

INT. SUBURBAN BEDROOM -AFTERNOON

Frank Sinatra's "America the Beautiful" plays from an aging radio.

MOTHER's, 40's, aging hands pull at DAUGHTER's, 11, blond knots with a brush.

DAUGHTER

Why can't we go to the fireworks show?

Mother examines Daughter's dirty, short fingernails. She paints them pink.

MOTHER

We went last year, honey.

DAUGHTER

But Mom--

MOTHER

You can watch them on the TV with Jude.

Daughter's small hands stick into the air. Mother pulls a dress over them. The dress gets caught on Daughter's head. Mother tugs.

DAISY

Ow!

MOTHER

Daisy stop it.

DAISY

You're hurting me!

Mother finally gets the dress over Daisy's head, revealing Daisy's face for the first time. They gaze at their reflections in a mirror. Mother has just primped Daisy into a spitting image of herself. Daisy is miserable.

DAISY (CONT'D)

I don't want you to go.

Mother looks at Daisy, sympathetic.

MOTHER

I'll be home by ten.

Mother begins attaching a bow into Daisy's hair.

(CONTINUED)

DAISY
I look dumb.

MOTHER
You look darling. Don't mess it up
before I get back.

Beat.

DAISY
So you can impress that prick
Jerry?

Beat.

MOTHER
What did you just say?

DAISY
Nothing.

MOTHER
I don't want to hear you speak like
that again.

Mother exits.

Daisy pulls out her bow and throws it on the ground.

INT. SUBURBAN BEDROOM -AFTERNOON

Daisy concentrates as she colors over her pink nail polish
with a black permanent marker.

INT. LIVING ROOM -AFTERNOON

JUDE, 15, sits on the couch, flipping through TV channels
with a remote.

Daisy enters the room, now wearing boy's clothes. Her hair
is pulled up under a backwards baseball cap.

She smiles at him. He stares at her blankly.

JUDE
Quit taking my clothes.

Daisy ignores this. She climbs onto the couch next to him.
He returns to flipping through channels.

DAISY
What'cha watchin'?

Nothing.

(CONTINUED)

DAISY (CONT'D)
Mom said we can order pizza!

JUDE
I know.

DAISY
And the fireworks will be on-

JUDE
I know.

Beat.

DAISY
Mom's going to see Jerry isn't she?

Jude ignores her again.

DAISY (CONT'D)
She always dresses like that when
she is.

Jude sighs. Basic cable. He throws the remote.

O.S. -- SNAP--CRACKLE--BOOM.

Daisy and Jude look at each other.

EXT. FRONT PATIO-AFTERNOON

Jude opens the door. The two look down.

The remnants of one of Daisy's dolls sits on the patio,
blackened, smoking, it's torso blown clean off.

DAISY
Is that my doll?

CLICK.

HUNTER, 15, leans against the patio wall. He snaps an
American flag print zippo lighter shut. He grins. RYAN, 15,
stands behind him, giggling.

HUNTER
Happy Fourth of July.

Jude smiles, impressed.

HUNTER (CONT'D)
You want to come out with us
tonight?

(CONTINUED)

Jude smiles, surprised.

JUDE

Yeah!

Daisy tugs at Jude's sleeve. He looks down at her.

JUDE (CONT'D)

But.

HUNTER

But what?

Beat. Jude sighs, embarrassed.

JUDE

I'm stuck babysitting.

Hunter looks down at Daisy, disappointed.

RYAN

Oh come on man.

JUDE

My mom said I have to.

RYAN

Don't be such a Momma's boy.

HUNTER

She'll be fine.

Beat.

HUNTER (CONT'D)

We really want you to come, man.

Beat. Jude looks at them, desperate, without words.

Hunter sighs.

HUNTER (CONT'D)

It's a shame. We had something big planned.

Hunter and Ryan turn to leave. Jude watches them go.

Daisy looks up at Jude, sees the utter disappointment in his face. She looks at the boys.

DAISY

It's okay. I'll come.

Hunter stops. Turns back to Daisy.

(CONTINUED)

DAISY (CONT'D)
 I won't tell.

Hunter smirks. He steps up to Daisy. Leans down to her level.

 HUNTER
 Look at you all dressed up.

Beat.

 HUNTER (CONT'D)
 You think that hat and jeans makes
 you one of the boys?

Daisy looks at him.

 HUNTER (CONT'D)
 Promise you won't be a little girl
 and tell on us?

Beat.

Daisy nods. Hunter looks at her. Considers.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - AFTERNOON

Daisy sits on the sidewalk curb, bored. They boys stand a few feet behind her.

She looks at the remnants of her charcoiled Barbie doll in her hands. She snaps off its leg.

INT. GROCERY STORE -AFTERNOON

Daisy takes a few steps forward and looks over her shoulder.

The boys stand a few feet behind her. Hunter nods, having just given her an order. Ryan giggles.

Daisy steps up to the counter. She's almost tall enough to see over. A MALE EMPLOYEE, 40's, reads the paper. He doesn't notice her.

 DAISY
 Excuse me.

He lowers the paper and looks at her.

 EMPLOYEE
 Hi.

(CONTINUED)

DAISY
Can I please get some condoms.

Beat.

EMPLOYEE
Excuse me?

INT. MAGAZINE AREA - SIMULTANEOUS

The boys pretend to read magazines and watch on, giggling.

INT. GROCERY STORE COUNTER -MOMENTS LATER

DAISY
Condoms.

He stares blankly at her.

DAISY (CONT'D)
What? Do you have to be eighteen
and up or something?

EMPLOYEE
No, but. What do you need them for?

DAISY
I hardly think my purchases are
your business.

EMPLOYEE
Um. What kind do you want?

DAISY
What kinds do you have?

EMPLOYEE
Uhh. There's classic. Ribbed.
Lubed. Magnum.

DAISY
Ribbed?

EMPLOYEE
They have ridges for...um.

Employee starts to gesture with his hands but then thinks
better of it. Daisy stares at him blankly.

DAISY
What's magnum?

(CONTINUED)

EMPLOYEE
They're extra large.

DAISY
Okay. I'll take a box of magnum
please.

Beat.

DAISY (CONT'D)
Oh, and do you have bomb pops?

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET -AFTERNOON

LAUGHTER.

The kids walk down the street next to one another.

Daisy enjoys a bomb pop. She looks up at Hunter.

RYAN
What's the difference between a
whale and a dyke?

Beat.

RYAN (CONT'D)
About ten pounds and a plaid shirt.

The boys laugh. Daisy doesn't get it.

HUNTER
What's a dyke think a tampon string
is for?

Beat.

HUNTER (CONT'D)
For flossing after eating.

Laughs. Daisy takes their cue, giggles.

Hunter looks at Jude: it's his turn.

Beat. Jude obliges.

JUDE
How many dykes does it take to
change a light bulb?

Beat.

JUDE (CONT'D)

Four. One to screw it in, two to organize the potluck, and one to write a song about the empowering experience.

Daisy laughs as if she gets it. We know better. As does Jude, who looks down at her.

DAISY

Why do sharks only swim in salt water?

Beat.

DAISY (CONT'D)

Because pepper water makes them sneeze.

Beat. Awkward. The boys laugh at her. She thinks they're laughing with her. She joins in.

JUDE

Good one, Daisy.

Daisy looks up at the boys, excited.

DAISY

Can we go see the fireworks show?

Beat.

HUNTER

You'll see a show.

Ryan laughs again.

INT. HUNTER'S BEDROOM -LATER

THE SOUND OF A TELEVISION CAN BE HEARD.

Daisy looks O.S. at something.

Jude. He's sitting on the edge of a bed. He looks immensely uncomfortable and we're not sure why.

Ryan's sitting on a bean bag next to them, staring at the TV. Daisy tugs at Jude's sleeve.

DAISY

(Quietly)

Jude.

(CONTINUED)

He turns to her. She waves for him to lean in closer. He does.

DAISY (CONT'D)
What's a dyke?

Jude looks at her. He doesn't know what to say. He leans back on the bed.

Daisy waits a moment. She leans forward and picks up a condom wrapper from the bedside table. She looks at it.

Jude snatches it from her hand and tosses it. She looks at him, confused, then sits back on the couch.

Beat. O.S. WE HEAR A DOOR OPENING. Jude and Daisy look up. Hunter's standing before them, a rolled up magazine in hand.

HUNTER
You're up.

Beat.

JUDE
(Smiles)

What?

HUNTER
What do you mean what?

Jude stares up at him, the smile fading from his face.

HUNTER (CONT'D)
We both did it.

JUDE
Yeah but-

Beat.

HUNTER
Relax. We'll watch TV.

Jude looks at him. Doesn't budge.

HUNTER (CONT'D)
You said it'd be funny.

JUDE
Yeah when it was us.

Hunter stares down at Jude for a long moment. Jude doesn't budge.

(CONTINUED)

Hunter grabs Jude's shirt and pulls him to his feet.

JUDE (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

HUNTER
Don't fucking pussy out now.

Hunter shoves the magazine into Jude's chest. Hard.

HUNTER (CONT'D)
Go on.

Jude stares down, mumbles a protest.

HUNTER (CONT'D)
What?

Jude keeps his eyes on the floor.

HUNTER (CONT'D)
What'd you fucking say?

Ryan looks at Jude, anticipating the worst for him.

Jude looks up at Hunter.

Beat.

JUDE
(Quietly)
Nothing.

Jude walks O.S.

HUNTER
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Hunter sits down on the bed next to Daisy. She looks at him, but knows better than to say something.

JUDE (O.S.)
The door won't lock.

HUNTER
My mom took the lock off. Deal with it.

Silence. Daisy looks at the bathroom door. Waiting.

DAISY
What are you guys doing in the bathroom?

HUNTER
Boys stuff.

Beat.

DAISY
(Mumbles)
No one ever tells me anything.

Hunter looks at her.

HUNTER
You really wanna know?

Beat.

Daisy nods.

HUNTER (CONT'D)
Go ask Jude.

Beat.

HUNTER (CONT'D)
Families shouldn't keep secrets
from each other. Come on. Go ask
him.

EXT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Daisy stares down at the bathroom door. Like she already knows she shouldn't open it.

She looks back at the boys. Hunter nods. Ryan's cracking up.

She turns back. She pushes open the door. Peers in.

DAISY
Jude?

JUDE (O.S.)
Goddamnit Daisy!

A look of shock, confusion overcomes Daisy. We hear the RUSTLE OF JUDE MOVING TO CLOSE THE DOOR. Daisy beats him to it, swiftly pulling it shut. Hunter and Ryan erupt into laughter O.S.

INT. HUNTER'S LIVING ROOM - SUNSET

Jude rests his back against a glass wall near Hunter's front door. His eyes glazed over, he stares off screen. We can see Daisy's silhouette on the other side.

HUNTER
You coming?

Jude looks up. Hunter's pulling on his jacket in front of him. He doesn't respond.

Beat.

HUNTER (CONT'D)
(Quietly)
I'm sorry dude, I tried to stop her. She just got up and ran.

Jude looks at Hunter. He sees right through his bullshit.

EXT. SIDEWALK -EVENING

Jude sits on the sidewalk curb, staring off at the ground. Daisy sits about a foot away from him. She looks at him. He doesn't look back.

HUNTER (O.S)
(Whispers)
Jude!

Daisy looks back. Hunter and Ryan are crouched behind a car in a driveway behind them.

HUNTER (CONT'D)
(Louder)
Jude!

Jude ignores him. Beat.

DAISY
Jude.

Nothing. She tugs at his sleeve. He shakes her hand off of him.

A beat.

DAISY (CONT'D)
I'm sorry.

Jude sighs loudly. He buries his face in his hands.

(CONTINUED)

JUDE
You shouldn't be here.

Beat.

DAISY
What?

Beat.

JUDE
I said you shouldn't be here.
You're not a fucking boy so quit
acting like one.

A beat. Daisy looks at him for a moment. She stands angrily.

EXT. DRIVEWAY -MOMENTS LATER

Daisy approaches Hunter and Ryan at the car. She looks at Hunter for a moment. He extends the slightest of nods. She sits down next to him.

DAISY
He's not coming.

Hunter sighs. He pulls out a brown paper bag. He pushes it into Ryan's chest. Ryan stares at him blankly.

RYAN
I can't do it.

HUNTER
What are you talking about?

RYAN
You do it.

HUNTER
I can't do it.

RYAN
It was your idea.

HUNTER
Exactly that's why I shouldn't have
to do it.

RYAN
That doesn't make any sense.

Push in on Daisy as the boys continue to argue. She looks up.

(CONTINUED)

EXT. SIDEWALK -MOMENTS LATER

Jude remains on the sidewalk, defeated.

HUNTER (O.S.)

Daisy!

Jude turns, looks back.

Daisy quickly approaches the boys behind the car.

HUNTER (CONT'D)

Did you do it?

RYAN

What'd she say?

Daisy stares down at Hunter for a long moment. We can't read the expression on her face.

HUNTER (O.S.)

Daisy? What happened?

Beat. She takes a deep breathe. In her small hand held behind her back, she holds the brown bag's previous contents: a used condom. She swiftly slams it into the side of Hunter's head.

Jude looks at Daisy, shocked. He quickly rises.

Hunter slowly touches his hair. He looks at his hand.

Hunter's eyes fill with fury. He looks at Daisy.

Ryan bursts into grossed-out laughter.

Hunter rises, stares down at Daisy from about twice her height. She looks up at him, a slight panic spreading across her face.

Hunter reaches out for Daisy.

BOOM. In one utterly impulsive yet surprisingly swift move, Jude clocks Hunter in the jaw, sending him to the ground.

Ryan finally stops laughing.

Daisy looks at Jude in shock.

Hunter rubs his jaw. He looks up at Jude.

Beat.

(CONTINUED)

JUDE

Get the fuck out of here.

Jude looks at Ryan.

JUDE (CONT'D)

Go.

Hunter stands, shuffles away. Ryan follows. Jude watches them go.

EXT. SIDEWALK -EVENING

Daisy and Jude walk together in silence. She looks up at him. He looks back down at her.

DAISY

She looked like me.

BOOM. The fireworks show begins in the distance behind them. They don't notice.

INT. LIVING ROOM -NIGHT

O.S. The sound of the fireworks show playing on TV.

Closeup: Daisy cleans Jude's bloody knuckles with a wet paper towel. She peels a band-aid and sticks it across a cut.

He smiles: Thanks.

They sit back on the couch close to one another.

They watch TV.

CUT TO:

BLACK