

SAFE

Written by

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"The force that drives the water through the rocks drives my red blood; that dries the mouthing streams turns mine to wax."

-Dylan Thomas

EXT. RUGGED IRISH LANDSCAPE - DAY

*The sound of fluttering, like human feathers.*

The sun rises on a grey, barren landscape.

A group of older women in black shawls stands against a jagged rockscape, their dresses rustling in the wind. They begin murmuring, then singing, their voices building to an uncanny wail--what the Irish call keening.

The camera moves behind them to reveal a DRIED UP WATERFALL, with only a trickle of water still flowing.

Then, one of the women looks straight at the camera and smiles. The water suddenly GUSHES.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. CAR - DAY

Water hitting glass. It pours down onto us, a tsunami. Then, scrub a dub dub, two adorable sponges suds up the windshield, disco lights start to spin glitter, and the Bee Gees' "Stayin' Alive" belts out through speakers.

We're at a drive-thru DISCO CAR WASH somewhere in Westchester, NY.

ELI, thirty-six, masc/andro, Irish, looks wide-eyed at LILY, thirty-seven, femme, Egyptian-American, grew up around here.

BOTH

Whooooooooa.

LILY

I did good?

Eli kisses her.

ELI

Grand, babe. Suburban American dreams really do come true.

LILY

Well happy birthday, weirdo.

They kiss again.

LILY (CONT'D)  
 ...But next year I'm making you let  
 me take you to the Bahamas.

ELI  
 Not happening. Next year can we  
 make our way to the neighboring  
 village of, uh--

She refers to a map on the car's GPS screen.

ELI (CONT'D)  
 (pronounced *DOBES*)  
*Dobbs Ferry*.

LILY  
 (tickled)  
 Dobs Ferry? *DOBES FERRY*?!

ELI  
 Is that not how you say it?!

LILY  
 No. That is absolutely how you say  
 it.

ELI  
 For some reason I think you might  
 be messing with me.

LILY  
 I would never do that!

ELI  
 Wouldn't you?! *WOULDN'T YOU*?!

Eli starts tickling Lily, who is laughing so hard she's almost crying. Then Lily starts kissing Eli. It starts to get serious, and Lily scrambles into the backseat.

LILY  
 (Sly)  
 C'mon. No one's around...

ELI  
 Wait wait wait, I just have a  
 really important question for you  
 though.

LILY  
 What?

ELI  
Am I more the Jack or the Rose in  
this scenario?

A moment, then Lily gets Eli's reference--which is to the  
crazy hot car sex scene in *Titanic*:

LILY  
Um, I'm pretty sure I'm the Rose in  
every scenario.

ELI  
But Jack is the American painter.

LILY  
Rose is American...

ELI  
No! Kate Winslet?

LILY  
She's doing an American accent!

ELI  
Noooo. Was she?

LILY  
(Laughing)  
Yes! But you can be Rose if you  
wanna be Rose babe...

ELI  
I don't wanna BE Rose I was just  
genuinely / asking-

LILY  
But you just have to say the thing.

ELI  
What thing?  
(Realizing)  
Oh Jesus, no, no. Abort.

LILY  
Say it.

ELI  
Don't make me be a British meme on  
my birthday.

LILY  
 ROSE IS FROM PHILADELPHIA, and I  
 can make you do whatever I want  
 because we are IN A COMMITTED  
 RELATIONSHIP.

Fair point. Eli clears her throat, puts on a brave face, and does her best femme 21-year-old Kate Winslet doing a questionable American accent.

ELI  
 Draw me like one of your French  
 girls.

LILY  
 Again! Again!

ELI  
 Draw me like one of your French  
 girls.

LILY  
 Oh noo it's too good! It's tooooo  
 good!

They fall backwards over each other laughing and making out. These two are supremely into each other.

EXT. SCRUB-A-DUB - DAY

Wide shot. Aside from the party happening in car port two, the SCRUB-A-DUB is largely and eerily abandoned.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Traffic back to the city. All electric cars on this highway.

INT. CAR - DAY - LATER

Lily drives. Eli refreshes her inbox on her iPhone. Looks at a thread near the top with the subject line "Performance Improvement Plan." Opens it... "Dear Eli - As discussed at our meeting on Friday, you are not meeting expectations for your role..."

LILY  
 Everything ok?

Eli hits the archive button.

ELI

Yep.

(The bad American accent,  
a thumbs up)

Totally awesome.

She notices Lily white knuckling the steering wheel a bit.

ELI (CONT'D)

You?

Lily eyes the clock. 7:54.

ELI (CONT'D)

We'll get the car back.

LILY

Can you not.

Eli rests her head against the headrest. This dynamic is familiar, she's not gonna fight it.

INT. CAR - NIGHT - LATER

Eli looking out the window as they crawl through upper Manhattan traffic. The smart suits and dresses walk purposefully on the sidewalk, everyone wears knee high rain boots. A foot of water everywhere, but no one seems to pay it any mind. A new normal.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - WAITING ROOM - DAY

Eli and Lily sit in the waiting room of a fertility clinic. A mother bounces a baby on her lap. Lily watches, Eli looks at her phone. The mother notices Lily.

LILY

So cute.

MOTHER

Thanks.

Lily nudges Eli, who looks up from her phone.

LILY

(to Eli)

Isn't she adorable?

ELI

What? Oh. Yeah. Really sweet.

Eli smiles at the mother. Then she looks back at her phone.

PRELAP:

DOCTOR  
Have you checked with your  
employers?

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

We're post-exam in an OB-GYN's office. The doc is behind a desk, separated from Eli and Lily by a glass panel.

DOCTOR  
Fertility treatment benefits are  
more and more common these days.

LILY  
Oh, well I'm a freelance artist and  
she--

ELI  
Tiny start up, so--

DOCTOR  
I see. Well, many of our couples  
have been requesting family support  
for...

LILY  
Not an option for us.

The doctor marks a form.

DOCTOR  
Ok. So out of pocket then.

LILY  
Yeah. What does that usually...  
entail?

DOCTOR  
Cost wise?

LILY  
The internet is a bit of a Wild  
West in terms of this stuff.

DOCTOR  
It completely depends on how many  
rounds you end up needing, but if  
things go well people usually  
average about 40 to 45.

ELI  
 Thousand? Dollars? For a single--?

DOCTOR  
 Round. Yes.

ELI  
 Jaysus.

DOCTOR  
 IUI is less expensive, but the odds  
 aren't as good for geriatric  
 pregnancies.

ELI  
 Everything you just said needs a  
 better name.

The doctor chuckles, but Lily's body language has tensed. Her eyes are on the floor. Eli notices.

DOCTOR  
 Would you both like to... think  
 about it and get back to us?

The doc looks back at her computer.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
 We're scheduled several months out  
 for the most part anyway. Though we  
 did have a cancellation in two /  
 weeks.

ELI  
 No, we'll take it.

Lily looks at Eli.

LILY  
 ...What?

ELI  
 We'll take it. Can you put our  
 names down?

DOCTOR  
 Sure, if you both...

The doctor looks at Lily. Eli turns to Lily.

ELI  
 We'll find a way. We'll make it  
 work, OK?



Lily looks at her skeptically.

LILY  
Are you sure?

Eli nods. Lily smiles.

LILY (CONT'D)  
OK. Yeah.  
(to the Doc)  
So what information do you need  
from us?

EXT. IRISH BEACH - DAY

The sound of fluttering, like human feathers.

A crow lands on a patch of barren beach. As the crow hops a few feet forward, a piece of black fabric appears, flapping in the wind. The crow caws.

We follow the fabric to find, only partially in frame, the face down body of a young woman, half washed up on the shore. Perhaps just her arm, perhaps her long, black hair and dress floating gently in the sea like tendrils.

Peaceful.

A seaweed Medusa.

PRELAP: BAH BAH BAH. A phone alarm going off.

INT. ELI AND LILY'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Eli wakes up, breathing heavily. Lashing rain outside. A persistent leak coming from a high window in the corner. She grabs for the phone. An alert for a level six flash flood. She starts putting on clothes, gently nudges Lily.

ELI  
Hey Lil. Lil.

LILY  
Yeah?

ELI  
I'm going out for stuff.

Lily cracks open her eyes.

LILY  
Is it safe?

ELI  
It's not supposed to get bad for an hour.

LILY  
Ok.

Lily turns over.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

Eli knocks on the neighbor's door. The other basement apartment in a shitty building in Queens.

ELI  
Brenda. Level six in an hour.  
(Knock knock knock)  
Brenda, wake up.

Mumbling behind the door.

BRENDA (V.O.)  
(Irish, too)  
Is that you, Eli?

ELI  
Storm, Brenda. I'll grab you some bags from the store, OK?

BRENDA (V.O.)  
You're an angel, Eli O'Neill. Don't you know it. An angel straight from heaven.

INT. SUBWAY CAR - NIGHT

Eli watches flood water begin to pool and roll up and down the subway car. She pulls out her phone, refreshes the weather app. Rain. Obviously.

She looks around the mostly empty train car. An old, tired homeless guy sprawled across a few seats.

She pulls out her phone again. Googles "Performance Improvement Plan." Scrolls the results to the tune of "What a Performance Improvement Plan Really Means..." "How to prepare for a lay off..." etc. She shoves her phone back in her pocket.

The man across from her takes a swig from a bottle of booze in a paper bag.

She reflexively looks at the tattoo she's been unconsciously tracing on her wrist: a dark ink triangle in a circle. Leans back and takes a breath.

What she wouldn't give for a sip of whatever he's got.

INT. BODEGA - QUEENS - NIGHT

Few supplies on this 24-hour-bodega's barren shelves. Eli grabs water, plywood, sand bags. She walks over to the check out and spots a black head of hair in line. She freezes. A woman carrying a six pack of beer turns around.

WOMAN

(Irish accent, calling to  
the back of the store)

Peter, could you--

(Noticing Eli)

Eli? Eli O'Neill?

ELI

Jamie Flanagan? No shit.

JAMIE

What in God's name are you doing  
here?

ELI

I live... just a couple stops away  
on the N, Jamie. What are you doing  
here?

JAMIE

We're just at an AirBNB for the  
weekend... Peter! Hey Peter!

A man with a basket of groceries joins her.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

You remember Eli O'Neill? The two  
of us went to school together. And  
Buan.

PETER

(Irish, too)

Of course. Eli. Jaysus. It's been  
years. How the hell are you?

ELI

Ah yeah, good.

PETER  
 You married an American.  
 (to Jamie)  
 Didn't she marry an American?

ELI  
 Tried to, but then the Supreme  
 Court thing...

PETER  
 Ah, yeah, Of course. Forgot about  
 that racket.

He sighs, not quite knowing what else to say.

ELI  
 You two got hitched, did ye? Saw  
 something on instagram.

Jamie holds up a big ring.

JAMIE  
 Last year.

ELI  
 Congratulations!

JAMIE  
 It's coming up on our anniversary,  
 actually. That's what we're in town  
 for. Going to go see *Hamilton*.

ELI  
 Oh yeah, heard it's great.

JAMIE  
 Anyway. It's so good to see you  
 Eli.  
 (She grabs her arm,  
 earnest)  
 We're all so glad things turned  
 around for ye.

Eli doesn't know what to say to that.

PETER  
 You and your, er, partner... you  
 should come out and visit us. Innis  
 Faiol! If y'ever get a bit of  
 freedom.

JAMIE  
 Oh that's a great idea. I know Buan  
 would be just chuffed to see ye.  
 (MORE)

JAMIE (CONT'D)

And you know, it's a bit better back home. Christ! You're really brave to stick it out in a place like this.

ELI

Brave. That's one word for it.

JAMIE

Well, it's good seein' ye Eli.

Outside the shop, the rain is coming down very hard now.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Stay safe, won't ye.

ELI

Yeah. You too.

Jamie and Peter go. Eli stares after them. They look so... together. Or something. She can't put her finger on it. Goes back to looking for stuff on the shelves.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Water coming under the entryway door.

ELI

Ah, shit.

Eli knocks on Brenda's apartment door.

ELI (CONT'D)

Brenda?

Nothing.

She grabs a safety pin from the her belt, picks the lock, and easily opens the door. Shoves the packages inside and calls.

ELI (CONT'D)

Brenda? It's me.

BRENDA

(V.O.)

Eli. Sorry love, fell back to sleep.

ELI

Time to wake up. Just stuff the bags in the cracks, OK? I'll come back 'round in a bit.

BRENDA  
My angel! I'll get ye a key  
eventually...promise.

ELI  
(On her way out the door)  
You're lucky I was a juvenile  
delinquent.

BRENDA  
(Laughing)  
You can be sure of it, Eli!

INT. ELI AND LILY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Lily is shop vac-ing water up from the floor as it streams in  
beneath the door, trying to make sure none of the big  
canvases of art leaning against the wall get destroyed.

LILY  
Where were you?

ELI  
I was at the bodega, the big one, I  
told you...

LILY  
Took you long enough.

ELI  
I know. I got, uh, held up.

Eli grabs plywood and starts nailing up the leaking window.

LILY  
Did you check on Brenda?

ELI  
Yep. She's alright.

Lily stops vacuuming.

LILY  
Everything OK?

ELI  
Yeah, she's got what she...

LILY  
With you I mean. You look a little--

Lily gestures--"out of sorts." Eli looks up from her work.

ELI  
Should we get out of here?

LILY  
What?

ELI  
Take a trip? I don't know. A vacation. You've been saying so for forever. So why don't we? Ya know? Get away for a while.

LILY  
We can't actually *afford* a...

ELI  
We'll rent an RV and we'll camp out at a National Park or we can...  
(Hesitantly)  
We can go to Ireland.

LILY  
What do you mean we can go to Ireland?

ELI  
We can stay with Buan. She's been begging me to come forever.

Eli nails a final nail into the plywood and goes for a glass for water.

LILY  
Is that even legal? To stay with a...

ELI  
*Former* sponsor. Yes. Above board. Totally.

LILY  
Ok. But what about work, what about-

ELI  
We've got some breathing room between projects.

Beat.

LILY  
You're serious? You want to go to *Ireland*?

ELI

Lil, look around. We can't keep doing this... especially if we want to start saving for...

(have kids)

We can stay there, at Buan's, for as long as we want while we figure things out. It'll be comfortable. Safe. And she's always insisting she'll take care of flights and everything.

Pause.

LILY

...What about the appointment?

ELI

We'll be back for it.

Beat as Lily considers.

LILY

I thought you hated Ireland.

ELI

I do.

Eli turns on the tap to fill her glass.

ELI (CONT'D)

It's all the Catholics and potatoes.

She raises her glass to drink.

LILY

Eli!

Eli follows Lily's gaze. The water in her glass is a sickly brown.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Dawn. Lily in the back of an Uber. Eli loading up the trunk of the car with two small carry ons. Brenda stands in the doorway, watching them go. Eli spots her.

ELI

Brenda.

She jogs back to her.



BRENDA

Where you two lovelies headed?

ELI

On standby for a flight out of town, Brenda. The pipes are fucked again.

Brenda looks pained.

BRENDA

I know. Can you believe it? Jeff just fixed them.

ELI

It's a bad storm season this year. Do you think there's anyone you could stay with? Your sister, or...

BRENDA

Oh, you know me, Eli. Without Louise... No, no sudden movements just now. Don't worry about me. I'll get on Jeff's case. He'll come 'round eventually.

Eli, looking a bit pained, hugs her.

ELI

Take good care of yourself, Brenda. We'll see you soon, OK?

BRENDA

I'll try, Eli. I'll try girlin. You too.

INT. AIRPORT - NIGHT

Eli and Lily doze on each other's shoulders as they wait in an Aer Lingus lobby. An elderly Irish couple, looking grave, argues with the attendant at the counter. ("I'm sorry, sir, there's nothing we can do.") Finally, the attendant, exasperated, calls over the loudspeaker.

ELI

O'Neill, Eli. From the standby list, paging O'Neill, Eli to the front desk please.

Eli looks up.

INT. AIRPORT - NIGHT

Eli and Lily are last to board the flight. The elderly couple stands a few feet away, looking on sadly. Eli trains her eyes straight ahead. As her ticket is swiped:

ATTENDANT  
Welcome aboard, sir.

Eli clocks it but keeps moving. Gender is always confused with her.

INT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

Lily sucks on a flaming hot Cheeto, then goes to stick it in Eli's ear. Eli bats her away, grabs the Cheeto, chews it, thoughtfully.

Lily looks out the window.

LILY  
Let's keep it between us, OK? Just until things are... real. More real.

Lily pats her abdomen. Eli nods.

ELI  
'Course.

LILY  
Hope her house is near the airport, at least.

Eli raises her eyebrows slightly, keeps her eyes on the TV.

EXT. SMALL FERRY BOAT - DAY

Eli, looking as if she's about to be sick, hangs off the small ferry's rail. The sea is high. The caw of crows flying close.

Eli looks down at the vast water. Just beneath the surface, something shadow-like and black swims towards the boat. She stumbles back, BUMPING into-

LILY  
Jeez. Jumpy much?

Lily hands Eli a plastic cup of water. A lump of bread.

LILY (CONT'D)  
Limited snack options.

When Eli looks back... whatever was in the water is gone.

LILY (CONT'D)  
But look what I found at the bottom  
of my purse.

Lily gives her a pink pill.

LILY (CONT'D)  
Adult M&M. You look like a ghost.

ELI  
A sexy ghost, I hope.

Eli shoots the pill back and Lily nuzzles into her.

LILY  
The ghost of Jack Dawson, in fact.

ELI  
(Spinning her into some  
position at the ship's  
bow)  
I'm the king of the world!

A moment of nuzzling. Then, Eli uses Lily's hand to point to  
out something in the sky.

ELI (CONT'D)  
See that?

LILY  
Where?

A group of birds gather just above the sea surface.

ELI  
If we're gonna spend the week on  
Innis Faiol, you'll have to bone up  
on the Islander wisdom. Lesson one.  
Where there's birds... there's  
fish.

As if on cue, a bird dives for a trout. Lily gasps.

LILY  
Oh my god.

The bird flies away with the fish in it's rounded beak. They laugh through watering eyes. Stiff breeze out here.

EXT. ISLAND HARBOUR - DAY

The ferry pulls into the dock. Stark, grey rocks jutting out into the dark navy sea.

Islanders stand around waiting. An ancient feel to this place. Clothing from the last century. Wool. Heavy skirts. Craggy, weather-trenched faces.

An impeccably dressed, fit, masc lesbian (late 30s/early 40s) stands out from the rest. This is BUAN.

EXT. SMALL FERRY BOAT - DAY

The ferry lads hop off to anchor the boat. Buan lends a hand, effortlessly tying the ropes off. Eli hauls the luggage as they disembark.

BUAN

Well if it doesn't take an unmitigating series of global catastrophes to get a bleedin' pair to visit. Jesus. Neiller. You good thing. Let me look at you.

She grips Eli by the shoulders, looking at her.

BUAN (CONT'D)

You've kept her healthy, Miss Lily.  
(then, turning to Lily)  
And aren't you even more gorgeous than your photos?

Buan hugs her and kisses her. European style, on both cheeks.

LILY

It's so great to finally meet you.

BUAN

No pleasantries, all together. I forbid it. We're bones and blood already, OK?

She puts her arm around Lily and ushers them both to her car.

BUAN (CONT'D)

Come, come.

The islanders stare on. Buan addresses them as she walks in a language we don't understand.

BUAN (CONT'D)

Ta drochaimsir ag teacht. Bi curamach. Beidh uisce glan ar fail amarach. Oiche mhaith a dhuit.  
(Bad weather is coming, clean water tomorrow, look after yourselves)

Over to Buan's decked out Tesla SUV. She effortlessly loads the heavy bags into the boot. Uisce the Rotweiler sits, tongue lolling in the front seat.

BUAN (CONT'D)

In the back, Uisce, ya eedgit of a dog.

The dog scrambles to the back. Close on her giant jowls, her sharp teeth.

BUAN (CONT'D)

(re: the back seat)

Who's going for it? She only looks feral, promise. A gerbil in a roddy's body.

ELI

I'll go--

LILY

No, no. You two catch up. I'll, um--

Lily looks at Eli, with a look that says -- can I trust her? Eli's smiles says yes. Lily tentatively gets in the back.

EXT. ISLAND COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Eli rides in front, looking straight ahead. Lily, the dog now lying peacefully in her lap in the back, is taking in the views. Magnificent green and slate grey sky. Lily gasps as they pass a miles-high-tall sea stack.

BUAN

You take that for granted when you're out here too long. The beauty of the place.

LILY

Where have you been hiding this from me, Eli O'Neill?

ELI  
 Always gotta keep a few tricks up  
 my sleeve, don't I?

Buan smiles at Lily in the rearview mirror. Lily notices a large triangle in a circle on a pendant around Buan's neck: the same symbol as Eli's tattoo.

INT/EXT. CAR/RIVER WEIR - DAY

The Tesla rolls to a stop before a small river. Buan takes the triangle pendant off her neck and slots it into a box on a post. A small metal bridge, one car wide, rises from the riverbed to allow their crossing.

ELI  
 JAYYYYSUS, BUAN. Fancy.

BUAN  
 A bit of a song and dance, but  
 keeps the rabble out.  
 (Then:)  
 They're completely harmless, 'a  
 course, the villagers, just your  
 run of the mill, back island  
 homophobes.

The car clatters across the bridge.

BUAN (CONT'D)  
 Still shit scared of the water,  
 Eli? Don't look down now.

Lily looks at Eli in the rearview, as she pales and grasps the car door tightly. *Is she scared of water?*

Now on the other side, Buan slots the triangle key into another post to return the bridge to the riverbed.

They drive on and the house emerges in the distance, surrounded by verdant forest.

It's massive. An extraordinary eco build, modern but rustic. A pride flag cracks in the wind.

INT. BUAN'S HOUSE - ENTRYWAY - DAY

The interior is even more stunning than the exterior. Poured concrete floors and walls. Floor to ceiling fine art. Lily and Eli stand in awe.

ELI

Wow.

LILY

Are you kidding me? This is...

ELI

Absolutely stunning.

LILY (CONT'D)

INSANE.

BUAN

It's had a few updates since I last sent photos.

ELI

A few?

BUAN

Well... what do you expect? There aren't too many *Brandi Carlile* concerts coming through Innis Faoil just now. It's my little, what would you call it, *creative outlet*.

She grabs Lily's bag, walks them upstairs.

BUAN (CONT'D)

I'll have dinner ready at seven. You must be exhausted from the trek. Settle in. Rest.

(As she trots back down the stairs)

Doing a lamb roast tonight, ye better not be vegan.

Eli and Lily look at each other.

INT. BUAN'S HOUSE - BATHROOM SHOWER - DAY

Pristine white marble floors. Then, the CRASH of clear, perfectly pressurized water hitting stone. Two feet step onto the tile. Eli rakes the water through her hair with her fingers. Inhaling the steam, exhaling the stress of the last few days. Clean, fresh water. Safe house.

The door opens and Lily steps in.

ELI

Oh, hello. Who are you?

LILY

I'm just passing through these parts. A stranger in a strange land...

ELI  
Is that right?

LILY  
Mm hmm.

ELI  
Well your timing couldn't be more perfect, because I seem to have forgotten how to use soap.

LILY  
That *is* perfect because I have a PhD in soap.

They laugh, kiss.

Lily pauses. Then:

LILY (CONT'D)  
How did she make her money again?

ELI  
Drilling. Oil.

Lily nods, thoughtful, pensive.

The camera pans out to expose a giant, grand open concept master bedroom/bathroom, with a large, gilded full-length mirror across from the bed.

We hang on this mirror for a beat.

INT. BUAN'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - DAY

Lily, Buan and Eli are mid-meal. Goblets of fresh fruit juice, candles burning, the gorgeous table is set with a decadent buffet feast. Lily takes a bite of food.

LILY  
Is that dill?

Buan nods.

BUAN  
All the herbs fresh from the greenhouse.

LILY  
You did not GROW this stuff in October.



ELI  
Isn't dill extinct?

BUAN  
Just exceptionally rare. Got a whole set up with microclimates and everything. I'll show you tomorrow. There's all kinds of stuff that the farmers can't grow anymore.

LILY  
How did you find this place?

BUAN  
Used to be this little shack owned by my parents. Summer getaway sort of a thing.

(referring to Eli)  
Us and the gang, we'd pile into it like puppies every summer, get ourselves into all kinds of trouble.

ELI  
(to Lily)  
Sure, trouble. Stealing spliffs off sailors, harmless kid stuff.

BUAN  
Swimming naked, scaring the pants off the locals... There was the time Jamie got laid off from that job at the green grocer, remember that?

ELI  
Oh God, yeah! Forgot all about that. That poor woman...

LILY  
What happened?

The following starts out for Lily's benefit, but soon they're subsumed by their own hilarity.

BUAN  
We put up signs all over Dublin at the summer's end with her number, sayin', what was it--

ELI  
"Elderly female--

BUAN  
Right! She was like 40.

ELI  
"--offering free room and board in  
her lovely island home--"

BUAN  
"Speak up because she's hard of  
hearing--"

ELI  
"Absolutely loves cats--"

BUAN  
Oh, christ on a bike, right, she'd  
been bitten by one as a child,  
hated the poor buggers...

ELI  
"So make sure to describe your  
feline in great detail. Tail to  
whiskers."

BUAN  
For months, she was gettin' these  
calls---

But she can't get it out because she's laughing so hard.

ELI  
(Mimicking a caller)  
"I've got a TABBY, little knick out  
of one of his ears. Reasonable  
shedder, loves to CUDDLE UP with  
anyone with a--"

They're in hysterics and can't go on. Lily is trying to keep  
up.

LILY  
That's... so evil!

The laughing eventually dies down.

BUAN  
Yeah. Yeah. We were a little bit  
evil, weren't we, E?

She takes a drink of water. Goes to serve Eli some lamb, Eli  
holds up her hand. She notices both of their plates -- all  
veggies and bread.

BUAN (CONT'D)

Oh jesus, you've got to be kidding me.

ELI

Don't look at me. She's a bad influence.

LILY

I'm a very good influence. And it's better for the planet, Ms. Tesla.

Lily takes another bite of food.

BUAN

Ah, pish posh. The woman's sober, for Christ's sake, let her have some joy in her life.

LILY

She's fine. I have an extraordinary libido for a lesbian.

They all laugh.

BUAN

Oh it's really good to have you two. And for what it's worth, I do all my own hunting. Only kill what I eat. Plus pests. Crows, mostly. They've been *everywhere* since the eagle and hawk numbers went down. I really do my best to play nice with mother earth. That's part of why I built the place, isn't it? Net zero emissions, produces all it's own energy.

LILY

Really?

ELI

It's amazing. Show her the plans you texted me. She drew 'em up herself.

BUAN

Ah, boring.

LILY

No, I'd love to see.

BUAN

Really?

Buan is excited. Sh presses a few buttons on her phone and a projector comes down from the ceiling, complicated architectural plans shine onto a wall across from the table.

BUAN (CONT'D)

I built it for form *and* function.  
Six foot deep concrete walls  
protects against all manner of  
flood, fire, biohazard. And beneath  
our feet--

(She stamps her foot)

Thousands of kilos of pure, clean  
water. Six solar electric wells  
around the property, working away.  
There's a desalination facility  
down by the sea, too. Still very  
much in progress, but at some point--  
- even the sea water will be  
potable.

ELI

(to Lily)

No brown taps here.

BUAN

Not on your life.

LILY

It's amazing it's really amazing.  
Thank you again for having us,  
Buan.

Waving that away.

BUAN

Well that was the point, wasn't it?  
A haven for loved ones as the shite  
goes further down. Don't tell me  
mum that, though.

ELI

Aw, how is old Madge?

BUAN

Oh Madge. Came down a few months  
ago. Couldn't get a bloody move on  
her. Weeks into months. Nearly had  
to do the dimming of the pub lights  
on her "Lads have ye no home of  
your own to go to..."

ELI

Sounds about right. She's well  
then?

BUAN

Well. An then the cancer came back.

ELI

Oh, no Buan.

A quick beat, something like grief flashes across Buan's eyes. Then, brightly:

BUAN

It's happening everywhere, you know. What happened to you. Municipal system in the village has gone too. I've started bringing them my stuff.

ELI

That's good of you.

BUAN

Just a bit of bog standard decency.

ELI

Just meant you'd think the government would find a way to...

Buan scoffs.

BUAN

What government? A local council that's been in for six generations. Drunks and blaggards, every one of them. Couldn't tell a solar panel from a stop sign.

LILY

Well, in fairness, no one was prepared. New York has gotta be one of the most progressive, monied states in America, but still...

BUAN

It's ridiculous I mean, isn't it? If they were listening even just BARELY to the science--

LILY

It's not about the science, though, is it?

BUAN

No? So what's it about?

LILY

The complete degradation of politics? The fact that our public discourse went online in the course of a generation, before any of us knew how deep the repercussions would be? How essential it is to have to deal with the flesh and blood reality of each other? The breakdown of our capacity to *listen*, to collaborate, to intelligently debate. All of which are prerequisites to any kind of organized--

BUAN

Action. Right. Exactly right.

Buan's impressed with Lily. Her fire. Looking back from Lily to Eli.

BUAN (CONT'D)

Well done, old friend.

Eli beams.

BUAN (CONT'D)

Anyway you won't have to worry about any of that here. It might just be the safest place on earth.

She tips her glass full of water as if to toast, then decides to make an actual toast.

BUAN (CONT'D)

To friends that are family.

ELI

To our amazing host.

LILY

And her beautiful, safe house.

BUAN

Make it your *beautiful* host, and her amazing house, and we've got ourselves a sláinte.

They laugh and clink glasses.

ALL

Sláinte.

In the corner, Uisce eats her meat hungrily.

INT. BUAN'S HOUSE - GUEST ROOM - NIGHT

Lily and Eli finish having sex in their bed. Eli rolls off of her, breathing heavily.

ELI

Even the sex is better here.

Lily throws a pillow at her.

INT. BUAN'S HOUSE - GUEST ROOM - LATER

The sound of rustling, like human feathers. Waves lapping.

Eli is half asleep, but can't get comfortable. She tosses fitfully.

As we zoom out...

EXT. IRISH SEA - NIGHT

...We see that the bed is floating in the middle of a vast sea.

Crows fly overhead.

INT. BUAN'S HOUSE - SALT POOL - DAY

The next morning. A beautiful salt water pool in a glass dome. An artificial "sun" beats down on them.

Eli rests spread eagled in enormous swim trunks on a lounge chair. Lily floats elegantly on a blow-up unicorn in the water, reading "The Uninhabitable Earth" by David Wallace-Wells. Classical music plays. We feel the gentle lap lap of the water.

Then BOOM... Buan torpedos in. Begins to plough up and down the pool. Serious laps.

Buan looks good. Casey Legler muscular in her tiny speedo. She's topless. Eli watches Lily peer over her sunglasses. Lily sees Eli looking at her and goes back to reading.

After a few laps, Buan swims up to the side of the pool. When she emerges, there's something black and shadowy on her face.

ELI

Spider, Buan!

What?

ELI  
Duck! SPIDER!

Buan slips back under the water. Reemerges, wiping her face.

BUAN  
Did I get it?

There's nothing there.

ELI  
I-

LILY  
I didn't see anything.

BUAN  
Jesus, Eli. Freaked me out a little  
bit there.

Buan looks around in the water, the spider is nowhere to be seen. She splashes Eli.

ELI  
(Laughing)  
Hey!

Buan hoists herself up on the ledge of the pool, grabs onto Eli's lounge chair, begins pulling it towards the water. Eli jumps off the chair.

ELI (CONT'D)  
(Seriously)  
HEY.

BUAN  
(Quickly)  
Sorry.

Buan goes under the water, re-emerges and starts spitting water at Lily from between her teeth.

Lily screams and laughs.

BUAN (CONT'D)  
("At least one of you's  
fun.")  
There we go.



INT. BUAN'S HOUSE - SALT POOL - DAY - LATER

Lily now sitting next to Eli in a lounge chair, still reading. Eli sleeps.

Buan gets out of the pool and wipes off. She lays back onto her designer towel and lights a cigarette.

BUAN

This OK?

Lily nods.

BUAN (CONT'D)

Once in a blue moon. Only when I'm delighted with life.

Buan exhales smoke rings. One after the other. Pop pop pop.

With each one, the sound of a gunshot.

EXT. SHOOTING RANGE - DAY

Buan showing Eli how to position herself with a rifle in hand. They wear ear coverings. Target practice.

INT. BUAN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Lily watching them from a window, painting a nearby tree with her traveling watercolor set.

INT. CAR - DAY

Eli and Buan bump down a village road in the Tesla.

ELI

...Of all the neighborhoods in Queens, you know? To be just standing there in line. Like some sort of a ghost.

BUAN

The islanders would say that was just the Celtic gods luring you back home.

ELI

Still holding onto those pagan roots, are they?

BUAN

With a death grip. You shoulda heard them when I was drilling the first couple a wells. "Careful where you put them, can't walk tuathal around them or you'll antagonize the gods..." Now they're only right fucked by all their myths and stories.

EXT. CAR - DAY

They pull up in front of a clapped out, crumbling stone home. Eli follows Buan's lead as they unload tanks from the boot of the car and bring them to the front door of the house.

BUAN

Speaking of Gods. Goddesses. Lily??  
I mean...

Eli smiles broadly.

ELI

Gorgeous, isn't she?

BUAN

I'm happy for ye, old friend. God only knows how far you've come.

ELI

(Meaning Buan)

Well, if we're giving credit where it's due...

BUAN

No way. It's the life force of the person that determines if they make it to the other side. You always had it in you. Just took you a long time to *realize* it.

They continue working.

BUAN (CONT'D)

I will give myself credit, however, for finally getting you out **HERE**. After my many **YEARS** of haranguing... I was starting to take it personally, you know.

ELI

I hate Ireland!

BUAN  
You don't call, you don't write...

ELI  
You know I hate Ireland! It's  
nothing but--

BOTH  
CATHOLICS AND POTATOES.

They laugh.

BUAN  
Who was it said that?

ELI  
Father Christy.

BUAN  
The old prick...

Buan rustles Eli's hair on the way back up to the car. Two brothers.

INT. GREENHOUSE - DAY

Lily, wearing gardening clothes, wellies, and a straw hat, is gathering peas in a basket in the greenhouse.

Uisce pants in the doorway.

LILY  
C'mon Uisce. C'mon girl.

Uisce joins Lily, weaving around her legs affectionately.

LILY (CONT'D)  
You're just a big fluffball aren't  
you.

EXT. GREENHOUSE - DAY

We are watching Lily through someone else's eyes from several feet outside the greenhouse window. Sound of heavy breathing.

EXT. AN OLD VILLAGE SHOP

Eli unloads more tanks of water outside a village shop, while Buan tensely converses with the very ancient shop owner in the language we don't understand. The shop owner's daughter stands next to her, bouncing a wailing baby on a hip.

OWNER

Ní leor é seo le seachtain anuas  
(This isn't enough to last a week.)

BUAN

Sin go léir is féidir liom a  
spáráil. Tá mo theaghlach féin agam  
le soláthar go dtí seo.  
(It's all I can spare. I've my own  
family to provide for now.)

The owner looks at Eli, strangely, warily. Close on the  
baby's beet red face, its drenched cheeks.

OWNER

Cad atá le déanamh againn nuair a  
ritheann an t-uisce amach? Ól ár  
bhfual féin?  
(What are we supposed to do when  
the water runs out? Drink our own  
piss?)

BUAN

Beidh ort rud éigin a dhéanamh  
amach. Tá neart tugtha agam duit.  
(You'll have to figure something  
out. I've given you plenty.)

The owner spits on the ground. Her daughter tries to escort  
her back into the house.

DAUGHTER

Máthair!

But the owner continues staring at Eli.

OWNER

Rithfeá. Dá mbeadh a fhios agat cad  
a bhí go maith duit rithfeá. (You  
would run. If you knew what was  
good for you, you would run.)

INT. CAR - DAY

Eli and Buan driving.

ELI

What was that all about?

BUAN

You've forgotten the old Irish,  
have you?

ELI  
The dialect is too strong out here.

INT. GREENHOUSE - DAY

Lily teetering at the very top of a ladder, picks a plump, ripe strawberry off a trellised, crawling vine. She takes a bite out of it, the red juice dripping down her chin.

Then, the sound of Uisce growling, low. Her ears are taut and she's looking out the window.

INT. CAR - DAY

Back to the car.

BUAN  
Doesn't matter how much you give,  
hand over fist Eli, it's never  
enough.

EXT. GREENHOUSE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

From outside the window, a gloved hand comes into view, holding a rock.

INT. CAR - DAY

Back to the car.

ELI  
Never enough... for what?

EXT. GREENHOUSE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

In one quick motion, the hand with the rock pulls back.

BUAN (V.O.)  
To make them change their minds.  
About people like us.

A sharp, piercing DOG BARK.

The rock drops to the ground.

INT. GREENHOUSE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Lily loses her balance on the ladder.

EXT. GREENHOUSE - DAY

The sound of feet running on the grass.

INT. GREENHOUSE - DAY

... At the last possible moment, Lily catches herself on the trellis. She regains her bearings.

INT. CAR - DAY

Silence as Buan and Eli drive.

INT. GREENHOUSE - DAY

Lily peers out the window where Uisce has been looking. Squats down next to the dog, pets her head.

LILY

There's nothing out there, you big scaredy cat.

She pats Uisce's rump and leads her back towards the greenhouse door.

LILY (CONT'D)

C'mon. C'mon, Uisce.

Uisce follows her.

INT. CAR - DAY

Back to the car.

ELI

We've been thinkin' of having a baby.

The car nearly stops.

BUAN

You and Lily?

ELI

We have our first IVF or whatever the fuck it's termed when we get back.

BUAN

No shit. That's... wow. Jesus Eli!  
A baby!

ELI

Am I completely cracked?

BUAN

*Delusional*, my friend. With what  
we've got comin' down the pike.  
Absolutely delusional.

Eli looks dejected. Buan reels it in.

BUAN (CONT'D)

Oh c'mon, Eli. You know me. Nothing  
but the truth so help me God. You  
want encouragement, then ask one of  
the breeders. God knows there's  
enough of them around. Jamie's  
pregnant, you know.

ELI

Is she? Didn't look it.

BUAN

Just a few months.

ELI

And already begging you for the  
cash I imagine?

BUAN

Some things never change.

Pause.

ELI

Won't we need good ones coming with  
what we're dealin' with?

BUAN

Oh, darlin'. That ship sailed ages  
ago.

(Then:)

Though I suppose if things get too  
bad for the family, there are  
always those Swedish death pods.  
They're selling them on Amazon  
now...

ELI

Jesus, Buan.

BUAN

Sorry. Gallows humor. That's what happens when you're stuck by yourself in the sticks for too long.

Buan playfully wrestles her with her free arm, Eli escapes her grip, cracks a smile, looks out the window. Eli turns to Buan.

ELI

She's gonna raise the baby here?

BUAN

Who, Jamie? Jamie's back in Dublin.

ELI

Dublin? I thought she was living on-

-

Suddenly, A WOMAN WITH LONG BLACK HAIR is standing with her back turned in the middle of the road. Eli yanks the wheel from Buan and the car swerves.

The car screeches to a stop. They both get out.

BUAN

What the fuck, Eli?

ELI

(Yelling back to the road)  
Jesus, what the hell were ye--

There's no one there. Just a solitary crow, calmly hopping and occasionally pecking at the dirt.

BUAN

Seriously? For a fucking *bird*... We could have been killed.

ELI

No, there was a-- Didn't you... Right there. There was someone right there.

BUAN

Jesus. What is it Eli? Don't be going all Sixth Sense on me...

Eli rubs her forehead.



ELI  
I'm sorry. I'm not sure what the  
hell--

BUAN  
(Gently)  
Hey. It's OK. It's alright.  
(Beat.)  
It's her birthday in a few days,  
isn't it?

ELI  
(Tentatively)  
Yeah.

BUAN  
That'll be messing with ya then.  
That's all it is. Just messing with  
your head.

ELI  
Yeah.

BUAN  
Let's get ye home. A baby, Eli! And  
you just a teeny wee baby  
yourself...

Buan puts her arm around Eli and they lope back to the car.

EXT. BUAN'S GROUNDS - DAY

As they head towards Buan's house, they see the bridge has  
been left up.

BUAN  
Shit.

ELI  
What?

BUAN  
(Re: the bridge)  
Not good, not good.

She removes the key from her neck as they clatter across it.

EXT. BUAN'S GROUNDS - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Aerial shot of the bridge being lowered back down into the  
river.

INT. BUAN'S HOUSE - ENTRYWAY - DAY

Buan and Eli walk into the house.

BUAN  
(Concerned)  
Hey Lil!

Eli clocks her concern. Lily calls from the other room, drowsily.

LILY  
In here!

INT. BUAN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lily looks incredibly sexy draped over the couch, where she's been napping. Uisce is coiled up in a ball at her feet. On the table next to her, a half eaten, overripe peach. A gentle breeze floats in through a nearby window. A scene of domestic perfection. Buan is nearly knocked over by it, but pulls it together when she sees Eli.

BUAN  
(gruffly)  
You alright then?

LILY  
Hm?

Lily pulls herself up on the couch. She's sweating in her tank top. She rubs her eyes.

BUAN  
Any trouble while we were out?

She smiles, sleepily.

LILY  
All good.

BUAN  
Good.  
(Buan closes the window,  
futzes with the  
thermostat)  
Careful with these windows, right,  
you two? ZIF-62 glass; still has  
some kinks.

LILY  
Sure. Yeah.

ELI  
No worries.

INT. BUAN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Eli talking on the phone with Brenda in the room over. Spotty service. In the other room, Buan is building a fire, laughing with Lily.

BRENDA  
It's the strangest thing. Seems that some eedgit poured a quart of cooking oil down the drain.

ELI  
Who would do that?

BRENDA  
Must be one of the new tenants. Someone not even used to livin' in a building. Anyway, Jeff said it did a real number on the pipes. He's gonna have to replace them all, which may not be such a bad thing...

ELI  
Always the blowy cloud with the silver lining, aren't you Brenda?

Eli checks on Lily and Buan in the next room. Lily's fallen on her bum playing tug of war with the Uisce and Buan's helping her up. Laughter.

ELI (CONT'D)  
So no ETA on a fix up then?

BRENDA  
Himself said it's looking like weeks now, not days.

ELI  
Ah. Well thanks for callin' Brenda, you good thing. You sure you're alright?

BRENDA  
I'm fine, Eli. You take good care of yourself. Stay safe.

ELI  
You too.

She hangs up. Looks towards the living room, pensively.

INT. BUAN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Later that night. A huge fire crackles in the fireplace.

Buan and Lily are sitting on the couch while Eli stokes it, stares into it, contemplatively. Uisce the dog pans out in front of the fire, opera plays in the background. A decadent dessert spread is out on the coffee table; teas and tinctures in good silver.

Above the fireplace, an enormous, antique rifle in a rustic glass display. Perhaps Lily eyes it a bit warily.

Eli gets up to put another log on the fire, sticks her hand basically straight into it.

LILY  
Eli. Careful.

Buan bats at Lily's sock, playfully.

BUAN  
She's a big girl now, Lil.

Pause.

LILY  
(A bit tensely)  
I know.

ELI  
(Breaking the tension)  
The key lime is...

BUAN  
For the rabbits and gerbils among  
us. Yes.

Buan plates some for Eli and Lily.

LILY  
Thanks. Woo. It's hot hot hot!

Lily gets up onto her knees on the couch, strips off her sweater. As Eli grabs another log, she catches Buan watching Lily de-layer. Buan smiles at Eli.

BUAN  
(An idea)  
I know. Balderdash!

She springs up and starts rummaging through a cabinet.

LILY  
What's that?

ELI  
A ridiculous game from the 80s that she's mad about...

BUAN  
C'mon Eli. You LOVED it.

ELI  
That's a bald faced *lie*.

BUAN  
We played it constantly!

ELI  
Because you forced us.

BUAN  
It's an A plus game!

ELI  
An A *plus* game is it? Jesus...

LILY  
What are these?

Lily has picked up a deck of cards off the shelf Buan has drawn her eyes to. Eli and Buan look at each other.

LILY (CONT'D)  
Are they TAROT cards? Oh my god, I haven't seen these in *ages*...

BUAN  
Original illustrations by Pamela Colman Smith. Part of the maybe gay club.

LILY  
The what now?

BUAN  
The maybe gay club.

ELI  
It's what she calls single women from the 1800s...

BUAN

Not just *any* single women. Only the ones who cavorted with bisexuals

ELI

...Maybe...

BUAN

And had *records* of intimate, many-years long "friendships" with other women... with whom they sometimes *cohabitated*.

ELI

Not proof of anything.

BUAN

And yet! We must add them to the "maybe gay" club or we resign ourselves to a life without predecessors. Without history.

LILY

What's so wrong with that?

BUAN

I just find the thought of it incredibly lonely, don't you?

LILY

I don't know. It can be kind of exciting. To be at the beginning of something. To be the first.

Pause.

BUAN

There is nothing new under the sun, dear Lily. Especially when it comes to us sodomites.

They look at Eli who's been rummaging through a cupboard.

ELI

How about some good old fashioned CLUE?

She holds up a big old box. A piece falls to the floor. Buan and Lily look at each other.

BUAN

Tarot it is.

Buan expertly shuffles the cards.

BUAN (CONT'D)  
You know how these work?

LILY  
I used to. A decade ago. College.

BUAN  
Just think of a question. Something  
that's been on your mind lately.

Lily closes her eyes, attempting this while Buan shuffles.

BUAN (CONT'D)  
Have you got something?

LILY  
Not yet.

BUAN  
How about motherhood?

Lily opens her eyes.

LILY  
...Sorry?

BUAN  
Eli told me you're thinking of  
making a little gayby!

ELI  
Not to be confused with a maybe  
gay.

LILY  
(Taken aback)  
Oh. Right. Eli?

Eli isn't sure what she's in trouble for.

BUAN  
Sorry, was that not...

LILY  
No, no, it's OK. I just didn't know  
we were, um, talking about it...

Looking to Eli.

ELI  
I...

LILY

Right. Well, yeah. I suppose that'd be a decent one. Why not.

BUAN

Good. The old have-to-do-it motherhood conundrum. Plaguing gay women since time immemorial.

Eli snorts at that.

BUAN (CONT'D)

Let's see what the cards have to say.

She fans the cards out on the coffee table.

BUAN (CONT'D)

Away you go. Choose three.

Lily hovers her hands over the cards. Then points three of them out. Buan flips them over.

The cards are set.

BUAN (CONT'D)

Interesting. That's... hm.

LILY

What?

BUAN

Nothing, it's just... that's an interesting spread. For sure.

Beat.

LILY

Are you gonna tell me about it?

BUAN

Yeah. Yeah. So... The Hermit is about introspection. It might suggest loss of community. The risk of isolation in parenthood. How essential it is to gather community around you... if you choose to cross that threshold.

Lily looks nervous.

LILY

Hope Brenda's still kicking when we get back!



ELI

*Ugh.*

LILY

Sorry. Bad joke. Most friends our age have moved away... priced out of... anyway. Go on.

BUAN

Then there's the eight of cups. The cloaked man takes his staff and begins his long journey away. And it is, usually, away... from a career... a relationship. It's about transition, about change, about abandoning the old for the new. And, ok... this would explain it then. The ten of wands. You see how many sticks she's carrying? It's about burdens. Carrying more than you can hold.

Lily looks like she's getting uncomfortable.

LILY

Ok. Thanks, I-

But Buan isn't ready to stop. She looks into Lily's eyes. She is intuiting something. Channeling something.

BUAN

You want to be a mother, Lily. Deep in your marrow. Even if it's at odds with some of your beliefs. Scary given the fact that the world is burning. You're still willing to take that... leap of faith. That's a beautiful thing. An act of hope.

But these cards are saying that sometimes, you question how much you'll have to shoulder... alone. And the ten of wands is showing us that that's not... a completely unreasonable question.

Silence.

ELI

Buan, what the actual fuck?

BUAN

What? Too far?

LILY

No, thank you. Thanks. I'm not sure how much I believe in all that, but, yeah.

Buan shrugs.

BUAN

They're just a tool to reflect you back to yourself. Whatever you take from them, that's what they mean. Of course.

LILY

Of course.

Buan gathers up the cards and begins shuffling them.

BUAN

OK, Eli, you up next?

ELI

(Abruptly getting up)

No, I'm not...um, I'm still having a bit of a headache. Ya know. From the jet lag, I think.

BUAN

C'mon Eli, I was just--

ELI

No, I know, it's fine, I just-- I think I'll go to bed early, actually. Sorry to be a drag.

LILY

I'll come with.

ELI

No, no. You two... keep having fun. I'm just going to go lie down.

LILY

Eli, I'll come up with you.

BUAN

Take a hint, Lily. She wants space.

Buan takes a long drink from her water glass. Lily looks affronted.

ELI

No, it's not-- I just need to lie down for a bit in the quiet.

LILY

OK. Yeah. Whatever you need.

Eli gives her a quick kiss on the head and heads up the stairs. Lily looks up after her, concerned...

BUAN

Have I shown you my vinyl  
collection yet? Original release  
Tracy Chapman, ya can't beat it...

Lily smiles, tightly.

INT. BUAN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Eli fills a glass with tap water as she pulls up a recording of an old AA meeting on her cell phone, presses play. She gets into bed as the voice drones in the background. Music floats up from the living room.

AA VOICE

It doesn't matter how many times  
we've heard it before, for many of  
us it bears repeating. Shame  
festers in the dark, and you're  
only as sick as your secrets...

She takes a long drink from the glass of water.

EXT. RUGGED LANDSCAPE - DAY

That sound again. Rustling, like human feathers.

Women in black shawls stand pitched forward against the jagged rockface, rocking, keening, only the black tops of their heads visible.

As their laments reach a fever pitch, they spring upright to reveal a woman cradling a swaddled, wailing baby, hidden from view. We get closer and closer to the baby. At the last moment before we see its face, the swaddle is dropped.

Just as the baby is about to clatter onto the jagged rocks...

INT. BUAN'S HOUSE - GUEST ROOM - DAY

Eli sits bolt upright in bed. Lily peacefully asleep next to her.

A dream. It was only a dream. She gets out of bed to get a drink of water.

INT. BUAN'S HOUSE - GUEST ROOM - DAY

Later that morning. Eli's eyes blink open to daylight. She turns in bed. No Lily.

INT. BUAN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Eli walks in to Lily making breakfast.

LILY  
(Brusque)  
Feeling better?

Eli rubs her neck.

ELI  
Not to be too princess and the pea  
about it but honestly I feel like I  
was hit by an eighteen wheeler.  
What about you?

LILY  
I'm fine.

Eli comes up to her, tries to rub her shoulders. She turns.

LILY (CONT'D)  
We aren't telling people. We said  
we weren't telling people. And what  
the fuck was that last night? After  
whatever performance that was from  
her... you just *leave*?

ELI  
I wasn't feeling well. And she's  
just... not a fan of kids, Lil.  
It's nothing to do with us. And  
anyway, they're just bloody  
cards...

LILY  
I know that. But the point is we  
weren't going to *tell people*--

ELI  
Buan's not *people*, Lil. She's  
family. Recovery family.

LILY  
I don't know what kind of family  
insinuates that you're not up for  
the task of--and *is* it even kosher  
for a friend to be a sponsor?

(MORE)

LILY (CONT'D)

That seems like, I don't know, some pretty fucked up boundaries.

ELI

It's worked for us. I get it. She's blunt. Too blunt, often. It's gotten her in trouble before. But I have her to thank for everything. For meeting you, for everything.

Lily hesitates.

LILY

Was there ever anything... between you?

ELI

(Incredulous)

Me and Buan? Like... romantically?

Lily is quiet.

ELI (CONT'D)

Are you being serious?

LILY

I don't know, she just seems, like, pretty fiercely protective...

Eli is practically gagging.

ELI

Sorry, that's just like, really revolting to contemplate.

LILY

(Laughing, a little)

Really?

ELI

We're like, bros. And YOU'RE the one who was ogling her out by the pool! Speedo sneaks.

LILY

I was not *ogling* her, I was just...

ELI

Yeah?

Lily's busted.

LILY

Fine. But not in like an *interested* way. More like a... I don't know, a rare mushroom.

Eli laughs. Starts nuzzling Lily.

ELI

I trust you. And her. Even if she is a little--  
 (She gestures--strange.)  
 I trust you both more than anyone.  
 (Still not over it)  
*Between us, God, do you not understand my sexuality at all?*

LILY

I thought I did, but...

ELI

I have a very specific type.

LILY

Oh yeah? What's your type.

ELI

Like, a Kate Winslet letting her hair down with the underclass type. But ideally, you know, Egyptian-American.

Lily is charmed.

ELI (CONT'D)

Did you really read into that stuff last night?

LILY

No. Of course not. They're just cards.

...But there's something still gnawing at her.

ELI

Ok. Because--we're on VACATION! We're together, and we're safe, and we're...  
 (Starting to lightly sing)  
 "Near...far..."

BOTH

...wherever you are! I believe that my heart will--"

Eli's phone dings. She looks at it. The color drains a little from her face.

LILY  
What is it?

ELI  
Nothing.  
(Then, thinking better of  
it)  
I think Jenna's gonna fire me.

LILY  
...

ELI  
I got an email last week. She wants to put me on a "Performance Improvement Plan" which basic internet research reveals to mean she wants me out.

LILY  
(Rising anxiety)  
Oh. Wow. Last week? OK.  
Can I see it?

ELI  
What?

LILY  
The email?

ELI  
Like you want to look at my phone?

LILY  
Yes. I do.

Eli gives Lily her phone. It's uncomfortable. Lily scrolls.

ELI  
I didn't want to um, with the appointment and everything going on, I just wanted to find the right time to--

LILY  
Jesus, this happened Thursday and then we agreed to spend all of our savings to do IVF on FRIDAY? Are you serious, Eli?

ELI  
Whoa, wait, Lily--

LILY  
That's just... wow. I can't quite wrap my head around the logic of that.

Eli opens her mouth to speak.

BUAN  
Wrap your head around the logic of what?

Buan has entered, unnoticed. She grabs a nectarine out of a bowl on the counter, takes a bite of it, then grabs some garden shears from a drawer. Snap snaps them and puts them in her tool belt.

BUAN (CONT'D)  
So strange it's called scissoring, isn't it? Scissors are sharp. Dangerous. Lesbians are soft. Like kittens. Or warm mugs of tea. Maybe they should call it... tea-ing.  
(She makes the shape with her fingers)  
Tee-peeing? I'll work on it.  
(Eyeing Lily's pan)  
What in the name of all that's holy is this beautiful concoction?

LILY  
I, uh, picked a few things from the greenhouse yesterday. Hope that's OK.

BUAN  
Mi casa es su casa! Just don't go in the back room. That's where I keep the bodies.  
(Then, taking a bite of whatever's in the pan:)  
A goddess, Eli. You found yourself an actual living / in the flesh goddess.

ELI  
Buan, will you give us a minute?

BUAN  
Oh yeah, of course. I'm sorry, don't let me...



Snapping the scissors.

BUAN (CONT'D)

Cut in.

She leaves.

ELI

You wanted to see me stepping up more, taking the lead on things, right? So yeah I... booked the appointment. And I'll find another job Lily. If it comes to / that.

LILY

And is Jenna cool with the fact that you fucked off to Ireland on the heels of this?

Eli doesn't respond.

LILY (CONT'D)

That's classic, Eli. When shit gets tough, run and hide, right? Actually confronting problems? What kind of a loser would do that.

ELI

Don't be mean.

LILY

I'm being *honest*, Eli. Perhaps you should try it sometime.

Lily takes off her apron, turns off the stove, and heads for the door.

ELI

Where are you going?

LILY

I'm taking a walk.

She leaves. Eli looks crushed.

EXT. BUAN'S PROPERTY - DAY

Buan is up a ladder cutting back some tree branches as Lily storms off. A few moments later, Eli comes out of the house. She and Buan make eye contact, and she starts down the ladder.

BUAN  
Give me a hand with something, will  
you?

EXT. BUAN'S PROPERTY - DAY

Eli and Buan standing outside an enormous well drill. A huge piece of machinery stands working quietly, like a nodding donkey oil bit.

BUAN  
Number seven. Isn't she a beauty?  
Such an efficient piece of  
equipment.

Eli examining the machine.

ELI  
The lines look good. Are they  
rotary or cable?

BUAN  
Hammer to be safe. Always hammer.  
Look at you - are they rotary or  
cable. What don't you know about,  
Eli O'Neill?

ELI  
Jack of all trades, master of none.

Eli visibly deflates. Beat.

BUAN  
What the hell was going on in  
there?

ELI  
The end of the work line. My boss  
wants me sacked.

BUAN  
(Shrugs)  
So you'll find something else.

ELI  
We had a deal. She gets to paint  
for two years, while I work full-  
time. Then, when the baby comes...  
If a baby comes...

BUAN

You get to a stay-at-home suburban American dad, just as you've always dreamed?

ELI

Something like that. I just thought I was getting *better* at this stuff.

BUAN

What stuff?

ELI

Real life stuff... Adult stuff. I couldn't even last six months with that new boss. I'm such a fucking loser.

BUAN

Hey.

Buan grabs her. Makes her look her in the eyes.

BUAN (CONT'D)

Stop that.

ELI

Maybe I'm just not cut out for it, Buan. Ya know? Any of it.

BUAN

What are you, 35, 36 now?

ELI

36.

BUAN

You're right on time, then. I hear the thunk thunk. Meant to be knocking on the door of a mid-life crisis...

ELI

Don't I get to skip that?

BUAN

Uh... why on earth would you get to skip that, Neiller?

ELI

Hasn't it just been a crisis all the way through?

Buan laughs. She starts to speak, then bites her tongue.

ELI (CONT'D)

What?

BUAN

(Gently)

She's a little neurotic, isn't she?  
your Lily? A tiny bit...  
controlling. Nothing wrong with  
that, of course. God knows we're  
magnets for them.

Off Eli's discomfort.

BUAN (CONT'D)

You've done your steps, Eli.  
Whatever defects of character that  
can be removed, were, a long ago  
time ago. It's clear as day Lily  
adores you. But with what's in the  
cards for us? The people we're with  
have got to accept us. Fully. Warts  
and all.

They sit in this for a moment. Then something beeps on Buan's  
smart watch.

BUAN (CONT'D)

Shit.

ELI

What?

Showing Eli her phone.

BUAN

Red tide. Let's go.

EXT. SKIES OF INNIS FAIOL - DAY

Grey sky darkening. Wind lashing. Rain coming.

INT. BUAN'S HOUSE - GUEST BEDROOM - DAY

Lily, freshly showered, is sitting on the bed, thoughtfully  
combing her hair in front of the large gold framed mirror. In  
the corner of the mirror, a little bit of coating is curling  
up. She starts to study it... then she sees the clouds  
rolling in the reflection. A HUGE clap of thunder. All power  
goes out. A strange, whirring sound kicks in. A dimmer light  
comes back up. A generator gearing up.

ELI (V.O.)

Lily? Lil.

Eli comes in and shuts an open window.

ELI  
Red tide.

INT./EXT. BUAN'S HOUSE - DAY

Lily inside with a flashlight, Buan and Eli outside with masks on: securing anything that can blow. Closing windows. Tying down gates, bringing goats into pens. The sky turning a threatening, strange color. Eli's silhouette, lugging an ornery cow into a barn against a violet sky.

INT. BUAN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN

Eli comes into the kitchen, Lily comes downstairs. Buan is lacing up heavy boots and struggling into waterproofs.

BUAN  
I need to check on the turbines.

ELI  
I'll come with.

LILY  
So will I.

Buan gives them both a once over.

BUAN  
Extra gear in the hall closet. Wear the respirators. Be quick.

EXT. BUAN'S GROUNDS - HAZEL WOOD - NIGHT

The three struggle through the woods by the light of a lantern. Thin trees are illuminated with the torch beam. Lashing rain drenches them. Their hair is plastered to their heads.

EXT. BUAN'S GROUNDS - SHORELINE - NIGHT

They come to the river shoreline leading to the sea. Giant wind turbines loom in the distance like barren, hulking trees.

Through the visor of the respirator, we see scores of dying fish washed onto the bank of the river. Lying there, barely moving, but for little flips and flops every few seconds.

The three continue to move along the dark shoreline, like astronauts on a foreign planet. We hear their breathing, loud through the respirators.

Eli shines her torch. The fish lie dying as far as the eye can see.

EXT. BUAN'S HOUSE - HAZEL WOOD - NIGHT

Back at the Hazel wood. The skies beginning to clear. Buan signals for them to remove their masks. Lily and Eli look at each other: what the fuck was that.

PRELAP:

BUAN (V.O.)  
Karenia brevis on steroids.

INT. BUAN'S HOUSE - GREENHOUSE - DAY

The three of them are sitting in massage chairs in another part of the massive greenhouse. Another paradisaal scene. Fruit trees surround them. A strange, uncanny change from the scene before. Lily sputters a little bit throughout this, coughs.

BUAN (CONT'D)  
Toxic algae that leaches into the air. Kills the fish, kills us if we don't know it's there. All islands are at risk for it now. Coastal cities, too. New York, probably.

LILY  
So what do we do?

BUAN  
Treat it like any other biohazard. Respirators outdoors, wait for the air quality indicators to tell us when it's safe to go outside without them. We're perfectly fine in the house with the windows closed so long as the electricity holds--the villagers have it much worse in their old as shite buildings.

LILY  
So we should bring them here, right? Til it passes.

Buan looks at Eli, then at Lily.

BUAN  
You're not exactly serious.

Lily is.

BUAN (CONT'D)  
They *hate* us, Lily. What are we gonna do with them while they're here, play Balderdash while they preach to us about our sins against chastity?

LILY  
We don't have to, like, *hang out* with them. But the house is big enough to shelter them until it's safe outside, isn't it?

BUAN  
Taking responsibility for the whole island, now that would be classic, grade A codependence.

LILY  
I don't know, it sounds a little like helping to me.

Tense beat. A standoff. Eli tries to play the mediator.

ELI  
Maybe we can at least bring them some more supplies--

LILY  
Yeah the thing is I'm not so interested in hearing what you have to say right now, Eli.

Heated beat.

BUAN  
(to Eli)  
Go get your clothes on.

ELI  
Why?

BUAN  
Let's take some masks to those poor feckers. Since apparently we're the bloody Irish government now.

LILY  
I'll come too.

BUAN  
You have asthma or something?

LILY  
A bit. Why?

BUAN  
Eli was right. The air's not safe.  
Stay inside.

Buan walks out of the room.

ELI  
(to Lily)  
Do you want me to stay with you?

LILY  
No.

ELI  
Lily.

LILY  
I need space, Eli.  
(aping Buan)  
Take a hint.

INT. BUAN'S HOUSE - GUEST ROOM

Eli puts on a fresh t-shirt in the bathroom. When she turns around: there's AN ASHEN FACE looking into the window.

ELI  
CHRIST!

She slams her fist on the window.

A bird flies off. A crow. Eli rubs her temples.

ELI (CONT'D)  
What is wrong with me.

When we come away from the window, we notice that it has a size-able crack in it. Eli splashes water on her face. Takes a few breaths over the faucet. Grabs a backpack and heads out the door.

The heavy particle-filled air slowly bleeds in through the crack in the glass.



INT. CAR - LATER

A box of respirators in the back seat of the car.

BUAN

Don't love her lashing out at you  
like that.

ELI

She's just pissed about the job  
thing.

BUAN

Then she can do like they told us  
in grade school and take herself to  
a corner for a grand ol' cool down.  
And you think the two of you are  
ready for a *child*? Really, Eli?

Eli looks out the window. Why is everything going to shit?

BUAN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, I just... I want what's  
best for you. Always. You know  
that, right?

Eli nods, tightly.

EXT. CAR - DAY

Outside the car, villagers are coming out of their homes and  
staring at the Tesla. Some wear slapdash masks made of old  
rags, others are barefaced.

INT. CAR - DAY

BUAN

By my side in the village, yeah?  
There's something up.

INT. BUAN'S HOUSE - GUEST ROOM

Lily gets up from working on her laptop in the greenhouse,  
picks a piece of fruit. Then, she approaches the off limits  
door in the very back of the greenhouse.

She very slowly turns the doorknob.

Huge zucchinis grow in purple grow lights. It's nothing.

As she turns to go, she notices a dark curtain at the back of the room. She approaches it, slowly opens it.

Beyond the curtain, a very dimly lit corridor. She takes out her phone, uses it as a flashlight, and enters it.

Against the wall, there's a large Buddhist-type shrine, recently lit tea candles, a meditation cushion, and college paraphernalia: a scarf, t-shirt, and photos. Photos of Eli, Buan and their school friends together.

In one of the group photos, we might hang on Jamie, the woman we met in the bodega earlier. In all of the photos - people are laughing, partying, drinking.

On the shrine, a framed serenity prayer: "God grant me the serenity to accept the things I cannot change, the courage to change the things I can, and the wisdom to know the difference. IZZY DANIELS, 1988-2010."

Suddenly, a low growl. Lily turns to the door.

LILY  
Hey, girl. What's up?

Uisce takes a step forward, teeth bared. Menacing.

LILY (CONT'D)  
Uisce.  
(The dog continues to growl.)  
Uisce. It's just me.

EXT. VILLAGE - DAY

Buan and Eli wear masks and unload tanks of water from the trunk in the most dilapidated part of the island we've seen so far. Broken down row houses near the shoreline. A far, far cry from Buan's property.

The soft lap lap of waves on the shore calls to Eli. She breaks away from Buan and approaches the beach.

EXT. SHORELINE - DAY

Ghostly apparitions appear before her in the water. A little thrashing. Then nothing.

VOICE  
She lived in a house with a well surrounded by seven magic hazelnut trees.

Eli starts. She turns around. A pale little girl is there, looking up at her with wide eyes.

ELI

Sorry?

GIRL

The goddess of the River Boyne. The hazelnuts fell into the well and fed the fish who swam there, who held all the wisdom of the world. Then one day she challenged the water by walking tuathal around it, and the floods surged down to sea, just like they're doin' now. Want to know what happens at the end?

Eli doesn't answer.

GIRL (CONT'D)

The water took her life away. Want to know why?

Eli doesn't answer. The girl stares through her.

GIRL (CONT'D)

Because she challenged the laws of nature.

Eli notices the girl's scarf is barely covering her mouth.

ELI

(Faltering)

You should go--it isn't safe.

Buan honks the horn in the car loudly up at the road.

BUAN

(From the window)

Eli! Get in! Now!

GIRL

It isn't me who needs to be worrying about that.

(Then:)

Is the old woman dead too?

Eli starts to stumble backwards up the hill, then turns and runs.

At the top, villagers are yelling at Buan's car in Irish. Her lips is red, raw, swelling.

INT. CAR - DAY

As they drive off:

BUAN  
Where were you?

ELI  
Sorry I--

BUAN  
What did I fucking tell you. You  
have to listen to me now, do you  
understand me? We stick together  
and we SURVIVE. DO YOU UNDERSTAND  
ME, ELI? Or NONE OF IT WILL MATTER.

Eli, freaked out, nods. Yes, I understand you.

INT. BUAN'S HOUSE - GUEST ROOM

Lily is barricaded in the bedroom, the dog still barking on the other side of it. She's coughing, fitfully now. The air is thick with poison. She has a towel wrapped around her ankle with blood seeping through. She's searching drawers, frantically.

EXT. BUAN'S GROUNDS - DAY

Eli unloading empty canisters from the car. The house eerily quiet.

INT. BUAN'S HOUSE - MAIN ENTRY

Buan enters, Eli just behind her lugging extra supplies. The house is eerily quiet.

BUAN  
Where's Lily?

ELI  
How should I know?

At the same time, they both hear gasping. Buan runs up the stairs, Eli following her.

INT. BUAN'S HOUSE - GUEST ROOM - DAY

Lily is on the floor, struggling to breathe.

BUAN  
Do you have an inhaler?

ELI  
It's in the backpack.

BUAN  
Go get it. NOW!

Eli runs to get the backpack while Buan gives Lily mouth to mouth. Eli comes in, a little taken aback by the sight of it.

BUAN (CONT'D)  
Are you just going to stand there?

Eli snaps back to life and administers the inhaler to Lily. Exceedingly slowly, Lily's breathing evens.

Then, she starts sobbing.

LILY  
The dog.

BUAN  
Get her a glass of water, Eli.

Eli obeys.

LILY  
She wanted to KILL me--

BUAN  
Uisce?

Lily nods.

BUAN (CONT'D)  
Uisce wouldn't hurt a flea. She must have lost oxygen. Jesus.

Eli hands Lily water. She takes a long drink.

Buan notices the large crack in the bathroom window.

BUAN (CONT'D)  
What happened there?

ELI  
Oh. That must have been--I saw something outside and I--

BUAN  
Eli. What did I say about the glass? The air is bloody *poisonous*.

ELI  
 Sorry, I--

LILY  
 Who is Izzy?

Everything stops. Silence.

LILY (CONT'D)  
 Izzy Daniels? Who is she?

Pause.

BUAN  
 She doesn't know?

Eli is beginning to shake.

LILY  
 (Terrified)  
 Know what?

BUAN  
 You never told her?

LILY  
 Told me what?

BUAN  
 Seriously, Eli?

Long silence.

BUAN (CONT'D)  
 (to Eli)  
 Jesus. Alright. You know the way.  
 Same as always. Spill the dirt, it  
 will make you clean.

She heads for the door.

BUAN (CONT'D)  
 Almost out of the woods, you two.  
 I'll go make ye something nice and  
 cozy for when it's over.

Buan leaves the two of them. A long, impossible silence. Eli  
 sits down on the bed.

ELI  
 We shouldn't have come here. God,  
 why did we come here?

LILY

Eli. What is happening right now.

ELI

(in tears)

You're right. I was running away. I  
always fucking run away.

LILY

What's going on, Eli? Who is Izzy?

BEGIN FLASHBACK.

EXT. DUBLIN STREET - NIGHT

A young woman with black hair leaves a store with a few  
beers.

EXT./INT. IZZY'S TRUCK - NIGHT

This is IZZY. She gets into her truck, turns on the radio.  
"Girls Just Wanna Have Fun" by Cyndi Lauper comes on. She  
belts it out as she drives--

IZZY

Oh momma dear, you know you're  
still number one... But girls they  
wanna have fun...

EXT. IRISH BEACH - NIGHT

IZZY approaches a small bonfire by the water. There's a  
crowd, including Eli, partying with a stereo. IZZY uncorks a  
beer, starts dancing by the fire. She is all youth, beauty,  
freedom.

The others start to head off, nod to Eli...

OTHERS

You comin? Eli? Izzy?

Eli waves them away. She's drunk.

EXT. IRISH BEACH - LATER

Eli and Izzy alone on the beach. Izzy makes a move on her.  
They make out.

Eli passes out.

IZZY  
(Laughing)  
You are soooo wasted.

Izzy grabs some booze and turns up the tunes, starts dancing by herself.

LATER

Izzy still dancing. By the waves. In the waves.

IZZY (CONT'D)  
C'mon, Eli! Eli, dance with me!

Eli is still passed out.

LATER

Blackness. THE SOUND OF FLUTTERING, like human feathers. The same sound Eli hasn't stopped hearing since the beginning of our story.

The tide is coming in quickly. When it hits Eli's feet, she comes to.

Izzy's body is face down in the shallows of the water, her black dress floating around her, her body gently rocking back and forth with the current, like a baby being rocked to sleep. Every so often, the wind picks up a bit of wet fabric and it flutters against the sand.

CUT TO:

Hyperventilation. Confusion.

Eli dragging Izzy from the water.

Attempting CPR. Slapping Izzy's cheeks.

LATER

Eli sitting upright against Izzy's cold, dead body. She's terrified. Suddenly:

VOICE  
Eli!

LATER

Buan and Eli dragging Izzy's body toward the water. The tide is coming in quickly now. The water catches the body, and pulls it out to sea as they look on.



Buan gathers the bottles in her jacket. She knocks the fire apart, and steers a still plastered Eli up the beach, away from the scene.

They get in Buan's car and drive, and drive.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. GUEST ROOM - NIGHT

Eli and Lily are both silent. Lily is stunned.

Buan is back, standing in the doorway with a tray of tea.

BUAN

It's an evil, evil disease,  
alcoholism. Makes the very best of  
us do the very worst. Things that  
others can't even fathom. Let alone  
forgive.

Buan comes over, puts a hand on Eli's shoulder.

BUAN (CONT'D)

But that's the choice we make, when  
we choose to love an alcoholic.

LILY

She was your friend?

BUAN

My girlfriend. Our Jamie's sister.

LILY

And you... did you ever go to the  
police? What did her family think  
happened?

They are both silent.

BUAN

An accident. The police thought it  
was just another idiot drunk girl  
and went on their merry way. They  
didn't need to know someone else  
was there.

A long beat.

LILY

I think... I need to leave.

BUAN  
 It wouldn't have done any good,  
 Lily. Dead is dead.

Lily heads to the door, Eli tries to grab her hand.

ELI  
 Lil, please-

LILY  
 I can't Eli. I love you, but I just  
 can't.

Eli goes to follow Lily out.

BUAN  
 Warts and all, Eli. Warts and all.

But Eli hesitates for a moment, then follows Lily out the door.

EXT. BATHROOM - DAY

Lily has locked herself in the bathroom. Eli knocks.

EXT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Buan sitting, slowly sipping the tea. Eli stares at her hands.

BUAN  
 It doesn't feel like it now, but  
 it's all for the best, Eli.

ELI  
 How can you say that?

BUAN  
 One way or another... the truth  
 will out. You know that.

ELI  
 She's my home, Buan.

BUAN  
 Well. Lucky for you, Eli, you  
 haven't got only one of those.

Pause as Eli takes this in. Buan chooses her words carefully.

BUAN (CONT'D)

Not everyone can do it with people like us, Eli. For the long haul. There's a tremendous grief in that, I know. But we're the lucky ones. Imagine how many people never find someone who understands them the way you and I understand each other. We were blessed. With this life saving connection. This sacred bond. All the money in the world can't buy you that. That's why I brought you here. That's why I--

ELI

Why you *brought me here*?

Buan has said too much. Eli gets up.

BUAN

Where are you going?

ELI

Where do you think I'm going? To find my fucking wife.

BUAN

Eli. ELI.

Buan gets up and blocks her access to the door. Eli shoves her away, violently.

BUAN (CONT'D)

Interesting.

A beat. Then:

ELI

I'm thankful to you, Buan. You helped me when no one else would, and I'll always be thankful to you for that. But I have my own life now. And I'm not about to give that up.

As Eli pushes past her, Buan's face goes stone cold.

INT. BUAN'S HOUSE - GUEST ROOM

Eli and Lily are looking out the window. There's a little blackbird pecking at a window box.

ELI

You have to trust me when I say--

LILY

How am I supposed to trust anything you say ever again? You know how important...

ELI

I'm not going to try to defend myself, OK? I was wrong to keep things from you. And I'm sorry. I'm so, so sorry.

Silence, tears streaming.

ELI (CONT'D)

I was terrified of losing you. So, like, primally terrified. And it's so ingrained. This impulse to like, hide the parts of myself that are unacceptable. It goes back so far... Seems like, to before I was born.

Silence, tears streaming. Eli's heart is racing as she reveals this hardest truth.

ELI (CONT'D)

And, I think, if I'm being *really* honest. I think maybe as we've gotten closer to the kids thing... it's gotten worse.

LILY

Why? Why would that be?

ELI

Because I think--

(Deep breath)

I'm not ready, Lily. I don't know if I ever will be. I thought you know, there's a time when you just *jump*. That's what normal people do. Right? That's what it means to live a full life. There's a timeline for these things, and it's not up to you, and--

But my timeline will always be different. I was so fucked for so long, and I have so much I haven't been able to face...

When I get there, *if* I get there...

(MORE)

ELI (CONT'D)

I don't want to just keep on...  
passing on pain.

Lily just looks at her, all out of tears.

LILY

I don't have that much time left,  
you know? I'm 37. And you always  
said you wanted...

ELI

I know. In theory, but--

Pause.

LILY

Fuck, Eli.

Lily wipes her eyes. And gets up.

LILY (CONT'D)

I'm going to go home tomorrow.

That hurts.

ELI

Yeah? Yeah. OK. That... makes  
sense. I'll stay here for a bit,  
give you some space?

LILY

I think so. I'll figure out  
somewhere else to stay by the time  
you get back.

That hurts more.

ELI

OK. Yeah. Ok.

INT. BUAN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Eli is alone on the couch. For the first time ever, instead of engaging in some addictive, avoidant behavior, she just lets herself fall completely and utterly apart. A fantasy of falling deep, deep into water.

When she wakes up, she is drenched in sweat and tears.

INT. BUAN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Shadows dance across the wall as it storms outside. Eli thrashes.

EXT. RUGGED LANDSCAPE - NIGHT

The sound again. Fluttering, like human feathers. On a dark mountain, the crones whisper and smile, crawling towards us. The water is starting to flow down the mountain. They are nodding their heads excitedly. "Beagnach ann, Beagnach ann," they whisper.

The sound gets louder and louder until...

INT. BUAN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Eli wakes with a start. But this time, the fluttering sound is still there. It isn't only in her mind.

She follows it.

Past the kitchen, into the greenhouse. Into the back room, past the purple grow lights. She finds the curtain. She opens it.

The Buddhist shrine, now with candles lit. Eli picks up the picture of Izzy, runs her finger over it. Jamie is there, too.

FLASHBACK.

INT. BODEGA - NIGHT

Back to that corner store in Brooklyn.

JAMIE

You should come visit us on Innis  
Faiol. I'm sure Buan would be just  
chuffed to see you.

In Peter's basket, an industrial sized bottle of cooking oil.

BRENDA (V.O.)

It's the strangest thing. Seems  
that someone poured a quart of  
cooking oil down the drain.

END FLASHBACK.

She looks up.

The sound returns, louder now. Where is it coming from? She notices a seam in a wall, pushes it. Then slides it. A hidden door hiding a spiral staircase. She walks up it, the sounds of whispers and fluttering getting louder and louder, persistent and driving.

At the top of the stairs, a small landing. She finds a string and pulls it. A single bulb lights up the space.

There's a leather chair. An ashtray with a burning cigarette.

Above the chair, a single skylight window. Out of it -- an enormous tree sprawls, dead, skeletal.

Eli shudders.

The chair is facing a curtain. Ever so slowly, she pulls it back. Another window, this time looking out over.... the guest room. That she and Lily have been sleeping in. The open floor plan. The shower.

It's a two way fucking mirror.

As she stares, disbelieving, a shadowy figure appears behind her. The figure's arm lifts higher into the air, and then, just as something registers on Eli's face:

CRACK. The screen goes black.

Sound of a lock turning.

INT. BUAN'S HOUSE - GUEST ROOM - DAY

Morning. Lily stops her alarm. Stretches. Buan is whistling in the kitchen.

INT. BUAN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Lily enters to Buan pouring coffee into a to go mug.

BUAN

Alrighty then Lil, good news, a blue, shining sky, and the air quality back to normal.

(She hands her a cup of coffee)

Brighter days ahead. We've got your breakfast packed, I assume you're ready to be off?

LILY

Have you seen Eli?

BUAN

She's still sleeping. Had a bit of a rough night, as I'm sure you can imagine.

Spinning car keys.

BUAN (CONT'D)

But I'm ready to hit the road when you are.

LILY

OK. Yeah. Just let me brush my teeth.

BUAN

Sure.

INT. BUAN'S HOUSE - BATHROOM DAY

As Lily brushes her teeth, she notices a murder of crows gathering on a tree outside, as if having a conference.

BUAN (V.O.)

Move it or lose it, Lily. Move it or lose it...

INT. BUAN'S CAR - DAY

Lily watches the bridge go back down in the rearview mirror.

BUAN

Comfortable? Too hot, too cold?

LILY

I'm good.

BUAN

You did a brave thing last night. I know it was hard. But it was brave, too.

LILY

I don't need your fucking validation, Buan.

BUAN

Wow. She's hot *and* spicy.

As the ferry appears in the distance, Lily looks in her backpack for something.



LILY  
Shit. I left my sweater.

BUAN  
That's no bother. We'll send it to  
you express.

LILY  
It's my favorite sweater. I don't  
want it mailed. I'd like to go back  
for it.

BUAN  
Are you serious?  
(She looks at the clock)  
We'll be cutting it close.

She shrugs. A challenge.

BUAN (CONT'D)  
Alright.

EXT. IRISH ROAD - DAY

The car pulls off the road, does a u-turn.

INT. BUAN'S HOUSE - SMALL ROOM - DAY

Eli wakes up. Bleeding from the head, writhing in pain.  
Barely able to move.

EXT. BUAN'S HOUSE - ENTRYWAY - DAY

As Lily and Buan bump over the bridge and drive onto Buan's  
property, Lily observes a small group of crows gathered on  
the roof.

Where there's birds, there's fish.

INT. BUAN'S HOUSE - DAY

Buan stares after Lily as she walks in. Spinning the triangle  
bridge key around her finger.

LILY  
I'll just be a minute.

INT. BUAN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

She walks into the living room; no Eli on the couch.

INT. BUAN'S HOUSE - GUEST ROOM - DAY

She pulls back the comforter. No one there.

The mirror catches her eye. The little bit of corner that seems to be peeling back from it. She walks towards it.

INT BUAN'S HOUSE - SMALL ROOM - DAY

Just on the other side of the mirror, inches away, Eli lies there. Eyes closed, badly hurt, just beyond reach.

INT. BUAN'S HOUSE - GUEST ROOM - DAY

BUAN  
Find your sweater?

Buan is in the doorway. Calmly taking sips of coffee from the to go mug.

LILY  
I did.

She holds up a sweater that she grabbed off a side table.

BUAN  
She's not here.

LILY  
I gathered that. Where is she?

BUAN  
She left.

LILY  
Did she? Where did she go?

BUAN  
On an errand. Ran to town for me.  
...On a bike.

Lily looks at the triangle key around Buan's neck. The one she's been using to raise and lower the bridge. Buan realizes her mistake.

BUAN (CONT'D)

Do you know the myth of the goddess of the River Boyne? It's who me parents named me after. She had an affair with the Dagda, Boann did, got pregnant by him actually, and then a spell was cast on her husband, Elcmar, so that he wouldn't notice the passage of time.

(Seductive)

Eli's not the only one with secrets, is she?

Lily falters. Buan kisses her. Lily pulls away. Then... she decides to lean into it.

BUAN (CONT'D)

That's what I thought.

Tucking a piece of hair behind Lily's ear.

BUAN (CONT'D)

Go home, beautiful Lily. You'll find someone healthy and healed. And you won't want to change a thing about them.

Lily suddenly swells with tears.

BUAN (CONT'D)

Oh, Lily, Lily, Lily.

Buan pulls her close but Lily pushes her away.

LILY

Fuck off.

BUAN

(Sharply)

Then let's get going, shall we?

Buan turns towards the door.

LILY

Wait.

When Buan turns back. Lily has opened her shirt.

LILY (CONT'D)

Get on the bed.

BUAN

Oh wow. Is that how you talk to all the girls?

Lily's voice is angry, but clear.

LILY

Get. On. The. Bed.

A moment of hesitation. Then:

BUAN

OK. I'm going. I'm going.

Buan gets on the bed.

Lily straddles her... and starts to tie her arms above her head.

BUAN (CONT'D)

Uh uh uh. Not quite so fast. I need to feel you first.

Buan cups Lily's ass and starts to rock her back and forth.

BUAN (CONT'D)

Oh, fuck.

Buan's head arches back.

INT. BUAN'S HOUSE - SMALL ROOM - DAY

Eli begins to regain consciousness in the small room. She is still in a lot of pain.

She stumbles to her knees, holding her head.

She blinks at the bright light. Turns her head towards the mirror. Shadows at first. Then, coming into focus: Izzy, the dead girl, and Buan. Fucking.

The fuzzy picture clears. No, wait.

That's not Izzy.

That's Lily.

That's her wife.

Eli stands framed against the window. Then starts banging.

ELI

What the FUCK are you doing?

Bang Bang BANG. They can't hear her.

She pummels the walls til her fists are bloody, claws at the locked door like a wild animal.

Exhausted, she falls back.

Then, remembering, she feels at her belt loop for a safety pin. Jackpot. She works away at the lock, opens it easily.

INT. BUAN'S HOUSE - CORRIDOR - DAY

She heads towards the living room, seething with rage.

INT. BUAN'S HOUSE - GUEST ROOM - DAY

Buan and Lily are hot and heavy now.

INT. BUAN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The glass has been broken from the display case above the fireplace. The rifle is gone.

INT. BUAN'S HOUSE - GUEST ROOM - DAY

Eli stands in the open doorway to the guest room with the rifle, observing the scene, unnoticed by Buan or Lily. She looks as though she herself is being shot through with bullets.

She begins to straighten herself. She is shaking. She pulls the gun up from the floor.

Then, she changes her mind.

INT. BUAN'S HOUSE - CORRIDOR - DAY

She stumbles down the corridor to the kitchen. Grabs a bottle of bourbon and Buan's car keys off the counter.

She tumbles out into the daylight.

She's getting the FUCK out of here. FUCK BUAN, FUCK LILY.

FUCK ELI.

EXT. BUAN'S HOUSE - YARD - CONTINUOUS

Eli gets into the Tesla. Has difficulty starting the car, but it finally revs into gear.

She takes off at top speeds down the dirt track. Takes a different path than we've seen, through the woods, towards the river, the bridge is down, there is no bridge... she looks down to undo the bottle with one hand, and when she looks up she sees in front of her UISCE THE DOG SPEARED ONTO A TREE. Mangled, dead. Distracted, she hits a rut, and the car goes out of control into a tree.

Eli is thrown against the wheel.... her head hits the horn.

MEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEP.

EXT. CAR - DAY

The car curved around the tree like a crushed can of soup.

INT. CAR - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Eli is totally unconscious, slumped forward over the wheel like a rag doll.

INT. GUEST ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Buan is tied up now. Lily gets on top of her with a strap on, she leans in close, kissing her neck, biting her ear. Buan closes her eyes.

When she opens them again, it's to Lily pulling out a penknife from the harness and pressing it into her jugular.

LILY  
So where is she?

For a moment, Buan looks afraid.

Then she smiles.

EXT. BUAN'S LAND - HAZEL WOOD - DUSK

Eli's body still unconscious. The door of the Tesla is pulled open. A figure pulls Eli from the car.

Eli is pulled along by the legs, her head bumping roughly on the dirt road.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

*The sound of fabric fluttering.*

Eli opens her eyes. Hands covered in blood, coughing.

Buan's wet jacket flaps in the wind. She is casually smoking a cigarette.

BUAN

Good to see you out of the closet,  
my friend. It only took you long  
enough.

She chuckles at her own joke. Eli spits up blood.

BUAN (CONT'D)

Just had to have you see for  
yourself, didn't I? What she was  
capable of.

Eli lunges at her, Buan easily knocks her down.

BUAN (CONT'D)

Breaking news. No one has your  
back, Eli. Except me. I've had it  
from day one. That story you told.  
Of what happened to Izzy. It was  
only part of the truth, wasn't it?

Eli tries to throw a punch.

ELI

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

BUAN

Sure you do. But that's alright,  
Eli. Your instincts are good.  
Always were. She can't handle it.

ELI

What did you think? That we'd come  
down here and stay? Forever?

BUAN

You brought Lily. That was *your*  
choice. It's you I care about. It's  
you who's my family. Closer than  
family... the two of us... there's  
not even a word for it yet.

Eli is wrestling with Buan. Buan is dragging her to the ground, gets her in a throat vice.

BUAN (CONT'D)

It's gonna be good, Eli. Fun. Just  
you and me, having adventures.

(MORE)

BUAN (CONT'D)

Fighting the bad guys. Like the old days. All the way 'til the end.

Eli stares at the triangle on Buan's chain. The recovery symbol. Eli musters the last bit of strength. Throws Buan over, grabs the chain off her neck.

ELI

You're sick. You know that? God, you're so not fucking sober, why don't you have yourself a fucking DRINK?

She grabs the whiskey bottle. Buan, close lipped, moves her head side to side. Eli makes her drink, but Buan won't swallow. She smiles, pure evil now, whiskey streaming from between her teeth.

Another punch.

BUAN

You could kill me, Eli, but then you'd never know of what became of your beloved little whore.

ELI

(Suddenly frightened)  
Where is she? What did you do to her?

Buan spits.

BUAN

Don't worry. I only kill what I eat... *plus pests.*

Eli looks at Buan, horrified.

She throws Buan back, and starts to run back, sprinting towards the house.

Past the crushed up car.

Up through the woods.

Oh her way, she passes the tree full of dead crows.

INT. BUAN'S HOUSE - ENTRYWAY - NIGHT

Into the house. Up the stairs.

INT. BUAN'S HOUSE - GUEST ROOM - NIGHT



In the bedroom, there's blood on the bed.

ELI  
Oh god, Lily? LILY!

She's not in here. Eli turns towards the mirror. That fucking mirror.

She grabs an expensive looking stone statue and throws it, shattering the glass.

She steps over the frame.

INT. SMALL ROOM - DAY

She's in the small room now. No Lily. When she turns on the light we realize that there are not just one, but many corridors attached to this room. A veritable maze, a house within the house.

She descends the spiral staircase in the wall to the room with the shrine. Classical music plays.

ELI (CONT'D)  
Lily??

All quiet. Then, she notices a little square of bright white plastic poking out from beneath the purple table cloth beneath the shrine.

She pulls away the tablecloth, objects clattering to the ground.

Two white pods, spaceship-like, with windows atop them, have been serving as a makeshift table.

ELI (CONT'D)  
No.

Eli tries to open the bed in front. It's locked. She notices on the side of the bed a little triangle port, like a key entry. She opens her palm: there's Buan's AA necklace that she pulled off her neck. She slots it into the key ring.

It works. The first one opens an exterior, freezer layer that releases cold air. Then an interior layer opens, revealing a zippered bag. Eli takes down the zipper. Grey hair, skin, an eye.

It's a decomposing, rotting corpse. She is nearly knocked onto her back by the smell. A medley of voices drifts into her consciousness:

ELI (V.O.)  
Old Madge. How is she these days?

BUAN (V.O.)  
Oh Madge. Came down a few months ago. Couldn't get a bloody budge on her...

GIRL (V.O.)  
Is the old woman dead too?

BUAN (V.O./FLASHBACK)  
Though I suppose if things get too bad for the family, there are always those Swedish death pods...

Terrified, she slots the key into the second bed. Her hand is shaking.

ELI  
Oh God. Come on come on come on.

She tries again, pushing the key harder into the slot.

Layer one opens.

Layer two doesn't.

ELI (CONT'D)  
Come ON.

She jams the key into the port. It cracks in half and falls to the ground.

ELI (CONT'D)  
No. NO.

Hands shaking, she puts the two pieces together, slot them in. Layer two opens a crack. She pries it the rest of the way, then unzips the bag.

It's Lily. Her face grey.

ELI (CONT'D)  
No.

Eli is vibrating with pain.

ELI (CONT'D)  
Oh my God. What did I do. What did I do.

Then, with a gasp, LILY starts coughing. Sputtering. Clawing her throat. Eli gives her mouth to mouth. Lily takes several deep, difficult breaths.

ELI (CONT'D)

Can you hang onto me? Can you, Lil?

Lily leans her weight onto Eli.

EXT. BUAN'S HOUSE - GROUNDS - NIGHT

Lily and Eli stumble, bloody and badly hurt, out of Buan's safe house and onto her enormous property. The bridge is down. The key, destroyed. The Tesla still snaked around the tree.

There is no way they're getting out of this place.

EXT. BUAN'S HOUSE - GROUNDS - CONTINUOUS

Eli and Lily stumble to the water's edge.

LILY

Wait. Wait. I need to stop.

Eli lies Lily down. Strokes her head. Smooths the hair back. She's barely conscious.

ELI

Boy do I know how to plan a vacation, huh?

Lily chokes back laughter and tears.

LILY

I love you. So much.

ELI

I love you too. I'm gonna get us help. OK? I'm gonna get us help. Will you wait for me?

LILY

I'll try.

Eli kisses her. She approaches the river bank.

She looks out at the deep, tumbling water. Her eyes are wide.

She starts to wade out.

FLASHBACK to the laughing, the dancing, Izzy beckoning...

Eli wades on.

Out to waist deep. The fear paralyzes her. She cannot move.

ELI  
Come on. Come on.

She sees a light in the distance. She dives in and begins to swim.

BUAN (V.O.)  
That story you told. Of what  
happened to Izzy. It was only part  
of the truth, wasn't it? Wasn't it?

Her voice echoes.

Below the water, Eli squeezes her eyes shut, covers her ears, and screams, trying to stop what's about to happen.

A moment of blackness. Silence. Breath. Reprieve. Then, underwater, Eli's eyes snap open.

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK.

EXT. IRISH BEACH - NIGHT

We are back on the beach.

Young Eli is sitting, plastered out of her mind, drinking from a bottle of whiskey and bopping her head to the music out of time, lost to the world in her party of one.

A few feet away, Izzy is being pulled by undertow into the water. Screaming for help whenever she catches air. Screaming Eli's name. Desperate to survive. *Five feet away, Eli gulps booze and stares vacantly in her general vicinity.*

We stay in this scene for an uncomfortably long time. She was right there. Right beside her. Fully conscious. She could have helped. She could have saved her.

When Izzy finally goes under for the final time, everything is still. Eli looks like a wild animal. Utterly and totally lost and alone.

Then, *the sound of fluttering. Like human feathers.*

A woman in black slowly walks onto the beach, and over to Eli.

She places her cupped hands on Eli's face, looking into her crazed eyes. Eli flinches like a dog. Then she looks up.

It is... her. Eli. As an older woman. Her kind, crinkled eyes say: I understand now. I understand. You couldn't help yourself. You were powerless. I forgive you. And I love you.

C/U on young Eli's eyes. A light flickers in the very back of them.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. RIVER - NIGHT

Eli's eyes underwater flickering back to life, as she realizes where she is. She claws her way back to the surface, gasps for air and looks to the other shore. There is still more swimming to do.

On the other side of the beach. A crow caws. More crows land. The sound of the keening women whispering "beagnach ann, beagnach ann, almost there, almost there."

Eli takes a deep lung full of air. Gathers all of her strength. And begins to swim. Just as she does...

AN ARM GRABS ELI FROM BENEATH THE WATER.

Buan. Beneath the surface, Eli kicks and wrestles with everything she's got. But Buan is strong. And she's not going to give up. As they come up together for air:

BUAN

You owe it to me, Eli. YOU OWE ME!

The keening women's song gathers strength. Their chorus, once a warning, now seems to be a beacon.

ELI

Let. Me. GO!

Eli headbutts Buan in the face. LOUD CRACK as Buan's nose breaks. Buan falls back. A strange smile crosses her face.

Underwater, the current takes her. Just like the Goddess Boann of the River Boyne.

Eli resumes swimming. Exhausted now.

She reaches the far side of the river. Tries to stand. Falls over. She has no balance left.

She crawls her way up the side of the bank. To the light in the cottage. Hammers on the bottom of the door. Bangs again.

The door eventually creaks open. It's the house of the shop woman. Eli speaks to her in the old Irish. She, and we, can finally understand it.

ELI (CONT'D)

Cabhraigh linn. Le do thoil.  
Teastaíonn cabhair uainn. Mo bhean  
chéile-  
(Help us. Please. We need help. My  
wife-)

SHOP WOMAN

Micheal, Tomas cabhair liom.  
(Help me.)  
Brostaigh ort! Ar nos na gaoithe.  
(QUICKLY!)

SHOP WOMAN (CONT'D)

(Back to Eli, in broken  
English)  
We tried to warn ye, best we could,  
we did.

The pale little girl appears in a doorway, holding a doll.

Two women haul Eli in by the armpits. Her toes dragging on the ground.

The door closes.

Shaft of bright light shining on the dark ground.

EXT. RIVER - NIGHT

All of the townspeople on little canoes, coming back from Buan's house over the river, Lily and Eli wrapped in blankets, like refugees returning from war. Lily is being administered to by one of the villagers. They look not completely unlike survivors of the Titanic, being shuttled to safety on their little lifeboats.

In the background, the rest of the villagers ransack Buan's house. Emerging from it dragging sacks of grain, tanks of water, baskets of produce. Others light up structures with fire. Throw rocks at windows.

Eli and Lily's eyes are blank.

TITLE CARD: TWO YEARS LATER

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY

The red door of a suburban house. An arm comes into view. Knock knock knock. The sound of a throat clearing.

Lily opens the door. She has a toddler hanging off of her leg, holding a little blanket.

ELI

Hi.

(to the toddler)

Hey you. Look at you. You're an enormous monster!

LILY

Hi. Give me a second.

Lily lifts the little lady onto her hip and carries her upstairs.

LILY (CONT'D)

Brenda! Brenda, Eli's here!

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY

Lily and Eli sitting with cups of tea.

ELI

How have you been?

LILY

OK. OK. You know, completely exhausted...

ELI

Right. Of course.

LILY

But good. Happy. Brenda's been a huge help. Thank you for the... support.

ELI

Don't mention it.

There's a silence.

LILY  
How about you?

ELI  
I'm good. Back in the rooms, you  
know. Getting my head on straight.  
Or, gay.

They laugh.

ELI (CONT'D)  
I've got a little studio in  
Flatbush. It's really convenient to-

Brenda comes in carrying the little girl.

BRENDA  
Sorry, sweethearts, don't mean to  
disturb...

She pours some juice in the background as Eli speaks--

ELI  
You're fine Brenda.  
(Back to Lily)  
It's really convenient to the new  
job, so.

LILY  
That's great. It's going well?

ELI  
Yeah. It really is. Turns out when  
you actually believe in what you're  
doing, it's a bit easier to, you  
know, do it. Answer emails on time  
and the like.

Silence. Brenda leaves. Sun streams in through the window to  
the back porch.

ELI (CONT'D)  
I went to Dublin for a week and,  
um, spent some time with Jamie's  
family.

LILY  
Did you?

ELI  
Yeah. It was good.

Pause.



LILY  
How did they--

Eli trembles.

ELI  
(Holding back tears)  
She, she said that I needed to stop blaming myself? That Izzy wouldn't have wanted it that way. So. Oh, and she apologized for fucking our drains with cooking oil. Buan paid her 50K for it, so I don't really blame-

LILY  
*Fifty thousand dollars?*

ELI  
Yeah.

LILY  
Jesus.

Eli laughs. Beat.

LILY (CONT'D)  
Did they... find her?

ELI  
No. No.

They sit in that for a moment.

LILY  
You know, I've been thinking...

She trails off.

ELI  
About?

LILY  
...The ending of Titanic.

Eli snorts.

LILY (CONT'D)  
Just, if Jack had lived, like if Rose had managed to find some room for him on that floating door that he definitely could have also fit on... do you think they would have stayed together? In the end?

ELI

Oh. I don't know.

(Depressed)

Probably not. Rose was so perfect  
and Jack was such a little dipshit.

LILY

He wasn't a dipshit. And she was...  
uppity and difficult--

ELI

I don't know. I think she was  
pretty perfect.

Pause.

LILY

...Maybe it would have taken them a  
while to work out the kinks. But I  
think they would've been OK. In the  
end.

Eli might just barely touch Lily's pinky with her own. Lily  
lets her.

LILY (CONT'D)

(An idea)

Oh. I know.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY

Buckets and pails, towels and sponges. A makeshift, DIY car  
wash. Eli is giving the little girl, Hope, a ride on her  
shoulders, or blowing crazy bubbles at her, or some  
combination. She is clearly *masterful* with kids. She puts  
Hope down and Hope claps her little hands together.

HOPE

More! Bubbles! More! Bubbles!

LILY

It's her favorite. Washing the car.  
Go figure.

ELI

Guess my genes snuck in there,  
somehow...

Lily and Eli laugh. Lily cups some of the suds in her palm  
and makes a candle out of a finger.

LILY

Oh, here. I made you a cake.

ELI  
That looks... so appetizing.

LILY  
Blow!

ELI  
Seriously? OK...

Eli blows the bubbles and they get all over Lily's face.

ELI (CONT'D)  
Wow, that felt remarkably  
satisfying.

Lily laughs, wipes the bubbles out of her eyes.

They watch Hope play. She rests her head on Eli's shoulder.

LILY  
Happy birthday, weirdo.

ELI  
Thanks.

LILY  
Next year I'll get you a real cake.

ELI  
I'll believe it when I see it. You  
get me a real cake, I'll take you  
on a real vacation...

LILY  
Never again. Never ever again...

They laugh. Hope stomps around in her bubbles. A tattered, torn, not-quite-family, in a burning world, at the beginning of something brand new. The scene fades.

THE END.