

SATURDAY

By Tim Gotimer

FADE IN:

INT. GARAGE - DAY

With the garage opened for light, BRODY PERRY, lengthy sixteen-year-old, pumps air into the front tire of a rundown bicycle.

AMY HOLLISTER, also sixteen, her hair pulled back in a ponytail, leans against the workbench,

A NOTE CLUTCHED IN HER HAND

as she reads aloud:

AMY
Mom and Dad... I'm far gone by the time
you read this.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Amy lies facedown on her bedroom floor, scavenging under her dresser. A HEATED ARGUMENT between her mother and younger sister echoes upstairs through the floorboards.

AMY (V.O.)
I think things would have gone a lot
better if you had ever listened, if you
hadn't...

She finally stands up, relieved, clutching two train tickets in her hand.

AMY
(exhales)
Whew.

INT. GARAGE - DAY

Brody looks up at Amy from his work. Amy notices and shakes her head, restarts.

AMY
Don't bother siccing the cops on me, it
won't help.

As he listens, he readjusts the shiny new seat on the rusting metal support.

... Fits a nylon cargo net onto the back of the bike. Standard issue black.

AMY
I can't be hurt anymore.

She's done. Brody stands the bike up, also finished.

BRODY
That's it?

AMY
That's it.

Brody glances away.

AMY
What about yours?

BRODY
I... I didn't write one.
(off Amy's surprise)
I... y'know, I didn't - I don't - really
need to... I can't.

He rolls the bike out onto the

EXT. DRIVEWAY - DAY

Amy follows close behind.

AMY
Why not? You can't tell them --

BRODY
They... I'm saying they won't understand
my leaving for you. They don't know
about your... situation.

AMY
Oh... this it?

She takes the handlebars from Brody and guides it the rest of the way down the sidewalk. He looks back at his shiny top-of-the-line bike, lying on its side on the garage floor.

BRODY
Hey, Amy? Wait a sec -

AMY
(turns back)
Yeah?

BRODY
Are we really ready for this?

AMY
Brody...

BRODY

It's just... I mean, it's Friday night.
And what are we doing?

AMY

(bolder)
We're ready, Brody. We're going to do
this.

He nods finally.

BRODY

One o'clock.

Amy's already hopping on her bike.

AMY

I'll meet you here, okay?

Brody watches her head off.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

Now Amy is riding her bike 20mph down the suburban sidewalk. The wind blows her bangs into her eyes, but she's unexpectedly calm and doesn't bother with them.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

She brakes her bike outside of her house. Begins to climb off before:

MOTHER (O.S.)

Wait, Amy! Can you get your sister for
dinner?

Amy looks up to see her mother, MARIE HOLLISTER, in the front doorway.

AMY

Are we eating her?

Marie doesn't give the faintest sign of amusement in her glare. She's heard that one before.

MARIE (MOTHER)

Cut the crap and get her for once.
She's at the courts.

AMY

(nods; quiet)
As you wish.

She throws her bike down on the lawn and heads out walking across the street.

EXT. BASKETBALL COURTS - DAY

EMILY HOLLISTER, twelve years old, jumps rope while her TWO FRIENDS swing it. Amy arrives and stops at the edge of the asphalt.

AMY

Emily.

Emily doesn't bother to look over. Just continues with her jumping.

EMILY

Just another few minutes.

AMY

Emily! Listen, for once, please -

One of the friends turns to face her.

FRIEND

How 'bout you?

AMY

Emily, I'm not kidding.

She snatches the jump rope and yanks it from their arms, tossing it aside. Emily pushes Amy's shoulders and

KNOCKS HER TO THE GROUND.

EMILY

Hey! Just stay away!

Amy watches from the ground as Emily and her friends walk away, glaring at her as they past. Emily grabs the jump rope and carries it away.

When they're finally gone, Amy wipes her teary eyes, her upper lip stiff.

CUT TO:

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Amy walks down the upstairs hallway. She stops in the doorway of Emily's room - Emily's not there, but Amy still leans against the doorframe with her face drenched in nostalgia.

Her mother comes up behind her and catches her.

MARIE

What're you doing?

Amy turns quickly, her eyes wide.

AMY

Nothing, just... nothing.

MARIE

I don't know what to do with you
anymore, unless you learn to -

AMY

(interrupts)
Okay, I will.

MARIE

What's that?

AMY

Just... it's fine.

Amy heads for her bedroom door, but Marie

SNATCHES HER AND KNOCKS HER AGAINST THE WALL

pinning her.

MARIE

Don't you ever talk to me like that!
Don't you dare!

Amy gasps, the wind knocked out of her.

MARIE

(quieter)
You will learn! Do you hear me?

AMY

But, Mom -

Emily walks into the hall. Marie catches sight of her out of the
corner of her eye and steps back from Amy.

MARIE

(to Amy)
You're going to learn.

She leaves Emily and Amy alone. Emily looks at Amy for an
explanation, but Amy just shakes her head and storms into her
bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Amy lies on her back on her bed, on top of all the covers. She
checks the clock. 12:47 A.M. She rolls gently from the bed and
pulls her sneakers on. Grabs the duffel from under the bed and
shoulders it. Opens the door.

But it CREAKS, and she freezes. Scrunches her face up and waits for
the inevitable response. Nothing happens.

She looks back into her room one last time and sees the unmade bed.
She drops her bag to the floor and walks back in. Rips the blankets
off and begins to make the bed.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Amy stops her bike and waits by the mailbox at the end of Brody's driveway. Checks her watch.

After a moment, Brody comes out from around the side of the house, backpack over shoulder, and leads his bike off the lawn.

AMY
(hushed)
You're late!

BRODY
I know, I know, I'm sorry.

AMY
It's fine. We've just gotta get going now.

He's reached her on the sidewalk.

BRODY
You got the tickets?

AMY
Do you really think I'm that stupid?

They both mount their bikes and start off down the sidewalk. Amy leads the way, Brody just a few paces behind.

They've only passed a couple houses before Brody bites his lip and SKID to a halt.

BRODY
I'm sorry, Amy. I'm really... sorry.

Amy stops. Turns back to face him.

AMY
It's okay, we've still got an hour before -

BRODY
I can't.

AMY
What?

She gets off her bike and walks over to him.

AMY
Brody, what's wrong?

BRODY
I can't... I can't do this! I can't leave!

AMY

But -

(determined)

No, no, it's okay, Brody, you've just got the pre-liberation chills. We've just gotta keep moving, okay?

BRODY

Amy, I -

AMY

It'll wear off, I swear.

BRODY

No. It can't. I don't want... to leave. I'm sorry.

There's a beat of realization for Amy. Maybe two. It's taking her a lot to process this.

AMY

You're... you're not serious? I mean, we've been -

BRODY

I know, Amy! That's why... I hadn't expected... this is my life, the rest of my life! I can't do this!

AMY

But - I need to do this!

The PORCH LIGHTS flicker on in front of the house they've stopped at. They dart behind a tree to hide and quiet themselves down.

AMY

Brody, please...

BRODY

Here, I'll pay you back for the ticket, I've got -

He stuffs his hand into his pocket. For Amy, the simple fact is finally sinking in, and she can't keep her eyes from tearing up and her voice from cracking.

AMY

I don't want your money.

BRODY

Promise me you'll go home, too, though -

AMY

Promise... I can't go back to that place Brody, you know that!

BRODY

I - I believe that you can do this!
We've just gotta give it another year.
Just one more year! I don't want you to
get even more hurt -

AMY

Don't... just don't. Fine, ditch me,
but don't - just stop!

She grabs her bike and wheels off away from him.

BRODY

No, Amy, please!

She quickens her pace, sniffing as she goes.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Further down the road, Amy is crying too hard to continue. Unable to control it, she stops and sits down on the curb, burying her face in her hands.

After a moment, Emily walks over and stops in front of her.

EMILY

I don't want you to go either.

Amy doesn't hear her.

EMILY

Amy?

She looks up. Realizes who it is and stares blankly.

AMY

Wha - Emily? What're you doing?

EMILY

I... I know what -

AMY

Emily, you need to go! Go home!

Emily hands a full grocery bag over to Amy. Reaches into her pocket and pulls out a wad of cash.

EMILY

I made sandwiches for you, okay? You
can't go hungry out there. And...
you'll need this too. Is it enough?

AMY

Emily...

Emily sits down on the curb next to Amy.

EMILY

I know it's dangerous, okay? I'm sorry for being such a crappy sister, but... don't leave me. Please, just don't leave me.

AMY

Em...

EMILY

Please.

Amy looks into Emily's begging, helpless eyes. Considers. Takes a deep breath and looks away, staring off across the street.

AMY

It's hard. It's going to be hard. I don't know if I can make it.

EMILY

If we're... if you stay with me, I think we can... I know how hard it's going to be, but I can't...

They look back at each other.

AMY

You think?

EMILY

I hope.

Once again, the two glance back at the dark pavement.

AMY

(beat)

I hope too.

The two sisters stick together, silent, exhausted, and ready to hope. To pray. And to survive.

FADE OUT.

THE END