of time.

DYLAN

You'll have to choose between going  
or going.

CHLOE

I'll be fine.

DYLAN

Do you know why that final piece of  
a Roarke's is the hardest?

CHLOE

Because you get that ball of grease  
in your stomach and it just messes  
with you.

DYLAN

This is the same thing.

CHLOE

No, it's not!

DYLAN

If you keep waiting, all of that  
sauce will settle and--

CHLOE

It'll just stay there.

DYLAN

You've got to get it in before it  
hits you.

She takes a bite of the final wing. It takes everything in  
her to swallow.

CHLOE

I've gotten further than anyone  
else has, ever.

DYLAN

Maybe--

WANDA

She has to finish it all to win.

CHLOE

Can I get another beer?



WANDA

We're changing the keg, it'll take  
about thirty-five minutes.

Chloe looks at the clock. Twenty-eight minutes are left.

CHLOE

(under her breath)  
Anything worth winning.

She takes another bite.

The crowd stares at the wing.

One bite worth is left.

Her eyes look down. Her hands are covered in wing sauce. She  
grabs the wing... and finishes it!

The final empty chicken wing bone falls onto the pile.

Silence.

Chloe looks at Wanda.

Everyone else's eyes follow hers.

Wanda gives her the thumbs up.

Chloe raises her hands in the air.

The crowd explodes in excitement.

Chloe sprints to the bathroom.

Dylan motions for another drink.

**EXT. SPORTS BAR - NIGHT**

Chloe walks out of the bar, clad in a black t-shirt that has  
"I Survived the Devil's Taint" printed on it.

Dylan is right behind her.

DYLAN

And now, for the rest of time, your  
face will be up on the bar for  
being the first to conquer the  
Devil's Taint.

She looks at the shirt.

CHLOE  
I'm shocked it fits.

DYLAN  
Was it worth it?

CHLOE  
Absolutely.

They walk to Chloe's sedan.

DYLAN  
I was doing some research at work.

She stops.

DYLAN (CONT'D)  
Three drugs that are in the  
beginning of clinical trials. With  
the right to try--

CHLOE  
I thought you respected my wishes.

DYLAN  
You're just giving up.

CHLOE  
Yeah... the shitty time you get  
from chemo and radiation.

DYLAN  
That can't be the only reason.

CHLOE  
Give me one good reason why I  
should, besides more time.

DYLAN  
I don't want--

CHLOE  
It's always about you!

DYLAN  
Excuse me?

CHLOE  
I don't want to be in there,  
pretending everything's going to be  
OK, when I know it's just delaying  
the inevitable.

Silence.

DYLAN  
I know this is hard but--

CHLOE  
You have no idea!

DYLAN  
Then let's sit down and--

CHLOE  
I'm not talking about this.

Chloe storms off.

DYLAN  
Damn it.

Dylan walks towards his SUV. He hears Chloe slam a door in the distance and takes a deep breath.

**INT. LOFT APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Chloe stares at the blank canvas. Her hand grabs the brush and dabs it in some black paint. She looks at the canvas and then all over. They land on the pizza box.

"Sing" stands out to her.

Her hands search for "Open Mic Nights" on an internet browser. It's once a month... and tonight at the Piano Bar.

**INT. PIANO BAR - NIGHT**

A large crowd has assembled.

A tablet on the bar has a list of people singing tonight.

There's one slot left.

Chloe looks at it and then at the crowd.

CHLOE  
You can do this.

She reaches for the tablet. Her hand runs into the hand of another SINGER (female, 20s) reaching for it.

SINGER  
My bad.

CHLOE  
It's OK.

Chloe looks and sees the crowd. Her hand trembles.

Both women look and see the list.

One spot remains.

Chloe looks at the crowd.

CHLOE (CONT'D)  
You can take it.

SINGER  
Are you sure?

CHLOE  
There's always next week, right?

SINGER  
I'll buy you a drink.

CHLOE  
It's OK.

Chloe turns and walks away.

SINGER  
Thanks!

**EXT. RANCH HOME - DAY**

A For Sale sign is nearby.

Dylan knocks on the door. It opens up, revealing his father ZEKE (50s). Zeke is a spitting image of his son.

They embrace.

DYLAN  
It's good to see you.

ZEKE  
I found someone to handle the sale.

DYLAN  
Are you sure you want to do this?

ZEKE  
I found a nice town home that does all the shoveling for me.

DYLAN  
I thought you didn't want to deal with a homeowner's association.

Dylan walks inside.

Zeke closes the door behind him.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Black and white photos in older frames litter the walls.

Furniture several decades old is firmly rooted over aging plush carpet that's showing signs of age.

ZEKE

I'm OK not being that guy anymore.

DYLAN

It's the end of an era.

ZEKE

I remember feeling the same way when my old man sold the home I grew up in. After a while, it's about the people, not the stuff.

DYLAN

It just doesn't feel right.

ZEKE

Good thing it's not your call.

The two look around.

Dylan spots a light fixture and chuckles.

DYLAN

Remember when I hit that with the dog toy?

Zeke's eyes follow his son's. He chuckles.

ZEKE

I remember your mother wasn't very happy about it.

DYLAN

She made me mow the lawn for the entire summer to pay for it.

ZEKE

If you want any of your stuff, like your diplomas, you've got until I move out to grab them.

DYLAN  
I'll look around and see what's  
mine and what'll go in the trash.

**INT. BASEMENT - LATER**

Spider webs and old boxes are everywhere.

Dylan walks downstairs and turns on a light. His eyes look at all the boxes. "Lynn's Stuff" piques his interest. He walks over and opens it up.

A bedpan is on top of it.

Dylan places it on the floor. His eyes look into the box.

Medical bills and older family photos are inside.

Zeke walks in and looks around. His eyes spot the bedpan.

ZEKE  
Found something?

Dylan turns to his father.

DYLAN  
There are photos of us from soccer  
and cousin Jen's wedding.

ZEKE  
That was a long time ago.

DYLAN  
Do you think she regretted doing  
chemo?

Zeke looks at him oddly.

DYLAN (CONT'D)  
Chloe.

ZEKE  
Oh no. I'm so sorry.

DYLAN  
She's not doing treatment this time  
and I just... I just want her to  
fight to the end.

Zeke thinks for a long moment.

ZEKE

I think if she had to do it over again, she wouldn't have.

DYLAN

Mom was a fighter!

ZEKE

She was in more pain than you and I ever knew, too. After a while you just want it to end.

DYLAN

She could've stopped, right?

ZEKE

We talked about all her options when she was diagnosed. For her, it was as much time as she could get, not where we could go.

DYLAN

I want that for Chloe.

ZEKE

You can't make that call for her.

DYLAN

She won't listen to me.

ZEKE

It's her life and you have to respect the choice she's made.

DYLAN

We got into a fight over it.

ZEKE

I tried to talk her into going to Europe but she wanted to be here, like nothing was wrong.

DYLAN

Why didn't you fight harder?

ZEKE

It wasn't my choice and it's not yours, either. All you can do is be there for her with the time she has left in this world.

**INT. LOFT APARTMENT - NIGHT**

A knife-making reality TV show is on Chloe's TV.

Chloe's in the kitchen, cutting up vegetables.

Her knife breaks.

CHLOE

Damn it.

She looks at the broken pieces for a moment. Her eyes turn to the TV. Someone is making a knife.

Chloe looks at her broken knife and then at the TV show. She takes her phone out and searches for "Knife Maker." She clicks on one nearby.

"Schedule a knife-making session today" catches her eye.

Chloe clicks on it.

**INT. KNIFE SHOP - DAY**

Anvils, steel, and everything you'd need to make a proper knife are all over.

A large framed photo of Joanna and Roberta holding custom-forged knives is on a wall.

Roberta is healthy with a full head of hair.

Joanna is a spitting image of her mother.

Chloe walks in and looks around. Her eyes spot the photo.

CHLOE

No way.

Joanna walks into the room, hair underneath a backward baseball hat, with two long stocks of 15n20 steel.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

I always wondered what she'd look like with her hair.

JOANNA

How did you know my mother?

Chloe turns to Joanna.

CHLOE

We were at Saint Luke's together.



Joanna looks at her and chuckles.

JOANNA  
I thought you'd be older.

CHLOE  
She was a great woman.

Joanna hands her one of the pieces of steel.

JOANNA  
She taught me how to make a knife.

CHLOE  
It's how we bonded. I painted and she made pointy objects.

They both chuckle.

JOANNA  
She taught me how to do Damascus steel on the same anvil her dad did, and his before that.

CHLOE  
So it's a family tradition?

JOANNA  
Something like that.

CHLOE  
She never told me that.

JOANNA  
Welcome to the Howell Knife Shop. Today we're making a simple knife and then we're going to test it.

CHLOE  
Like we're cutting some meat or--

JOANNA  
Much more fun than that.

**INT. KNIFE SHOP - DAY (MONTAGE)**

Joanna walks Chloe through making a knife.

-- They take their pieces of steel and heat them in a forge, then hammer them into shape.

-- Joanna shows Chloe how to grind the knife-shaped steel into a cleaner profile with an edge.

-- Chloe heats up the knife-shaped steel to welding temperature and plunges it into quenching oil.

-- Joanna and Chloe grind the hardened steel into a cleaner, more polished knife.

-- Chloe grabs two slices of G-10. Joanna shows her how to turn them into a handle.

-- Joanna shows Chloe how to sharpen her knife on some wet sharpening stones.

**EXT. REAR OF KNIFE SHOP - EIGHT HOURS LATER**

A pair of large vices clamp onto a piece of lumber.

Chloe walks out, clutching her knife. She's exhausted and sweaty, her clothes covered in grime.

Chloe's knife is amateur-looking, unpolished.

Joanna walks out, equally dirty and tired, with her knife in her hand.

Joanna's knife is clean and professional looking.

Chloe looks at the lumber and then at her knife. Her eyes wander over to Joanna's.

CHLOE

I did everything just like you did  
and yet---

JOANNA

Do you think if you taught me how  
to paint by numbers mine would look  
as good as yours?

CHLOE

Probably not.

Joanna points to the piece of lumber.

JOANNA

This is what I do with every single  
knife I make here.

CHLOE

So you cut wood?

JOANNA

Welcome to one of the three tests  
of the journeyman knife maker test.

CHLOE

An axe would be way better, right?

JOANNA

But it's nowhere near as much fun.

CHLOE

Do I smash it once or--

JOANNA

As many times as it takes to cut to the midway point.

CHLOE

It still feels weird.

JOANNA

The idea is to test the edge of your blade. If it stays sharp and intact, you pass.

CHLOE

And if it doesn't?

Joanna points to a bucket near a wall.

Chloe looks at it.

It's full of broken blades.

JOANNA

It's another fallen soldier to go to knife Valhalla.

CHLOE

Why do you keep them around?

JOANNA

All of those are lessons on how not to make a knife.

Chloe looks at her blade and then the wood. She takes a deep breath and then raises her blade high.

WHAM!

Chloe's blade smashes into the wood.

WHAM!

She hits it again, harder.

WHAM!

The knife breaks in half.

Chloe spots the detached piece of her blade. She grabs it, her eyes looking at the broken part. A large black spot is on the metal.

Joanna points to the black mark.

CHLOE

That's not good, right?

JOANNA

It could've been in the steel and I didn't know. It could've been too hot for the quench oil, or maybe there was not enough time in it. Or too much. There are lots of reasons why a knife can break.

CHLOE

All that time and--

JOANNA

Sometimes you can do everything right and the steel still breaks.

CHLOE

How do you handle that?

JOANNA

Life's too short to worry about it. All you can do is the best you can with the time you've got left.

Chloe hands Joanna the knife handle.

Joanna tosses it into the pile. Her knife smashes into the wood several times.

Chloe looks at the wood. There's a perfect notch.

CHLOE

I should've gone to her funeral.

JOANNA

You had extenuating circumstances.

CHLOE

She was there and then just--

Joanna hands her knife to Chloe.

JOANNA

I think she'd want you to have it.

CHLOE

I can't.

JOANNA

She tried to make a knife while doing chemo but she was just too exhausted to finish it.

CHLOE

What happened to it?

Joanna points to the knife Valhalla.

JOANNA

She quenched it too hot, because her eyesight was trashed by that point, and I'm the one that broke it during the testing.

CHLOE

It was the most miserable time of my life... and your mom had it worse than I did.

JOANNA

I asked her why and she said she wanted one final thing to let the world know she didn't quit.

(beat)

I think she was making it for you... to remember her.

Chloe takes it.

CHLOE

Thank you.

**INT. LOFT APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Joanna's knife is on the kitchen counter.

Chloe stares at the canvas. An outline of a female upper body resembling her is painted in thin black lines. She looks at the brush and dabs it in the brown paint. Chloe dabs it on the back of the outline's head. Her phone buzzes with a text from Dylan: "Hey."

She puts the brush down and looks at it. Her fingers type "Hey" for a moment and then stop. Her eyes look around. She spots the cross and focuses on it for a moment. Her eyes turn back to her painted list on the pizza box.

They focus on "Sing"

**INT. PIANO BAR - NIGHT**

A small crowd is around.

Chloe's eyes spot the tablet. One slot is left.

She quickly walks up and looks at it.

Mickey Jimmerson is on before her.

Chloe types her name into it. She walks up to the bar and sits down.

The Bartender approaches.

CHLOE  
Something cold.

The Bartender nods and hands her a beer.

An OLDER SINGER walks up to the list. She looks both ways and erases Chloe's name, signing hers instead.

Chloe takes a swig of her beer. Her hands take her phone out. She pulls up the lyrics to "Because the Night" by Patti Smith. Her eyes study it intensely.

**INT. PIANO BAR - LATER**

Several empties are in front of Chloe. Her breathing is normal. Her eyes look around the bar.

It's half full of people.

She looks at the list. It's full.

The HOST of the open mic night grabs it and quickly walks up to the microphone.

The sounds of the bar are drowned out by Chloe's heartbeat. Her eyes turn to the drinks.

CHLOE  
You got this.

The Host grabs the mic. His eyes turn to the list.

HOST  
The first person up is Monica De  
Chambers. On deck is Drake Bales  
and in the hull is Jade Bell.

Chloe takes a long swig.

SMASH CUT TO:

**INT. PIANO BAR - LATER**

The crowd explodes in cheers for a BLONDE SINGER.

The Host approaches the microphone.

HOST  
Give it up for Julia James!

The crowd cheers.

The Host looks at the list.

HOST (CONT'D)  
Up next is Mickie Jimmerson and  
then Samantha Banks is in the hull.

Chloe's ears perk up. She spots the host and walks up to him.

CHLOE  
I'm on next.

HOST  
You're Mickie, right?

CHLOE  
No. I signed up and--

HOST  
I have to go by what the list says.

CHLOE  
There has to be something you can  
do, right?

HOST  
I can put you first on the list for  
next month if you'd like.

CHLOE  
What if I'm not sure I'll be here?

HOST  
Then I think you should make an  
effort next time.

The Host walks away.

Chloe sprints out a side door.

**EXT. ALLEY - LATER**

The sounds of a pop song being sung being belted out are faintly heard.

Chloe looks at her phone's Caller ID. It's on **Dad**. She scrolls down. **Dylan**. She scrolls some more. **Mom**. She scrolls back up to Dylan. Her finger goes to press dial but stops.

HOST (O.S.)

Up next is Mickie Jimmerson.

A woman sings a generic pop tune.

CHLOE

Next time, right?

She turns and walks away.

**INT. LOFT APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Chloe walks back in and straight to the canvas. Her eyes look at it for a moment. Her hand grabs a brush. She goes to grab the easel but stops. Her eyes focus on the cross.

**EXT. SAINT LUKE'S CHURCH - DAY**

Over a century old, well-maintained and distinguished.

Catholic Priest PAYTON REEM (60s) sweeps the steps. He's overweight with a receding hairline.

Chloe's sedan pulls in. She exits and looks at the church.

Payton spots her and rubs his eyes.

PAYTON

Chloe Finley?

She looks at him.

CHLOE

It's been a while.

PAYTON

How have you been doing?

CHLOE

It's a long story.



PAYTON

The good news is I have plenty of  
time to hear it.

Chloe looks at the church.

CHLOE

The church looks the same as it did  
when I was a kid.

PAYTON

Inside hasn't changed much, either.

**INT. CHURCH - DAY**

Stained-glass windows of various ages are all over. The  
newest one is of Saint Peregrine, the patron saint of cancer  
patients. Everything else is several decades old.

Payton and Chloe sit down in the pews.

Chloe looks around.

CHLOE

You're right.

PAYTON

We updated the bathrooms two years  
ago to be more eco-friendly.

Chloe's eyes focus on a plaque near a stained-glass window.

"Dedicated by George and Beth Finley."

CHLOE

Maybe this is why I came here.

PAYTON

Your parents were very generous.

CHLOE

(points to Saint  
Peregrine)  
Who is that?

PAYTON

Saint Peregrine, the patron saint  
of cancer patients.

CHLOE

Makes sense.

PAYTON

Maybe he was guiding you back here to help your soul.  
(beat You're still a member of this church, Chloe. Even the most wayward sheep can still come back to the flock... if they desire.

(beat)

Are you having a crisis or--

CHLOE

More like a bucket list.

PAYTON

How many items are on it?

CHLOE

Not many. I'm going more quality than quantity.

PAYTON

That's... different.

CHLOE

How so?

PAYTON

Most people do a bucket list and it's a series of wacky adventures.

CHLOE

That was The Bucket List with Morgan Freeman and that other old boomer my dad liked.

PAYTON

Think of all the things you could do, you know? I'd at least go and race some cars.

CHLOE

People put down things like race cars because they're just things to do. They don't mean anything to their soul and I wanted everything I do to feel substantial.

PAYTON

It's good that you took stock of your life in that way.

Beat.

CHLOE  
It came back and it's terminal.

PAYTON  
I'm so sorry.

CHLOE  
It's OK.

PAYTON  
I'm glad you came here. I would've been disappointed to hear about everything second-hand.

CHLOE  
Because my parents donated a lot of money to this place?

PAYTON  
When you were big enough to carry in someone's hands, I baptized you.

She looks down and takes a deep breath.

CHLOE  
It's been that long.

PAYTON  
You were one of the sheep that got away from my flock.

CHLOE  
I didn't find God when they said it was going to end soon.

PAYTON  
And that's OK.

Chloe looks at the confession booth and then at Payton.

CHLOE  
So I wrote all of these sort of big word, esoteric things to do. Win a thing worth it, make something, sing... I wrote confession and--

PAYTON  
Sing?

CHLOE  
It's stupid but one time a friend wanted me to sing and I got scared. I thought... what if I had done it? What would've changed?

PAYTON

Things happen how they are supposed to happen.

CHLOE

Am I supposed to be here? I'm just trying to figure things out and--

He motions to the confession booth.

PAYTON

If you need it, my child.

**INT. CONFESSION BOOTH - DAY**

Chloe does the signs of the cross.

Payton looks on from the other side.

CHLOE

Bless me, father, for I have sinned. It's been... five years since my last confession.

(beat)

I've used a lot of bad language and that's about all I can remember.

PAYTON

Do a Hail Mary and you'll be forgiven, my child.

Beat.

CHLOE

Do I go first or do you or--

PAYTON

The floor is yours.

She thinks for a long moment.

CHLOE

Does your priest training teach you how to fix a friendship?

PAYTON

What happened?

CHLOE

Do you remember Dylan?

PAYTON

He lights a candle every Saturday morning and then prays.

Chloe looks around.

CHLOE

We haven't spoken in a while.

PAYTON

The first way you mend a friendship is for one side to apologize and the other to listen.

CHLOE

He wants me to get treatment.

PAYTON

He doesn't have to agree with your choice. He just has to respect it.

CHLOE

He totally should. It's my body!

PAYTON

Letting go is something we as human beings don't do very well. Maybe understanding that he has to spend the better part of the next hundred years without you in his life might be very burdensome on his soul.

She thinks for a long moment.

**INT. LOFT APARTMENT - DAY**

Chloe looks at the canvas. She smiles.

Most of the figure's face is completed. It looks like Chloe.

Her eyes look at the pizza box. Everything is crossed off.

Chloe writes "Be loved" on it. She looks at it for a moment.

CHLOE

That's stupid.

Chloe goes to cross it off. She stops and thinks.

**INT. LAW OFFICE - DAY**

A framed law school degree from an Ivy League University is on the wall.

Dylan sits behind an older desk, working on a file.

Legal folders are everywhere.

The box marked "Lynn's stuff" is by the side.

KNOCK KNOCK!

DYLAN

It's open.

Chloe walks in.

Dylan looks up.

Their eyes catch for a long moment.

CHLOE

Can we talk?

He points to a chair.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

I wanted to talk to you about my folks' trust.

DYLAN

What do you need?

CHLOE

I want to set everything up so that it goes to charity when I'm gone.

DYLAN

Mister Rackets was your father's attorney of record so I'll consult him and get it done for you.

CHLOE

Thanks.

Dylan motions to the box.

DYLAN

Open it up.

CHLOE

Is it a present?

She opens it up. A bedpan is on top of some old paperwork as well as Dylan's college and high school diplomas. Her eyes focus on it.

DYLAN  
He's selling the house.

CHLOE  
There are good memories there.

DYLAN  
I found this in the basement.

CHLOE  
How is he?

DYLAN  
He's doing good.  
(Silence)  
I'm sorry for what I said.

CHLOE  
It's ok.

DYLAN  
I just kept thinking of my mother.  
I forgot how much pain she was in.

CHLOE  
I don't want to go through that  
again if there's no chance.

DYLAN  
I should have listened to you, not  
just thought I knew better.

She smiles.

His phone buzzes. He takes it out and looks at it.

DYLAN (CONT'D)  
The Piano Bar wants me to play.

CHLOE  
It's been a while.

DYLAN  
I wanted to focus just on this and  
that was... a long time ago.

CHLOE  
Your teenage self would have a lot  
to say about this.

DYLAN

I make more an hour here than I did  
in a shift at the Piano Bar.

CHLOE

But it was so much fun!

DYLAN

I always wanted to play there one  
more time, to say goodbye.

Beat.

CHLOE

I haven't heard you play in years.

DYLAN

I've got a dozen briefs to file by  
the end of the week.

CHLOE

And it's not the end of the week.

He thinks for a moment and then nods.

**INT. PIANO BAR - NIGHT**

An overflow crowd watches Dylan play a pop song on the piano.

A dozen women stand nearby, swooning.

Chloe sits at the bar, nursing a beer.

He finishes and looks around.

The crowd gives him a standing ovation.

Dylan looks around. His eyes focus on Chloe.

DYLAN

(into the microphone)

Would you guys mind if I gave my  
voice a quick break to talk to my  
best friend?

She motions no.

He motions her to come forward.

She sighs and walks over, sitting down next to him.



CHLOE  
There are three women in the crowd  
I would approve of.

DYLAN  
The redhead and the two blondes.

CHLOE  
No.

Dylan cycles through songs on his tablet. He settles on  
"Because the Night" by Patti Smith.

DYLAN  
Why not?

CHLOE  
You can do better.

Dylan looks around. His eyes spot the poster for the open  
mic.

DYLAN  
They're doing that now. Wild.

CHLOE  
I tried to sign up for it but--

DYLAN  
I wish I could've seen that.

CHLOE  
Not enough space on the list.

Dylan smiles.

CHLOE (CONT'D)  
No.

DYLAN  
I didn't say anything.

CHLOE  
You were going to and--

DYLAN  
Is it on your list?

She looks away.

DYLAN (CONT'D)  
Now you have to.

CHLOE  
It's stupid and I should've crossed  
it off as soon as I wrote it.

DYLAN  
But you didn't.

She looks around. Her hands tremble.

CHLOE  
I'm going to go home and cross it  
off right now.

He reaches over and grabs her hand.

DYLAN  
You got this.

CHLOE  
What if they all laugh at me?

DYLAN  
I'll just tell them they're mocking  
someone with cancer and--

CHLOE  
Please don't do that.

DYLAN  
What do you lose?

Her eyes look at the exit and then him.

CHLOE  
How long is it?

DYLAN  
Three minutes.

She takes a deep breath and nods.

He squeezes her hand and leans into the microphone.

DYLAN (CONT'D)  
I'm going to give my voice a song  
off so if everyone would give my  
friend Chloe a round of applause, I  
would appreciate it.

The crowd gives her a round of applause.

Dylan moves the tablet over to her, pulling up the lyrics.

Several of the women give Chloe the stink eye.

Dylan plays "Because the Night" by Patti Smith.

Chloe looks at the crowd.

All eyes are on her.

Chloe goes to sing but stops. She leans into him.

CHLOE  
(hushed)  
I can't.

DYLAN  
(hushed)  
It's just us, that's all.

He restarts the song.

Chloe sings... tepid at first and then the voice of a rock star comes out, belting the song out like a pro.

They finish.

The crowd gives them a standing ovation.

**INT. LOFT APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Chloe paints the background on her self-portrait. Her eyes turn to her pizza box. Her brush crosses off "Sing." She focuses on "Be loved." Her eyes turn back to the canvas for a moment. They wander, landing on the photo of her and Dylan.

**INT. SPORTS BAR - NIGHT**

A full crowd for the last hockey game of the year.

Dylan and Chloe are at their usual table. Potato skins and a pair of beers are in front of them.

DYLAN  
How's it coming?

CHLOE  
I'm happy with it.

DYLAN  
So you're painting over it when?

CHLOE  
I think... I think I've got it.

DYLAN  
Good for you.

Chloe looks around.

CHLOE  
I added something to my list.

DYLAN  
So when are we going to be those  
idiots that jump out of a perfectly  
good airplane?

CHLOE  
I want to lose my virginity.

DYLAN  
Bullshit.

CHLOE  
I should know better than you.

DYLAN  
Bradley Turner.

CHLOE  
We never did that.

DYLAN  
That's not what he said.

CHLOE  
We tried but... he had issues.

DYLAN  
He did the--  
(mock bro voice)  
--who's got two thumbs and just got  
a piece of ass--  
(normal voice)  
--with me.

CHLOE  
Ewww.

DYLAN  
I was happy because you seemed to  
be happy with him.

CHLOE  
That's just a nice way of saying  
you didn't like him.

DYLAN  
You could do a lot better.

CHLOE  
Yeah.

Dylan thinks for a moment.

DYLAN  
Shit, this will be easy... let's  
just find a guy on a dating app  
that--

CHLOE  
No.

DYLAN  
It's the new way to find someone.

CHLOE  
I was thinking--

DYLAN  
There's plenty of guys here. Go out  
with one and you can--

CHLOE  
I want it to be you.

DYLAN  
Fuck off.

She reaches over and grab his hands.

He lets go.

CHLOE  
You're my best friend. If I'm going  
to do this, it should be with  
someone I care about right?

DYLAN  
I've never thought of you like  
that, Chloe.

Dylan looks away, uncomfortable.

CHLOE  
You can for one night, right?

DYLAN  
What if something changes?

CHLOE  
What would change?

DYLAN  
Sex always changes things.

CHLOE  
What would change between us?

DYLAN  
A lot of things, potentially.

CHLOE  
It's me, though.

DYLAN  
And I'm not sure if that's a line I  
want to cross with you.

She takes a long swig of her beer.

**INT. LOFT APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Chloe sprints in, her eyes heading straight to the canvas.  
She walks over to it, her eyes focusing on the easel.

CHLOE  
You're an idiot!

Chloe's hand grabs a brush. Her eyes look to the white paint  
and then to the canvas.

Most of her self-portrait is done.

Chloe goes to paint over it but stops.

CHLOE (CONT'D)  
You should've just--  
(looks at the canvas)  
--done something else.

Her eyes wander around. Chloe grabs her brush and walks up to  
the pizza box. She looks at "Be loved." Her hand goes to  
cross it off. She stops and takes a deep breath.

Chloe looks at the canvas.

The silhouette of a woman is starting to turn into an oil  
version of Chloe.

Chloe's eyes turn to her phone. She pulls up Dylan on her  
speed dial. She goes to call him but stops.

**INT. LOFT APARTMENT - DAY**

Chloe's eyes focus on the painting.

She's made several additional brush strokes on it.

KNOCK KNOCK!

CHLOE

It's open.

The door opens, revealing Dylan. He meekly waves.

Chloe looks at his hands. A Roarke's pizza box is in them.

DYLAN

A Roarke's says so much, right?

She sniffs.

CHLOE

It's noon and--

DYLAN

I figured knowing would be worth  
the two hundred I spent to get Fred  
Roarke to open early and make it.

CHLOE

You shouldn't have.

DYLAN

Why me?

Chloe takes a deep breath.

CHLOE

I just kept thinking if this was  
going to be the only time I was  
going to do that... it should be  
with someone that isn't a stranger.

DYLAN

There's... professional people who  
do that for a living.

CHLOE

I didn't think it through, OK?

DYLAN

It's a lot to ask.

CHLOE

I just... I'm an idiot.

DYLAN

We should make a to-do about it.

CHLOE

My bedroom is over there and--

DYLAN

I remember what it was like when I did that for the first time. I wish it had been with someone I cared about, not some girl at a frat party whose name I don't remember.

Chloe looks around.

CHLOE

What do you want to do??

DYLAN

Let's go to a nice restaurant, find a hotel, and either way it's just a great night between friends.

She nods.

CHLOE

What if we do all this and I don't want to do... *that*?

DYLAN

I've slept on a lot of couches over the years.

**INT. GALLERY BACK ROOM - DAY**

Raylan sorts through paintings.

CHLOE (O.S.)

You probably hate me right now.

He turns and sees Chloe walking in.

RAYLAN

You haven't called or texted me since you passed out. I assumed--

CHLOE

I'm... dealing with some things.

RAYLAN

I thought it was something I said.



CHLOE  
They did an MRI and it's not good.

RAYLAN  
Is it--

CHLOE  
Yeah. Enough time to settle all of  
my affairs but not much else.

RAYLAN  
I'm so sorry.

CHLOE  
At least now I know my story.

RAYLAN  
Everyone loved your work, too.

CHLOE  
That's good, I guess.

RAYLAN  
Just let me know what I can do.

Her phone buzzes with a text from Dylan: Chez Pierre at 7."

CHLOE  
Chez Pierre is around here, right?

RAYLAN  
My parents always went there for  
their anniversary.

CHLOE  
Do they have a dress code?

Raylan looks her up and down.

RAYLAN  
Not that.

CHLOE  
Then what?

Raylan takes his phone out and goes through his Caller ID.

RAYLAN  
My sister is a personal shopper at  
Claire's. She'll help you out.

CHLOE  
I've probably got something in my  
closet that'll work.

RAYLAN

You can't drop that bomb on me and then expect me to not want to help you do something for whatever boy is taking you out to Chez Pierre.

CHLOE

Who says it's about a boy?

RAYLAN

I can read people pretty well.

CHLOE

Fair enough.

RAYLAN

If you are going to Chez Pierre then you should look the part.

CHLOE

I look fine.

RAYLAN

No, you don't.

CHLOE

He'll be perfectly happy if I show up like this.

RAYLAN

And he'll fall in love with you if you dress... more appropriately.

CHLOE

What if I don't want that?

RAYLAN

A little lust isn't a bad thing, either, my dear.

Raylan settles on "Izzy" on his speed dial.

CHLOE

Do I get a say in this?

RAYLAN

No.

Raylan dials Izzy.

CHLOE

This isn't--

Raylan holds his finger up. He looks Chloe up and down.

RAYLAN

Hey stranger.

(beat)

I'm sending a reject from the isle  
of Misfit Toys over for the works.

(beat)

Send me the bill when it's done.

(beat)

I'll take a look but no promises!

Raylan hangs up.

CHLOE

Isle of Misfit Toys?

RAYLAN

Just ask for Izzy and she'll walk  
you through everything else.

CHLOE

Everything else?

RAYLAN

You're not going to wear one of her  
dresses and not look the part for  
everything else, too.

CHLOE

What if I don't?

RAYLAN

Then you'll show up looking like  
the help instead of the beautiful  
woman trapped under all of that.

She blushes.

### **INT. FANCY RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

WEALTHY PEOPLE have fancy meals all over.

Dylan is at a prominent table. He's in an expensive suit. His  
hands nervously twitch. His eyes look at the expensive beer  
in front of him. He takes a drink.

A FRENCH WAITER brings a bottle of nice wine to the table and  
fills up Dylan's glass.

Dylan looks at the label. It's old, French and expensive.

FRENCH WAITER

Compliments of Mister Gallows.

The Waiter sees something. His jaw drops for a moment.

Dylan turns to see:

Chloe walking to the table. She's in a form-fitting red dress. Her makeup is perfect, her hair up and styled.

Every eye in the place watches Chloe as she awkwardly makes her way over to Dylan's table.

The Waiter looks at Dylan.

FRENCH WAITER (CONT'D)  
I'll let you look over the menu.

CHLOE  
Thank you.

The Waiter walks away.

Dylan looks at Chloe, stunned.

DYLAN  
You look beautiful.

She blushes and looks around.

CHLOE  
This is too much.

DYLAN  
I asked one of the partners for a favor and this is what I got.

CHLOE  
That's a hell of a favor.

DYLAN  
Mister Rackets represented Jack Gallows, the owner, in a criminal manner and, in exchange, he can get a table whenever he wants.

CHLOE  
What did Jack do to warrant that?

DYLAN  
You always have to say allegedly with stuff like that.

CHLOE  
Why?

DYLAN  
It's the inference of guilt.

He fills up her glass with wine.

Her eyes spot the bottle.

CHLOE  
This is too much.

DYLAN  
We can leave if you want.

Chloe takes a sip. It's delicious.

CHLOE  
I was going to say yes but this  
wine is... wow.

Dylan takes a sip.

DYLAN  
Holy cow.

They both look at the menu.

She closes it immediately and looks at him.

CHLOE  
We can go to the Piano bar and--

DYLAN  
They don't have this wine.

They clink glasses.

**EXT. FANCY RESTAURANT - LATER**

Chloe and Dylan walk out.

They head towards the parking lot.

CHLOE  
Where do we go from here?

DYLAN  
My car isn't far from here.

She stops in her tracks.

CHLOE  
No way.

He turns with a mischievous smile.

DYLAN  
It's comfortable and--

She smacks him with her purse.

CHLOE  
That's not funny.

He laughs uncontrollably as she hits him again.

DYLAN  
I booked a room at the Peninsula.

She takes a deep breath.

CHLOE  
That's... very nice.

DYLAN  
It's got a couch, too.

They head towards Dylan's SUV.

CHLOE  
Are you sure about this?

DYLAN  
Don't think about it right now.

CHLOE  
It's all I am thinking about.

He extends his arm.

She grabs it.

DYLAN  
Netflix has Beverly Hills Samurai  
Nine on it, now.

CHLOE  
How many of those movies did they  
make?

DYLAN  
Enough to probably make coconut oil  
into a rare substance.

CHLOE  
At this point, I think I'd rather  
watch a Hallmark movie.

They both chuckle.

**INT. LUXURY HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT**

Chloe sits on the bed and looks around. Her hands touch the bed. The bedsheets are impossibly soft. Her eyes spot Dylan's jacket on the couch. She flips her shoes off towards them.

Dylan walks in from the bathroom. His tie is in his hands and several buttons on his shirt are undone.

DYLAN  
I could fit my apartment in there.

CHLOE  
This suite is just... incredible.

He sits down next to her.

She looks away.

DYLAN  
If you're not ok, I get it.

Chloe turns to him.

CHLOE  
But is it what you want?

DYLAN  
It's OK, either way.

CHLOE  
That's not an answer.

DYLAN  
You should see how you look in that dress and ask me that again.

She looks away, embarrassed.

CHLOE  
So if it was back at my loft and I had a t-shirt on--

DYLAN  
You'd still look beautiful.

CHLOE  
Hardly.

Chloe turns to him, tears in her eyes. He gently places his hand on her face.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

What happens tomorrow?

DYLAN

I wake up and realize I spent an amazing night with someone I care for more than she'll ever know.

CHLOE

What if it's not what we thought it would be?

DYLAN

Then we try again.

She smiles and squeezes his hand. He leans in. They kiss briefly, tentatively.

CHLOE

Your lips are really soft.

She looks around and then at him. They gaze into each other's eyes. His hand strokes her chin. Her hand trembles, briefly.

DYLAN

Are you sure?

CHLOE

Yes.

They kiss passionately.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

I love you.

DYLAN

I love you, too.

They make love.

**INT. LOFT APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Chloe looks at the pizza box. "Be loved" crossed off. Her eyes focus on the last one: "Visit Roberta." She takes a deep, long breath and her turn to the canvas.

It's mostly done.

Her phone buzzes. Chloe looks at it. Six text messages from Dylan without a response are on it. The last one reads "It's half off for the playoffs."



She goes to respond but doesn't. Her eyes turn back to the canvas.

CHLOE

It needs one more, right?

Chloe carefully paints one final line on the canvas. Her eyes focus on it.

The self-portrait is done.

Her phone rings. Her eyes turn to the Caller ID: "Dylan." She answers it.

DYLAN (V.O.)

I'm shocked you picked up.

**INT. SPORTS BAR - NIGHT**

Customers are scattered all over.

Dylan sits at a table, cell phone to his ear. A mostly full beer is in front of him.

CHLOE (V.O.)

It's done.

**INTERCUT BETWEEN CHLOE AND DYLAN**

Dylan takes a drink.

DYLAN

So when does it get painted over?

CHLOE

I think I'm going to keep it as is.

DYLAN

I can't wait to see it.

CHLOE

I want you to have it.

DYLAN

I don't know what to say.

CHLOE

Then don't say anything at all.

DYLAN

I'll find a place to hang it.

Silence.

CHLOE  
We didn't talk about last week.

DYLAN  
What's there to say?

CHLOE  
I just don't want it to be weird.

DYLAN  
That night was just another in a series of great memories with my best friend, nothing more.

CHLOE  
Part of me kept thinking I was just someone else to brag about.

DYLAN  
If you want me to, sure, but I'd rather not if you don't mind.

She smiles.

CHLOE  
What're you doing right now?

DYLAN  
I've got a date tonight.

CHLOE  
What's her name and what app did you meet her on?

DYLAN  
Her name is Sasha and she's a clerk in my firm's mail room.

CHLOE  
That's a first.

DYLAN  
I had to file some paperwork for your trust and she helped.

CHLOE  
That's good.

DYLAN  
She's about to take her LSAT and we sort of vibed.

CHLOE  
Is she hot?

DYLAN  
Of course.

CHLOE  
Wow, look at you.

DYLAN  
She reminds me of you.

CHLOE  
Can you get some sweet and sour  
chicken instead of the usual?

DYLAN  
I deleted all of my apps.

CHLOE  
Holy shit, you're serious.

DYLAN  
We just... vibe well.

CHLOE  
I'm happy for you.

Beat.

DYLAN  
Just say it.

CHLOE  
This time I hope you aren't going  
to bring Chinese here.

DYLAN  
Me too.

CHLOE  
I've got a craving for Mongolian  
beef, in case you let her look at  
the volume of filth on your phone.

Dylan looks up and waves to somebody.

DYLAN  
She just got here.

CHLOE  
Good luck.

DYLAN  
I love you.

CHLOE  
I love you too.

Sasha sits down at Dylan's table.

**INT. LOFT APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Chloe hangs up. Her eyes focus on the painting. Her hand grabs the brush and quickly signs the bottom of it in white paint. Her phone buzzes. Her eyes turn to it. She has an e-mail from Raylan.

The subject line reads "Possible sale."

She goes to respond but stops. Her hands place the phone down. She turns to the pizza box. "Visit Roberta."

**EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT**

Chloe looks at Robert's gravestone. She takes out the knife she made with Joanna and places it on Roberta's tombstone. Her eyes look away, her feet begin to move. She stops.

CHLOE  
(under her breath)  
You got this.  
(looks at the grave)  
My mom is probably pissed that the first time I've been here since their funeral was to see you, not them. I'll see them next, promise.  
(beat)  
Joanna has a picture up of you and her. You looked good with your hair. I wish I could've seen it.  
(beat)  
You were right; making a knife was a lot of fun and hard.  
(beat)  
I broke mine smashing a log.  
(beat)  
Chemo was hard and you were always there... we saw so many people just never come back. I thought we'd see each other ring that damn bell.  
(beat)  
You were always there with a smile and a joke about something silly. I thought we'd make a knife together at your shop and you'd paint something at my place.  
(beat)  
(MORE)

CHLOE (CONT'D)  
 I was too sick to go to your  
 funeral and I just thought... I  
 don't know what I was thinking. I  
 just wanted to say goodbye and--  
 (looks to the sky)  
 --I hope you understand.

**INT. LOFT APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Chloe walks in and up to the pizza box. She crosses off  
 "Visit Roberta." Her phone rings with a call from Raylan.

She answers.

CHLOE  
 Hey stranger.

RAYLAN (V.O.)  
 How was the restaurant?

CHLOE  
 Lovely.

RAYLAN (V.O.)  
 I got a call from someone. They  
 want to purchase "Sea of Demons"  
 for a lot of money.

CHLOE  
 It's probably a tax thing.

RAYLAN (V.O.)  
 Either way, who cares?  
 (beat)  
 Also... Congratulations, you are  
 officially a professional artist.

CHLOE  
 Send whatever needs to be signed  
 over to Dylan.

RAYLAN (V.O.)  
 Take it easy, Chloe.

Raylan hangs up.

She lies down on the couch. Her eyes quickly close. A smile  
 comes across her lips. After a moment she dies, peacefully.

**FADE OUT.**