

**EXT. SOME KIND OF NATURE SCENE - SUNSET**

ELIZABETH (O.S.)

My name is Elizabeth Martin Grey, but no one I love calls me that. The Martin is for Dad's dad who died in a farm accident when he was thirty and Dad was ten. I was seven when Dad died. Which means I had less time with Dad alive than Dad had with his. There's never enough time. Actually, there's too much and too little, in unequal parts.

**INT/EXT. DOORWAY - NOON**

ELIZABETH (O.S.)

In the stories, the best friend chooses the boy and doesn't look back. In the stories, the best friend doesn't come over and bash on the door and scream your name when you bail on her and don't meet her at the beach.

(Elizabeth opens the door, Grace is standing there angrily.)

**INT. BEDROOM - DARK**

ELIZABETH (V.O.)

Grief feels like this-

(Slow zoom to Elizabeth lying in bed.)

An ok day and a good day and okay day and then a *bad*

**INT. CLASSROOM - DAY (DREAMING)**

ELIZABETH (V.O.)

It feels like an unrelenting urge to lay your head down on the table, wherever you are, whomever you are with.

**INT/EXT. WALKING THROUGH NATURE - DUSK**

ELIZABETH (V.O.)

It feels like a night of vivid dreams, and when you wake, all day you hold one dream close because in it everything was back to how it once was.

**EXT. PUDDLE WITH A PAPER BOAT - DAY**

ELIZABETH (V.O.)

It feels like you've fallen overboard. You are swimming to get back, but the boat moves steadily away. You can see the lights; you can hear the laughter and the music on the decks. You can try to follow. The boat moves away.

**INT. BACK TO THE BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT**

ELIZABETH (V.O.)

It feels like missing. You miss her. You miss him. You miss belonging. You miss the bench by the fence. You miss the walk from the lockers. You miss the talks by the pool, in the hammock, at night, on the phone, the screen winking blue light. You miss the stories on the bed, by the window, beside the desk, on the dunes. You miss his voice. You miss her smile. You miss and miss and miss and miss and miss.