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| Shot | Audio |
| Full shot of the suburban streets | (Non digenic) “Misty” played by Errol Garner from Late Night Piano album comes on |
| Full shot of a house | (Digenic) “Happy birthday to you…”  “Blow em out” |
| Medium shot of Izzy with closed eyes and blowing out her candles | Music continues, blows out candles |
| Full shot of dining table with 3 women. Becca and Nat ad lib a yay and start clapping. | “music continues, clapping |
| Medium shot of Izzy, flattered, mouths thank you | In the back round a chair is being pulled out |
| Back to full shot of dining table, Becca got up and is walking to kitchen | Music continues, volume decreases |
| Medium shot from in front of Becca walking into the kitchen | “What’d you wish for?” called out |
| Medium shot of Izzy looks down at cake. | “I can’t say. It looks good, Becca!” |
| Medium shot of Nat | “where’d you buy it?” Hears drawer close |
| Medium shot of Becca walking back to table with a knife. | "I didn’t buy it, I made it.” |
| Back to medium shot of nat | “Of course you did. Of course you made it. What a stupid question.” Chair is pulled up |
| Medium shot of Becca sitting back down. Her eyes flicker down and up. | “Izzy…” |
| ECU of Izzy scooping up frosting with her fingers to a tilt up as she licks it off her fingers. | (mumbling) “it’s *my* cake.” |
| Medium shot of Becca | “Well let me cut it first. Watch your fingers.” |
| ECU of Becca cutting cake. | Someone walks downstairs |
| Master shot of dining room table of Becca dispersing cake. Hannah walks in from upstairs | “You didn’t wait for me?”  “You said not to.”  “I didn’t mean it though.” |
| Mediums shot of Nat | “I tried to stop them, honey.” |
| Medium shot of Izzy looking up at Hannah | “I wanted cake” |
| Master shot (which is the full shot of the table), Hannah sits down and looks around to everyone. | “Rude" |
| Medium shot of Hannah sitting down | “We didn’t know how long you were gonna be up there. Once you get on that computer…” |
| Medium shot of Nat interrupting Becca | “Did you get it?” |
| Medium shot of Hannah passing a packet of some sort and taking a bit of cake | “Yeah, right here.” |
| Medium shot of Nat going through her purse and taking the papers. | “Let me get my glasses” |
| Planar staging of Hannah and Becca sitting next to each other at the table. | "Did you have to?”  “She wanted me to look it up.”  “Any excuse to get away for 10 minutes.” |
| Planar staging of Nat and Izzy sitting next to each other. | "Well do you blame her?” |
| Master shot of dining table | “What is this?” |
| Back to the planar staging of izzy and nat, Izzy tries to regain everyone’s focus. | “Mom…Cake.” |
| Medium shot of Hannah | “It’s a timeline, starting with the lobotomy. The plane crashes. It’s the whole list. It’s long.” |
| Close up of Becca | “Nobody said it was a curse, Mother.” |
| Medium shot of Nat. | Pause. “Everyone says. That was my point. Everybody says it’s a curse.” |
| Medium shot of Becca. | “Well, nobody in this room.” |
| Medium shot of Nat | “Do you know what it is, really? Hype. Perpetuating the myth. That whole American royalty crap.” |
| Medium shot of izzy | “It's good cake.” |
| Master shot of table | “But the Kennedy’s aren’t cursed. They’re just really unlucky. And kinda stupid, a lot of them.” |
| Medium shot of Hannah | Out of the conversation, “Cut me a piece, would, Bec? |
| Medium shot of Becca looking irrupted cutting piece for Hannah as Nat is talking | “Too much money, that’s the curse. And too much time on their hands. if they had to go to work, like normal people, then most of those Kennedy’s would still be alive.” |
| Close up of wine glass, almost empty, tilt up to Medium shot of Izzy | “Thanks, Hannah, I’m so glad you went and got that timeline.” |
| Master shot of table | “Maybe if and stayed home and watched television once in a while, instead of zipping off to Vail, then none of that stuff would’ve happened.” |
| Cut away to a full shot of a lone stuffed animal sitting in the hallway. |  |
| Medium shot of Becca | “You have the most interesting theories.” (Sarcastically) |
| Medium shot of Nat | “Don’t patronize me.” |
| Medium shot of Izzy, obviously bothered | (Digenic) Becca: I’m not I was being serious.  Izzy: This is so good (regarding the cake) |
| Medium shot of Nat. | “Like playing football. And skiing. At the *same* time! “Hey, look at me! I’m a Kennedy! I can catch a ball while flying down a mountain on sticks!” Of *course* he died. Idiot. And I know that’s a terrible thing to say, but this was a grown man acting like a moron. The arrogance of these people.” |
| Cut away to a picture hanging on the wall of the Becca, Nat, and Izzy. | “The Greeks would call that hubris. “Arrogance in the face of…”It might not technically be hubris actually.” |
| Medium shot of Nat | “If hubris means reckless, then that’s right.   “No, it doesn’t mean reckless. It’s more about the gods.  “That’s probably the right word then. They’re *very* Catholic, those Kennedys.” |
| Master shot of the table, everybody is very quiet.  Becca fills Nat’s glass. | “Fill me up, would ya Becca? Isn’t this nice? Sitting around talking politics? I never do this. It’s a nice change.” |
| Medium shot of Nat, a second more of silence. Nat picks up her wine glass and takes a sip. She just looks down at the table, zoned out. She wakes back up. | “You know who *was* cursed? *Rose* Kennedy. A hundred and four years old. Living through all that death, one after another. *She’s* the one I feel sorry for.” (Beat.)  Becca: “Anyone want more cake?”  Hannah: “None for me.”  Nat: “I don’t know how I got on all that Kennedy stuff. What was I talking about? |
| Medium shot of Hannah | “Aristotle Onassis”  “Oh right,t that makes sense. What was I saying about him? |
| close up of of wine glass almost empty again. | "You were saying how he’d get really tipsy and never stop talking.” |
| Medium shot of Nat laughing, clearly drunk. | "You bitch. I’m not tipsy. I’m sure I had a very interesting point to make.” |
| Medium shot of Becca, angry, realizing what’s going on. She gets angrier and angrier. When her mom drops the bomb, her eyes widen. | Hannah: More juice, Izzy?  Izzy: No I’m good.  Silence.  Nat: Now I remember what it was. What I was gonna say about Aristotle Onassis.  Izzy: Mom, do you have to—?  Nat: It was about his son, the one who died in the plane crash.”  Maybe a little thump. |
| Full shot of a play room, with all the toys put away cleanly, almost untouched. | Abandon Window by Jon Hopkins starts playing |
| ECU of the stuffed animal in the hall way |  |
| Close up of the wine glass, it’s empty. |  |
| Back to the medium shot of Becca, glancing down at the table, looking more sad than angry now. She glances up. | “He just couldn’t accept that what had happened was an accident, so he offered all this money to anyone who could give him a reasonable explanation. He needed someone to blame. He needed a *reason* for losing his son. But it didn’t come of course. And it killed him. The grief did. He only lasted a couple years after that. Because he never came to terms with it. There was nothing to give him comfort, and so he died. You see? *(Becca turns to face her.)* He would rather his son have been killed by some kind of secret assassination than by bad luck. It’s like the Kennedy curse, isn’t it? People want things to make sense.”  Becca: I don’t think Danny died of a curse mom. |
| Medium shot of Nat | "Of course not.”  “Or because someone sabotaged us, or was out to get us. I know there’s no sensible explanation.”  “I know you do.” |
| Medium shot of Becca | “Then why are you telling us this story?” |
| Master shot of the table | Nat: I’m just talking. Can’t I talk? |
| Medium shot of Becca | “You never *just talk*. It *sounds* like you’re just talking, but it’s always so much more, isn’t it.” |
| Planar stating of Nat and Izzy, Izzy with her head in her hands. She lifts her head to speak. | Nat: “I don’t even know what that means.”  Izzy: “Hey, here’s an idea: Let’s change the subject.” |
| Planar staging of Hannah and Becca | Becca: (To Hannah) “Didn’t I say no wine?”  Hannah: “She brought it herself, what was I supposed to do?” |
| Full shot of the the house | Nat: “What’d I say?” |
| Medium shot of Izzy. | “Mom, you promised.” |
| Master shot of the table | “Promised what? It’s not my fault she missed my point.” |
| Medium shot of Becca | “What point? That Aristotle Onassis died of grief because he couldn’t find someone to *blame?”* |
| Medium shot of Nat | “I’m not talking about blame, I’m talking about comfort.” |
| Medium shot of Becca: | “Ohhh, comfort. Well then.” |
| Full shot of 3 empty wine bottles in the kitchen. | Izzy: You guys, this is supposed to be my party.” |
| Master shot of the table, everybody totally ignoring Izzy. | Nat: “Where are you getting it?”  Becca: “Comfort?”  Nat: “Yes, if I may ask.”  Becca (reclining in her chair) “I’m not.”  Nat: “Well.”  Becca: “Well what?”  Nat: “Well, I think you should.” |
| Medium shot of Becca | “Okay, I’ll get right on that then. See what I can dig up on eBay.” |
| Medium shot of Nat | "Don’t get flip, Becca. I’m just trying to talk to you.” |
| Master shot of the table. Izzy starts to get back up but sits back down when interrupted. | Izzy: I’m gonna clean up, because I think we’re just about done here.  Nat: Hannah says you won’t go to the support group. *(Beat.)* |
| Close up of a faucet, dripping water. | *Drip Drip Drip*  “Oh, Hannah said.” |
| Planar staging of hannah and becca looking at each other. | Hannah: “She was just asking how you were doing.”  Becca: “Why didn’t you just say fine? You know she’s gonna run with whatever you give her.” |
| Medium shot of Nat | “I always thought talk was healthy. Isn’t that what all the books say?” |
| Medium shot of Izzy | Becca: “So what is this then, an intervention?”  Izzy: If it is, then I’m really pissed. |
| Medium shot of Hannah looking at Becca | “It's not an intervention.” |
| Medium shot of Nat | “We're just having a discussion.” |
| Master shot of the table | Izzy: “You couldn’t wait until tomorrow? It had to happen on my birthday?”  Hannah: “Izzy, please.” |
| Medium shot of Nat, looking very sure of herself. | "I remember when Arthur died, I found the support group very helpful.” |
| Medium shot of Becca | "Well, that’s you. It isn’t me. And Arthur isn’t Danny.” |
| Medium shot of Nat | "I’m not saying he is. I’m just saying it was helpful.” |
| Planar staging of Hannah and Becca. Becca looks at Hannah, disappointed. | Hannah: "She doesn’t like the people.”  Becca: “Hannah…”  Hannah: What, you don’t. I was just explaining.” |
| Medium shot of Nat. | "What’s wrong with the people? They’ve lost children, too. They understand what you’re going through” |
| Close up of the half eaten cake | “No, they don’t. They understand what *they’re* going through.” |
| Medium shot of Izzy, looking depressed and annoyed. | Hannah: "Still, you must have things in common.” |
| Medium shot of Becca, now sort of leaning over the table getting riled up. | Becca: "You would think so, Mother, but actually we don’t. Other than that dead kid thing, of course.” |
| Medium shot of Nat | “It can’t hurt to give it another try, Becca.” |
| Master shot of the table | Becca: "Actually, it *can*. You haven’t met that room full of God freaks. That’s all they talk about. God’s plan. “At least he’s in a better place.” My favorite is: “God needed another angel.” What is *that*? He’s *God*! Why can’t he just *make* another angel? These people…" |
| Full shot of a clearly kid drawn picture hanging on the refrigerator. | Nat: “Maybe God gives them comfort.” |
| Medium shot of Becca | “Well, it pisses me off. Trying to find some ridiculous meaning in--- “Hey look, I stepped in shit, it must be part of God’s plan.” |
| Medium shot of Nat | “Now you’re just being silly.” |
| Master shot of the table | Becca: “*I’m* being silly.”  Nat: “Faith helps people cope. What’s wrong with that? I know when your brother died—“  Becca: “Again with Arthur.”  Nat: “If I didn’t have god.” |
| Medium shot of Becca. She really starts fighting back now, mortified more and more by each thing her mother says. | Becca: "See? That’s *exactly* why I don’t go: “If I didn’t have God.””  Nat: “It seems like you’re jealous of their comfort.”  Becca: Yes, I *am*. Of *course* I am. How nice they all have something that makes them feel a little better. Like I don’t feel bad enough, I’ve gotta go and have *that* rubbed in my face?” |
| Master shot of the table | Hannah: "Nobody’s rub--- You’re not being fair.” |
| Medium shot of Nat | "I don’t know why you don’t believe in God anyway.” |
| Master shot of the table | Becca (To hannah): “You see? Now look where we’re going!”  Nat: “I brought you to church every Sunday. You *used* to believe in God.”  Becca: “Well I don’t anymore.”  Nat: “Well, you should. What if you’re wrong? What if there *is* a God?” |
| Medium shot of Becca, incredibly spiteful. | "Then I would say he’s a sadistic prick.” |
| Master shot of the table | "IZZY. NAT. HOWIE.  Whoa, hey now... Becca, please. Aw, jeez…” |
| Medium shot of Nat, looking incredibly hurt, then speaks very quietly. | Becca: “Worship me and I’ll treat you like shit.” No wonder you like him, he sounds just like Dad.”  Nat: “You don’t need to strike out at me, Becca. I know you’re still in a bad place, but I’m trying to help you.” |
| Medium shot of Becca, folding her arms over her chest and sitting back. | Beat. “Right.” |
| Medium shot of Nat, leaning forward. | "I wish someone had sat me down when Arthur died. I wish someone gave me a little advice.” |
| Full Shot of Becca, over the shoulder from Nat. | Becca: You know what *I* wish?! *I* wish you would stop comparing Danny to Arthur! *Danny* was a four-year-old boy who chased his dog into the street and got hit by a car! *Arthur* was a thirty-year-old *heroin* addict who *hung* himself! Frankly I resent how you keep lumping them together. *(Silence.)* |
| Close up of Nat for a few moments before she speaks, she starts choking up. | "He was still my son.” |
| Back to the full shot of Becca, who is also now choking up. She walks out. | “And I don’t recall anyone giving you instructions on how best to grieve for him. *(Beat.)* I think it’s time for me to leave now. *(Turns to her sister.)* Izzy, I hope you enjoy your present.” |
| Medium shot of Izzy | "I'm gonna.”  \*Door slams  Silence |
| Full shots of rooms around the house, emphasizing the silence, the jazz music playing quietly in the background. | jazz music playing quietly in the background. |
| Planar staging of the empty seat where Becca was sitting and Hannah. | "I knew this party was a bad idea.” |
| Master shot of the table | Izzy to Nat: “Didn’t I tell you not to get into anything with her?” |
| Back to the planar staging | "She got a letter today. From Jason Willette, the kid who hit Danny with his car. *(Beat.)”* |
| Medium shot of Nat | “Wait, why? What’d he want?” |
| Back to the planar staging agagin. | "She said it didn’t bother her but... *(Regarding the gathering.)* Sorry, Iz.” |
| Medium shot of Izzy | "No, hey, this was *great*, really. Let’s do it again *next* year.” |
| Full shot of the dining table with the 3 sitting there in silence, not looking at each other. | jazz in the background |
| Full shot of the house, black out. | The End |