

# the pretty one

by

Jenée LaMarque

Draft A-2

Robin Schorr  
Jenna S. Glazier  
RCR Pictures  
8840 Wilshire Blvd  
Beverly Hills, CA 90211  
[robin@rcrpix.com](mailto:robin@rcrpix.com)  
[jenna@rcrpix.com](mailto:jenna@rcrpix.com)  
310-358-3234

Steven J. Berger  
150 Valley St #1037  
Pasadena, CA 91105  
[steven.berger@gmail.com](mailto:steven.berger@gmail.com)  
805-217-6425

Carolyn Sivitz  
United Talent Agency  
9560 Wilshire Blvd  
Suite 500  
Beverly Hills, CA 90212  
[sivitzc@unitedtalent.com](mailto:sivitzc@unitedtalent.com)  
310-786-4847

Mary Lee  
Management 360  
9111 Wilshire Blvd  
Beverly Hills, CA 90210  
[mlee@management360.com](mailto:mlee@management360.com)  
310-272-7000

FADE IN:

EXT. RURAL NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

A rural street with no sidewalks and shabby small houses opposite the green pasture and crumbling fence of a dairy farm.

A chicken struts around a baby deer lawn ornament.

In another yard an OLD LADY in sponge rollers and a floral muumuu hoses down her lawn.

EXT. LAUREL'S HOUSE - DAY

A two-story house with cracking paint and a sagging porch.

INT. LAUREL'S BEDROOM - DAY

A pink, frilly little girl's room: old trophies, award ribbons, stuffed animals, dolls, and ceramic horses.

HUNTER's seventeen-year-old skinny naked torso hovers over someone on the bed, nervous.

HUNTER

But I want your first time to be  
special like mine was-

LAUREL (O.C.)

You asked me what I wanted for my  
birthday, this is what I want,  
Hunter.

HUNTER

Right, well I think I broke your  
cherry fingering you on Tuesday, so  
it shouldn't hurt too bad-

LAUREL (O.C.)

Come on, just go in already-

He makes a weird squeak as he, um, goes in.

HUNTER

Are you okay?

Close on LAUREL (30), a peculiar young woman with a gleam of mischief in her eye. She holds her breath, a look of shock on her face; she's just lost her virginity.

Laurel's knee-length dishwater hair splays out around her as she lies on two twin beds that are pushed together. One headboard reads "Laurel" the other reads "Audrey."

INT. LAUREL'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Laurel and Hunter sit in bed, post-coitus. She wears a ratty training bra and granny panties.

HUNTER

Wow. I never thought in a million years that I'd bang my baby-sitter.

LAUREL

Ex-baby-sitter. EX-baby-sitter.

She watches him stare at a bulletin board thick with a rainbow assortment of award ribbons.

LAUREL

(re: the award ribbons)

Those are all Audrey's.

HUNTER

Wow.

Laurel points to a bulletin board with a single pathetic "Participant" ribbon.

LAUREL

That's mine.

HUNTER

Cool.

LAUREL

Audrey lost it when we were only like fifteen.

She lays back down on the bed, stares at the ceiling.

LAUREL (CONT'D)

One night she climbs in our window, wasted on Zima, and is all "I just lost it while we listened to "Kiss from a Rose!"

Laurel laughs.

HUNTER

Who'd she lose it to?

She gives him a questioning look.

HUNTER (CONT'D)  
I mean, everyone's different and  
loses it at different times and  
shit, even twins.

LAUREL  
(matter of fact)  
It's just the way it is.

HUNTER  
Is she coming tonight?

LAUREL  
Of course.

HUNTER  
Speaking of coming. Did you?

LAUREL  
(deadpan)  
I'm not coming, I'm already here.

He's confused. She's disappointed he didn't get her joke.  
Hunter gets distracted, looks at the clock.

HUNTER  
Trig quiz first period.

LAUREL  
Things aren't going to be weird  
now, right?

HUNTER  
Laurel, it's all good.

LAUREL  
Oh. Yeah. Okay. So are we like  
boyfriend and girlfriend now?

Hunter laughs, she laughs too and pretends she was making  
another joke. She wasn't.

HUNTER  
See you tonight.

He gives her a peck then Laurel watches him climb out the  
window. She stares at a large tree swaying in the breeze.

INT. LAUREL'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Laurel clutches a faded photograph of a WOMAN in a YELLOW DRESS. The woman holds identical twin baby girls and a huge bunch of colorful balloons. She flips it over, on the back it says:

"Annette's 30th Birthday, February 2, 1982"

Laurel opens her closet, runs her hand across the gorgeous vintage dresses: seventies florals and sequins mixed with the bold colors and graphic patterns of the sixties. She stops on the YELLOW DRESS from the photograph.

INT. LAUREL'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Laurel wears the YELLOW DRESS as she talks to the photograph.

LAUREL  
I really wish you could be here  
today, Mama.

Laurel models the dress in her sticker-covered mirror then smiles and pokes her finger into the part of the picture with the balloons.

LAUREL (CONT'D)  
Pop!

INT. LAUREL'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Laurel smashes raspberries down with a fork into some buttered toast.

Grabs a frosty drinking glass out of the freezer, pours milk into it.

Puts perfect poached eggs onto a plate with a sprig of parsley and lovingly lines up pastel vitamins on a tray.

EXT. FRANK'S GARAGE STUDIO - DAY

A hand holds a paintbrush as it paints a copy of the Mona Lisa.

Laurel's dad, FRANK (late 50's), wears paint covered overalls as he stands back from the easel. Frank's a man of few words, balding with a pony tail and a salt and pepper beard.

His junky old garage is filled with canvases and art supplies.

Laurel sets his breakfast on the table next to him and waits for him to notice her. Finally, he glances at her, she looks at him expectantly.

FRANK  
Happy birthday, porcupine.

LAUREL  
Thanks, Daddy.

She models the dress.

LAUREL (CONT'D)  
Do you like it?

He looks down to her feet, her toes wiggle in her pink crew socks and huaraches. He grins but offers nothing more, goes back to work. She's disappointed.

Laurel uncovers a canvas and places it on the easel next to Frank's. It's *another* unfinished copy of the Mona Lisa.

LAUREL  
(re: the two Mona Lisa  
forgeries)  
What are they gonna say when people  
ask where they got the Mona Lisa?  
(in a silly voice)  
"Oh, I just picked this thing up at  
the Louvre's yard sale."

FRANK  
People just want to feel special  
even if it's not real.  
(re: Laurel's painting)  
You should fix her mouth, it's too  
happy.

She looks dejected.

MAY, mid-50's, Frank's loud-mouthed spinster girlfriend, makes a grand entrance.

MAY  
(to Frank)  
I put the cake in the kitchen, but  
I need some hands to get the booze  
out the car.

FRANK

First let me get a look at you.

Laurel watches, disgusted as they French kiss and the light glistens off their saliva.

MAY

Oh and happy birthday, you.

LAUREL

Thanks, May.

MAY

I've got a present for you. I'ma take you over to Rhonda at the salon! Take a yard or two off that hair, an eyebrow wax, and a little lipstick and you'll look just like Audrey.

LAUREL

We're identical twins, May.

MAY

I know but it's the details that matter when it comes to ropin' in a fella.

LAUREL

Who says I need to rope in a fella?

MAY

(laughing)

Well, you don't want to end up old and *unmarried*-  
(she elbows Frank, hint,  
hint)  
like *me*, do you?

LAUREL

No, I definitely don't want to end up like you, May.

May grabs Frank from behind, gooses him.

MAY

You should at least smile more.  
Men like smilers. Right Frank?

May grabs his hand and notices his long paint encrusted nails.

MAY

Ooh, baby, we have to cut those  
nails, they're lookin' like Lee  
Press-Ons.

INT. LAUREL'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER

Laurel trims Frank's nails at the kitchen table as he blankly  
watches an old cartoon on the TV.

Suddenly AUDREY (30), Laurel's gorgeous identical twin,  
bursts through the kitchen door like a ray of light. Audrey  
has fiery red hair and wears a fabulous pant suit and  
platform heels.

Audrey struts straight to Laurel. They touch palms and  
interlace their fingers, looking into each other's eyes.

AUDREY

Happy birthday, LaLu. Hey, Dad.

FRANK

Audrey.

Frank and Audrey give each other an awkward perfunctory wave.

AUDREY

For you.

Audrey hands Laurel an old jewelry box. Laurel opens it,  
inside a ballerina spins in front of a little mirror, and it  
holds a gold BROKEN HEART PENDANT attached to two necklaces.

AUDREY

(re: the heart pendant)

It hasn't been split yet.

Audrey grabs the pendant, bends it back and forth until the  
heart breaks in two, then passes half to Laurel. The twins  
put on their half-heart necklaces then Laurel grabs Audrey's  
hand and they run up the stairs, giddy.

INT. LAUREL'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Laurel and Audrey burst into their old room, breathless.

AUDREY

(sarcastic)

It looks different in here.

LAUREL

Really? I didn't change-

Audrey laughs. Laurel smacks her.

LAUREL

Don't make fun of me.

AUDREY

Were you cutting Dad's nails just now?

LAUREL

DON'T make fun of me.

INT. LAUREL'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Laurel hands Audrey a MINIATURE REPLICA of Frank and Laurel's house wrapped in a bow.

LAUREL

Happy birthday.

AUDREY

A dollhouse?

LAUREL

No, look inside.

Inside the house there's a slide projector carousel.

INT. LAUREL'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Laurel plugs the slide projector in, Audrey turns it on.

Together they gaze on the wall at an image of themselves as girls wearing matching smocked dresses, except Laurel wears fluorescent pink socks.

LAUREL

I loved those socks. They were the perfect thickness.

Laurel clicks through images of them as children.

LAUREL (CONT'D)

They're all taken inside our house.

AUDREY

Wow. I love it. It's brilliant.  
Just like you.

LAUREL

It's so you can always feel at home  
while you're away.

Laurel changes the image. Audrey gives her a funny look.

AUDREY

You know I'm not moving back home,  
right? I actually live in another  
city. Permanently. I'm not ever  
coming back, Laur. We've gone over  
this so many-

LAUREL

Well, maybe you'll-

AUDREY

No. I want you to understand. I'm  
not coming back. Like, ever.

Laurel looks really sad. Audrey clicks to another image of them on Halloween wearing matching homemade Pocahontas costumes.

INT. LAUREL'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Balloons. Streamers. Soft rock. A banner reads: "Happy 30th Birthday Audrey & Laurel!" It's present day but everyone seems straight out of the early nineties.

Laurel dances a silly jig as she ladles punch for Audrey. As she finishes Laurel spots Hunter enter with his FRUMPY PARENTS and his LITTLE SISTER (with a mouth full of braces).

MRS. SHOEMACHER, an avid cross-stitcher in her mid-60's interrupts.

MRS. SHOEMACHER

So how does it feel turning thirty  
ladies?

Laurel looks to Audrey to answer for them, she always does.

AUDREY

It's great, right Laur? No one  
really takes you seriously in your  
twenties. It's better for business.

Laurel nods.

MRS. SHOEMACHER  
What sort of business, dear?

Audrey hands her a card that says: "Audrey Smith, Agent, Dollhouse Realty."

AUDREY  
It's a boutique real estate company specializing in storybook homes of architectural significance.

MRS. SHOEMACHER  
Come again?

AUDREY  
Oh you know homes that look like hobbit holes, witches dens, fairy tale castles, or village courts.

MRS. SHOEMACHER  
People sure do like to play pretend, I guess. And what are you up to Laurel?

AUDREY  
She's helps our Dad with the forgeries he sells.

LAUREL  
They're not forgeries, they're copies.

AUDREY  
I'm sorry, copies. Laurel's an amazing painter like my Dad.

MRS. SHOEMACHER  
Oh! I just finished a cross-stitch of my Canoodle. The Lord took him last June. I'll have to bring it by before you leave, Audrey.

Hunter approaches Laurel and Audrey in a suave manner.

HUNTER  
Happy birthday ladies.

AUDREY  
Thanks...

HUNTER  
Hunter.

LAUREL  
Hunter.

HUNTER  
You look like a model, are you a  
model?

AUDREY  
No.

HUNTER  
Cool.

Laurel's pissed he's looking at Audrey all googly-eyed.

LAUREL  
Can I talk to you in the kitchen  
for a moment, Hunter?

Audrey looks at her suspiciously.

HUNTER  
(still focused on Audrey)  
What? Oh yeah, sure.

INT. LAUREL'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Laurel drags Hunter into the kitchen.

HUNTER  
What? What's wrong?

LAUREL  
Please don't look at my sister like  
you want to lick her face.

HUNTER  
Baby, you know I only have eyes for  
you.

He starts to kiss her but she squirms away from him.

LAUREL  
No, this isn't right-

He grabs her boob and squeezes it when suddenly his Mom walks in with an armful of empty beer bottles. She screams as she sees them and the bottles crash to the floor.

EXT. LAUREL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Partygoers watch as Hunter's Mom drags him by the arm across the front lawn and his Dad and sister scuttle behind. Audrey marches out after them.

AUDREY

Sorry everyone, party's over.

People stream out of the house, as they whisper to each other about Laurel.

EXT. LAUREL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Frank and May clean up inside. Audrey looks up at Laurel who's high in the tree outside her bedroom window.

AUDREY

(yells)

Would you get down please?

LAUREL

No.

Audrey notices their NEIGHBOR'S light turn on as they stare out their window at them. She waves, then climbs the tree and joins Laurel on the branch.

LAUREL

I didn't want to be a thirty-year old virgin waiting forever for some fairy tale guy that doesn't exist-

AUDREY

You need to get out of this place-

LAUREL

(rolls her eyes)

Not this again.

AUDREY

You're thirty, you're screwing a minor and you act like Dad's wife, it's fucked Laurel-

LAUREL

Hunter's almost eighteen and we only did it once. And I don't act like Dad's wife-

AUDREY

When I walked in yesterday you were cutting his fucking fingernails.

LAUREL

So?

AUDREY

You cook for him, clean for him. You're even jealous of his girlfriend! And you wear all of our dead mother's old clothes. Do you even have a dress of your own?

LAUREL

Why would I go buy new clothes if hers fit me and are still perfectly good?

AUDREY

Because that's what normal people do. They have their own shit, they grow up, they have their own life.

LAUREL

Wearing her clothes makes me feel like she's still here, okay?

AUDREY

But no matter how much you wear her clothes she's never ever-

LAUREL

I'm not retarded. I know what dead means.

AUDREY

I didn't say you were retarded. But you've held on long enough.

LAUREL

After Mom died you just, you just left, someone had to take care of everything-

AUDREY

You're a fucking saint. Excuse me for wanting a real life instead of hanging on to nothing-

LAUREL

It was the right thing to do.

AUDREY

But look at where it's got you.  
You're stuck in this fucked make-  
believe game where you both never  
have to face the fact she's gone-

LAUREL

Things aren't so easy for me,  
people think I'm, I'm-

AUDREY

Who cares what people in this  
shithole think? And Dad may be an  
emotional cripple but he's a grown  
man, he doesn't need you.

LAUREL

He can't even get ice cubes out of  
their trays.

Audrey and Laurel laugh.

LAUREL (CONT'D)

I'm sorry for ruining our birthday.

AUDREY

I don't care about our birthday.  
You deserve better than this, you  
deserve a life...I want you to move  
in with me.

LAUREL

Really? But, he'll never let me  
go, he needs me.

INT. LAUREL'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Audrey and Frank sit at the kitchen table, cartoons on in the background.

AUDREY

I'm taking Laurel to live with me,  
Dad.

He thinks about this for a tiny moment, nods, then looks past  
her at the TV.

INT. LAUREL'S HOUSE - STAIRCASE - NIGHT

Laurel's been eaveswatching and looks horrified; she rushes up the stairs.

INT. LAUREL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Laurel sits on her bed. She talks to her open closet, upset.

LAUREL

I'm scared, Mama. I'm not ready-

Audrey enters quietly.

AUDREY

Who are you talking to?

LAUREL

No one.

AUDREY

(searching the room)

Hunter's not in here is he?

LAUREL

No. I don't see the point of going with you. My losersness is too painfully obvious when I'm with you-

Audrey grabs her hand.

AUDREY

You are *not* a loser. We have the same fucking DNA, Laurel. And despite the story you've made up about me, I don't have everything figured out-

LAUREL

Yeah, right.

AUDREY

You'll see.

LAUREL

But what am I going to do?

AUDREY

Paint.

LAUREL

No, I can't. Dad's always fixing  
my work, I can't-

AUDREY

You're coming home with me. You're  
doing your own painting, and that's  
that.

Audrey grabs Laurel's mass of hair. Lets it fall.

AUDREY (CONT'D)

(re: Laurel's hair)

But you can't come home with me  
with all this comin' out your head.

EXT. FRANK'S GARAGE STUDIO - DAY

Audrey and Laurel pass by Frank as he paints.

FRANK

Where are you two going?

AUDREY

It's a surprise.

FRANK

I'm not too keen on surprises right  
now.

Laurel looks down, embarrassed.

AUDREY

Give her a fucking break, Dad.

INT./ EXT. LAUREL'S VINTAGE FORD PICK-UP - DAY

Laurel drives, lost in thought, Audrey's in the passenger  
seat.

AUDREY

(re: Frank)

Don't listen to that surly prick.

(re: Laurel's hair)

So what do you want to do with it?

LAUREL

I don't know. Cut it with  
scissors, I guess.

Audrey laughs then her cell phone rings. Laurel grabs it, looks at the screen. Audrey snatches it, silences it.

LAUREL  
Who is *Chaaarles*?

AUDREY  
No one.

Laurel can tell exactly what she means by this response.

LAUREL  
You didn't tell me you were dating  
someone!

AUDREY  
I don't want to talk about it.

They stop at a red light.

LAUREL  
Oooh, Chinese fire drill!

AUDREY  
No.

LAUREL  
Come on, don't be such an old lady!

Laurel gets out at the intersection and goes to the other side of the truck, but Audrey locks the door and stares at her, annoyed. The light turns green.

A TINY OLD MAN in the car behind them lays on the horn as Laurel slumps back to the driver's side.

She slams the bottom of her hair in the door. Her hair flaps in the breeze on the exterior of the truck as they drive.

INT. SMALL TOWN HAIR SALON - LATER - DAY

A pair of scissors cuts off Laurel's long braid and it falls to the floor. Audrey and Laurel stare at it.

AUDREY  
Ewww.

LAUREL

Ewww.

LAUREL  
It looks like a squirrel.

Audrey grabs it in disgust and plops it into a plastic bag. A ROCKABILLY HAIR DRESSER stands by.

ROCKABILLY HAIR DRESSER  
Whatcha wanna do now, chickadee?

AUDREY  
Some long layers, nothing too  
crazy. Eyebrows, makeup.

Audrey's cell rings, she checks it.

AUDREY (CONT'D)  
(to Laurel)  
I'm going to go buy you a dress.

She rushes outside and takes the call.

ROCKABILLY HAIR DRESSER  
Did you bring a picture or  
something?

Laurel shakes her head.

ROCKABILLY HAIR DRESSER (CONT'D)  
Well, what do you wanna look like?

Laurel thinks for a moment then sheepishly points to Audrey who talks on her phone outside.

INT. SMALL TOWN HAIR SALON - LATER - DAY

Audrey enters the salon with a shopping bag and pulls a RED SHIRTDRESS with white polka dots out of it. She holds the dress up.

AUDREY  
They had slim pickings but I think  
it's cute, felt like you-

Laurel spins around and the two of them look directly in the mirror. They look identical with the same cut and color.

ROCKABILLY HAIR DRESSER  
(suddenly realizes)  
Wait are you guys twins?

They nod.

INT. LAUREL'S VINTAGE FORD PICK-UP - DAY

Laurel drives and Audrey sits in the passenger seat, livid. Laurel's new dress and her bag o' hair sit on her lap.

LAUREL

I really like the dress, the polka dots are sweet. Look, I thought you wanted me to be more like you-

AUDREY

No! I want you to be like you. I want you to have a your own-

LAUREL

I mean it looks good on you, so I figured you know it's gonna look alright on me-

AUDREY

Dad's gonna flip when he sees you.

LAUREL

I know-

LAUREL

We haven't had the same haircut since before Mom died.

AUDREY

We haven't had the same haircut since before Mom died.

They laugh, it breaks the ice.

AUDREY

Thank God other people aren't around when we do that. It's creepy.

LAUREL

So do I get to meet your boyfriend?

They stop at a red light.

AUDREY

Fire drill!

LAUREL

Hey, hey, not fair, don't change the subject-

Audrey pops out of the truck and runs around the back and Laurel hesitates then does the same. They get back into the truck, breathless.

AUDREY  
Seat belt!

Laurel drapes her braid across her torso like a seat belt.

LAUREL  
Who needs a seat belt when I have a  
hair belt?

Laurel throws the braid at Audrey. Audrey screams. The light turns green and Audrey starts to drive forward to take a left turn, laughing.

Laurel sees a truck barrel towards them as it runs the red light going in the opposite direction. Everything slows down. The twins' eyes meet, they grab each other's hand.

CUT TO BLACK

The sound of metal against metal. Glass shatters. The thump of a body as it hits the pavement. A small explosion.

LAUREL'S POV

Laurel sees her truck on fire as if through an opaque milky screen. Sirens. Then she blinks out of consciousness again.

CUT BACK TO BLACK

Pitch black with the sounds of the hospital: machines beep, muffled voices yell. The squeak of sneakers on linoleum and a stretcher as it rolls across the floor.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - ICU - DAY

Laurel's eyes flutter open painfully. A fluorescent light blares overhead.

It's a double room and Laurel sees the other bed is empty. The left side of her face is covered in an abrasion; she wears a cast on her left arm and an IV in her right. She rips the IV out.

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - DAY

Laurel stumbles into the hallway as she looks into each room, searching. She's desperate, confused but continues to search until she suddenly collapses.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Laurel sits on the edge of the bed, her eyes glassy. Her baby-faced doctor, DR. RAO (late 20's) and Frank sit opposite her. Frank shows no emotion.

DR. RAO  
Can you show me two fingers?

She slowly shows him two fingers. She strains to talk.

LAUREL  
My sister-

FRANK  
You two were in an accident, and  
I'm so sorry but she, she passed.

LAUREL  
I need to see her-

Laurel starts to get up.

DR. RAO  
There was a fire and I'm sorry but  
there's nothing to see.

She suddenly notices her reflection in the TV screen mounted on the wall; it startles and confuses her.

LAUREL  
(pointing to her  
reflection)  
That's her! That's her!

DR. RAO  
You were twins.  
(re: her reflection)  
That's you, Audrey.

Laurel looks at them, confused.

LAUREL  
Audrey?

FRANK

That's your name.

Laurel looks down, her hospital bracelet says "SMITH, AUDREY."

DR. RAO

What's the last thing you remember?

LAUREL

A, a party.

DR. RAO

(to Frank)

With injuries like this people tend to lose everything around the accident.

Close on Laurel as she turns to lie on her side in bed, her back to Frank and Dr. Rao. He shows Frank a CAT scan image.

FRANK

When will she remember who she is?

DR. RAO

She has post-traumatic amnesia, it's not structural or permanent. There's a cerebral contusion, here- (points to the CAT scan) -in the left side of the brain, the part of the brain that controls language and memory. I don't think it's going to expand so in the next few days she should expect to get her bearings as the swelling goes down. But we still need to monitor her closely; she could have lingering memory problems, difficulty speaking, difficulty understanding speech.

Frank stares at the CAT scan image then back to Laurel. She turns to face him and they look at each other, blankly.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - LATER - NIGHT/DAY

Laurel sits in bed and stares straight ahead, frozen.

Time fast-forwards: Dr. Rao, Frank, May, NURSES, JANITORS, and PHYSICAL THERAPISTS filter in and out of the room as the light changes day to night, day to night, day to night. But Laurel never moves, she just stares ahead.

INT. FRANK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Frank lies in bed, eyes wide open, stoic. May lies in bed next to him, her arms around him.

MAY

We'll bring her home after supper, get her situated. I'm gonna make a Jello mold for the reception, the kind with the floatin' fruit in it. Laurel told me that it made her feel peaceful cause it reminded her of floatin' in outer space.

INT. FRANK'S CAR - NIGHT

A NURSE helps transfer Laurel from a wheelchair into the backseat of Frank's car.

INT. FRANK'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Frank drives. He checks on Laurel in the rear view mirror, she's surrounded by all the flowers from her hospital room. She meets his gaze, he looks away.

FRANK

May called your work to let them know what happened.

LAUREL

What do I do?

Frank and May share a glance, concerned.

MAY

You sell real estate, honey. I talked to Claudia, she's coming tomorrow.

LAUREL

Claudia?

FRANK

Your best friend. You want me to  
invite anyone else?

Laurel's distressed by her inability to remember this.

LAUREL

No. I don't want *anyone* to come.

INT. LAUREL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Frank leads Laurel into her room and helps her into bed.

FRANK

Let us know if you need anything.  
We're leaving for the service first  
thing in the morning.

INT. LAUREL'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Frank watches from the door as Laurel traces the outline of their names on their headboards, then sprawls across both beds and buries her face in a pillow and cries into the dark. He considers going back in to comfort her, but doesn't.

INT. LAUREL'S BEDROOM - NEXT MORNING

Laurel opens her eyes and finds the photograph of Annette in the yellow dress clutched in the palm of her hand. She smiles weakly at the photo, still half-asleep.

LAUREL

Laurel's funeral's this morning,  
Mama, I wish you could be-

She sits up...wait, wait, wait: Audrey doesn't talk to their dead mother. She spots the yellow dress crumpled on the floor, her eyes dart back to the photo in her hand; the truth rushes over her. She realizes the terrible mistake for the first time, jumps out of bed, paces the room, in a panic.

LAUREL

Oh no, no, no. *My* funeral is this morning! My funeral.

INT. LAUREL'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

Laurel rushes out of her room and slides into the hall to set everyone straight. She stops at Frank's bedroom door. May puts on panty hose as Frank ties his tie.

LAUREL  
I have something to tell-

MAY  
How are you feeling this morning?

LAUREL  
I'm okay, I , I-

MAY  
That's great. I was just telling your father that you've always been so strong, so independent, and I know it'll be rough goin' but I just know you'll find some way to triumph-

LAUREL  
Th-thanks-

MAY  
-And Laurel, Laurel was such a strange little bird. Never got over your Mama, so I just don't think she coulda ever got past losin' you too. It's better that it happened this way-

Laurel's confused and totally caught off guard by this.

LAUREL  
Oh.

MAY  
And your poor Dad, he was worried about what people are going to say about this whole Hunter business.

Laurel looks to Frank who is in his own world.

MAY (CONT'D)  
Oh, I'm sorry I didn't mean to upset you. What was it you wanted to tell us?

Laurel stands there, unsure of what to say next.

LAUREL  
Um, I just wanted to tell you that  
I'm not really. I'm not really.  
I'm actually not-

May and Frank look at her perplexed. She considers what she's about to say.

LAUREL (CONT'D)  
Just that I'm starting to remember  
some stuff and, and-  
(beat)  
I'm just gonna go get ready for  
Laurel's funeral now.

MAY  
Oh, that's fantastic honey.

FRANK  
That's great news.

LAUREL  
Yeah, it's great. Really great.  
Great news.

INT. OLD LIMOUSINE - DAY

Laurel's eyes are like saucers as she watches the passing scenery stream by between the heads of May and Frank who sit opposite her in the back of the limo.

EXT. CEMETARY - DAY

MOURNERS surround Laurel's plot, many of the same people from the birthday party. A droopy-faced PRIEST (late 60's) presides.

Laurel stands away from the mourners behind a tombstone. She stares at people's shoes to avoid their faces.

DROOPY PRIEST  
Would anyone like to say a few  
parting words to Laurel?

Laurel looks up and scans the crowd, anxious.

DROOPY PRIEST (CONT'D)  
A shared memory perhaps?  
(pause)  
Anything? Frank?

She looks to Frank, who holds his head down, doesn't respond.

DROOPY PRIEST (CONT'D)  
Audrey?

All eyes burn into Laurel, who stares at Frank, heartbroken.

LAUREL  
It's too bad Laurel never got a chance to leave this fucking place since she didn't mean shit to any of you. And, and it's too bad that I'm the only one who ever saw something good in her and who, who believed in her. But now that she's gone you assholes can't hurt her anymore!

Laurel, embarrassed by her outburst, chokes back tears and runs through the graveyard towards the limo. She trips and falls and while she's on the ground, watches a flock of white doves fly over head.

INT. LAUREL'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The MOURNERS are all at the house including Mrs. Shoemacher and her gaggle of OLD LADY FRIENDS. Laurel watches them.

MRS. SHOEMACHER  
Wasn't that *awkward*?

SQUAT OLD LADY  
I know, poor thing. But she sure did look pretty today. She was always so pretty.

Mrs. Shoemacher notices Laurel standing by.

MRS. SHOEMACHER  
Audrey, we're so sorry for your loss.

OLD LADIES  
(in unison)  
Yes, oh, yes, yes, mmm hmm, yes.

MRS. SHOEMACHER  
I brought the cross stitch I was  
telling you about-

Mrs. Shoemacher pulls out a cross stitch portrait of a beagle that say "R.I.P. Canoodle" underneath it and displays it for Laurel and her old lady friends.

SQUAT OLD LADY  
Wow. It's got such a likeness to  
Canoodle.

LAUREL  
That's a beagle dog alright.

MRS. SHOEMACHER  
Yep. I could make you one for  
Laurel, dear. It's such a nice way  
to honor the departed.

LAUREL  
Sure, okay, thanks.

MRS. SHOEMACHER  
I'll need a low resolution photo.  
Because the stitches are just like,  
what do you call those things?

LAUREL  
Pixels.

MRS. SHOEMACHER  
Pixels, that's right.

INT. LAUREL'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Laurel sits on the couch with TWO FAT BOY best friends (12) who love to bicker with each other.

FAT BOY #1  
I know you lost your memory but do  
you remember that your sister did  
it with a little boy?

LAUREL  
(defensive)  
He was not a little boy.

FAT BOY #2  
He's a teenager, you insensitive  
prick.

FAT BOY #1  
I heard he gets lots of action.

Laurel gets up and walks away, upset. Fat Boy #2 punches Fat Boy #1 in the arm.

INT. LAUREL'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Frank grabs the Jello mold from the fridge and watches as Laurel exits through the kitchen door.

EXT. HUNTER'S HOUSE - DAY

Laurel throws pebbles at Hunter's window. He comes to it.

HUNTER  
What are you doing here? My Mom's gonna flip if she sees you.

INT. HUNTER'S ROOM - DAY

Laurel and Hunter sit next to each other on his race car bed. A carpet of dirty laundry covers his floor. Skateboarding and titty posters almost cover his teddy bear wallpaper.

HUNTER  
My parents are epically pissed.

LAUREL  
I heard.

He puts his head in his hands. Laurel touches his back. She extends her arms to hug him. He falls into her arms and goes straight in for the kiss. She accepts the kiss, believing he knows her true identity: that she's Laurel and not Audrey.

LAUREL  
I knew you knew.

HUNTER  
I wasn't sure, but I felt something.

LAUREL  
I just realized this morning.

HUNTER  
I've been dreaming of this moment since I was ten.

LAUREL

What?

HUNTER

I've, I've been in love with you  
since fourth grade, Audrey.

LAUREL

Wait, what?

HUNTER

She looked like you but she wasn't  
you.

Laurel slaps him hard. He touches his face.

HUNTER (CONT'D)

I don't understand, you kissed *me*-

LAUREL

You were her *only* friend. She  
loved you.

HUNTER

I liked her too. But you're,  
you're like this, this, this...  
goddess.

Laurel pushes him hard off the bed and onto the floor.

EXT. RURAL NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Laurel rushes back to the house in a rage, black mascara  
tears streaming down her face.

INT. LAUREL'S HOUSE - DAY

Frank sees Laurel go past the window into the backyard.

EXT. LAUREL'S HOUSE - DAY

Frank approaches Laurel as she cries, he stands there for a  
moment, searching for something to say.

FRANK

It's chilly out here, come inside.

LAUREL

Why didn't you say something today?  
She took care of you all those  
years. How could you not say  
something, anything?

Frank looks around to see if anyone's watching, then grabs  
her wrist.

FRANK

Let's take this inside.

She yanks her wrist away.

LAUREL

(mocking)

"Let's take this inside." God  
forbid we should ever say anything  
about how we feel. Say something,  
Dad. Now! Say something!

He doesn't know what to do. She pounds on his chest, crying.

LAUREL

Say something! Say something!

He's frozen, taken aback. She backs away.

She screams as she stomps toward the kitchen door then grabs  
a gnome statue and smashes it against the house.

INT. LAUREL'S BEDROOM - DAY

Laurel applies Audrey's make-up as she glances back and forth  
at a recent photo of Audrey, copying her look: covering up  
her red nose, and her puffy eyes.

INT. LAUREL'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Laurel closes Audrey's suitcase. She opens her closet and  
runs her hand across her Mom's dresses.

LAUREL

Goodbye, Mama. It's better this  
way, no one wants me here.

Laurel slams the closet doors shut.

INT. LAUREL'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

A suitcase lands on the ground next to Laurel's feet. Frank whittles wood as May scrubs the kitchen floor.

LAUREL

I have to get back to work.

FRANK

In the shape you're in?

LAUREL

I'll follow up with my doctors at home.

MAY

What should we do with all her things?

LAUREL

Donate them, I don't care. She didn't have anything anyway.

FRANK

Wait, I've got somethin' for you.

INT. LAUREL'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Frank gives Laurel her half-finished Mona Lisa copy. May looks up from scrubbing.

MAY

What about all those other paintings? What're you gonna do with all those?

LAUREL

Which other paintings?

INT. SHED - DAY

Frank shows Laurel the shed full of a bunch of Laurel's paintings that he never sent to customers. She's horrified.

FRANK

I keep em' out here when they weren't quite right. You can take as many of them as you want.

Laurel pretends this doesn't crush her.

LAUREL

That's alright, I'll just take this  
one.

INT. AIRPLANE - LATER - DAY

Laurel stares ahead in wide-eyed fear. A SWEET LITTLE GIRL (5) sits next to her and draws a tall stack of smaller animals standing on top of an elephant.

The little girl looks up and notices that Laurel's seat belt isn't fastened.

SWEET LITTLE GIRL

Your seat belt.

The little girl reaches over her and buckles it for her.

SWEET LITTLE GIRL (CONT'D)

I got your back.

EXT. DUPLEX - DAY

A single story duplex with two units that are MIRROR IMAGES of each other. Laurel fumbles with her keys then finds the door to the unit on the right is unlocked.

INT. BASEL'S DUPLEX - DAY

Laurel enters, the apartment is filled with books: library rows of books and piles of them everywhere. Laurel meanders through the apartment.

She finds BASEL (late 20's) a scruffy, adorable and self-possessed geek, and a lanky Indonesian boy, TIMOR (12), reading on the ground.

LAUREL

Um, is this my apartment?

BASEL

(sarcastic)

Is that a *trick* question?

TIMOR

Why can't you just leave Basel  
alone, he doesn't want to move out!

BASEL

Timor, no. Let me handle this.

(to Laurel)

I told you if you want me to move-out you'll have to pay me the move-out fee; the law is on the tenant's side-

LAUREL

(realizing)

Oh, you're my *tenant*.

He gives her a look: "duh." She holds up her cast.

LAUREL

I was in an accident, I've got post-traumatic amnesia-

TIMOR

Wow, I never met a real live amnesiac!

The front door opens.

TIMOR'S MOM (O.S.)

Dinner!

TIMOR

(to Basel, re: a book)

Can I take this one?

Basel nods, Timor writes his name on the card inside the book, hands it to Basel then races away.

Basel studies Laurel as she self-consciously looks around at his stuff. She seems lost.

BASEL

What the hell happened to you?

LAUREL

(deadpan)

I went through a windshield. Haha.

He smiles, gives her a weird look. Beat.

LAUREL (CONT'D)

Well, I guess I'll go check out my apartment that I don't remember anything about.

BASEL

Alright.

LAUREL

Um, why did I want to kick you out?

BASEL

You wanted to give my apartment to  
your sister.

LAUREL

(touched)

I did? Oh. That's nice of me.

BASEL

Yeah, except the part where you  
called me a creepy man-child and  
tried to kick me out.

LAUREL

Oh, that. Well my sister's not  
going to move in because of, um,  
extenuating circumstances. So you  
don't have to leave. Books.

BASEL

Yep, books.

LAUREL

So is this like a library or  
something?

BASEL

I mostly sell stuff online but I  
lend to the neighborhood.

LAUREL

(she nods)

Books.

BASEL

Do you, uh, wanna borrow one?

LAUREL

I think I need all the brain cavity  
space I can get to remember normal  
stuff, so maybe later.

She looks around, he senses her disorientation.

BASEL

I broke my arm once. In a jiujitsu competition. It ruined my martial arts career. But once I was crippled I started to read a lot-

LAUREL

Are you calling me a cripple?

BASEL

No, no-

LAUREL

It's okay, it's true. Wanna sign my cast?

BASEL

Um, sure.

LAUREL

I was thinking something like "I hate you. Love, Basel."

He laughs but she's deadpan.

BASEL

No, no, it'd be-

He scrawls on her cast:

"I hate you. Hate, Basel"

LAUREL

Right. Much better.

They laugh and their eyes meet. He inspects her face.

BASEL

You seem different.

LAUREL

(self-conscious)

Oh, I do? What do you mean?

BASEL

I don't know. Just different.

The sound of a phone ringing on the other side of the wall.

BASEL (CONT'D)

That's your phone.

LAUREL

I should get my phone.

She stands there staring at him, frozen. It's awkward.

BASEL

Well, cool.

LAUREL

Cool.

BASEL

Yeah.

LAUREL

Cool.

He watches her, intrigued, as she hurries away through the rows of books.

INT. AUDREY'S DUPLEX - DAY

Laurel opens the unit on the left, she answers the phone. Audrey's home is a vibrant feminine mix of mid-century and antique with a huge tree in the middle of the living room.

LAUREL

Hello? Oh, oh, um, hi Charles, my boyfriend, Charles. I'm oh-kay. Remind me what "our place" is again? Okay, yeah, I'll I'll meet you there. I, uh, yeah- (mumbles) love you too.

She hangs up the phone and pauses for a moment on the couch, puts her head in her hands.

Suddenly there's a knock at the door, Laurel jumps.

EXT. DUPLEX - PORCH - DAY

CLAUDIA (late 20's), stands on the porch with a SMALL BOY; they look each other up and down as he knocks on Basel's door. Claudia's brassy exterior barely masks her acute vulnerability. Basel answers his door and Claudia glares at himd as he let's the boy in.

CLAUDIA  
(yells)  
It's me, Claudia.

Claudia picks up the Mona Lisa that Laurel left on the porch.

LAUREL (O.S.)  
Come in!

INT. AUDREY'S DUPLEX - MOMENTS LATER

Claudia enters carrying the Mona Lisa painting.

CLAUDIA  
You left this on the porch.

Laurel takes it and sets it on the couch like a person.

CLAUDIA (CONT'D)  
I just talked to your Dad. You do  
remember me, right? Your Dad told  
me you might not remember me. He  
said your phone melted in the  
accident, like literally melted.  
It's horrific. How are you? I  
really mean it, how are you?

LAUREL  
I'm okay. A little turned around.  
The doctor said I could have some  
memory problems for the next few  
months-

CLAUDIA  
Did you do something to your hair?

Laurel nervously touches her hair.

LAUREL  
Just a trim.

She goes right up to Laurel, and hugs her; it's awkward.

CLAUDIA  
Everyone knows at work, Edith says  
you can take as much bereavement as  
you need. Your place is a mess.  
What's that smell?

Laurel points to the vase of dead flowers. Claudia grabs it.

LAUREL

I want to go back to work, just to,  
you know, take care of my, uh, get  
back to normal-

Claudia dumps the vase water in the sink and motions to have Laurel follow her out into the joint backyard.

CLAUDIA

But maybe you should consider not  
going back to work until you don't  
look like you've just gone through  
a windshield.

EXT. DUPLEX - BACKYARD - DAY

Claudia holds the vase, Laurel follows as they hear the sounds of kids playing in a swimming pool in another yard.

Laurel stops to peek through the slats of the fence.

EXT. PERFECT FAMILY'S BACKYARD - DAY

A DAD barbecues and a MOM lounges on a floating raft with a tropical beverage, while a GIRL and a BOY play Marco Polo. The family and the backyard look straight out of 1962.

EXT. DUPLEX - BACKYARD - DAY

Laurel peers through the fence. Basel watches her at the open window; he can also hear the family play in their pool.

BASEL (O.S.)

(re: the family)

They're so perfect they seem fake,  
like they're in Technicolor or  
something.

Laurel turns to him, nods.

BASEL

I don't know their real names, I  
just call them "The Browns."

LAUREL

Mr. and Mrs. Brown and their kids  
Dick and Jane.

He smiles. Claudia re-enters the backyard with the vase. Basel gives Claudia a passive aggressive head nod. Claudia ushers Laurel back inside.

INT. AUDREY'S DUPLEX - DAY

Claudia and Laurel enter.

LAUREL  
He seems nice.

CLAUDIA  
Him? You hate him.

LAUREL  
When should I come in tomorrow?

CLAUDIA  
You can't be serious.

Laurel gives her an "I am totally serious" look. Claudia is hesitant.

CLAUDIA  
I'm taking dashiki-lady to see a new property around two. I was going to take her off your hands and just give you the commish. I'm going to do my best to take care of you for a change-

LAUREL  
No, I'll do it. I'll go.

Claudia checks the time.

CLAUDIA  
(notices the time)  
Shit, I've got to meet a notary in five but I'm going to come back over after. I know I'm the one who's always a hot mess but I, I-

LAUREL  
No, that's okay. I have a date.

CLAUDIA  
With who?

LAUREL  
My boyfriend.

CLAUDIA  
Boyfriend?

LAUREL  
Yeah? What?

CLAUDIA  
You don't have a boyfriend-

LAUREL  
No, I have a boyfriend. A  
boyfriend that I've got a date with  
tonight.

Claudia gives her a weird look, feels rejected.

CLAUDIA  
Okay, well I'll see you tomorrow.  
I guess.

Claudia goes in for a hug but Laurel puts her hand out to  
shake. Claudia shakes it, confused.

INT. SPERANZA RESTAURANT - NIGHT

CHARLES (50's) distinguished and charming (but dressed too  
young for his age) grins as he holds the door for Laurel.

LAUREL  
Thank you, sir.

She scans the dining room then waves at a YOUNG HOT GUY who  
sits at a table by himself. He looks behind him to make sure  
she's waving to him then smiles at her awkwardly.

CHARLES  
Audrey?

Laurel stops to look back at him.

LAUREL  
Yes?

He touches her waist, taking ownership of her.

LAUREL  
(realizes it's Charles)  
Oh, yes! Hi, there. Oh, yeah,  
nice meeting, to see you. You're  
like really old. Wow.

CHARLES

I'm so terribly sorry darling. I  
know how much she meant to you.

LAUREL

You do?

He hugs her warmly, and gives her a sweet kiss on the mouth  
then pulls away and looks toward their table. She stands  
there in shock and touches her fingertips to her mouth.

INT. SPERANZA RESTAURANT - LATER

Laurel and Charles chew mouthfuls of lettuce. He looks at  
her lovingly and grabs her hand, caresses it. She looks down  
at his caress with fear and excitement.

LAUREL

This place is like *super* close to  
my apartment.

CHARLES

Yes, yes it is.  
(patronizing)  
You're funny.

Awkward silence. She's embarrassed.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

Is everything alright?

LAUREL

I don't feel like myself. I, um,  
can't remember some things-

CHARLES

It's okay. We'll take it slow.

LAUREL

I've got to go pee to the bathroom.  
I mean in the bathroom.

EXT. SPERANZA RESTAURANT - BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

Laurel walks outside to catch her breath. A DISHWASHER  
squats next to her, smoking a cigarette. He offers her one,  
she nods, he lights it with the other one still in his mouth.

They smoke together for a moment, she coughs a little,  
doesn't know how to inhale. Charles exits looking for her.

CHARLES  
Hey, are you okay?

LAUREL  
(she coughs)  
Yeah.

Charles brushes her hair off her shoulder, looks in her eyes then kisses her neck.

LAUREL  
(freaked out)  
Ahh.

He grabs her face and they start to make-out as the dishwasher watches. She pulls away from him, guilty yet really turned on.

CHARLES  
You're not still mad at me?

LAUREL  
No, it's not you...Wait, why would I still be mad at you?

He sticks his hand up her skirt, she closes her eyes.

CHARLES  
I'm sorry for springing the divorce on you, darling. I don't know what I was thinking-

LAUREL  
It's okay-  
(realizes what he said,  
pushes him away)  
Wait, wait we're married?!

CHARLES  
(confused)  
What? No. No. We're not married.  
You don't remember our fight?

LAUREL  
(realizes)  
Oh, you're married to someone else?

He starts to kiss her more, but she stops him.

CHARLES  
Forget the divorce. We'll just go back to our little farce-

LAUREL  
Our farce?

CHARLES  
A little rendezvous then back to  
our real lives. I get it. You're  
right, commitment is scary-

LAUREL  
Did I break up with *you*?

CHARLES  
Yes-

Laurel turns and marches away down the alley.

CHARLES  
Audrey?!

LAUREL  
I deserve better than being  
someone's mistress, someone's  
second choice.

INT. AUDREY'S DUPLEX - NIGHT

Laurel slips into Audrey's place, with Charles following  
right behind. He pounds on the door.

CHARLES (O.S.)  
Please, darling, just talk to me!

LAUREL  
Leave me alone! Go pay our check!

EXT. DUPLEX - NIGHT

Charles bangs on Audrey's door. Basel walks up to the porch  
with a bag of groceries.

LAUREL (O.S.)  
I'm going to call the cops!

BASEL  
Audrey, is everything okay?

LAUREL  
Basel? Can you make him go away?

Charles kicks her door.

CHARLES

I'm not going away. You are my  
first choice, don't you see?  
That's why I wanted the divorce.  
To make this real!

BASEL

Give her a break man, she's been  
through a lot-

CHARLES

This matter doesn't concern you.

Charles kicks the door again.

BASEL

Hey chill out, dude-

Basel pushes Charles with his bag of groceries and scoots him off the porch. Charles shoves Basel and his groceries explode all over the porch. Eggs break, apples and oranges roll around them.

While Basel is distracted by the grocery explosion Charles throws a punch that splits Basel's cheek open and it starts to gush blood.

BASEL

You asshole.

This is war. Basel positions himself to use his latent jiujitsu knowledge. Charles laughs at Basel's pose then Basel clocks him with a single round house kick that knocks him off the porch.

With Charles laid out on the front lawn moaning, Basel gathers his groceries.

EXT. DUPLEX - MOMENTS LATER

Basel unlocks his front door while he cups his bloody cheek. Laurel peeks out the front window, and sees Charles limp around the corner out of sight.

LAUREL

Do you think he's okay?

BASEL

He'll live.

Then she looks at Basel cupping his cheek.

LAUREL

Oh my God, are you okay?

BASEL

It's nothing. He accidentally punched me in the face.

She laughs.

INT. AUDREY'S DUPLEX - NIGHT

Laurel leads Basel into the apartment; the place is a mess. She enters the bathroom and leaves Basel in the living room.

LAUREL (O.C.)

Sorry for the mess.

BASEL

It's cool, I was only judging with my one eye anyway.

LAUREL (O.C.)

Right, cause your other eye's all bloody and disgusting.

He sits on the couch next to the Mona Lisa and peers over at it. He grabs the painting and holds it on his lap with one hand, still cupping his eye with the other.

INT. AUDREY'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Laurel smooths her hair, checks her teeth for food then rummages through Audrey's medicine cabinet.

INT. AUDREY'S DUPLEX - NIGHT

As Basel looks at the painting he leans over it a bit. He accidentally drips his blood on it.

BASEL

Fuck!

He tries to dab it with his sleeve but it only makes it worse and new droplets of blood fall on it.

BASEL

Fuck, fuck, fuck.

Defeated, he finally throws his head back and waits there helpless with the blood-smeared painting on his lap.

Laurel enters with peroxide and a towel.

BASEL

I was looking at it, and I, I got some of my blood on it.

She stares at the painting, shocked. She laughs. Blood continues to drip down his neck and onto his shirt.

BASEL (CONT'D)

Hey, can I maybe get a paper towel or something?

LAUREL

Oh, sorry. Tip your head back.

He closes his eyes and she puts pressure on the wound. They sit there in silence for a moment. She examines his face, it's pretty damn cute.

BASEL

I think it's really good. The painting.

LAUREL

No it's not.

BASEL

It's better than the original. She's got a bigger secret, and lots of, you know, plans for the weekend. She's cool.

LAUREL

Riiight.

She laughs and starts to dress his wound.

BASEL

Is it that hard for you to accept a compliment?

LAUREL

I was going to throw it out, I don't even know why I kept it.

BASEL

Well since it's our first collaboration, can I have it?

LAUREL

I guess.

BASEL

You do realize I'm complimenting  
you even after your grandpa  
boyfriend split my head open? What  
the hell are you doing with that  
dude anyway? I don't mean to butt  
in. I'm going to shut up now.

She smiles as he stares at her wide-eyed. She puts a bandage  
over his cut.

She goes to the kitchen, comes back with a bag of frozen peas  
for his eye.

BASEL

Thanks.

They sit in silence for a moment as he ices his eye.

BASEL

How's your arm? The accident must  
have been pretty gnarly.

LAUREL

Yeah. My sister died. In it, in  
the accident.

BASEL

Fuck, Audrey.

LAUREL

Yeah.

BASEL (CONT'D)

Older or younger?

LAUREL

Younger. By two minutes.

BASEL

Your *twin* died?

LAUREL

Yeah. Laurel. Did I ever tell you  
about her?

BASEL

We've never actually talked, you  
prefer to threaten and/or scowl.

(MORE)

BASEL (cont'd)  
It's a fucking miracle I'm sitting  
here, right now.

LAUREL  
Sorry about that.

BASEL  
Your twin just died, you don't have  
to be sorry for anything, like ever  
again.

LAUREL  
It's my free pass to be a horrible  
person?

BASEL  
Yeah. You could totally do some  
raping and pillaging and I'd  
forgive you.

LAUREL  
Thanks.

BASEL  
What was she like?

LAUREL  
She still lived at home with our  
Dad, took care of him. We're from  
this small town; everyone thought  
she was weird. She didn't really  
have any friends-

BASEL  
Well, I don't have a lot of friends  
and people think I'm weird. But  
I'm actually just super handsome  
and amazing. So she probably was  
pretty amazing too.

She laughs.

LAUREL  
Do you do that a lot?

BASEL  
What?

LAUREL  
Compliment yourself?

BASEL  
I don't know. Doesn't everyone?

LAUREL

I think people mostly tell  
themselves how much they suck.

BASEL

You should try it, it's a lot  
better than telling yourself you  
suck. It should be easy for you,  
since you've given me every  
indication that you're totally  
arrogant-

LAUREL

Oh, well, I don't know-

BASEL

I dare you.

LAUREL

I'm so...I'm so...tall.

BASEL

(he claps)

Bravo. That's more like stating a  
fact but still, a solid effort.

EXT. DUPLEX - PORCH - NIGHT

Basel stands outside, he holds the frozen peas to his eye  
with one hand and holds the bloody Mona Lisa with the other.

BASEL

We should like hang out again.

LAUREL

Hang out? You mean like a, a date?

BASEL

No, like just friends.

LAUREL

(embarrassed)

Oh. Um, I, yeah. I gotta go, um,  
go there, check, check on something-

Laurel shuts the door on him because she's so nervous she  
doesn't know what else to do.

EXT. DUPLEX - PORCH - NIGHT

Basel stands there for a moment unsure of what just happened.

INT. AUDREY'S DUPLEX - NIGHT

Laurel notices a blood stain on the couch. She touches the stain lovingly.

EXT. DOLLHOUSE REALTY - DAY

Laurel stands outside a building that says "Dollhouse Realty" on it. She's wearing Audrey's clothes but mixes different prints in a way that could be seen as either really cool or really lame.

INT. DOLLHOUSE REALTY - DAY

Laurel enters to find the WHOLE OFFICE standing in V-formation, with looks of sympathy on their faces. Claudia follows as Laurel floats down the line like a ghost as they all hug her and give their condolences.

EDITH (late 40's) eight months pregnant with a severe bob, stands at the crux of the V resting her hands on her belly like a queen. Edith warmly grabs Laurel's hands.

EDITH  
(phony sincerity)  
Audrey, darling. I am so sorry for  
your loss. You look positively  
dreadful, I can't imagine what  
you've been through.

Edith picks a stray hair off of Laurel's shirt.

LAUREL  
Um, thanks-

Laurel looks to Claudia: she has no idea who Edith is.

CLAUDIA  
Edith.

EDITH  
I insist that you take as much time  
as you need.  
(MORE)

EDITH (cont'd)

And I trust that you'll let me know  
if I can do anything for you,  
anything at all.

CLAUDIA

We're actually on our way to show  
some properties this morning-

EDITH

Oh, that's wonderful, we need her  
back in action as soon as we can  
get her.

INT. AUDREY'S OFFICE - DAY

Claudia and Laurel enter Audrey's office which overflows with flower arrangements. Claudia shuts the door.

CLAUDIA

(mocking Edith)

"Take as much time as you need as  
long as you come back to work  
immediately." She's a fucking  
piece of work.

LAUREL

Yeah, I know, tell me about it.

CLAUDIA

So how was your date?

LAUREL

Not a big deal.

CLAUDIA

No, it's a big deal since the only  
thing I have to tell you about my  
sex life is that our double yeast  
infection finally cleared up.

LAUREL

Nothing to report. It's over: I  
found out he's married.

CLAUDIA

So?

LAUREL

He's *married*.

CLAUDIA

Never stopped you before.  
Sometimes I wish Patrick was  
married so I didn't have to see him  
so much-

Laurel looks at her blankly.

CLAUDIA

(offended)

Patrick. My boyfriend. Of like  
almost a decade?

LAUREL

Right. Aren't we going to be late?

CLAUDIA

I was thinking we could cancel,  
just gossip all afternoon. Get  
mani-pedis, hit happy hour like we  
did when my grammy died-

LAUREL

No, I'm good. Let's go.

CLAUDIA

(disappointed)

Oh, okay.

INT. CLAUDIA'S CAR - DAY

Claudia drives as Laurel studies an MLS informational sheet about a house. Claudia pulls to a stop. Laurel looks from the photo of the house up to the house itself. She looks worried.

EXT. EMPTY STORYBOOK HOUSE - DAY

Claudia and Laurel walk up to the house, it looks like a cottage from a fairy tale and has a molded roof.

INT. EMPTY STORYBOOK HOUSE - DAY

Claudia and Laurel enter. It's filled with light and cheer but is unfurnished.

CLAUDIA

The empty ones are always the  
hardest to sell.

Laurel realizes Claudia is looking to her for a response.

LAUREL

Oh, yeah, totally. So hard to  
sell. Empty ones.

CLAUDIA

People have no fucking imagination  
sometimes.

LAUREL

I know. No imagination.

Laurel wanders around aimlessly. She's nervous.

CLAUDIA

Are you okay?

LAUREL

I'm cool.

A knock at the door.

CLAUDIA

You'll be great. It's second nature-

INT. EMPTY STORYBOOK HOUSE - LATER - DAY

Claudia welcomes MRS. MATTHEWS (60's) inside, she wears a brightly patterned dashiki and is followed by her two grown sons, DAVID and DARREN.

CLAUDIA

Hi, Mrs. Matthews, David, Darren.

MRS. MATTHEWS

(re: Laurel's injuries)

Oh my stars, what happened to you?!

LAUREL

I had an accident. But I'm fine.

Claudia motions to Laurel to start the tour. Laurel launches right in, nervous.

LAUREL (CONT'D)

This is the, uh, living room.

Mrs. Matthews waits for her to say more. Laurel looks around, tries to think of something else to say. She points to a small door to a storage room beneath the staircase.

LAUREL

Over there is a little door-

Mrs. Matthews nods but Laurel's at a loss for something else to say. She looks constipated. Claudia puts on a fake smile, nervous for what's to come.

INT. EMPTY STORYBOOK HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

Laurel and Claudia are crammed inside the master bathroom with Mrs. Matthews and her sons.

LAUREL

This is the bathroom.

MRS. MATTHEWS

Is this original tile work?

LAUREL

This is tile work, yes.

Mrs. Matthews gives Laurel a weird look.

EXT. EMPTY STORYBOOK HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

Laurel stands in the backyard with a lush English garden.

LAUREL

This is the backyard. With plants.

INT. EMPTY STORYBOOK HOUSE - GARAGE - DAY

Laurel pushes the button to open the garage door.

LAUREL

And this is the garage.

(long pause)

Cars.

Claudia, Mrs. Matthews and her sons stare at Laurel perplexed. No one knows what to make of this bizarre informationless home tour.

INT. EMPTY STORYBOOK HOUSE - LATER - DAY

Claudia puts the key in the lockbox while Laurel stands behind her, mortified.

CLAUDIA

"This is the backyard with plants"?  
Seriously?

Claudia starts towards her car, Laurel follows.

LAUREL

I'm sorry. I'm going to figure it out, I promise. Just tell me what I have to do.

CLAUDIA

Selling a house is not that complicated. You point out the good stuff, minimize the bad, and pitch them on a potential future life where all their dreams come true. They like it or not and then you just do the fucking paperwork.

LAUREL

Oh, okay.

CLAUDIA

That's a direct quote from you. What in the world is going on with you, Audrey?

LAUREL

(defensive)

Well, for starters, I've got brain damage, and can't remember-

CLAUDIA

Of course, of course. I'm sorry.

LAUREL

What do you want to know?

CLAUDIA

I want to know how you feel about your sister dying.

LAUREL

How do you *think* I feel?

CLAUDIA

I have no idea. All I know is that you wanted to bring her back here, add a third member to our little crew, and then you came back alone.

LAUREL

I told you I wanted her to live  
with me?

CLAUDIA

Yeah, you were so excited for her  
to start her own life-

Laurel looks away, she's not ready to talk about this.

INT. CLAUDIA'S CAR - DAY

Claudia and Laurel sit in the car looking straight ahead, Claudia reaches into her backseat and hands Laurel a box full of brochures.

CLAUDIA

There's this whole like community  
for twins whose twin died, and they  
have these support groups. I got  
you some brochures.

There's like a thousand brochures in the box, Laurel thumbs  
through them.

LAUREL

Why'd you get me so many? I'm only  
one person.

CLAUDIA

I don't know. It seemed like a  
good idea at the time.

Laurel stares at the box.

EXT. DUPLEX - FRONT YARD - DAY

Laurel walks up the front path holding the box as Timor and  
his friend PETER (10) jog up behind her.

TIMOR

Hey, Audrey?

LAUREL

What? Yeah?

TIMOR

Do you remember me?

LAUREL

Yeah, I remember all the new stuff.

TIMOR

(to Peter)

This is the girl I told you about,  
the one who has amnesia.

PETER

Hi.

LAUREL

Hi.

Timor shares a knowing look with Peter.

LAUREL

What?

TIMOR

Nothing.

PETER

Basel thinks you're prettier now  
that you're not a bitch.

TIMOR

Peter!

PETER

Someone's got to have some balls.

LAUREL

Really? He said that I'm prettier  
now?

TIMOR

Ooooh, do you *like*, like him?

Basel comes out to greet the boys.

BASEL

Hey guys, what are you doing?

PETER

Nothing!

TIMOR

Nothing!

Out-of-her-mind-nervous, Laurel rushes into Audrey's  
apartment, and slams the door behind her.

BASEL

What did you say to her guys?

PETER  
Nothing!

TIMOR  
Nothing!

They giggle as they run into his duplex. Basel looks at Audrey's door, amused.

INT. AUDREY'S DUPLEX - DAY

Laurel looks through the peep hole at Basel standing on the porch. He looks into the peep hole as if he knows she's watching him. He stares intensely for a moment then makes a funny face, then gets serious again and goes into his duplex.

Laurel looks through the peep hole at the empty porch.

INT. AUDREY'S DUPLEX - LATER - DAY

Laurel lies on the couch covered by a blanket of unfolded support group brochures, crying. During a pause in her crying jag she hears children's voices play-fighting outside and takes the brochure off of her face.

She gets up and brushes the brochures off her body and goes out the back door to follow the voices.

EXT. DUPLEX - BACKYARD - DAY

Laurel looks through the slats in the fence into the neighbor's backyard, longingly.

EXT. PERFECT FAMILY'S BACKYARD - DAY

The boy and girl wrestle on the grass near the pool as their Mom and Dad load up their vintage Airstream with camping supplies. The kids run and pile into the Airstream.

LAUREL (O.S.)  
No, don't leave!

EXT. DUPLEX - BACKYARD - DAY

Laurel watches through the slats as their Airstream trailer pulls out of their backyard parking spot.

Suddenly Audrey's phone rings. She goes in to answer it.

INT. LAUREL'S BEDROOM / AUDREY'S DUPLEX - DAY

Frank sits on the crack between the two twin beds.

FRANK

Hello?

LAUREL

Hi, Daddy. I mean, Dad.

FRANK

May and I are gettin' married at the end of the month. It's just a little courthouse thing so we hope you'll come be our witness.

They're quiet for a moment as Laurel tries to suppress her feelings about this.

LAUREL

Don't you think it's a little soon, Dad? She just died.

FRANK

Life's too short to wait round any longer. I been alone a long time.

Frank starts to choke up but tries to hide it.

LAUREL (CONT'D)

Dad? Are you okay?

FRANK

It's just I get to paintin' in the morning and all of the sudden I get really hungry and realize I'm waitin' for her to bring me breakfast. She used to smash raspberries down on my toast cause she said jam-

LAUREL

-was too sugary.

MAY (O.S.)

(yells)

Frank! Frank!

FRANK

Seeing me upset makes her uneasy.

LAUREL

Dad?

FRANK

Yeah?

Beat. She considers telling him.

LAUREL

Nothing.

FRANK

I know we stopped talkin' after you moved outa here but...now that we're all that's left of our little family, how bout we try to talk sometimes?

MAY (O.S.)

(yells)

Frank!

FRANK

(yells)

Coming!

(to Laurel)

I gotta go.

He hangs up and stares at the twin beds for a long moment, sad. Then he looks out the window at May on the lawn holding a rake next to a huge pile of leaves.

Laurel stares through the slats of the fence into the empty back yard.

INT. RECREATION HALL - DAY

A sign reads "Twinless Twin Support Group." Laurel enters hesitantly. A group of MEN AND WOMEN sit in a circle, the meeting has already begun. The group leader, MARGUERITE (late 30's), motions Laurel to join them.

INT. RECREATION HALL - MOMENTS LATER

Laurel sits in the group's circle.

MARGUERITE

Our new members always start by introducing themselves.

Laurel pulls up a chair.

LAUREL  
My name is, my name is-

She considers what she will say.

LAUREL (CONT'D)  
Laurel.

She throws her hand over her mouth like she's said an unforgivable thing.

GROUP  
Hi, Laurel.

Hearing them say her name, physically hurts.

MARGUERITE  
What're you feeling, dear?

She can barely talk, suddenly overcome with emotion.

LAUREL  
I'm having...a, a...really hard  
time letting my sister go-

Everyone looks at her, nodding their heads like this is the truest thing they've ever heard.

INT. AUDREY'S CAR - DAY

Laurel breathes heavy in the car. She catches a glimpse of herself in the rear-view mirror then flips it up so she can't see herself. She puts her head on the steering wheel and hugs it.

EXT. DUPLEX - BACKYARD - NIGHT

Laurel swigs from a giant bottle of tequila as she drunk dances to the music playing inside Audrey's apartment as she drags out a bag of trash. She hears splashing noises and moves to peek through the slats of the backyard fence into her neighbor's yard.

## EXT. PERFECT FAMILY'S BACKYARD - NIGHT

Their pool glows turquoise in the night. A man dives off the diving board into the pool. When he comes up from the dive she sees it's Basel. She pops her head over the fence.

LAUREL

Did they say you could do that?

BASEL

No. Come on over. Come in!

LAUREL

I can't.

She holds up her cast over the fence.

BASEL

(re: the cast)

So what?

## EXT. DUPLEX - BACKYARD - NIGHT

Laurel wears a vintage one-piece swimsuit and has a plastic bag tied around her cast sealed with tape. She spills over the top of the fence. She's pretty drunk.

## EXT. PERFECT FAMILY'S BACKYARD - NIGHT

Laurel lands on her butt on the grass.

BASEL

Ouch.

She laughs and walks to the edge of the pool. Basel stares up at her. She looks down into the water.

BASEL

(re: the plastic bag on  
her cast)

Nice work.

LAUREL

Thanks.

BASEL

Come in.

He watches her as she reluctantly descends the pool stairs, holding her cast above her head.

BASEL

I think it helps to just go for it, go under all the way. Really commit.

EXT. PERFECT FAMILY'S BACKYARD - POOL - UNDERWATER

Laurel dunks her head under, still holding her cast above water. She looks around underwater at the pool lights and Basel's torso. Hot.

EXT. PERFECT FAMILY'S BACKYARD - POOL

Basel watches her as she holds her cast above water until she emerges.

LAUREL

Hi.

BASEL

Hi.

Laurel looks down.

BASEL

What? What's wrong?

LAUREL

I think, I...I think I might, um, I think I might-

Laurel doesn't say anything just shyly looks away.

BASEL

Mrs. Brown, thank you for joining me for this delightful midnight swim.

Laurel gives him a questioning look.

BASEL (CONT'D)

Pretend with me, it'll make it easier if we're, you know, already married.

Laurel smiles.

LAUREL

No, thank you for joining *me* for  
this delightful midnight swim, Mr.  
Brown.

BASEL

My pleasure, Mrs. Brown.

LAUREL

I think I might need you-  
(beat)

-I think I might need you to take  
the kids to school in the morning.  
I need to bake those sugar-

BASEL

-cookies for the bake sale. I'll go  
ahead and make their lunches, put a  
little note in there then-

LAUREL

-staple the brown paper bag shut  
with one single staple.

BASEL

The note will say "I hope you know  
how much I-

LAUREL

-"adore your mother?"

He nods yes. Then she grabs his face and kisses him  
awkwardly on the mouth. Then she starts to follow his lead  
as if he's teaching her how to kiss.

INT. BASEL'S DUPLEX - NIGHT

Basel and Laurel tumble into bed, dripping wet from the pool.  
They're kind of spastic in their movements and the plastic  
bag that houses her cast makes crinkly noises.

They stop making out so that he can take the bag off her  
cast. As he unwraps the tape she taps her fingertips down  
his chest toward his "area." He shivers a little then almost  
says something but stops and laughs at himself. She quickly  
pulls her hand away, embarrassed, unsure.

LAUREL

What? Am I doing something wrong?

BASEL

No, no. It's stupid. I was about  
to say something stupid.

LAUREL

Say it.

He hesitates.

LAUREL (CONT'D)

Say it!

BASEL

(shy)

It just feels...good when you touch  
me.

She puts her finger in his ear.

LAUREL

Even in your ear?

He laughs. They kiss again.

BASEL

Wow, how did this happen? Wow.

INT. BASEL'S DUPLEX - NEXT MORNING - DAY

Basel and Laurel lie naked in bed draped by a sheet. Basel's asleep but Laurel's wide awake and looking at him sweetly.

INT. BASEL'S DUPLEX - DAY

Laurel and Basel read side by side.

LAUREL

(out of nowhere)

Beep.

Basel continues to read but joins in the game.

BASEL

Beep.

Laurel continues to read then looks up from her book and smiles at him.

LAUREL

Beep.

INT. AUDREY'S DUPLEX - DAY

Laurel enters and does a little dance. Her face in a moment of perfect contentment.

EXT. ART SUPPLY STORE - DAY

Laurel leaves the store carrying brushes, paints, an easel and a few canvases, full of youthful excitement.

INT. AUDREY'S DUPLEX - LATER - DAY

Laurel unloads her art supplies and sets up an easel outside.

INT. VIET NOODLE BAR RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Claudia, and her boyfriend PATRICK (30's in a suit with gelled hair and a really loud voice), sit on one side of a long communal table and Laurel and Basel sit opposite. They look at menus.

Patrick sucks snot up his nose loudly.

LAUREL

What're you gonna have Mr. Brown?

BASEL

I don't know, wanna split something, Mrs. Brown?

Claudia is disgusted by their cheesiness.

PATRICK

(to Laurel, loud)

It's so crazy that your twin died. Did you know Elvis' twin died at birth and he never got over it?

CLAUDIA

Jesus, Patrick!

PATRICK

What? It's true.

CLAUDIA

You have the subtlety of a monster truck. Sorry, Audrey.

Laurel shrugs. They all go back to looking at their menus.

LAUREL (CONT'D)  
(re: the menu)  
Noodles. Asian noodles.

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

Claudia and Patrick sit stiffly on a bench and watch Basel and Laurel merrily swing on the swing set as they drink forties in paper bags.

CLAUDIA  
She shouldn't be having so  
much...Fun. It's not right.

PATRICK  
It's not right to have fun?

CLAUDIA  
Not when you're supposed to be  
mourning your twin.

PATRICK  
You want her to be like wearing  
black and wailing all the time?

CLAUDIA  
No. But she seems different to  
you, right?

PATRICK  
She's still hot.

CLAUDIA  
Fuck you, Patrick.

PATRICK  
You need to stop obsessing over  
her, babe. You're acting like a  
jealous boyfriend. She'll come  
around.

Claudia gives him a dirty look. He just doesn't understand.

Laurel straddles Basel on his swing. They laugh. Claudia and Patrick look at them, wistful and jealous but for different reasons. He sucks his snot up his nose again.

INT. AUDREY'S DUPLEX - NIGHT

Basel watches Laurel sleep then gently shakes her awake.

BASEL

Hey, it's time to get up Mrs.  
Brown. We need to beat the crowds.

LAUREL

(groggy, smiling)  
But who'll watch the kids?

EXT. MANSION - DAY

Laurel and Basel arrive at an estate sale. Everything is out on the sprawling front lawn: furniture, clothes, art, books, etc. It's laid out according to rooms in the house; as if the walls of the house disappeared.

RALPH, a paunchy, snarky bookseller, approaches them. He speaks to Basel but stares at Laurel sleazily.

RALPH

Too little too late, already  
snatched up their first editions.

Basel looks to Laurel, rolls his eyes.

BASEL

Hey Ralph. Guess we'll just have  
to take your scraps.

RALPH

And who is this?

LAUREL

I'm his wife, Mrs. Brown-

Basel gives her a weird look.

RALPH

(to Laurel)

Enchanté.

(to Basel)

Don't you think she's a little out  
of your league?

Ralph laughs. Basel looks like he wants to bitch slap him.

RALPH  
You two enjoy the scraps.

Ralph walks away.

LAUREL  
What a dick face.

BASEL  
Why'd you do that?

LAUREL  
Do what?

BASEL  
Lie to him.

LAUREL  
I was just pretending-

BASEL  
But I know that dude-

LAUREL  
So?

BASEL  
There's a difference between  
pretending and lying.

LAUREL  
I know.

She turns away to take a deep breath and hide the guilty look  
on her face.

BASEL  
Okay, it's just I-

LAUREL  
No, I understand.

He looks at her back, concerned.

EXT. DUPLEX - LATER - DAY

Laurel and Basel unload the books from the car.

INT. BASEL'S DUPLEX - DAY

Basel shelves books, joyfully then looks out the window into the backyard as Laurel paints in her bathing suit.

EXT. DUPLEX - BACKYARD - DAY

Laurel paints an abstract painting of two people in a pool at night: shapes and shadows of turquoise, pale blue and black.

INT. BASEL'S DUPLEX - DAY

As Basel continues to shelve the new books, suddenly there's a knock at his door.

EXT. DUPLEX - PORCH - DAY

Basel answers the door to find Claudia glaring at him.

BASEL

She's out back, she probably didn't hear you.

CLAUDIA

No, I came by to talk to you.

BASEL

Oh. Okay.

CLAUDIA

Does she ever talk to you about Laurel?

BASEL

(He's lying)

Of course. Why?

CLAUDIA

She won't talk about her with me, and I just wanted to make sure someone is there-

BASEL

Well, I'm here. I got it.

CLAUDIA

She seems like she's perfect but  
she's not. She's lonely and messed  
up like the rest of us.

BASEL

What do you want Claudia?

CLAUDIA

Normally, she only dates married  
guys. Did you know that?

BASEL

Oh, yeah?

CLAUDIA

If you fuck someone else's husband,  
you never get hurt, never have to  
commit. She usually has her guard  
up, wants everyone to believe she's  
got it all together. And now, I  
can tell she's let her guard down  
with you. And if you hurt her I  
swear I will murder your face.

Basel nods. She starts to tear up and turns her head away.

CLAUDIA (CONT'D)

It's great that she found you and  
all but I feel like I lost my best  
friend.

BASEL

I'm sorry.

He pats her shoulder awkwardly. She looks at his hand, angry  
at herself for showing her cards.

CLAUDIA

And it's all very strange because  
just a few weeks ago we were  
laughing about your B.O.

At that, she turns and hurries to the car.

BASEL

You have a nice day, too.

He self-consciously smells his armpit as she drives away.

EXT. PERFECT FAMILY'S BACKYARD - POOL - NIGHT

Laurel and Basel swim on their backs in the pool, side by side, head to foot.

LAUREL

It's like we're womb mates.

BASEL

I wish. But there's still that stupid fucking wall between our apartments.

LAUREL

Not room mates, *woomb* mates.

He gives her a worried look.

LAUREL (CONT'D)

What?

BASEL

I was just, um, why don't you ever talk about her?

LAUREL

Everything's so great with us. I don't want to mess it up.

BASEL

You think I won't like you if you show me how you feel?

LAUREL

I don't know. Maybe.

BASEL

It feels like there's so much that you're not saying and that's not the type of relationship I want.

LAUREL

Me either.

BASEL

Everyone keeps pointing out how you're too good for me-

LAUREL

Who? That assface at the yard sale?

BASEL

It doesn't matter who-

LAUREL

I thought you were Mr. Confident-

BASEL

I'm a human being; I don't feel the same way all the time. And I've never dated a girl like you-

LAUREL

Like me?

BASEL

You never gave me a second look, Audrey. I'm not the type of guy who gets a girl like you.

LAUREL

No, no, no. I'm not the type of girl who gets a guy like you.

BASEL

Is that supposed to be a joke?

LAUREL

No, I'm serious. If only you knew how much-

BASEL

I just want it to be real. I want everything. And if it's not, if it's just me and my imagination, my stupid wishful thinking, I need to know before you totally crush me. If this is going to work I just really need you to be totally honest with me about you, about who you are.

LAUREL

I want to be honest with you. I do. I want this to be real more than anything. But I've never done this before. I'm not sure what the real me looks like.

BASEL

I do, at least I've got a glimpse of her, and that's what I want, that's who I want.

LAUREL

Me too. Me too.

INT. EMPTY STORYBOOK HOUSE - DAY

Laurel gives a home tour to a YOUNG COUPLE, the WIFE is really short and the HUSBAND is almost seven feet tall. Claudia watches. Laurel shows them the secret nook with the tiny door under the staircase.

LAUREL

Your little ones can make a clubhouse in here.

Laurel crawls into the little nook then turn and looks out at them on all fours, smiling.

LAUREL

Isn't this awesome?

TALL HUSBAND

(joking)

I'll never be able to get in there.

SHORT WIFE

But I can.

The Short Wife gets on all fours and crawls in the nook to join Laurel. They both giggle and smile at Claudia and the Tall Husband from the doorway of the nook.

EXT. EMPTY STORYBOOK HOUSE - BACKYARD

Laurel and Claudia shows the couple the lush English garden.

LAUREL

You can plant a vegetable garden every spring, and eat the harvest together, as a family.

The couple loves this idea and wander off to explore the garden together discussing what they will plant. Claudia looks at Laurel, perplexed and amazed.

EXT. EMPTY STORYBOOK HOUSE - FRONT YARD - LATER

Laurel and Audrey lock up the house, smiling.

CLAUDIA

Wow, that was a fucking work of art, I've never seen you like that-

LAUREL

Shit, girrl, let's go draw up the offer!

INT. DOLLHOUSE REALTY - DAY

As Laurel and Claudia enter the office giddy from their successful tour, Laurel spots Charles as he waits in the reception area. He smiles and waves at her nonchalant.

LAUREL

(to Claudia)

Can you give me a minute?

Claudia nods and hangs in the background.

LAUREL

(to Charles)

What are you doing here?

CHARLES

I'm not here to see you, darling.

Edith walks up behind them.

EDITH

(to Laurel)

Hi, dear. How's everything going?

Edith picks a piece of lint out of Laurel's hair.

LAUREL

Just got an offer on the new Story Book-

EDITH

Fantastic!

(to Charles)

Audrey is recovering from a nasty accident.

CHARLES

I see, that, that's too bad.

LAUREL

Oh no, I know him, he's my-

CHARLES  
(to Edith, nervous)  
Come on, honey, let's go, we'll be  
late for our appointment.

Edith looks from Charles then back to Laurel suddenly sensing the weird energy afoot. Charles tries to shuffle Edith out of the office but she holds her ground.

EDITH  
What's going on here? Charles?

CHARLES  
We'll talk about this on our way-

Edith looks to Laurel who seems confused then back to Charles.

EDITH  
(to Charles, her voice  
cracks)  
What part of "please keep your dick  
out of my office while I'm  
pregnant" did you not understand?

CHARLES  
Edith, let's discuss this in the  
car-

EDITH  
(loudly, so everyone can  
hear)  
No! We'll be discussing this right  
now.  
(to Laurel)  
I'll be back at three from my  
ultrasound and I expect there to be  
no trace of you left here.

LAUREL  
I didn't know, I didn't know you  
were married-

EDITH  
That's preposterous-

LAUREL  
No, I swear, I had no idea-

Everyone looks at Laurel like she's crazy. Edith starts to leave but Charles stands there looking at Laurel's devastated face.

CHARLES  
(to Laurel)  
I'm sorry. I didn't realize-

EDITH  
(motions for Charles to  
follow)  
Charles!

He looks down and follows Edith like a dog. Laurel looks around and finds the whole office staring at her.

INT. CLAUDIA'S CAR - DAY

Laurel sits in the passenger seat crying as Claudia drives.

LAUREL  
Audrey had to go and fuck  
everything up, that's my fucking  
job.

Claudia looks at her, confused.

CLAUDIA  
You'll find another job, but first  
I think you need to take some time  
off so you can start to let Laurel  
go-

LAUREL  
I don't want to take time off. I  
don't want to sit around and think  
about how half of me is fucking  
dead for fucking ever. Does that  
sound like fun to you?

CLAUDIA  
No, not really. I'm sorry.

They ride in silence. Claudia is scared by her outburst, doesn't know what to say or how to support her.

EXT. DUPLEX - DAY

As Claudia waits in the car watching, Laurel throws the box of her office belongings on the porch and bangs on Basel's door, hysterical. No one answers.

INT. AUDREY'S DUPLEX - DAY

Laurel paces frantically in the living room. She's bleary-eyed as she crosses to look in the full length mirror and talk to herself.

LAUREL (CONT'D)

Everything was going so great until  
you went and fucked everything up,  
I'm supposed to fuck it up, I'm  
supposed to fuck it up. Not you!

Basel comes in through the cracked front door and finds Laurel in a puddle of tears, talking to herself. He puts his arms around her and holds her.

INT. AUDREY'S DUPLEX - KITCHEN - LATER

Basel sets a cup of tea on the table in front of Laurel. She looks like shit. They stare at the floral wallpapered wall that separates their apartments.

BASEL

(re: the wall)

It's the only thing preventing us  
from living together. I've never  
lived with a girl before.

LAUREL

You want to live with me even if I  
screwed my boss' husband?

BASEL

Well, you're not fucking him now,  
right?

LAUREL

No, I never actually fucked him.

BASEL

What?

LAUREL

Nothing.

BASEL

We could just go get ice cream.

LAUREL

Ice cream won't fix this.

BASEL

Mrs. Brown, ice cream fixes  
everything.

EXT. GROCERY STORE - PARKING LOT - DAY

Basel and Laurel eat ice cream cones on the curb. She's distracted as she eats her rainbow sherbert.

BASEL

Do you have a quarter?

She passes him a quarter. He puts it in a vending machine and out pops a metal ring inside a plastic bubble.

BASEL

Mrs. Brown, I know we're already married and have two amazing kids but I was wondering if we could maybe renew our vows.

She looks at him in disbelief.

LAUREL

What?!

He gets down on one knee, she looks around to see if anyone's watching.

BASEL

Will you marry me, Mrs. Brown?

LAUREL

(skeptical)

Are you serious?

He nods.

LAUREL (CONT'D)

You're cute and all but you have the worst timing in the world-

He takes the ring out of the bubble and puts it on her ring finger.

BASEL

I've loved you since the day I met you, Audrey.

This is like a punch in the face to Laurel and makes her jump back.

LAUREL

But I thought you hated me then?

BASEL

I made that story up, the one where  
I hated you. I made it up because  
I thought I could never have  
someone like you.

LAUREL

Please take it back. Take it back!

BASEL

Take what back?

LAUREL

The part about loving me before the  
accident.

BASEL

What difference does it make?

LAUREL

I need you to love me for me, for  
who I am. I need it to be my love.

BASEL

It's okay if you didn't love me  
then-

LAUREL

If you loved me before it means you  
don't love me.

BASEL

Audrey, what's wrong? Where is  
this coming from?

LAUREL

I'm not AUDREY!

BASEL

(confused)

You mean you're Mrs. Brown?

LAUREL

No, I'm not Mrs. Brown, and I'm not  
Audrey. And you're too busy hiding  
in your house of make-believe to  
realize it.

BASEL  
I don't understand.

LAUREL  
I'm her twin. I'm Laurel.

BASEL  
What?

LAUREL  
I'm Laurel.

BASEL  
If you're Laurel, where's Audrey?

LAUREL  
She's dead.

BASEL  
But everyone thinks you're dead?  
Why would you do that?

LAUREL  
It should have been me; everyone  
wanted to believe it was me.  
Including you. I'm the one who  
should have died. She, she was the  
one, she was the one-

He looks at her, heartbroken.

BASEL  
So this was all just a big lie?

LAUREL  
No, I know how it sounds...but I've  
never been more myself with anyone  
else in my whole life. For the  
first time, I actually want to be  
myself when I'm with you. I don't  
want to be anyone else. I want  
this to be *mine*.

He stares at her, a look of total confusion on his face, then  
he gets up and she watches him walk away as she remains on  
the curb, her rainbow sherbet melting down her hand.

EXT. LAUREL'S HOUSE - DAY

A beat-up yellow cab drops Laurel off in front of her house.  
She knocks on the door. Waits.

INT. LAUREL'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Frank opens the door, his hands are covered in paint. May is vacuuming but stops when she sees Laurel.

MAY

The wedding's not till next week,  
honey.

LAUREL

Can I come in?

MAY

Come in, come in!

INT. LAUREL'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Frank and May sit on the couch opposite Laurel.

LAUREL

We made a huge mistake.  
You guys were wrong. At the  
hospital. You were wrong-

FRANK

Wrong about what?

LAUREL

Who I am. Audrey's dead. Audrey's  
the one who died.

MAY

What?

They let this sink in for a moment then Frank races to her, undulating waves of relief and grief on his face-

FRANK

Porcupine, we all thought...but  
your hair, I don't understand, I've  
always been able to tell you apart-

LAUREL

We got the same haircut that day  
and at first I didn't remember  
that, and I didn't remember who I  
was and then I did remember who I  
was.

MAY  
You poor child. When did you  
finally remember?

LAUREL  
The morning of the funeral.

She braces herself.

MAY  
You went to your own funeral, on  
purpose?

LAUREL  
Yep.

MAY  
Is this funny to you?!

LAUREL  
No, it's not funny to me-

Frank stares at her in slack-jawed, utter disbelief. May gets a crazy look in her eye and looks to Frank.

Frank picks Laurel up off the ground in an enormous bear hug. She's surprised. Then he pulls away from the hug and slaps her hard across the face, then calmly walks out of the room.

Laurel holds her cheek, hot with embarrassment.

EXT. FRANK'S GARAGE STUDIO - MOMENTS LATER

Frank rummages through a large box of painting supplies. Laurel approaches him as May stands in the background pacing.

MAY  
(pleading, desperate)  
Frank, Frank, do something, do  
something-

FRANK  
I can't find my fucking cerulean.

LAUREL  
I'm sorry, Daddy-

FRANK  
Stop! There is no excuse. This is  
beyond-

LAUREL

Everyone loves her, no one cared  
that I was gone-

FRANK

How can you say that? I care, I  
cared that you were gone. You, you  
were my porcupine, we did  
everything together-

LAUREL

I know, Daddy, but you didn't even  
have anything to say-

FRANK

Give me a goddamn break! I was in  
shock for chrissakes. I had just  
lost my baby girl. Excuse me if I  
wasn't Shakespeare-

LAUREL

I just needed to know that you,  
that you loved me.

MAY

Oh my lord, we have to have another  
funeral. It's unforgivable. What  
are people gonna say-

FRANK

I don't give a hot damn what they  
say.

MAY

Well don't get all snippy with me,  
I'm not the one-

FRANK

Can you two just leave me be for a  
moment?

MAY

Well, I never!

May grabs a glass jar full of dirty paint water and throws it at Frank's head and quickly runs away. Frank ducks just in time and it smashes on the wall behind him. Frank and Laurel are stunned in her wake.

LAUREL

Wow. I think she's mad.

He gives her an admonishing look and gets up to leave. She watches him walk away. She crosses to the shards of glass and starts to pick them up.

LAUREL (CONT'D)  
That went well.

INT. LAUREL & AUDREY'S ROOM - DAY

Laurel returns to her room, everything looks exactly how she left it. She sits on her bed and looks around devastated and unsure of what to do with herself.

INT. MOM N' POP GROCERY STORE - DAY

Laurel stands in line. The double-chinned, gum-chewing CHECKER (late 50's) glares at her as she rings her up. PEOPLE in the store point and stare at Laurel.

LAUREL  
If y'all have something to say to  
me go ahead and say it.

No one says anything, they just look away.

INT. LAUREL'S BEDROOM - NEXT DAY

Laurel paints another nighttime pool painting. She looks out her window and can see Frank painting a Van Gogh self-portrait outside his studio.

INT. LAUREL'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Laurel watches, amazed as Frank cracks an ice cube tray over his glass. They eat in silence at opposite ends of the table, both of them in a pathetic state.

LAUREL  
Daddy?

He doesn't answer.

LAUREL (CONT'D)  
Daddy?!

He looks at her but doesn't say anything and stands up and takes his plate to the kitchen. She follows him.

INT. LAUREL'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Frank cleans his plate at the sink as Laurel enters.

LAUREL  
I'll do that.

FRANK  
I got it.

LAUREL  
But I always do the dishes.

FRANK  
But I been doin' them since you  
left. 'Bout time.

LAUREL  
Oh, okay.

She starts to leave the room, feeling dejected, useless. She  
watches for a moment as he cleans the dishes.

LAUREL  
What can I do to stop you from  
hating me?

FRANK  
I don't know when I'm gonna find it  
in my heart to forgive you on this,  
porc. I'm glad you're back and all  
but...now here I am mourning a  
whole other child and goddamnit if  
it's not confusing as all hell.

LAUREL  
I understand.

FRANK  
Nah, I don't think you do. You're  
not a widower, you don't have no  
children. You have no idea what  
I've been dealin' with here.

He goes back to washing dishes.

LAUREL  
But I want to, I want to know.

He pauses.

## FRANK

If there's anything I took from  
your being dead, it's that I wished  
you'd stopped worrying 'bout me so  
much and got on with your life.  
You need to start worrying 'bout  
what you're dealing with.

## INT. LAUREL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Laurel sits in front of her open closet, looking at her Mom's dresses. They sway as if there's a breeze in the room; the sequined dresses sparkle in the moonlight.

## INT. LAUREL'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Laurel applies brown hair dye in the mirror.

## INT. LAUREL'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - LATER - NIGHT

Laurel finishes blow drying her freshly dyed brown hair, she gives her reflection a little smile.

## EXT. CEMETARY - DAY

Laurel, Frank and May walk toward the mourners gathered around Audrey's gravestone. Laurel faces the stares and whispers of funeral goers as she approaches; their attitudes range from awe, to disbelief, to total condemnation.

Claudia, Hunter, and his family are there in addition to all the mourners that came to the first funeral. It's presided by the same priest. Everyone bows their heads in a moment of silence.

Suddenly all the faces are on Laurel and she looks down, not able to meet their stares.

## LAUREL

This is a certifiably weird place  
I've put everyone in, huh? Nothing  
I say really matters; you're still  
going to think something's wrong  
with me, and you'd be right. So  
I'll just say this: Audrey was  
everything to me. She was the much  
bigger half of our whole. And I  
couldn't let her go.

EXT. CEMETARY - LATER

Everyone leaves the grave site and walks towards their cars. Laurel and Frank walk together.

INT. LAUREL'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

A repeat event, all the funeral goers are at their house again. Laurel sits by herself on the couch, watching everyone mingle. Hunter taps her on her shoulder.

HUNTER

Hey, um, that was pretty cool, all that stuff you said back there.

LAUREL

Thanks.

HUNTER

Your hair looks cool.

Hunter notices what Basel wrote on Laurel's cast.

HUNTER (CONT'D)

Who wrote "I hate you" on your cast?

LAUREL

This guy.

HUNTER

Do you think you might want to go up to your room and talk?

LAUREL

No, I don't think that would be appropriate.

HUNTER

Yeah, you're probably right.

Hunter's Mom spots them talking.

HUNTER'S MOM

Hunter!

He gets up from the couch and looks Claudia up and down as he walks to his mother, who grabs his arm and chastises him. Claudia comes up to Laurel with a party plate with some chocolate cake.

CLAUDIA

At least the cake is good. Wanna give me the official tour?

INT. LAUREL'S BEDROOM - DAY

Claudia and Laurel enter the room.

LAUREL

And this is our room.

CLAUDIA

The children's quarters, how quaint.

Claudia walks the perimeter of the room looking at the memorabilia of the twins' shared childhood.

CLAUDIA (CONT'D)

(mock real estate voice)

The room has such a lovely spirit, a real old-timey *je ne sais quoi*.

Claudia opens the closet and admires the vintage dresses, running her hand across them as Laurel sometimes does.

CLAUDIA

(re: the dresses)

Are these yours?

LAUREL

No, they were our Mom's.

CLAUDIA

They're beautiful.

Claudia starts to cry as she grasps an armful of the hanging dresses as if she's hugging a person. Laurel walks over to her and puts her hand on her shoulder. Claudia turns and buries her head in Laurel's chest and Laurel embraces her.

CLAUDIA

You're a real asshole, you know?

LAUREL

I know.

CLAUDIA

Do you know who you really remind me of?

LAUREL

Do you know who you really remind  
me of?

CLAUDIA

Audrey.

LAUREL

Audrey.

They laugh together. Laurel sits underneath the hanging  
dresses in the closet, Claudia joins her.

CLAUDIA

I thought I was going crazy back  
there; I knew it wasn't her.

LAUREL

I know. You more than anyone. You  
must have really loved her.

CLAUDIA

Yeah. I worshipped her. I wanted  
to be strong like her.

LAUREL

I guess we have more in common than  
we thought.

Claudia reaches her hand out towards Laurel's face.

CLAUDIA

Can I?

Laurel closes her eyes as Claudia touches her face feeling  
its shape. Claudia pulls her hand away.

CLAUDIA

You've got some major balls to do  
that.

LAUREL

Yep.

CLAUDIA

So are you staying here?

LAUREL

No.

CLAUDIA

This isn't exactly the abode of a  
woman in her thirties.

LAUREL

Well done captain obvious.

CLAUDIA

I'm just sayin'.

LAUREL

I'm coming back to the city, and  
think it's best if we remain  
friends despite our past  
disagreements.

CLAUDIA

I agree.

LAUREL

Good.

INT. LAUREL'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER - NIGHT

Laurel, Frank and May clean up from the party. Frank stops May, grabs her from behind and gives her a sweet kiss. Laurel gives a small sad smile as she stuffs trash in a trash bag.

INT. LAUREL BEDROOM - DAY

Laurel takes the bulletin board with the "Participant" ribbon off the wall and hangs one of her "Night Swim" paintings in its place. She looks down at her cast where it says "I hate you, hate, Basel" and buries her head in her arms.

FRANK (O.S.)

(re: the night swim  
painting)

Nice.

Laurel whips her head up, finds Frank in the doorway. Frank goes up to the painting and inspects it closely.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Good technique, beautiful palette.  
You got more?

She nods.

FRANK (CONT'D)

You should show 'em.

LAUREL

Yeah, I was thinking of taking them around.

FRANK

'Bout time you did your own work.

LAUREL

I always tried to do a good job for you, Daddy-

FRANK

Just because you're not good at copying doesn't mean you're not a good painter. Now me, I'm a craftsman, I can make something look like something else but that's about the limit of my abilities. But you, you could never keep your little flourishes from sneaking in. Cause porcupine, you're a true original. You're not Audrey, you're not your mother, you're you.

Laurel takes this in. It's the greatest thing he's ever said to her.

INT. SMALL TOWN CLOTHING STORE - DAY

Laurel enters the store and approaches the plump STORE OWNER (late 60's). The store is full-on decorated for Halloween: spiderwebs, jack-o-lanterns, skeletons, etc.

LAUREL

My twin sister was in here a while ago and bought a dress. It was red with polka dots, do you, by any chance, still have it?

STORE OWNER

I believe I do.

INT. SMALL TOWN CLOTHING STORE - DRESSING ROOM - DAY

Laurel tries on the RED DRESS and admires herself in the mirror.

INT. SMALL TOWN CLOTHING STORE - MOMENTS LATER

The Store Owner rings Laurel up. Laurel still wears the dress but also buys a stack of other clothes. She starts to rip the tag off the dress.

STORE OWNER  
Let me get it.

She cuts the tag off for Laurel, and starts to ring her up.

STORE OWNER  
So doll, you got your costume?

LAUREL  
No, this is just a regular dress.

The Store Owner laughs.

STORE OWNER  
No, for *Halloween*.

LAUREL  
Oh, no. No.

STORE OWNER  
Better get on it, you only got a couple of days. Sather's has some stuff on sale but it's all that 'Made in China' crap, not like the homemade ones we used to make for the kids. I'm gonna be a pumpkin again, I guess. Cause I got the figure for it.

The lady grabs her 'pumpkin-like' spare tire, smiles. Laurel smiles back.

STORE OWNER  
So, you the girl everyone's talkin' about?

Laurel nods.

STORE OWNER (CONT'D)  
I always wished my sister woulda come back. Took me close to a year before I really believed she wouldn't.

The lady touches Laurel on the hand, tenderly.

LAUREL

Thank you.

EXT. CEMETARY - DAY

Laurel wears the red dress as she sets flowers on Audrey's grave and lies down on the grass in front of it so that the gravestone looks like a head board.

LAUREL

Dad's getting married today.

(pause)

I wish you and Mama could be here.

(laughs)

Well, I guess that wouldn't be such a good idea if Mom was here.

(pause)

So, I'm in love. With a real live grown-up who laughs at my jokes like you did. I know you didn't really like him so maybe this is an instance where it's good you're dead. I didn't mean that. There's no instance where it's good you're dead. I just hope he can forgive me.

INT. TAXI - NIGHT

Laurel, surrounded by moving boxes, looks in the rear-view mirror as she watches Frank and May's "Just Married" truck disappear into the night in the opposite direction, empty cans tied to the bumper, clanging along the asphalt behind.

INT. TAXI - NIGHT

Laurel drives through their town: past the hair salon, the dress shop, and through the intersection of the accident.

EXT. DUPLEX - NIGHT

Laurel arrives back at Audrey's place.

INT. AUDREY'S DUPLEX - NIGHT

Laurel unpacks a box of things from her room: ceramic horses, vintage dolls, old books.

EXT. DUPLEX - DAY

It's Halloween and kids are roaming the neighborhood. THREE COSTUMED KIDS run from Basel's door, holding their candy loot.

EXT. DUPLEX - DAY

Laurel rings Basel's doorbell. He howls as he answers the door wearing a wolf mask then stops when he realizes it's her and slams the door shut.

LAUREL

No, wait!

INT. BASEL'S DUPLEX / EXT. DUPLEX - PORCH

Basel looks out the peep hole. He stares at Laurel's fish-eyed forehead.

BASEL

What do you want?

LAUREL

You. I want you, please. May I please have you?

BASEL

You think I'm that easy?

She laughs.

LAUREL

No. I know you're not that easy.

Another GROUP OF COSTUMED KIDS come up the porch.

LAUREL

(to the kids)

Hey, sup?

Basel answers in his wolf mask.

KIDS

Trick or treat!

They grab handfuls of candy as he takes off his mask and glares at Laurel. The kids promptly run away.

BASEL

So, who are you dressed as?

LAUREL

Myself.

BASEL

So this is what Laurel looks like?

LAUREL

Yeah, this is what I look like.

(beat)

I told everyone at home about the whole, you know, identity thing.

BASEL

How'd that go?

LAUREL

I'm still alive.

BASEL

Yes, you seem to be but you never know with the two of you.

She laughs.

LAUREL

So, um, I know I messed up and that I'm a fucked up kind of person but despite all that-

BASEL

Yeah?

LAUREL

Despite all that, all in all I think I'm like a pretty cool girl.

BASEL

Nice work complimenting yourself.

LAUREL

Thanks. I want you to know why I-

BASEL

I understand why you did it.

LAUREL

(surprised)

You do?

BASEL

I wish I fucking didn't, but I do.  
Pretending to be someone you're not  
is a lot fucking easier than being  
yourself, I've done it my whole  
life.

LAUREL

My cast comes off tomorrow, you've  
never seen this glorious forearm  
before.

BASEL

It's probably all atrophied and  
will never be as muscular as your  
other one.

LAUREL

Gee, thanks.

BASEL

So did you like inherit the duplex  
or what?

LAUREL

Yeah. And I was thinking of doing  
some construction.

BASEL

Like what?

LAUREL

Tear down the wall between the two  
apartments. Make it one.

BASEL

Oh yeah?

LAUREL

Then maybe we could add a second  
story.

Basel puts his wolf mask back on and rests his head on her shoulder and together they watch the candy-high neighborhood kids run from house to house on their favorite night of the year.

THE END