

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 "Marshalls" 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.)
Mhmm.

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
Sssshhit.

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
Daaaad.

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)

Whaaaat 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.

Hooly 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