

TO LIVE FOR

written by

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**EXT. LAKESIDE PRECIPICE - NIGHT**

It's a beautiful night out. The moon is full, the stars are shining...

Couldn't ask for a better night to kill yourself.

TAYLOR (V.O.)

Dear Mom and Dad,

TAYLOR HIGGINS, 17, stands on the edge of a precipice that extends out over a large lake. She carries several weights, attached to her by a crude rope harness.

TAYLOR (V.O.)

I know this is probably coming as a surprise to you, but I've given it a lot of thought.

Tears streak her makeup.

Taylor leans over the edge, looks into the water - she instinctively steps back, then forces herself to lean over again.

TAYLOR

Oh god.

TAYLOR (V.O.)

This isn't just a spur of the moment thing, this is planned and deliberate.

Shouting in the distance behind her - she doesn't look, just scoots closer to the edge.

She sobs.

TAYLOR

Oh god!

TAYLOR (V.O.)

Please don't blame yourselves. This isn't something you could've prevented.

She looks forward, out towards the sparkling lake.

Closes her eyes.

CUT TO BLACK.

TAYLOR (V.O.)

I'm very sorry. Love, Taylor.

Beat.

Hip hop plays, something good and arrogant.

**INT. SADDLEVIEW HIGH SCHOOL - DAY**

Taylor marches through the hallway. She's the queen bee and she knows it.

Taylor walks past a stream of students pouring out of a classroom.

One of the students, LEN CARTER, 17, falls in line behind her. She'd be a big deal if she wasn't trapped in Taylor's shadow.

They glide through the hallways like royalty. Taylor greets another girl they pass, they laugh, then move on.

They walk past STELLA, 16. Stella only dresses from Goodwill or Salvation Army, but she does it pretty well. In a school without Taylor Higgins, she'd probably be okay.

This school has Taylor Higgins.

TAYLOR

Ooh, Stella, looking good. Nobody makes "thrift store" look "Marshall's" like you.

Len laughs like a good lackey.

Stella puts up a front, but is clearly upset.

STELLA

Suck my dick.

TAYLOR

You couldn't afford me.

STELLA

No, I'm pretty sure I've got some change in the bottom of my backpack.

TAYLOR

Too bad it's not a change of clothes.

Stella rolls her eyes, tries to look nonchalant as she walks away.

Taylor moves on.

**EXT. SADDLEVIEW HIGH SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS**

Outside they're met by HANNAH HIGGINS, Taylor's twin sister. She's got Taylor's confidence without her arrogance.

HANNAH

Hey guys.

TAYLOR

How was Theater?

HANNAH

Theater's Tuesdays and Thursdays.

Taylor laughs, rolls her eyes.

TAYLOR

Then how was... today?

HANNAH

It was good! We're working on...

Her eyes are drawn to WYATT TIMM, 17, the hottest guy in school, hanging out with his friends. He's got a tattoo of a cross on his bicep.

Hannah waves to him. Taylor gives her a suspicious glance.

TAYLOR

(to Wyatt)

Hey babe.

WYATT

Hey Taylor. Hey Hannah. Len.

He turns back to his friends.

Taylor all but leaps on his lap, interrupting them. Wyatt doesn't mind too much.

WYATT

Hi! I'll see you at the game?

TAYLOR

(sarcastic)

No, I'm gonna stay at home and watch my soaps.

She kiss him and moves on. Hannah and Len follow - though Hannah's eyes linger on Wyatt a beat longer.

HANNAH

Tonight?

LEN

The Knights game.

HANNAH

That's tonight?

TAYLOR

You have something else?

HANNAH

Yeah, actually. The science fair is coming up, and-

Taylor groans.

TAYLOR

This is like, the third event in a row you've blown off. You left halfway through our birthday party.

Hannah groans the exact same way as Taylor.

HANNAH

Because you turned it into this big thing and it wasn't my sort of thing.

TAYLOR

Sorry for throwing too good a party.

HANNAH

Whatever.

*Sigh.*

HANNAH

I'll try to grind it out in time to go.

TAYLOR

Really?

Taylor's genuinely happy.

HANNAH

(hopeful)

Yeah, it's whatever. But it'll be a lot easier if I got some help?

TAYLOR

Oh no. No more "twin studies."

HANNAH

That was one time!

Len just makes a face.

LEN

I've got my own homework.

TAYLOR

You're on your own, good-lookin'.

Hannah groans, but Taylor and Len are already walking away.

**INT. TAYLOR'S ROOM - DAY**

Taylor's room is perfectly ordered and arranged. The decor is sleek and modern, and her computer desk is bare but for her laptop and a mug full of pens and pencils.

Taylor collapses on her bed, pulls out her phone. Texts Len.

"I'm so ducking bored"

Beat.

"What are you doooooing."

A response: "wtf look at this." A link is attached.

She pulls up the link. Sees a post from Hannah, 15 minutes ago.

It's a picture of Hannah, at Starbucks, with Wyatt. "Science is for losers #guessimaloser #studybuddies"

TAYLOR

What.

She texts Hannah. "What the hell are you doing with Wyatt?"

Beat. A response.

"You guys wouldn't help so he offered"

"Is this what's happening now? This is your game?"

"I don't even know what you're talking about and I'm busy"

Taylor bolts up. Yells.

She texts Len.

"She is so dead."

**INT./EXT. TAYLOR'S CAR - EVENING**

Taylor and Len arrive at Starbucks. Taylor HONKS.

HONKS again.

**INT. STARBUCKS - CONTINUOUS**

Hannah and Wyatt sit at a table looking at a laptop. Wyatt looks out the window, sees Taylor.

WYATT

Oh, shit, what time is it?

HANNAH

What?

She looks around, sees Taylor too.

HANNAH

It's all good. I'll finish later  
tonight.

But Wyatt's already heading out the door.

**INT./EXT. TAYLOR'S CAR - CONTINUOUS**

Wyatt gets in the back of the car, leans into the front.

WYATT

Hey Taylor. I...

She doesn't acknowledge him. He notices.

WYATT

...Sorry. Lost track of time.

TAYLOR

(You'll pay for this.)

Mmhmm.

He sighs and sits down.

Hannah hops in the car like nothing's wrong.

HANNAH

Hey guys, ready?

Taylor and Len share a look.

**INT. BASKETBALL COURT - NIGHT**

Taylor, Wyatt, Hannah and Len sit on the bleachers  
watching the school basketball game.

Well, most of Taylor's attention is on Hannah, who's just  
a tiny bit too touchy with Wyatt.

**EXT. SADDLEVIEW HIGH SCHOOL - NIGHT**

The four of them leave the school. Hannah is elated.  
Taylor and Len fake it convincingly enough. Wyatt's  
suspicious.

HANNAH

...And then when he went for that  
three-pointer, I was like, "Oh holy  
shit," but it just slid in!

TAYLOR

Aren't you glad you came?

Hannah groans.

HANNAH

Yes, mom.

Taylor smiles. "I told you so."

WYATT

Hey, a bunch of people are going to like Derby's or something, they've got those \$5 appetizers.

Hannah's pumped.

HANNAH

Let's do it!

TAYLOR

Oh wait, Hannah, did you grab your purse?

HANNAH

What? You said you were getting it.

Taylor shrugs.

Hannah rolls her eyes.

HANNAH

I'll be right back.

She goes back inside.

WYATT

That was kind of petty, Taylor, even for-

TAYLOR

Petty nothing. Let's go.

She and Len head towards the car. Wyatt hesitates.

WYATT

...Really?

But he follows.

A long beat.

**INT. DERBY'S SPORTS BAR - NIGHT**

Taylor, Len, and Wyatt sit with a dozen classmates laughing and having a good time.

Taylor's phone rings. She looks at it: MOM. [We'll meet her later, for now we'll call her by her name, CYNTHIA]

Taylor rolls her eyes, excuses herself, and answers.

TAYLOR

Hi mom.

CYNTHIA (O.S.)

What did you do to your sister?

TAYLOR

What do you mean?

CYNTHIA (O.S.)

What do I mean? I just picked up my phone to three messages of her crying, saying you left her at school?

TAYLOR

(trying to sound sincere)

Oh, no! I totally forgot her! She went back for her purse, and-

CYNTHIA (O.S.)

Don't you give me that, I know how you girls get! You go pick her up right now!

TAYLOR

Tell her to take an Uber or something, god!

CYNTHIA (O.S.)

Young lady, if you and your sister are not both home in 30 minutes, I swear to you right now...

Taylor sighs and lowers the phone. Cynthia's voice fades.

Taylor gets Len and Wyatt's attention.

TAYLOR

(ugh, so annoying)

Can you guys get rides? I need to go get Hannah.

WYATT

We're fine. Hey, make sure she knows this wasn't my idea?

Len shoves Wyatt playfully.

LEN

You're such a pussy.

Taylor scowls, puts the phone back to her ear, walks away.

TAYLOR

Uh-huh. Yeah mom.

**EXT. SADDLEVIEW HIGH SCHOOL - NIGHT**

Hannah sits on the curb. She's not crying anymore, but she still looks miserable.

Taylor pulls up.

Hannah doesn't move.

Taylor rolls down the window.

TAYLOR

Get in.

Beat.

TAYLOR

Mom says we have to be home five minutes ago. Get. In.

Beat.

Taylor groans.

TAYLOR

I'm sorry, okay? It was an accident.

Hannah looks up.

TAYLOR

...It wasn't accident, but I am sorry. Can we go?

Hannah stands.

Gets in the car.

TAYLOR

Thank you.

She rolls up the window as she drives off.

SMASH TO BLACK

BEEPING.

SLOW FADE IN:

**INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY**

The BEEPING comes from a medical machine.

Taylor shifts awake in a hospital bed. She looks like somebody beat the shit out of her with a lead pipe. She's

covered in bandages and has a couple tubes sticking out of her.

CYNTHIA HIGGINS, 38, sits next to her, holding her hand. She hasn't slept in a week.

It takes her a second to realize Taylor is awake.

CYNTHIA  
Taylor? Taylor?

TAYLOR  
(quiet, weak)  
...mom...

Cynthia bursts into tears, hugs Taylor.

TAYLOR  
...What happened?

Cynthia can't respond.

TAYLOR  
Mom?

Cynthia sits up. Collects herself as much as she can.

CYNTHIA  
You were... you were in an accident,  
honey. You're lucky to be alive.

Taylor nods; this makes sense.

TAYLOR  
Hannah?

Cynthia does her best not to cry harder.

TAYLOR  
(Oh fuck oh no)  
Hannah?

Cynthia shakes her head.

Taylor coughs out a sob.

TAYLOR  
(This isn't happening)  
Mom?

CYNTHIA  
I'm so sorry. I'm so sorry.

Taylor breaks down.

Cynthia bursts into tears.

CYNTHIA

I'm so sorry. I'm so sorry.

**EXT. HIGGINS' HOUSE - DAY**

Cynthia helps Taylor out of the car while Taylor's father, ANDREW HIGGINS, 38, grabs her crutches from the trunk.

**INT. HIGGINS' KITCHEN - DAY**

Taylor hobbles to the kitchen table, sits down.

Andrew grabs a beer from the fridge and sits next to her.

He thinks... offers it to Taylor.

She shakes her head.

CYNTHIA

Are you hungry? Do you want a sandwich or something?

Taylor's eyes water. She shakes her head.

CYNTHIA

I can get you a drink? Do you want help getting upstairs? I can-

TAYLOR

I'm fine.

ANDREW

Are you sure? Anything at all-

Taylor starts crying.

TAYLOR

Oh my god! I'm fine.

She struggles to her feet. Andrew tries to help her with her crutches, but she pushes him away.

Pushing him destabilizes her, and he has to catch her.

As soon as she's steady, she shrugs him off and hobbles to the stairs.

**INT. TAYLOR'S ROOM - NIGHT**

Taylor lies on her bed, awake, staring at the ceiling.

She looks at the clock. It's 2AM.

She struggles to her feet.

**INT. HANNAH'S ROOM - NIGHT**

Hannah's room is a mess. Papers cover her computer desk and half the floor, and her bed is a mound of blankets and pillows.

There are shelves with pictures and trophies that have been co-opted into being unsorted bookshelves - textbooks stacked on Sarah Dessen novels, with the collected works of H.P. Lovecraft leaning on them.

Taylor tries not to break anything on the floor with her crutches as she makes her way to the bed.

She crawls onto the bed and cries.

**INT. HIGGINS' KITCHEN - DAY**

Cynthia cooks breakfast - ham and eggs. Andrew's just about finished his.

Taylor enters, sits at the table. Cynthia puts a plate in front of her.

TAYLOR

I'm not hungry.

Cynthia hesitates. Shares a look with Andrew.

Andrew shrugs. Cynthia takes the plate back.

ANDREW

We're gonna make you eat eventually.

TAYLOR

I'll be hungry eventually.

Andrew nods.

Cynthia gives a pointed look to Andrew. He nods, coughs.

ANDREW

So. You, uh... you missed the funeral.

Taylor gets misty-eyed, but is otherwise stoic.

ANDREW

We... we recorded it for you, if you want to watch. To be honest, I don't think I would, but...

He's losing it. Cynthia takes over.

CYNTHIA

And we can take you to the...

She takes a breath.

CYNTHIA  
We can take you to the cemetery if  
you want. It's...

Another breath. She looks at Andrew. He shakes his head.

CYNTHIA  
(voice cracking)  
It's the one in Old Town, so it's  
pretty close.

She looks away.

CYNTHIA  
(sotto)  
Jesus.

Taylor still hasn't reacted.

ANDREW  
Do you think that's something you'd  
want to do?

Taylor shakes her head.

ANDREW  
I really think it'd be... I think  
it'd be good for you. Eventually.

TAYLOR  
Then maybe I will eventually! Holy  
shit just leave me alone!

An awkward beat.

Taylor looks at her mom, who's trying really hard not to  
cry.

Taylor cools down. She's still not hungry, but:

TAYLOR  
Maybe just... like, just one egg.

Cynthia hurries to get her plate again.

**INT. CYNTHIA AND ANDREW'S ROOM - NIGHT**

Andrew lies in bed reading "Parenting a Grieving Child."

Cynthia climbs in next to him, snuggles up.

ANDREW  
I think she's in Hannah's room  
again.

Cynthia grunts.

ANDREW

Do you think that's okay? I'm worried that's not okay.

CYNTHIA

They were twins. I can't... I didn't even have a sister.

Andrew sighs.

ANDREW

I don't even know what I'm supposed to do right now.

He cries. Cynthia cries too.

**INT. HANNAH'S ROOM - DAY**

Taylor sits at Hannah's computer, working on a Word document.

Cynthia walks in the open door, knocks as she does.

CYNTHIA

Hey.

TAYLOR

Hey.

Cynthia sits on the edge of the bed. Looks around the room. Taylor's barely touched anything.

CYNTHIA

I think it's time we talked about school.

Taylor sighs, keeps working.

CYNTHIA

First, I want to tell you everything is on the table right now. If you just want to stop now and do another year, we can talk about it. I'm not saying it'll happen, but-

TAYLOR

I want to go back.

Cynthia nods.

CYNTHIA

Okay. That's great. I've already talked to your teachers about homework, and they said-

TAYLOR

They emailed it to me. I'm working  
on it.

She gestures to the computer screen, points at a neat  
stack of papers on top of the mess next to Hannah's  
printer.

Cynthia's surprised.

CYNTHIA

Oh. Okay. Um, that's... that's good,  
I guess.

TAYLOR

So I'll go tomorrow?

CYNTHIA

Yeah! Yeah. But listen, the school  
counselor wants you to know his door  
is always open, and he gave us-

Taylor gives a thumbs-up.

TAYLOR

Cool. Got it.

Beat.

Cynthia starts tidying up some of the stuff on the floor.

Taylor spins around.

TAYLOR

Mom. Seriously. You have to do that  
now?

Cynthia coughs, gets up.

CYNTHIA

Uh... Dinner should be ready in half  
an hour.

Taylor spins back to the computer.

Cynthia leaves.

**INT. SADDLEVIEW HIGH SCHOOL - DAY**

Kids mill about the hallway, the day beginning as usual.

A CLATTERING at the door: It's Taylor, trying to get in  
with her crutches.

Wyatt walks by. Taylor sees him, relaxes some.

TAYLOR

Wyatt, hey. Can you help-

Wyatt looks her in the eyes.

And then he walks away.

The MURMURS and WHISPERS start immediately. Generally people are sorry for her, but it doesn't suck to see her knocked down a couple pegs.

And there are darker whispers, too. "How dare she." "If it were me I think I'd kill myself."

Taylor fumbles her way inside. She hobbles down the hallway, head down, just focused on getting to her locker.

Stella stands next to her locker.

Taylor ignores her, tries to figure out how to get her books into her backpack while on crutches.

Stella groans.

STELLA

Just watching this is exhausting.

She shoves past Taylor, grabs a book.

STELLA

You have, what, math and history first, yeah?

Taylor hesitates.

Stella puts the appropriate books in Taylor's bag.

TAYLOR

I have socks worth more than your entire outfit.

STELLA

And?

Taylor's not used to needing help.

Getting help, sure. But not needing it.

TAYLOR

...This doesn't make us friends.

STELLA

Good. I know what happened to your sister, I'd hate to see what you do to your friends.

What the fuck? Who says that?

STELLA

Shit, Taylor. I'm sorry. That was-  
Taylor's already hobbling away.

**INT. CLASSROOM - DAY**

Taylor clatters into class, over to the back corner.  
There's a KID already sitting in the corner.

TAYLOR

You're in my seat.

The kid looks at her like she's crazy.

KID

I've been here all year.

Taylor just stares at him.

He looks around.

KID

(pleading)

My friends are all back here.

Taylor keeps staring.

He mutters under his breath. Grabs his stuff and moves.

Taylor sits. Stares out the window.

**INT. CAFETERIA - DAY**

Taylor balances her tray and her crutches, facing the cafeteria.

She sees Len, holding court with a group of three other popular girls.

She walks towards her.

Len sees her. Eyes widen. She gives a quick shake of the head.

Taylor stops in her tracks.

Len's already back to laughing with her new friends.

Taylor isn't sure what to do.

**INT. BATHROOM - DAY**

Taylor sits in a bathroom stall, sobbing.  
Someone else walks in. She stops, waits.

They pee in the stall next to her.

Wash their hands.

Leave.

Taylor cries more.

**INT. SADDLEVIEW HIGH SCHOOL - DAY**

Taylor hobbles down the hallway. Sees MR. REED, 55, sweater vest, at the other end of the hallway.

She turns around and tries to hurry around a corner, but he sees her.

MR. REED

Taylor! Hold on a minute!

Taylor sighs. Waits.

Mr. Reed comes up to her.

MR. REED

I've been looking for you all day, Taylor. You doing okay?

TAYLOR

(deadpan)

I'm great.

He misses the sarcasm.

MR. REED

Well, that's wonderful! But listen, Taylor, I'm here for you, anything you need. It doesn't have to be anything serious; if you just want to jabber about the weather, my door is always open, okay?

Taylor grunts.

She tries to move past him.

MR. REED

(stern)

Taylor.

Taylor's a little startled.

MR. REED

My door is always open. Okay?

TAYLOR

...Okay...

Mr. Reed nods, satisfied.

MR. REED

Do you need anyone to help with your books or anything?

TAYLOR

I really gotta get to class.

MR. REED

Sure, sure.

He steps aside, and she moves on past him.

**EXT. SADDLEVIEW HIGH SCHOOL - DAY**

Taylor leaves school. Walks past the steps where Wyatt and his friends are hanging out.

Wyatt stares at her, furious.

Taylor lowers her head and keeps going.

Len suddenly appears next to her.

LEN

Hey, Taylor, how you holding up?

TAYLOR

I-

LEN

Look, sorry about lunch and all, but it's it was Mary's birthday and I didn't want you to, like, bring the mood down, you know?

TAYLOR

...What.

LEN

Yeah, so, maybe we can eat lunch together sometime next week? I'm sure you'd really like that, it'd be good for you to hang out with the old crowd, huh? Cheer up, it gets better!

Len jogs off, leaving Taylor stunned.

Her mom pulls up. HONKS.

**INT./EXT. CYNTHIA'S CAR - DAY**

Taylor slumps in the passenger seat as Cynthia drives.

CYNTHIA

How was it?

Beat.

CYNTHIA

Okay. Listen, if you need-

TAYLOR

Oh my god. I'm not broken.

Cynthia isn't sure how to respond.

TAYLOR

It sucked, okay? School sucks for lots of people. It was weird when I liked it.

CYNTHIA

That's not true. Lots of kids like school.

TAYLOR

Whatever.

CYNTHIA

I know things are hard right now, but-

TAYLOR

They're not hard, okay? They're just school! I don't...

She shifts, faces away.

Cynthia wants to keep talking... but she lets it go.

Beat.

TAYLOR

(quiet)

What happened?

CYNTHIA

What do you mean?

TAYLOR

The accident. I don't... I remember driving away from the school, and then...

A wave of terror washes over Cynthia.

CYNTHIA

It's not... let's leave that in the past, okay?

Taylor notices her mom's reaction.

TAYLOR

Mom, I-

CYNTHIA

It's not gonna change anything.

Taylor nods.

TAYLOR

Okay.

**INT. HANNAH'S ROOM - DAY**

Taylor sits at Hannah's computer. She searches local news: "car accident broomwood street."

She sees an article about the accident.

"No charges for teen who caused fatal accident"

She skims the article.

"...swerved to avoid it, and hit the truck head-on..."

Taylor looks nauseous.

"The driver of the truck, Micah McFarland, died later from his injuries..."

"McFarland leaves behind a wife and two children, ages 6 and 9..."

She gags.

Grabs a trash can and throws up.

**INT. HIGGINS' BATHROOM - DAY**

Taylor stares at herself in the mirror. She's been crying.

She opens the mirror, looks at the bottles of medicine.

She grabs some ibuprofen. Puts it back.

Looks at the cough syrup. Groans.

She pulls out her phone. Types "best medicine suicide".

She hesitates.

Backspaces, clears the search bar.

Beat.

She drops her phone.

Stumbles back to the wall.

Sobs.

**INT. SADDLEVIEW HIGH SCHOOL - DAY**

Taylor moves down the hallway. She's getting used to her crutches now.

She passes Wyatt. Can't meet his gaze.

She gets to her locker. Stella's there again.

Stella sighs.

STELLA

I'm not, like, your helper. But do you need me to get your books again?

Taylor can't look at her. She nods.

STELLA

Uh, you need to open your locker.

Taylor does. Stella grabs her books.

STELLA

Your backpack?

Taylor shrugs it off. It plops to the floor.

Stella sighs... then examines Taylor.

STELLA

Are you... you know. Are you okay?

TAYLOR

You used to...

She's not sure how to ask. Struggles to find the words.

Stella's impatient. She doesn't want to be doing this.

STELLA

I have stuff to do too, you know?

TAYLOR

Do you still... cut yourself?

STELLA

Fuck you.

She drops Taylor's books, turns around.

TAYLOR

Stella!

Stella turns around. She's not pleased.

Taylor looks at her for the first time.

TAYLOR

Did it help?

Beat.

Stella groans.

Picks up Taylor's bag, and the books she dropped. Puts them in. Hands the bag to Taylor.

STELLA

We're not friends.

She walks away.

**INT. CAFETERIA - DAY**

Taylor sits at a table alone, watching Len a few tables away.

An aspiring COOL GIRL notices her. Thinks hard.

She walks over, sits across from Taylor.

Taylor stares at her.

COOL GIRL

Hey. You're Taylor, right? I'm-

Taylor shoves the girl's tray off the table.

The girl is startled. She doesn't know what to do.

Taylor keeps eating.

The girl leaves, tears in her eyes.

Stella sits next to Taylor.

STELLA

That was kind of a dick move.

TAYLOR

I'm kind of a dick.

STELLA

You are what you eat.

Taylor looks at Stella, serious.

TAYLOR

Why are you even talking to me?

STELLA  
Excuse me, your majesty. I didn't  
mean to infringe upon-

Taylor rolls her eyes.

TAYLOR  
(annoyed)  
That's not what I meant.

She doesn't bother elaborating.

Stella sighs.

Sits down.

STELLA  
...Kind of.

TAYLOR  
What does that mean?

STELLA  
It means, it helped, like, while I  
was doing it. But not really before  
or after. I don't... I don't  
recommend it.

Taylor opens her mouth to respond.

STELLA  
-And no, I'm not just saying that so  
you don't do it. I don't care about  
you that much.

Taylor nods.

TAYLOR  
Did you find anything that does?

STELLA  
I get drunk sometimes. I smoked weed  
a few times, but then I smoked,  
like, way too much and threw up now  
I get nauseous just smelling it now.

Taylor nods.

Stella's pained.

STELLA  
But look, my life is... it works for  
me, but you don't want to be like  
that, yeah? You're fuckin' Taylor  
Higgins.

Taylor just looks at her.

Stella sighs.

STELLA  
Whatever. I'm not your mom.

She gets up, walks away.

**INT. HANNAH'S ROOM - NIGHT**

Taylor lounges on Hannah's bed, a half-empty bottle of wine in her hand.

She pokes around on her phone. Takes a swig.

She sighs. Takes a longer swig.

She rolls over, gets off the bed. Sits at Hannah's computer.

She googles "suicide pain"

The top result is the phone number for the Suicide Prevention Hotline.

She plugs the number into her phone.

Chews on her tongue.

Takes a swig of wine.

Stares at her phone.

Puts her phone down.

Googles "does dying hurt"

**INT. HANNAH'S ROOM - MORNING**

Cynthia stares at Taylor and the empty bottle of wine, tears in her eyes.

She picks up the bottle, careful not to wake Taylor.

**INT. MR. REED'S OFFICE - DAY**

Taylor sits with Mr. Reed. He's droning on, and she's bored as shit.

MR. REED  
...But what it really comes down to is one simple decision. So I ask you, Taylor, what are you going to choose?

Taylor sighs.

TAYLOR

I don't know.

MR. REED

Come on, Taylor, that's not an answer.

Groan. Beat.

TAYLOR

Can't I, like, think about it?

MR. REED

What's there to think about, Taylor?  
Do you want to succeed, or don't you?

She rubs her face.

TAYLOR

Fuck it. No. I don't.

Mr. Reed is disappointed in her.

MR. REED

That's not the Taylor Higgins I thought walked into this office. I think you walked in here hoping I could help you.

Taylor groans.

**EXT. SADDLEVIEW HIGH SCHOOL - DAY**

Taylor exits Mr. Reed's office. Stella sees her.

STELLA

Ooh. He got you?

TAYLOR

No. I... I went to him.

Stella cringes.

STELLA

That was a mistake.

Taylor smirks. It's the first time she's smiled since the accident.

TAYLOR

Tell me about it.

STELLA

He's not a dick or anything. He's just out of touch.

TAYLOR

That's one way to put it.

Stella laughs.

STELLA

My cousin swears Mr. Reed is the only reason he's in college. Which, personally? Made me question how bad I wanted to go to college.

Taylor's shoulders bounce in a silent laugh.

Stella gets serious.

STELLA

I was thinking about your question the other day. And look, I don't-

TAYLOR

It's whatever.

Stella gives her a look.

STELLA

You sure?

TAYLOR

We're not friends, right?

Stella thinks.

STELLA

Yeah. Okay.

Beat.

STELLA

But if you, like... shit. Like... I don't have huge social schedule, you know? It'd be easy to pencil you in.

Taylor considers her offer.

**EXT. BEHIND THE SCHOOL - DAY**

Taylor and Stella sit on some steps, skipping class.

STELLA

So can I ask what happened? Is that like, okay?

Taylor just looks at her.

STELLA

Sheesh, whatever.

Taylor sighs.

TAYLOR

I guess a bag or something blew into the road and I thought it'd be better to swerve into oncoming traffic than run over some garbage. Then I... killed everyone. Even the guy I hit died.

STELLA

Shit. Sucks to be him.

TAYLOR

Right?

STELLA

Sucks to be you, too, I guess.

TAYLOR

Yeah, well, it sucked more to be you up until a week ago, so.

Stella snorts.

STELLA

Screw you. I fucked your mom.

TAYLOR

You should get tested.

STELLA

Did you just call your mom a whore?

Taylor smirks.

Stella tries to be comforting.

STELLA

So but like. It's not your fault?

TAYLOR

How is it not my fault?

Stella looks at the ground.

STELLA

I dunno. But you can't blame yourself.

TAYLOR

Not even if it's my fault?

STELLA

Especially if it's your fault. I think you'd snap.

Taylor looks at her feet.

**INT. HIGGINS' KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Taylor, Cynthia and Andrew sit around the dinner table.

CYNTHIA

So you had fun?

TAYLOR

...I dunno. Yeah.

CYNTHIA

What'd you two do? Anything interesting?

Taylor shrugs.

TAYLOR

Not really. Just hung out.

ANDREW

Have I met Stella?

Taylor shakes her head.

CYNTHIA

(I'm hip with the lingo)  
I don't think so. You just started  
"chilling" together, right?

TAYLOR

Oh my gosh, I have a new friend,  
it's so crazy.

She gets up and heads upstairs.

ANDREW

I'm not happy with her attitude. But  
I'm glad she's not just sitting  
alone in her room.

CYNTHIA

I think she's really turned a  
corner.

**INT. HIGGINS' BATHROOM - NIGHT**

Taylor looks at herself in the mirror. Her eyes are red from crying.

She chews on her tongue.

She opens the medicine cabinet. Puts the painkillers inside.

She grabs a safety razor. Closes the cabinet. Sits on the toilet.

She holds the razor to her wrist.

Beat.

She grimaces, pulls the razor back. She examines her body. Her armpits? Too awkward to reach. Her stomach? No.

A thought. She pulls off her pants. Holds the razor to the top of her thigh.

She holds her breath. Slices sideways, leaving a thin, clean cut.

She looks at the blood.

Dabs at it with some toilet paper.

She grabs some antiseptic from the medicine cabinet.

Applies it.

It stings! She winces... but kind of likes it.

She looks at the antiseptic.

Applies a little more.

**EXT. BEHIND THE SCHOOL - DAY**

Taylor and Stella lounge on the steps. Taylor only has one crutch now.

STELLA

I did my wrist once, but it was kind of scary. I still have a tiny scar.

She shows Taylor her wrist: two thin scars cross the bottom of her wrist.

STELLA

After that I switched to my arm, which is why I don't really wear tank tops.

She pulls up her sleeve, revealing a huge series of scars on her bicep.

STELLA

If I was gonna do it again, I'd do it somewhere more hidden. My thighs, maybe. I read one girl cut her boob, which just kind of grossed me out.

TAYLOR

That is nasty.

STELLA

Where did you do it?

TAYLOR

My thigh. Just a little.

Stella nods.

STELLA

Yeah. It's whatever. It help?

Taylor shrugs.

TAYLOR

You ever feel like the only thing  
stopping you from killing yourself  
is being scared you'll screw it up?

Stella shakes her head.

STELLA

I'm more scared of succeeding.

Taylor rolls her eyes.

STELLA

No, that's not... I meant, like...

She sighs.

STELLA

Do you believe in hell?

Taylor raises her eyebrows. Considers.

TAYLOR

I don't... I don't think so.

STELLA

I do. Like, not really? Maybe? But  
enough to scare me.

TAYLOR

I didn't even think about that.

STELLA

Right? Nobody I've talked to has.  
They're all, "What if it hurts?" or,  
"What if it doesn't work and I wind  
up a vegetable or shitting in a bag  
or something?"

Taylor laughs.

TAYLOR

You talk to a lot of people about  
why they don't commit suicide?

Stella's suddenly quiet.

Taylor's suspicious.

TAYLOR

Um?

STELLA

I just meant, like... you know.

TAYLOR

Uh, no, I don't know.

Stella sighs.

STELLA

It's just, like, what you hear or  
whatever.

TAYLOR

Yeah. Sure.

Taylor gets it.

TAYLOR

Oh fuck, Stella. Stella, seriously.

Stella bites her lip.

STELLA

Please don't tell anyone. You more  
than anyone should understand why  
I'd think about it, and-

Taylor holds up a hand.

TAYLOR

Stella. What the hell are you  
talking about?

Stella looks around.

STELLA

It's just this... club.

TAYLOR

What club?

**EXT. PETRA'S HOUSE - DAY**

Taylor and Stella stand outside a small house in a quaint neighborhood. The lawn is completely overgrown and riddled with weeds.

Stella knocks.

Taylor is nervous.

The door opens, revealing PETRA, 38. She takes care of herself about as well as she takes care of her lawn.

STELLA

Hey Petra, this is the girl I was telling you about. Taylor, Petra, Petra, Taylor.

Petra eyes Taylor, nods. Extends her hand.

PETRA

Nice to meet you, I guess. Sorry, I guess.

Taylor shakes her hand.

TAYLOR

Sorry? ...Oh, uh, yeah.

PETRA

Come on in. You're the first here.

They enter the house.

**INT. PETRA'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

In contrast to her yard and herself, the interior of the house is immaculate. You could rub a white glove along any nook or cranny in the house, and the glove would probably get cleaner.

Taylor and Stella slip their shoes off, sit on a sofa.

PETRA

Can I get you something to drink? I have coffee, tea, lemonade...?

TAYLOR

I'm okay.

STELLA

I'll have some lemonade.

PETRA

Sure.

Petra heads to the kitchen. Taylor's kind of freaking out, and Stella notices.

STELLA

You doing alright?

TAYLOR

I don't know. I just, maybe this was a mistake.

STELLA

Relax. Nobody's going to expect you to do anything. We just kind of sit and talk about it.

TAYLOR

Nobody's actually done it?

STELLA

No. And we've been meeting for like, six months. So chill.

That relaxes Taylor - and confuses her.

Petra returns with a lemonade for Stella and some coffee for herself. She hands Stella the lemonade, then sits across from her and Taylor.

As soon as she sits, someone KNOCKS on the door.

She gets up, answers it.

It's RYAN, 18. He's got short, curly hair, and wears a nerdy T-shirt. He enters.

PETRA

Ryan, this is Stella's friend, Taylor.

RYAN

Hey.

TAYLOR

Uh, hi.

RYAN

So what brings you here?

He laughs to himself, but Stella and Petra both give him dirty looks.

TAYLOR

Uh...

STELLA

God, Ryan.

RYAN

(not sorry)

Sorry.

STELLA

Gil is usually late, so, this is  
everyone for now.

TAYLOR

Okay.

Ryan sits down.

Beat.

TAYLOR

What, uh... what normally happens  
here?

PETRA

Not much. We just kind of... talk  
about things.

TAYLOR

Like...

Ryan groans.

RYAN

Like, sleeping pills is a no-go.

Petra's disappointed.

PETRA

What happened?

RYAN

My mom's friends talked her into  
some weird herbal thing, and it's  
working.

PETRA

That really sucks.

STELLA

(to Taylor)

Ryan was gonna steal his mom's  
sleeping pills for Petra to OD on.

RYAN

The Doctor was ready to diagnose  
barbiturates.

PETRA

What am I supposed to do now?  
Everything is falling through.

Ryan shrugs.

RYAN

I'm telling you, a gun is the way to go.

Petra shudders.

PETRA

No, that's not happening.

STELLA

Shut up, Ryan. You're just saying that because you don't have a gun, and you're too chicken to consider anything that might actually happen.

RYAN

Screw you. I notice you haven't tried anything lately.

Stella rolls her eyes.

The door swings open, and GIL, 20, walks in. He has the thinnest, patchiest beard you've ever seen.

GIL

Great news!

They look at him.

He looks at Taylor.

GIL

Oh, uh.

TAYLOR

I'm Taylor. I'm... just visiting.

He takes a second. Nods.

GIL

Yeah, okay. I'm Gil.

He collapses into a chair.

PETRA

So what's the news?

GIL

I have \$200 worth of heroin.

STELLA

Holy shit.

RYAN

No way!

Taylor is uncomfortable.

GIL

That's right.

TAYLOR  
You didn't bring it here?

Gil sighs.

GIL  
(air quotes)  
Well, I don't "have it" have it yet.  
But I know a guy who can get it for  
me.

Stella rolls her eyes.

PETRA  
\$200? How much is that?

GIL  
It's a gram, but it's good stuff.  
Probably only need a third of that  
to OD. I'll use half, one of you can  
have the other half.

PETRA  
And how do you know it's the good  
stuff? You have so much experience  
with heroin?

Gil rolls his eyes.

GIL  
No, but I trust the guy.

PETRA  
He's a friend?

GIL  
...Of a friend. But he's-

PETRA  
Great. So we would have to trust  
the friend, of a friend, of a  
friend. What if he cut it with  
something and it doesn't work?

Gil loses confidence.

GIL  
You don't think he'd do that?

PETRA  
He definitely would. Don't you know  
anything?

GIL  
I guess I just I don't know the  
underworld like you do, Petra!

Taylor walks outside.

Stella follows her. The others keep arguing.

**EXT. PETRA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Taylor sits on the front steps. Stella sits next to her.

TAYLOR

So is that, like, normal?

Stella shrugs.

STELLA

The whole thing devolving into Gil and Petra arguing while Ryan and I just watch? Pretty much.

TAYLOR

No, I mean... uh, heroin.

STELLA

Oh. No, this is... we've talked about it. It's a... pretty effective method. Supposedly.

Taylor nods.

TAYLOR

Yeah, but... I wouldn't want people to think that I... you know.

STELLA

Did heroin.

TAYLOR

Yeah.

STELLA

I guess that's what the note's for.

TAYLOR

Well, if you leave one.

Stella makes a face.

STELLA

What kind of asshole wouldn't leave a note?

TAYLOR

Uh, someone who's kind of overwhelmed and doesn't know how to function?

STELLA

No. Not an excuse. If you don't leave a note, nobody's going to know what happened or why. They'll all blame themselves.

Taylor turns away.

TAYLOR

Let 'em. Walk a mile in my shoes.

Stella hesitates.

STELLA

Are you...?

Beat.

STELLA

Let's go see if we can get Gil and Petra to shut up, yeah?

TAYLOR

I'm just gonna chill out here a bit longer.

STELLA

Okay.

Stella heads back inside.

**INT. HIGGINS' KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Taylor and Cynthia work on the dishes together.

TAYLOR

Wait, what are you doing?

CYNTHIA

I'm... cleaning a pan?

TAYLOR

Hannah and I always did the big ones first.

CYNTHIA

Okay, I'll just finish this one and-

TAYLOR

No, do it right or don't do it at all. We liked to stack everything, and that doesn't work if you're putting big things on small things.

CYNTHIA

I'm gonna do it right, I just-

TAYLOR

No, you're screwing it all up!  
Hannah never-

CYNTHIA

(close to breaking)  
I'm not Hannah, okay?!

TAYLOR

I wish you were! Better yet, I wish  
I was her, and she was me, so I  
could be dead and she'd be the one  
dealing with you!

CYNTHIA

Yeah, sure sucks to be you!

TAYLOR

Fuck you!

Taylor storms off.

Cynthia yells at nothing, tears in her eyes.

**INT. HIGGINS' BATHROOM - NIGHT**

Taylor sits on the toilet in her underwear, two fresh cuts on her thigh, laptop on the sink. She's been crying.

She types in a Word document.

TAYLOR

I, Taylor... no.

Backspace backspace backspace.

TAYLOR

Dear friends and family. I'm sorry  
to do this...

Backspace backspace backspace.

TAYLOR

I know you must have questions...

**INT. TAYLOR'S ROOM - DAY**

Taylor sits at her desk; Stella sits on Taylor's bed.

STELLA

No, it's nice, I like it.

TAYLOR

You should see Hannah's room. It's a  
mess. She was always-

Taylor chokes up. Coughs.

TAYLOR

She was disorganized.

Stella deliberately changes the subject.

STELLA

So like, the other day. The way you talked about notes.

Taylor groans.

STELLA

Are you planning on... you know?

TAYLOR

I don't know! No. Yes. What do you care?

STELLA

I don't! I just...

Stella coughs.

STELLA

If you were... would you be working on a note?

TAYLOR

I don't know. "Working on it" would be a little strong. Brainstorming, more like.

Stella treads carefully.

STELLA

So you're, like... you're really gonna.

TAYLOR

It's just good to be prepared, you know?

STELLA

I guess, yeah.

TAYLOR

What about you? What's your note like?

Stella shakes her head.

STELLA

I haven't... like, I've thought about it a bit.

TAYLOR

You haven't even started? But you were the one who was saying how important it is!

STELLA

I know! I'm just not planning on... doing it yet, you know?

Taylor's surprised.

TAYLOR

Oh. I guess I thought... with the group, and all...

STELLA

Yeah, no, no. We've been getting together for a few months now. I guess since the start of the school year. There's no rush.

Taylor's... disappointed?

TAYLOR

I figured you were, like, all gonna drink some hemlock together in a week or two.

Stella laughs.

STELLA

What? God, no. Personally, I don't think Petra even wants to do it. I think she started threatening it for attention and then was too stubborn to stop.

TAYLOR

Attention from who? Where do you even know her from?

STELLA

I don't know her. Or, like, I know her through the group. But she talks a lot about how "they'll miss me when I'm gone" and stuff.

TAYLOR

Did she start the group?

STELLA

Yeah, I guess it was her and Gil, sort of a suicide pact thing that they kept procrastinating about. Then Ryan and me came later.

TAYLOR

Weird. So you, like... you guys have no plans or anything.

Stella shrugs.

STELLA

Not, like, together.

TAYLOR

I guess I just thought that was the point of the group.

STELLA

I mean, it is.

TAYLOR

If you say so.

CYNTHIA (O.S.)

Girls! Dinner!

TAYLOR

(yelling)

Coming!

Taylor walks to the door. Hesitates.

TAYLOR

Um. You're not gonna, like...

She hesitates. She knows it's a stupid question, but she has to ask.

TAYLOR

...Tell my parents or anything?

Stella stares at her for a beat, incredulous.

STELLA

No!

She pushes past Taylor.

**INT. HIGGINS' KITCHEN - EVENING**

Taylor, Stella, Cynthia and Andrew eat dinner.

STELLA

Mrs. Higgins-

CYNTHIA

Call me Cynthia.

STELLA

Okay, Cynthia. Taylor was telling me you work at the aquarium?

Cynthia nods.

STELLA  
That's so cool!

CYNTHIA  
It's not that cool. I just give the tours.

STELLA  
Yeah, but you still work at the aquarium! Do you get to swim in the tanks?

Cynthia laughs.

CYNTHIA  
No, nothing like that. But what about you? Are you interested in oceanography, then?

STELLA  
Nah, I just like the ocean and shit.  
Stuff!

Taylor snorts. Cynthia overlooks Stella's slip-up.

ANDREW  
What are your favorite subjects?

TAYLOR  
You don't have to give her the third degree!

ANDREW  
I'm not interrogating her, I'm just asking-

STELLA  
It's fine. I like history, but my best grades are in math.

ANDREW  
Oh, yeah? Hannah was...

He trails off, then acts like he was never speaking.

An awkward beat.

TAYLOR  
Oh my god. Hannah existed. We don't have to pretend she didn't.

A more awkward beat. Nobody knows what to say.

ANDREW  
I know she existed.

TAYLOR

Then finish your thought! "Hannah  
was into history too."

ANDREW

Don't take that tone, Taylor. This  
isn't an easy-

TAYLOR

I'll take whatever tone I want! You  
can't-

CYNTHIA

(yelling at Taylor)

Hannah!

She freezes. She called her the wrong name.

Cynthia fights back tears.

Taylor's frozen. Stella looks around the room.

Andrew puts his hand on Cynthia's. She takes a breath.

CYNTHIA

We have company.

A beat. Everyone goes back to eating.

**INT. PETRA'S LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Taylor, Stella, Gil, and Petra sit around the living room.

PETRA

I actually have several notes. I  
wrote a letter to each of my  
immediate family members and to a  
couple close friends, and then I  
have a note I want read at my  
funeral.

GIL

Good grief. Kinda seems like  
overkill, doesn't it? Like, the only  
purpose of a note is to let people  
know it wasn't an accident.

STELLA

What? No! It's to let people know it  
wasn't their fault! I don't want my  
parents to go the rest of their  
lives thinking there was something  
they could've done.

GIL

You really think there wasn't  
anything they could've done?

Stella squirms a little.

STELLA

I mean, I dunno. Maybe. But I don't blame them or anything.

TAYLOR

Guys! That wasn't the point!

Everyone looks at her.

TAYLOR

I meant, like. Who has one written already? And, who needs help writing theirs?

Gil shrugs.

GIL

I don't have one, but it's just gonna be a sentence or two.

STELLA

Is it really that urgent?

TAYLOR

No, but like... I don't know about you, but I don't come here for the uplifting conversation. I...

She coughs. It's harder than she thought to say the next part.

TAYLOR

I have a goal... and I'm gonna, you know. Work towards it.

Stella's taken aback.

STELLA

Um... yeah, no, I get you, but...

PETRA

I'd be happy to let any of you look at mine if you want.

TAYLOR

Let's try to have at least a rough draft of our notes together so we can discuss them next time. That sound reasonable?

Everyone but Stella nods.

## INT. SADDLEVIEW HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Taylor walks down the hallway. Mr. Reed sees her and stops her.

MR. REED  
Taylor! Excuse me!

Taylor rolls her eyes, walks to him.

MR. REED  
I understand you've had a rough school year, but I feel like we need to get together to discuss your growing number of absences.

TAYLOR  
I don't.

MR. REED  
I understand that, but I'm afraid I'm going to have to insist.

TAYLOR  
Why?

Mr. Reed is flustered.

MR. REED  
Well, because, you, it's important for you to stay in school!

TAYLOR  
Given that I'll have killed myself by the end of the year, I really don't think it matters.

Mr. Reed's eyes bug out of his head. He's too flabbergasted to respond.

Taylor walks away. Reaches her locker, and Stella.

STELLA  
Hey.

TAYLOR  
(groaning)  
Hey.

STELLA  
You okay?

TAYLOR  
I just screwed up.

STELLA  
How so?

TAYLOR

I told Mr. Reed I was planning to  
kill myself.

STELLA

WHAT.

TAYLOR

I meant it to sound like a joke!

STELLA

You can't joke with Mr. Reed!  
Especially when...

She looks around.

STELLA

(quiet)

...Especially when you're not  
joking!

TAYLOR

I know! I know.

STELLA

He's gonna tell your parents. For  
starters.

TAYLOR

No, don't say that. Ugh. I should go  
talk to him.

STELLA

You need to go talk to him. Shit.

Taylor groans. Looks back towards Mr. Reed's office.

**INT. MR. REED'S OFFICE - DAY**

Taylor barges in to see Mr. Reed hanging up the phone.

MR. REED

Taylor! I just got off the phone  
with your parents. I'm glad you're  
ready to talk about-

TAYLOR

Ssssshhit.

MR. REED

I understand this is an emotional  
issue, Taylor, but that doesn't call  
for such crude language.

TAYLOR

Fuck you.

MR. REED  
Insults don't help anyone, Taylor.

TAYLOR  
It was a joke! I was joking!

MR. REED  
Taylor, suicide is not a joking  
matter! I am glad you came to me for  
help, but-

TAYLOR  
I didn't come to you for help! It  
was a joke! Oh my god.

MR. REED  
I'm not laughing, Taylor.

TAYLOR  
So it was a bad joke!

MR. REED  
Now, Taylor-

TAYLOR  
Oh my god stop saying my name.

She presses her fingers to her temples.

TAYLOR  
This is a nightmare. I'm living in a  
nightmare.

MR. REED  
I know things seem hard right now,  
Taylor. But I promise you we are  
going to do everything we can to  
help you through this.

Taylor looks like her head is about to explode.

**EXT. SADDLEVIEW HIGH SCHOOL - DAY**

Cynthia drives up to the school to see an absolutely  
MISERABLE Taylor sitting on the curb, with Mr. Reed  
standing next to her.

**INT./EXT. CYNTHIA'S CAR - DAY**

Cynthia drives. Taylor looks somewhat more relaxed.

TAYLOR  
No. Mom. I swear. Mr. Reed doesn't  
know how to take a joke. That's  
all.

CYNTHIA

You swear?

TAYLOR

Cross my heart and hope to... live.

Cynthia snorts. Looks at her.

CYNTHIA

Okay. Okay. I did find it a little difficult to believe, especially with all the new friends you've been making.

Taylor looks out the window.

CYNTHIA

But listen, you're... You've been through a lot, and if you want to... get help, or something-

TAYLOR

Help?

CYNTHIA

I don't know. See a therapist or something. Your father and I probably should. What do you think?

TAYLOR

Like, with you and dad?

CYNTHIA

No!

She laughs.

CYNTHIA

Unless you wanted?

TAYLOR

No!

Cynthia laughs again.

CYNTHIA

Think about it, okay?

Taylor nods.

**INT. PETRA'S BACKYARD - DAY**

It's a beautiful day. Gil, Ryan, and Stella throw a frisbee around while Petra and Taylor sit on lawnchairs, watching.

TAYLOR

Can I ask you something?

PETRA

Shoot.

TAYLOR

Have you ever considered, like,  
seeing a doctor?

Petra shakes her head.

PETRA

They won't prescribe you anything  
dangerous without-

TAYLOR

No no no. I meant, like, a  
psychiatrist.

Petra laughs.

PETRA

Oh, no, honey. I don't want some  
quack telling me all my problems  
come from me being attracted to my  
father when I was in diapers.

TAYLOR

You don't think it'd help at all.

PETRA

No. Definitely not. Nobody will ever  
know the inside of your head better  
than yourself.

Taylor nods.

TAYLOR

I guess, yeah.

PETRA

No "I guess." It's like this:  
suppose, you did nothing but talk  
about yourself for a week straight.  
Do you really think I could tell you  
anything about yourself you didn't  
already know? Everything I know  
about you is stuff you told me!

TAYLOR

Yeah.

PETRA

And a therapist isn't going to let  
you talk to them for a week  
(MORE)

PETRA (CONT'D)  
straight. Try an hour every other  
week. How can they know anything  
about you?

TAYLOR  
I never thought about it like that.

PETRA  
Most people don't. They like  
thinking someone else can solve  
their problems.

She shifts to stare right at Taylor.

PETRA  
But they can't. The only person who  
can solve your problems is you.  
Remember that.

She settles back into her chair.

PETRA  
And if you've got a problem that can  
only be solved one way, nobody can  
fault you for solving it that way.  
Just the way it is.

Taylor thinks. Nods.

TAYLOR  
Thanks. I think I needed to hear  
that.

PETRA  
Sure.

**INT. TAYLOR'S ROOM - NIGHT**

Taylor stands in front of her closet. She looks at a  
couple bathing suits.

TAYLOR  
I don't even...

She pulls out her phone.

Texts Stella: "You up?"

Beat.

Stella responds: "Yeah."

Taylor calls Stella.

**INT. STELLA'S ROOM - NIGHT**

Stella's room is too dark right now to see much, but it's pretty cramped. Stella lies on her bed.

STELLA

Hello?

**INTERCUT BETWEEN TAYLOR AND STELLA**

TAYLOR

Okay so like. If you're killing yourself in the tub. Are you naked?

Stella laughs.

STELLA

What?

TAYLOR

Like, you're in the bath, so are you naked?

STELLA

No!

TAYLOR

Then what are you wearing? A swimsuit? Are you just fully dressed in the tub?

Stella laughs more.

STELLA

I've never really thought about it. Hah! I guess you're dressed? Why are you calling about...

A heavy beat.

STELLA

Oh, fuck.

TAYLOR

No. No!

Taylor fakes a laugh.

TAYLOR

I was just, having trouble sleeping. That's all.

STELLA

Yeah?

TAYLOR

Yeah.

STELLA

I don't think I could kill myself  
that way anyway. To float in a tub  
of blood...

She shudders.

STELLA

But I'd never thought about what I'd  
wear.

She laughs.

STELLA

You're right. I can't think of an  
option that's not kind of weird.

TAYLOR

Right? There's no good way!

She closes the closet.

**INT. CLASSROOM - DAY**

Taylor sits in the back of the class, staring at her phone.

Wyatt sits in front, paying attention.

The TEACHER looks over the class. Lands on Taylor.

TEACHER

Taylor.

Beat.

The teacher rolls her eyes.

TEACHER

Taylor!

Taylor looks up, very casual.

She decides doesn't give a shit.

She looks back at her phone.

TEACHER

How about you, Olivia?

Wyatt looks back at Taylor.

**INT. SADDLEVIEW HIGH SCHOOL - DAY**

Taylor is the first one leaving the classroom. Wyatt pushes to catch up with her.

WYATT

Hey, Taylor.

Taylor looks at him. Tenses up.

TAYLOR

Yeah?

WYATT

What's with you?

Taylor walks away.

Wyatt jogs to keep up.

WYATT

No, wait, that's not what I meant.

Taylor sighs, stops. Faces him.

WYATT

Just, like... it sucks to see you like this.

TAYLOR

(extreme sarcasm)

I'm sorry, it must be very hard for you.

Wyatt groans.

WYATT

Look. I know I... I didn't handle things great. And I'm sorry, okay?

TAYLOR

You blame yourself for me.

WYATT

I mean. Kinda.

Taylor laughs.

TAYLOR

You vastly overestimate how much your opinion ever mattered to me.

Wyatt doesn't believe her, but it hurts anyway.

WYATT

Whatever. But if you want to hang out sometime-

Taylor walks away.

Wyatt sighs. Walks the other way.

Len walks up to him, takes his arm.

Taylor peeks behind her the same time Wyatt looks back. She sees him with Len, and he sees her see him. He's a little panicked about it, but there's nothing he can do, now.

Taylor ducks into a corner and cries.

**INT. PETRA'S LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Taylor stands, addressing everyone else.

TAYLOR

I don't know about you guys, but I'm tired. I'm tired of waiting. I'm tired of being scared. I'm ready to just be done.

GIL

We're all tired. That's, like, the reason we're here.

Taylor shakes her head.

TAYLOR

No. That's why we met, but you're here all the time just to fantasize about all your troubles being over while coming up with excuses and reasons why you shouldn't actually end them. I think it's time to do it.

Everyone shifts uncomfortably.

TAYLOR

Everything I've read says drowning is peaceful and painless. It's easy to do, there's no mess, no pain, and it's fast. I vote we all go on a camping trip this weekend.

Panic on Stella's face. Everyone else is taken aback too.

STELLA

This weekend?

TAYLOR

Why wait?

STELLA

What's the rush?

TAYLOR

There's no rush! There's clearly no  
(MORE)

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

rush! How long have you guys been getting together? I've been coming for, what, two months now?

Murmurs.

TAYLOR

I'm not trying to pressure anyone into anything. But if you actually want to kill yourself, I think it's time to stop pussyfooting.

Her face... opens. We see the exhaustion.

TAYLOR

I'm just so fucking tired, you guys. I'm done.

Petra nods.

PETRA

I... I'm done too. I'm in.

RYAN

I'll do it.

GIL

Count me in.

Beat. They look at Stella.

STELLA

(to herself)

Fuck. What the fuck.

TAYLOR

Nobody's making you do anything.

STELLA

Nobody else thinks this is fast?

She looks around. Maybe somebody else does, but none of them say anything.

TAYLOR

You don't have to decide now.

STELLA

Nobody has to decide now. That's what I'm-

TAYLOR

No, you're totally right. But I can call the campground and get things set up for everyone who decides to do it?

She looks around the room. Unenthusiastic nods.

TAYLOR

Okay. I'll call the campground.

**INT. HIGGINS' LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Andrew watches TV.

Taylor walks in, trying very hard to be casual.

TAYLOR

Hey dad?

ANDREW

Hm?

TAYLOR

Is it cool if me and some friends go camping this weekend?

ANDREW

What? Camping? Since when have you been into camping?

Taylor shrugs.

TAYLOR

Just trying it out.

Andrew gives her a look. He doesn't really buy it.

ANDREW

There'll be boys, too?

Taylor thinks for a beat.

TAYLOR

No.

Andrew shakes his head.

ANDREW

You're lying.

Taylor groans.

TAYLOR

Okay yeah but it's not like that!

Andrew laughs.

ANDREW

I'm sure.

TAYLOR

Daaaaad.

ANDREW

Go whine to your mother, I don't  
want to hear it.

Taylor stomps out of the room.

**INT. HIGGINS' OFFICE - NIGHT**

Cynthia sits at a computer in her organized office.

Taylor barges in.

TAYLOR

Dad won't let me go camping with my  
friends.

Cynthia doesn't look up.

CYNTHIA

And he didn't say why?

TAYLOR

Just because some of the friends are  
guys!

Cynthia sighs, looks at her.

CYNTHIA

What guys?

TAYLOR

Just some of Stella's friends.  
They're the ones with the tents, we  
can't camp without them.

CYNTHIA

Why are you even interested in  
camping? We went camping once and  
you hated it.

TAYLOR

I was twelve! I just want to try it  
out again!

Cynthia thinks.

CYNTHIA

How old are these boys?

She thinks fast.

TAYLOR

They're, uh, like, freshmen.

CYNTHIA

You're going camping with freshmen?

TAYLOR

They're Stella's next-door  
neighbors, they've been friends for  
like forever. They're whatever.

CYNTHIA

I'm not saying you're lying. But I  
think you know how this sounds.

Taylor groans.

TAYLOR

If we wanted to... you know, we  
wouldn't need to go camping.  
Stella's parents are never home. We  
could do whatever we wanted there.

CYNTHIA

Oh, that's comforting.

Taylor makes a face. Please?

Cynthia sighs.

CYNTHIA

I will talk to your father. But  
I'm not-

TAYLOR

Thank you! You're the best!

Cynthia rolls her eyes, smiles.

**EXT. BEHIND THE SCHOOL - DAY**

Taylor and Stella laugh behind the school.

STELLA

Right? I mean, I'm still not sure or  
anything, but it is freeing. I was  
all worried about finals and then  
realized, "Oh wait, I could  
literally never have to take another  
test in my life."

TAYLOR

Exactly! We don't have to do  
anything we don't want to do. And we  
can do everything we do want to do.

STELLA

But I mean, what do you want to do?

TAYLOR

What?

STELLA

Like, this is your last chance to...  
do whatever.

TAYLOR

Oh. Yeah. I guess. I hadn't thought  
about it. Do you... is there stuff  
you want to do?

Stella squirms.

STELLA

I dunno. Maybe. I've never been to  
Disney World.

TAYLOR

Hannah was a big Disney buff. I  
think she could recite the entire  
script of Mulan from memory.

She looks at her feet. Hugs her knees.

Beat.

STELLA

Um... I have Mulan.

**INT. STELLA'S ROOM - DAY**

Taylor and Stella sit on Stella's bed, watching Mulan on  
an old TV.

The movie ends, and Stella turns on the lights.

Taylor's crying. Once the lights are on, she looks away.

TAYLOR

Shit. I'm sorry.

Taylor gets herself under control.

Stella isn't sure what to do.

TAYLOR

I just... I miss her. No big deal.

STELLA

You'll...

Stella puts a hand on her shoulder.

STELLA

You'll... I guess you'll see her  
soon, though, yeah? Like, Friday  
night.

(muttered to herself)

Jesus, this Friday.

TAYLOR

You really think so? You don't think... I've kind of been hoping everything will just... stop.

STELLA

If I didn't think I'd see my grandma again, I don't think I'd be interested.

TAYLOR

Yeah?

STELLA

Yeah.

TAYLOR

I guess it'd be nice.

STELLA

Do you think... if there is a heaven. Do you think we'll still be friends?

TAYLOR

What? Of course we will. Isn't everyone friends in heaven?

STELLA

Well, but like, before the-

She stops herself, coughs.

STELLA

Before, you and I didn't exactly get along.

TAYLOR

I didn't know you then. I know you now.

She puts a hand on Stella's shoulder.

TAYLOR

I don't know that I think there'll be anything. But if there is, I think we'll all get along. And Petra and everybody too.

STELLA

Yeah...

TAYLOR

Now come on. We did this for me. What's something you want to do?

STELLA

I dunno. I'm alright.

TAYLOR

There's gotta be something.

STELLA

I guess... okay, it's kind of silly.

TAYLOR

Nothing's silly.

**INT. MCDONALD'S - DAY**

Stella stands in front of the menu, staring at it in awe. Taylor stands next to her, staring at her. It's kind of slow right now, so the CASHIER just stands there staring at both of them.

Beat.

TAYLOR

...Are you gonna order?

STELLA

I always thought it was just happy meals. I thought kids got happy meals and adults got Big Macs.

TAYLOR

You've never even... Like, have you seen a commercial for McDonalds?

STELLA

How do I know what toy I'll get in the happy meal?

TAYLOR

Don't ask me. I'm allowed to eat here doesn't mean I choose to.

The cashier coughs.

Stella looks at him, startled.

CASHIER

There's a thing.

He points to a little display of all the possible toys.

Stella's eyes widen and she rushes over to it.

When she gets there, though, she's disappointed.

Taylor walks up behind her.

STELLA

Oh. I guess I thought it was like,  
real toys. This is just...

She sighs.

TAYLOR

So...

STELLA

I think I want this one, but I'd be  
happy with any of these three.

Taylor rolls her eyes, laughs.

**INT. TAYLOR'S ROOM - NIGHT**

Taylor sits on her bed, using her laptop.

On her screen is a CONFIRMATION for renting CAMPGROUND 6.

She swallows. The weight of what's coming hits her.

She breaks down into tears.

Cynthia's voice is distant; she's knocking on the door to Hannah's room, not Taylor's.

CYNTHIA (O.S.)

Taylor?

Taylor's door opens. Cynthia sees Taylor crying.

CYNTHIA

Oh, honey...

Cynthia hugs her.

Taylor breaks down even more.

TAYLOR

(sobbing)

I just... miss her... so much.

Cynthia cries too.

CYNTHIA

I know, honey. I miss her too.

TAYLOR

But it's... it's my fault she-

CYNTHIA

Oh, no no no no no...

Taylor buries her face in her mom's shoulder.

They cry together for a while.

**INT. SADDLEVIEW HIGH SCHOOL - DAY**

Taylor and Stella stand in front of their lockers.

STELLA

Are you sure? I mean, if tomorrow is  
our... you know. Shouldn't we be  
doing something fun?

TAYLOR

What's the point? If there's a  
heaven we'll have more fun there. If  
there's not, we won't remember.

STELLA

And if there's a hell, we'll be  
miserable anyway.

Taylor grimaces.

TAYLOR

Right now, I just want everything to  
go smoothly. I don't want to risk  
anything getting upset.

Stella sighs. Nods.

STELLA

Yeah. I guess.

Mr. Reed walks by. Sees them.

STELLA

Oh no.

MR. REED

Taylor, there you are!

Taylor closes her eyes. Takes a breath. Turns to face him.

TAYLOR

Hey, Mr. Reed.

MR. REED

We need to talk.

STELLA

I'll just...

She tries to walk away, but Mr. Reed stops her.

MR. REED

Actually, this concerns you, too,  
Stella.

STELLA

Oh boy.

**INT. MR. REED'S OFFICE - DAY**

Taylor and Stella sit in front of Mr. Reed's desk. Mr. Reed sits on his desk in a failed attempt to seem casual.

MR. REED

Your teachers have been telling me about all the classes you've missed. Do you want to talk about that?

TAYLOR

It won't happen again. We promise.

Mr. Reed shakes his head.

MR. REED

It can't happen again. Your grades have been slipping, both of you. There's been enough of a drop that school policy is to contact your parents.

Their faces erupt in panic, but neither of them says anything.

MR. REED

We haven't yet, because I said not to.

Panic is replaced by confusion.

TAYLOR

Why?

MR. REED

Because, Taylor, I know you're going through a lot.

Mr. Reed's carefully casual exterior cracks a little. He looks like a real person for once.

MR. REED

I can imagine school isn't terribly high on your list of priorities, and you know what? I would probably feel the same way in your position.

He turns to Stella.

MR. REED

And you, Stella. You've missed the occasional class before, but you kept your grades up. The difference  
(MORE)

MR. REED (CONT'D)  
now, I imagine, is you being there  
for Taylor. Which, frankly, is  
behavior I'd like to encourage.

Stella and Taylor look at each other: is this really  
happening?

MR. REED  
Now, I can't let this continue.  
There are hard limits on the number  
of classes a student can miss and  
still pass. And even if there  
weren't, you're both in danger of  
failing a class or two.

Stella stares at the floor.

TAYLOR  
We understand.

STELLA  
...Thank you.

MR. REED  
Remember. If you need help, we can  
get it for you. It doesn't have to  
be me.

Taylor nods.

Beat.

TAYLOR  
Um...

MR. REED  
Yes, you can go now.

Taylor gets up. Stella follows, slower.

**INT. SADDLEVIEW HIGH SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS**

They leave the office and walk down the hallway.

STELLA  
That was... weird.

TAYLOR  
He talked like a real person.

STELLA  
Right? Kinda makes me feel bad  
about... you know.

Taylor grabs Stella's shoulders.

TAYLOR

No no no. Look at me. You can't... everything that happens between now and then is going to make you doubt what's coming. Everything.

She backs off.

TAYLOR

And if you doubt, then I'm gonna doubt, and it's all gonna...

She looks towards Mr. Reed's office. Talks quieter and moves further away.

TAYLOR

Just think about what made you decide you needed to do it. Keep your eye on, you know.

Stella hesitates. She's close to tears, but she keeps it together.

STELLA

My grandma. She died last year, and it was... everybody took it harder than her. She had cancer, she knew she was dying, and I was freaking out, but she was just, so calm. She said she knew where she was going and it was better than here.

She coughs. Looks at the floor.

STELLA

Every time things got shitty, I just kept thinking, you know... it sounds pretty nice.

Taylor... hesitates.

TAYLOR

You... want to go to heaven?

Stella nods.

STELLA

I mean, I dunno. I hope so.

Taylor nods.

TAYLOR

Um... let's get to class, I guess.

Stella nods. They leave.

**INT. PETRA'S LIVING ROOM - DAY**

The gang sits around the room. The mood is an odd mixture of excitement and melancholy.

PETRA

...So as long as we've got the campground, I think we're good.

Everyone looks at Taylor. She doesn't notice, lost in thought.

Beat.

PETRA

Taylor?

Stella nudges her.

STELLA

Taylor?

TAYLOR

Sorry. What?

PETRA

Do we have the campground?

TAYLOR

Uh... yeah. Yeah. We'll meet here on tomorrow around five o'clock.

Everyone nods.

**INT. HIGGINS' KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Taylor, Andrew, and Cynthia eat dinner.

ANDREW

Your mother and I talked. And I know you really want to, but... we're not very comfortable with this camping trip of yours.

Taylor's not really paying attention.

TAYLOR

What?

ANDREW

We don't want you to go camping.

She's looking at them, but still not really listening.

TAYLOR

Okay.

She realizes what was said.

TAYLOR

Oh, um. Could I spend the night at  
Stella's instead?

Andrew looks at Cynthia.

CYNTHIA

If we call her house, you'll be  
there?

Taylor nods.

She goes back to staring at dinner.

ANDREW

Is everything okay?

CYNTHIA

Honey?

TAYLOR

No, yeah, I'm fine.

She doesn't look fine.

ANDREW

Did... something happen at school?

TAYLOR

Just... something someone said. Do  
you guys think heaven is real?

Andrew and Cynthia share a look. "Oof."

ANDREW

Uh... Yeah, I do.

Taylor looks at him, unimpressed.

TAYLOR

I don't need you to... like,  
honestly. Do you?

ANDREW

Honestly.

TAYLOR

You're not just saying what you  
think I want to hear?

ANDREW

No. I really do.

TAYLOR

Mom?

CYNTHIA

I'd like to think so. But I don't know. I guess... I guess I hope so, but I doubt it.

ANDREW

Really?

Cynthia shrugs.

CYNTHIA

Never really thought about it.

TAYLOR

But like. How do you...

She shakes her head.

TAYLOR

If heaven is real, like... why wouldn't everyone want to go there?

ANDREW

I think everyone does.

TAYLOR

That's not what I...

She hesitates. This is dangerous ground she's treading.

TAYLOR

Why wouldn't everyone want to go there... immediately?

ANDREW

Oh.

CYNTHIA

I don't...

Cynthia looks at Andrew.

ANDREW

That question's kind of above my pay grade. You're not thinking about...

TAYLOR

I don't think it's real. But Stella thinks her Grandma is there and she like... wants to see her, you know?

CYNTHIA

Honey, this is really serious. Do you think Stella's going to... commit suicide?

TAYLOR

No!

CYNTHIA

Are you sure?

TAYLOR

(panicky)

Yes! God. This is just... it's not... I'm explaining it wrong.

ANDREW

If you think she's going to commit suicide, you need to say something.

TAYLOR

I will! If I do. But I don't. I'm just... shit. No. I just don't understand... like...

She takes a breath.

CYNTHIA

(getting worried)

This isn't something to joke about like you did with Mr. Reed. Honey, if you think-

TAYLOR

I'm not joking! I'm not... oh my god!

Cynthia's reaching critical mass, and Andrew notices.

CYNTHIA

Maybe we should-

Andrew holds up a hand.

ANDREW

Hang on now.

He turns to Taylor.

ANDREW

Are you absolutely certain she isn't even considering suicide?

Taylor grits her teeth. She doesn't like lying this directly.

TAYLOR

Absolutely.

CYNTHIA

(trying to calm down)

You're just wondering why she  
wouldn't if she wants to see her  
grandma.

TAYLOR

I'm wondering why it'd be bad for  
her to if there's really a heaven.

Cynthia looks at Andrew. "This is all you."

ANDREW

Okay. Purely hypothetically. I would  
guess her grandma wouldn't want her  
to, for starters. But for another,  
if there is a heaven, what's the  
rush? It's a one-way trip. I'd  
rather live my life to the fullest  
and go to heaven with some stories  
to tell.

TAYLOR

What if your life sucks?

ANDREW

I don't... I don't know, sweet pea.  
I don't have all the answers.

CYNTHIA

But it seems risky, doesn't it? I  
mean, what if there is no heaven?  
You'd be giving up everything for  
nothing.

Taylor looks at her plate, nods.

TAYLOR

Yeah, I guess.

**INT. SADDLEVIEW HIGH SCHOOL - DAY**

Taylor walks with Stella.

TAYLOR

It's no big deal. I gave them your  
cell number, you can just pretend to  
be your mom if they call.

STELLA

...And if there's no cell service?

Taylor hesitates.

TAYLOR

Uh... they probably won't even call.

STELLA

Come on, Taylor! You shouldn't have told us everything was okay if you weren't even allowed to go!

TAYLOR

Well excuse me! It's not my fault my parents waited until like the last minute to say no!

STELLA

Shit, man. We should just call it off.

TAYLOR

(louder than planned)

No!

A couple kids walking nearby give her funny looks.

TAYLOR

I can make it work. Trust me.

She pulls out her phone, starts texting someone.

STELLA

What are you doing?

TAYLOR

Give me your phone.

STELLA

Why?

TAYLOR

Do you need it? Will you ever need it again?

STELLA

Maybe!

Taylor holds out her hand.

Stella sighs.

Pulls out her phone.

STELLA

Fine, whatever.

Taylor grabs it.

TAYLOR

I'll see you after class.

**INT. BATHROOM - DAY**

Taylor leans against the wall, waiting.

Len walks in, makes a big show of seeing her.

LEN

Hiiii! How are you?

She gives Taylor a big hug.

LEN

(almost convincing)

Are you holding up okay?

Taylor shrugs her off.

TAYLOR

I just need a favor.

LEN

Oh, I don't know, I'm pretty busy-

Taylor hands her Stella's phone.

TAYLOR

Just pretend to be Stella's mom if my mom calls tonight. Her name's Yvonne Lane. They don't know each other at all, it should be easy.

Len examines the phone.

LEN

Whose phone is this?

TAYLOR

It's Stella's.

Len's uncertain.

TAYLOR

Come on, we used to do this sort of thing all the time. My mom still doesn't recognize your mom's actual voice.

LEN

What if she asks to talk to you?

TAYLOR

Just make something up. Doesn't matter.

LEN

She's not gonna call back later or anything?

TAYLOR

I mean, she might, but honestly, you just need to stall. We don't need all night.

LEN

What? What are you even doing?

TAYLOR

(harsh)

Why the fuck do you care all of a sudden?

Len tries to hand the phone back.

LEN

I don't think I'm comfortable with this.

Taylor refuses to take the phone, pushes it back.

TAYLOR

No no no no no, I'm sorry, I'm sorry.

She takes a deep breath, turns on the waterworks a little.

TAYLOR

It's just, it's been really hard since Hannah died, and all of my friends abandoned me...

A very calculated puppydog look. Not too accusatory, but still a little accusatory.

TAYLOR

You've always been my best friend, and I just really need a friend right now.

She still knows Len's buttons. Len sighs.

LEN

Fine. Sure. When do I give the phone back?

Taylor stammers.

TAYLOR

Uh, I dunno. School on Monday, I guess.

Len's very confused at that.

LEN

She's not gonna need her phone all weekend?

TAYLOR

Uh.... No.

LEN

Whatever. I guess losers like her  
don't have...

She stops herself.

LEN

Sorry.

Taylor pushes past her to leave.

LEN

Taylor.

Taylor stops, looks back.

LEN

We're cool, right? You and me?

TAYLOR

What?

LEN

Like, you get it, right?

TAYLOR

Just do this for me and we're good.

She leaves.

**EXT. SADDLEVIEW HIGH SCHOOL - DAY**

Taylor and Stella walk out of the school at the end of the day.

STELLA

Ryan said he'll meet us here. He  
goes to Percy, he's just gonna walk  
over.

Taylor nods.

She clears her throat.

TAYLOR

I have something to say.

STELLA

Yeah?

Beat.

TAYLOR

I don't think... I don't know if...

STELLA

If you don't want to, it's not too  
late to-

TAYLOR

No, I want to!

STELLA

Okay. But just say the word and-

TAYLOR

No, that's not what I'm-

Ryan appears around a corner in the distance. They wave to him, he waves back.

Taylor starts to say something, but decides not to.

Ryan reaches them.

RYAN

Hey.

TAYLOR

Hey. You ready?

Beat.

STELLA

Let's do it.

They all walk to the parking lot.

**INT./EXT. STELLA'S CAR - DAY**

Stella drives a beat-up old Toyota. Taylor stares out the window. Ryan fiddles in the backseat, clearly anxious.

**EXT. PETRA'S HOUSE - DAY**

They pull up outside Petra's house. Petra and Gil are outside with Gil's SUV.

They hop out of the car and walk over to Petra and Gil.

It's awkward, somber.

RYAN

So...

Beat.

PETRA

Everyone's got everything? Everyone  
that's leaving a note left a note?

Nods all around.

PETRA

Okay. Let's go.

Everyone but Ryan climbs into Gil's SUV.

RYAN

Um, hey, I...

They look at him.

RYAN

I forgot my...

He hesitates...

Runs away.

Nobody's sure how to react. They all look to Taylor.

She doesn't know how to react either.

TAYLOR

Let's... wait for him?

STELLA

I don't think he's coming back.

TAYLOR

Um... yeah.

Beat.

Taylor buckles her seatbelt.

Everyone else follows suit.

They drive away.

**INT. TAYLOR'S ROOM - DAY**

A note sits on Taylor's bed, labeled "Mom & Dad".

Cynthia's voice grows closer to the room.

CYNTHIA (O.S.)

...I'll just see if I can catch her  
before she leaves.

The door opens. Cynthia, on her phone, leans in.

CYNTHIA

Taylor?

She looks around. No Taylor.

She notices the note. "What's that?"

The sound of the FRONT DOOR CLOSING.

CYNTHIA

(to phone)

Maybe that's her walking in the door.

She leaves.

ANDREW (O.S.)

I'm home!

CYNTHIA (O.S.)

Oh, I hoped you were Taylor. I've got her guidance counselor on the phone, and...

**EXT. CAMPSITE - DAY**

The gang pulls up at a campsite in the middle of the woods.

It's quiet, peaceful.

They climb out of the SUV, look around.

STELLA

Where's the, uh... water?

Taylor gestures.

TAYLOR

It's like half a mile that way.  
There should be a trail.

STELLA

Cool.

Gil pulls several large weights out of the trunk, along with plenty of rope.

Everyone watches him unload them.

GIL

Nobody's gonna help?

Stella and Taylor help him finish unloading.

PETRA

So. Do we just go, or...

TAYLOR

No. The lakeside closes at six, but there will still be people there until after dark.

PETRA

What do we do until then?

Taylor shrugs.

TAYLOR

I brought some cards.

STELLA

I'm hungry. I don't want to die  
hungry. Do we wanna go to McDonalds?

GIL

Come on. We're camping. I brought  
hot dogs and stuff for smores.

STELLA

(excited)

Whaaaaat you're the best!

**INT. TAYLOR'S ROOM - DAY**

The note still sits on the bed.

Cynthia walks in with some laundry.

She hangs up some clothes in the closet. Doesn't notice  
the note.

Leaves.

**EXT. CAMPSITE - EVENING**

Everyone sits at a picnic table playing Uno. A small fire  
crackles nearby.

Stella's fingers still have some marshmallow on them.  
Petra slowly works on a hotdog.

TAYLOR

So it's about to all be over, right?

They all look at her.

TAYLOR

What are you glad you'll never have  
to deal with again?

PETRA

Oooh. No more applying to jobs.

GIL

Yes! God, that's the worst. No more  
rejection letters.

STELLA

No more finals.

GIL  
No more school whatsoever.

STELLA  
No more loneliness.

PETRA  
No more small talk with people you hate.

GIL  
No more nagging parents.

PETRA  
No more bills.

STELLA  
No more lying awake at night trying to sleep.

PETRA  
That's a good one.

GIL  
Word.

Beat.

STELLA  
What about you, Taylor?

TAYLOR  
Those are all... those are all good.  
I don't think I could add anything.

STELLA  
You can't think of one thing?

Taylor sighs.

TAYLOR  
No more being terrified of whether or not I'm doing the right thing.

Everyone's quiet.

Petra looks at her watch.

PETRA  
It's getting late. Maybe we should start thinking about heading over to the lake.

GIL  
It's not gonna be a fun walk with those weights.

TAYLOR

Let's get started.

**INT. TAYLOR'S ROOM - NIGHT**

The note still sits on Taylor's bed.

A long,

long,

beat.

**EXT. LAKESIDE - NIGHT**

Everyone but Taylor and Gil rests by the dock, panting. Taylor and Gil examine the canoes, chained to a nearby tree.

TAYLOR

I didn't think about this.

GIL

I didn't figure.

Taylor gestures at a nearby closed convenience stand.

TAYLOR

Any chance the keys are stored in there?

GIL

There's a chance. Not a good one.

TAYLOR

Shit. What do we do? We can't call it off.

Gil shrugs. Taylor sighs.

**LATER**

Nearby, the group talks in a circle.

STELLA

I know we came all the way out here, but if there's nothing we can do-

PETRA

What about that over there?

She points at a small precipice that extends over the lake, about a mile away.

## EXT. LAKESIDE PRECIPICE - NIGHT

Taylor, Stella, and Petra lie exhausted near the precipice. They work on getting their weights tied while Gil looks over the precipice.

GIL

Yeah, this should work.

He goes to grab his weights.

Taylor, weights already tied, helps Stella with hers.

TAYLOR

(quiet, just to Stella)

Look, I've been thinking...

Stella looks at her. Shifts to turn away from the others.

STELLA

(quiet)

Yeah?

Taylor sighs.

TAYLOR

There's no easy way to say this. I-

STELLA

It's okay. Look, if you don't want to, we're not going to make you. Just wait to jump in last, and if you change your mind, then none of us will know.

TAYLOR

What? No. I don't... your grandma wouldn't want this. You shouldn't do it.

STELLA

(loud)

What the hell?

Everyone looks.

STELLA

You can't just... you've spent the last month convincing me to do this, you don't get to drag me out here and then tell me you don't want me to do it!

GIL

What's going on?

STELLA

You didn't even know my grandma! How do you know what she would want?

TAYLOR

You're telling me this is what she'd want?!

GIL

What's going on?

STELLA

(still on Taylor)

Just, what the hell, man? Why me? You don't want me to do it, but you're fine with Gil drowning himself because he's get didn't get a job at his dad's office?!

TAYLOR

What.

GIL

Fuck you, Stella! That was more than a job to me, and you know it!

STELLA

You're still in college, Gil! Try graduating first!

PETRA

I think we all need to calm down-

STELLA

Shut up, Petra! We're sure it was very hard to lose your job when you're sitting on like a bajillion dollars in the bank!

TAYLOR

Seriously?

Petra fumes.

PETRA

It's not about money! It's about contributing to society!

GIL

Right? I'm with you, Petra.

PETRA

Oh, please. You haven't even tried to contribute to society!

GIL

Fuck you!

TAYLOR  
EVERYBODY SHUT UP!

EVERYBODY  
Fuck you!

Nobody's sure what to do now.

TAYLOR  
So like... Gil. You're committing  
suicide because-

GIL  
It's my business.

TAYLOR  
I'm not judging.

STELLA  
Yet.

Beat.

GIL  
My dad built that company with his  
bare hands. I was going to carry on  
his legacy.

TAYLOR  
Right. And Petra lost her job.

Petra, still mad, nods.

TAYLOR  
Holy shit. This is...

Taylor's overwhelmed.

TAYLOR  
You're all being ridiculous. You're  
all being  fucking ridiculous.

Everyone protests at once.

TAYLOR  
Okay, Gil! Do either of you agree  
Gil should kill himself?

Awkward grumbling. Heads shake.

Gil breaks into tears.

GIL  
What?! You guys don't get to-

PETRA  
Honey, I know it's sad. But... no.

Stella looks at Gil, pitying.

STELLA

She's right. I just... you should talk to someone.

Gil runs back to the campground.

It hits Taylor that she almost killed everyone in the group.

Hoooly shit.

TAYLOR

Petra, do you... you...

PETRA

You can't do this. You can't bring us out here and then tell us not to do it at the last second.

TAYLOR

I know. I'm sorry. But there has to be a better way. You don't... you don't have family?

PETRA

I have a lot of family. None of them will miss me.

TAYLOR

Don't be ridiculous. Just everyone here would miss you.

Petra chews on her tongue.

PETRA

This is absurd.

She walks back to the campsite.

Taylor looks at Stella.

Beat.

STELLA

Shit.

TAYLOR

You said it.

STELLA

You really... you didn't know any of this, and you were trying to convince us all to do it?

TAYLOR

I just...

She tears up.

TAYLOR

I didn't want to go alone. I  
couldn't do it.

Beat.

Stella laughs.

Taylor's shocked.

STELLA

God. You know, I think I liked you  
better when you shouted insults at  
me every time you saw me?

Taylor can't look at her, but Stella grabs her shoulders  
and forces her to.

STELLA

Actions have fucking consequences.  
You'd think you of all people  
would've learned that lesson, but  
no! You were ready to kill all of  
us, too!

Taylor collapses to the ground in tears.

STELLA

You need to get your shit together.

Stella walks away.

Beat.

Taylor pulls out her phone. Tries to call home.

No signal.

She sobs.

**INT. LEN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Len's room hasn't gotten new decorations since she was  
about 5 years old. Pink, covered in horses.

She sits on her bed, staring at Stella's phone on the bed  
next to her.

She chews on her tongue.

Pulls out her own phone.

**INT./EXT. WYATT'S CAR - NIGHT**

Wyatt drives a beat-up old Audi, his FRIEND in the passenger seat.

Wyatt's phone DINGS.

WYATT

That might be them. Can you...?

He pulls out his phone, tosses it to his friend. His friend takes it, reads it.

FRIEND

Nah, it's Len.

WYATT

What's she want?

**INT. LEN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Len gets a text from Wyatt. "SEND ME A TITTY PIC"

Len rolls her eyes. Calls.

**INTERCUT BETWEEN LEN AND WYATT**

Wyatt takes the phone from his friend.

WYATT

Yeah?

LEN

I'm serious.

WYATT

About what?

LEN

My text!

Wyatt gives his friend a sidelong glare.

WYATT

Jeff didn't read it to me. What's up?

LEN

Do you think Taylor's okay?

Wyatt raises his eyebrows. Is this a trap?

WYATT

I dunno. I guess?

LEN

She asked me a really weird favor,  
and I just... she's been really  
garbage-heap lately, you know?

WYATT

Shit, babe, it's not like I've been  
hanging out with her. I got no idea.

He sighs. Pulls the car over.

WYATT

No. You know what? She has seemed  
really weird to me lately. If you  
think so too, maybe it's not  
nothing. What's the favor?

LEN

So today she texts me out of the  
blue...

**INT. TAYLOR'S ROOM - NIGHT**

The note is gone.

Cynthia paces around the room on her phone, terrified, but  
keeping a handle on it.

Andrew sits on the bed, note in his hand, Taylor's laptop  
on his lap, also on the phone.

ANDREW

That's right. Opal Lake Park.

CYNTHIA

No, Len, honey, you did the right  
thing. I need to hang up now so I  
can try to call her, okay?

ANDREW

(to Cynthia)

There's an ambulance on the way  
there.

CYNTHIA

Everything's gonna be fine. Okay.  
Okay. Bye.

Cynthia hangs up, dials frantically.

CYNTHIA

Oh god, oh god...

**EXT. CAMPSITE - NIGHT**

Petra sits at the picnic table, grumbling.

Gil packs up the SUV.

Stella walks up. Sits down.

STELLA  
So this was a joke.

PETRA  
I knew it was a mistake. I knew the entire time.

STELLA  
Then why didn't you say anything?

Petra ignores her.

STELLA  
I left a note. It's not... they've probably already found it. Do you know how messed up my life is gonna be now?

GIL  
Preaching to the choir.

PETRA  
So is Taylor coming?

STELLA  
Screw her.

Gil stops. Looks at Petra.

They both look at Stella.

PETRA  
But... she's coming, right?

Stella looks at her.

Beat.

**EXT. LAKESIDE PRECIPICE - NIGHT**

It's a beautiful night out. The moon is full, the stars are shining... couldn't ask for a better night to kill yourself.

Taylor stands on the edge of the precipice. She carries the weights that are tied to her harness.

Tears streak her makeup. She sniffs, chokes back a sob.

She leans over the edge, looks into the water - she instinctively steps back, then forces herself to lean over again.

TAYLOR

Oh god.

Shouting in the distance behind her - she doesn't look, just scoots closer to the edge.

Fails to stop the next sob.

TAYLOR

Oh god!

She looks forward, out towards the sparkling lake.

Closes her eyes.

Steps forward.

**STELLA'S POV**

Stella is close enough to see Taylor disappear and hear the SPLASH.

STELLA

TAYLOR!

She charges forward, leaps off of the precipice.

**INT. UNDERWATER - NIGHT**

Taylor hangs underwater, holding her breath despite herself.

There's a SPLASH above her. She looks around, but it's too dark to see anything.

**EXT. LAKESIDE PRECIPICE - NIGHT**

Gil and Petra reach the precipice.

PETRA

What happened? Did she jump in?!

GIL

Taylor! Stella!

Down in the lake, Stella surfaces.

STELLA

I can't see anything!

Gil turns on the flashlight, throws it down to Stella.

PETRA

Will that work?

But Stella caught it and is already underwater.

**INT. UNDERWATER - NIGHT**

Taylor starts to struggle. It hurts more than she expected.

A beam of light cuts through the water. She sees it, but it flickers out.

She can't take it anymore. She bends over, struggles with the rope.

She's fading, she can't untie it fast enough.

Her movements are sluggish.

She's almost gone as she gets the last knot and pushes to the surface.

**EXT. LAKESIDE PRECIPICE - CONTINUOUS**

Taylor bursts to the surface, gulps down air.

GIL

Taylor!

PETRA

Are you alright?

Taylor can't answer yet, busy breathing.

GIL

Where's Stella?

Taylor looks at him.

TAYLOR

(choked)

What?

PETRA

Stella's down there!

Gil jumps in, dives underwater.

Taylor clings to the rock wall, holds herself above water.

A long beat.

Gil resurfaces with a nearly unconscious Stella.

TAYLOR

Stella? Stella!

She helps Gil keep her afloat.

Sirens in the distance.

FADE TO BLACK

**BEEPING**

FADE IN:

**INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT**

Stella lies in a hospital bed.

STELLA'S MOM and dad are there, along with Taylor.

Everyone's sort of sitting around awkwardly. The mood isn't exactly cheery.

Taylor opens her mouth to say something, but then stops.

Beat.

Stella coughs. Her eyes crack open.

TAYLOR

Stella! Are you-

Stella's mom shoots Taylor a glare, pushes her aside to be close to Stella.

STELLA'S MOM

Stella, honey, are you okay?

Taylor gets up, backs away. Guilt is all over her face.

TAYLOR (V.O.)

Whatever, you're not really  
listening, I'm not gonna...

The voiceover coughs.

TAYLOR (V.O.)

But I guess, just in case, um...

**MONTAGE**

- Taylor walks into her room. Everything's still a mess; she sees her note on the floor.

TAYLOR (V.O.)

I used to fantasize about going to a different college than you. I wanted to finally date someone that would never get me confused with someone else.

- Taylor walks down the hallway at school. Whispers, pitying looks.

TAYLOR (V.O.)

But now, I... sometimes, I look in the mirror, and I see you instead of me. Like, I'm the one getting us confused.

- She sits alone at lunch. She's not eating.

TAYLOR (V.O.)

I don't think I'm ever really going to feel whole again.

Wyatt walks over, sits with her. Len follows. They talk to her, try to cheer her up.

TAYLOR (V.O.)

But I'm starting to feel like maybe I'm not broken.

- Taylor leans against the wall in her room, crying. Her parents come in and embrace her, and they all cry together.

TAYLOR (V.O.)

And just because I feel lonely sometimes doesn't mean I'm alone.

- Taylor talks with Mr. Reed in his office. They stand. She somewhat reluctantly gives him a hug.

TAYLOR (V.O.)

It's not like anyone can replace you, but I guess they don't need to.

- Taylor and Cynthia clean up Hannah's room together.

TAYLOR (V.O.)

You'll always be you, and they'll be them. And that's okay.

- Taylor, Wyatt, and Len eat lunch together. Stella walks by; they call her over, and she sits with them.

TAYLOR (V.O.)

I've made a lot of mistakes in the last few months. But now, instead of wishing they didn't happen, I'm going to start trying to make amends.

#### **EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY**

Taylor stands in front of Hannah's grave. Andrew stands a short distance behind her, giving her space.

Taylor's eyes are wet, but she's not crying.

TAYLOR

I guess what I'm trying to say is...  
you don't have to worry about me.  
And if there is a heaven or  
whatever, then one day we'll meet up  
and swap all our stories and stuff,  
but... not for a while.

One last deep breath.

She nods.

TAYLOR

Not for a while.

Walks back to her dad.

FADE TO BLACK

SUPER:

If you're thinking about suicide, are worried about a friend or loved one, or would like emotional support, the National Suicide Prevention Lifeline is available 24/7 across the United States. 1-800-273-TALK (8255).

FADE OUT

ROLL CREDITS

THE END