

Steps and Stones
an original screenplay by
Rhonda Buckley

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Producer, Rhonda Buckley
rhondabuckleynl@gmail.com
709-770-5424
www.rhondabuckleyfilm.com
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FADE IN:

1 **EXT. BOULEVARD CROSSING, NEWFOUNDLAND**

Boulevard Crossing sits amid a former Air Force base, shutdown, broken up pavement, bungalows, abandoned barracks, in Pleasantville, NL, at the foot of Southside Hills.

CLOSE UP: Tunnel walls, graffiti, floats like art.

The town sits alongside Windsor Lake, an overgrown meadow meets water and sky, for as far as the eye can see.

2 **EXT. STREET- DAY**

Iris (16) and Hazel (16) walk past the military base, a long a straight road with a sharp turn at the end.

They enter the corner store, a daily stop. Iris starts to pull money out of her hoodie pocket.

3 **INT. MONTYS STORE - DAY**

Iris and Hazel walk in between the chip racks, and squeeze bags of junk food to get the full bags.

ALICE(65), the store owner, is on the phone by the cash register. They look through the rungs on the rack.

4 **INTERCUT: PHONE CONVERSATION**

ALICE

She was only 5. Crushed right in front of me. Nothing left to her.

Alice gets squeamish, anguish on her face.

Iris and Hazel lean on the rack and look on in horror.

ALICE (CONT'D)

He'll never get over it... He won't drive that bus again... An ambulance sped away with her... Yes, my dear, dead... That's for sure.

Girls fall against the rack, make it rattle, and catch it just before it falls. Girls look at Alice, spooked by her phone call.

ALICE (CONT'D)

I got to go. Don't want the teenagers to be repeating this.

Hazel puts their chips and cheezies on the counter, scrounges for money in her pocket and starts to pay.

Iris runs back, stuffs cheezies into her sweatshirt, and runs to catch up to Hazel at the door without paying.

Iris drops a bag and picks it up as she rushes out.

Alice catches Iris out of the corner of her eye, and hurries to the door. She sings out to the girls as they rush to the edge of the curb.

ALICE (CONT'D)

You get back here. I'm not blind.

5 **EXT. MONTYS STORE - DAY**

Iris and Hazel jump back from the edge of the curb. Iris puts her arm across Hazel's chest and pushes her back.

6 **EXT. STREET- DAY**

BUS brushes past and the rush of wind comes over them.

CLOSE UP: Alice's face turns white in fear.

Hazel looks to Iris. Shaken.

7 **INT. STREET - DAY**

Iris and Hazel cross the street and continue to walk down the road.

IRIS

Lisa's parents are going to be waiting for her after school. She'll never come home.

HAZEL

It's the worst thing ever.

IRIS

After school my dad is not there. My mom is not there. I don't even know my Dad. There's no one.

Hazel leans into Iris and pulls her close, like an old soul, a Great Aunt she never had.

IRIS (CONT'D)

I dream about not coming home. Getting killed. Not on purpose. Just to see them cry. Just to see them want me. Sick, I know.

HAZEL

You have me.

(MORE)

HAZEL (CONT'D)

You're trying to make the best of a bad situation, that's all.

Iris looks to Hazel, confused.

IRIS

How old are you?

They both laugh and lean into each other, like soulmates.

8 **INT. IRIS'S BEDROOM- DAY**

Iris puts the junk food on the bed and lines it up in a row. Blankets are weathered, holes, unravelled. Washed out colours, pale pink and rainbows for a child.

IRIS

What do you think it felt like?

HAZEL

What?

IRIS

To be hit by a bus?

Iris grabs an exercise book and pencil crayons, with her hands stained orange from the cheezies.

She draws a bus, the road. Girls' hair and legs crushed under a bus wheel. Pencil lines of red gushes like blood.

HAZEL

Ewww. That's gross.

IRIS

It's how it was.

Iris draws a foot further away from the bus.

HAZEL

Why is Lisa's foot over there?

IRIS

It could be there.

HAZEL

Can you imagine having a little girl?
And then she is run over by a bus.

Iris picks up a sad-looking doll, thrown in the corner with torn-up clothes from when she was younger.

IRIS

I'm never having a baby.

HAZEL
How do you know?

IRIS
Mom says I was made and raised in
the back of a car.

Hazel looks confused.

HAZEL
You have a place now.

IRIS
Mom says, we won't have power this
winter, if I keep eating her out of
house and home.

CLOSE UP: Iris's gangly posture, skin and bones.

HAZEL
No way I'm having a baby if you're
not.

Iris puts out her pinky, to pinky swear.

IRIS
Never having babies.

HAZEL
Never.

Iris smiles.

9 **INT. GAMES ARCADE- DAY**

Iris clenches the sides of the pinball machine tight. She rattles the sides and tips it to get points.

INSERT: Pinball machine. The ball pops up randomly to the top of the machine, lights flicker, and shots flare.

Sound roars and pings, FREE GAME, light on the screen.

IRIS
YES!

Iris and Hazel get change. A bunch of young boys, hang off the machine but are not playing.

JIMMY(14) lurks around, hands in pockets, on his own.

IRIS (CONT'D)
You're holding up the wheel, Jimmy.

JIMMY
Hey, money bucks. Toss us a few
quarters. I'm out.

HAZEL
Sucks to be you.

IRIS
I know what'll get you a game.

JIMMY
Didn't think you were that kind of
girl.

IRIS
Shut up. Didn't your parents get
you a guitar?

HAZEL
I don't see you in a band.

JIMMY
It's not my thing. I have to play
ball you know.

HAZEL
Keep your hands soft for pinball-
got it.

IRIS
Give you \$5 to borrow it.

Jimmy thinks his getting one over on her.

JIMMY
Sure.

Iris softens.

IRIS
Can I get it now?

JIMMY
Let's go. Don't tell my folks.

IRIS
I won't.

HAZEL
Put her out of her misery. She is
dying to play.

10 **EXT. STREET - DAY**

Iris, Hazel and Jimmy head down a long road alongside the tarmac. Boardwalk, a thin line, separates the air base and the neighbourhood.

11 **EXT. JIMMY'S HOUSE - DAY**

Iris, Hazel and Jimmy run up the front steps to his bungalow. The house looks like all the rest, beige, rows and rows line up.

He runs in, and slips the guitar out, not to get caught.

JIMMY

Here.

IRIS

Got a case and everything. Cool.

JIMMY

Pulls it back in. \$15.

IRIS

You said \$5. That's all I've got.

Passes him the \$5.

JIMMY

That's good. For now.

IRIS

I'll have more when I play music.

Jimmy laughs.

JIMMY

Fat chance.

Iris pulls the guitar away. She and Hazel walk down the steps.

12 **EXT. STREET - DAY**

Iris and Hazel head back down the road.

A half dozen shut-down hangers on the horizon, muted soft blues and grays. Sky and buildings morph as one.

Iris twirls around and hugs her guitar.

IRIS

We got it. This is it.

HAZEL
Your hands will bleed to death before
you can play that thing.

IRIS
It'll be worth it.

13 **INT. SCHOOL BUS - DAY**

Iris, all limbs, like a rag doll, is animated. Hazel, is steady, sure of her looks and opinions.

IRIS
I can't believe Lisa was killed.

HAZEL
The bus driver didn't kill her. He just didn't see her.

IRIS
She's dead.

HAZEL
Mom says he'll never get over it. She said that turn in the road was an accident waiting to happen.

IRIS
The driver won't leave his house.

HAZEL
Do you have any money?

IRIS
I scrounged some from Mom's top drawer.

HAZEL
Let's get to the store.

14 **EXT. MONTYS STORE - DAY**

They walk past the store. There's a poster with a PHOTO of 2 schoolgirls on it.

POSTER: Schoolgirls. Wanted for mischief. Report to Alice.

IRIS
Alice!

HAZEL
She wants to scare us.

IRIS
It's working. I'm not going in.

They walk fast and look sheepish.

15 **EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY**

They walk by the graveyard, lined with rows of plastic flowers in the field.

A bright bouquet of real red roses pops from the grey concrete tombstones.

IRIS

There are never roses in this town.

HAZEL

Someone loves their grandma.

IRIS

My grandma loved me. Nanny Jo,
Josephine. I couldn't say her name
when I was little.

HAZEL

She's dead too?

IRIS

She moved away. Mom, drugs, money.
She had to go. I guess she could be
dead. Maybe.

Iris picks up one of the red roses and holds it with care,
smells it.

HAZEL

You have to drive to the city to get
roses.

IRIS

I'm taking them.

HAZEL

No way.

IRIS

Do you think we'll grow up and get
flowers from Jimmy?

HAZEL

I don't want flowers from Jimmy.
He's a kid.

Iris grabs the flowers from the graveyard.

16 **INT. IRIS'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Iris is awake. Crawls out of bed. Street light comes in across the floor. Her red roses hang over the brim of a mason jar, like a fountain.

Band-aids on her fingers. Blood oozes from her thumb.

Iris picks up her guitar and plays the first chords of *This Land is Your Land* by Woody Guthrie.

You can hear Iris's Mom, Pauline (32), in the hallway turning on the bathroom light, but we don't see her.

PAULINE

What the hell are you doing up? Go to sleep, now!

Iris stops playing. Listens.

PAULINE (CONT'D)

You're making a god-awful racket with that thing.

You can see Iris mull over Pauline's words. She puts the guitar beside her and pulls the ripped blanket under her chin.

PAULINE (CONT'D)

Woody Guthrie, you're not.

IRIS

And what are you? Nothing. Not a thing.

Iris rolls over and dreams of her NANNY JO.

DREAM SEQUENCE:

NANNY JO, sits on the edge of the bed, she wears black pants and a short black leather coat.

NANNY JO

You can do it, Iris. Don't listen to Pauline. You can be anything you want.

Iris rolls over and smiles.

17 **INT. TUNNELS - NIGHT**

Iris, Hazel and Wes (16) run through the tunnel. Wes hangs back, close to Iris. He sees a big rock in front.

WES

Watch out.

She jumps over and clears the rock, just in time.

IRIS

I'm not going home yet. Not until
mom's passed out.

WES

I'll stay with you.

HAZEL

We're all here, Wes. Together. I
take care of her.

They keep running. Sounds of the circus outside. They reach
the end of the tunnel, their bodies flop over with exhaustion.

A glimmer of light from the circus fills the tunnel.

Iris starts to sing. She is joking around.

IRIS

*I just want to be little miss one of
a kind/ I'm one of a kind/ I'm one
of a kind/ Now I can die my hair
blue and get a new tattoo/ Get a
crazy piercing, that's what some
girls do/ I could get in the mood
and never say what's on my mind/
That's what you get with little miss
one of a kind/*

Wes and Hazel stop in their tracks. Still. She's magical.

Iris laughs trying not to look like a fool.

HAZEL

Your voice is beautiful.

IRIS

Mom says I sound like screeching
tires.

WES

Your mom is messed up. You are
beautiful.

IRIS

I'm terrible.

HAZEL

You know if you say you're terrible,
that's what you'll be.

IRIS

If you say so.
(MORE)

IRIS (CONT'D)
 (laughs)
 I'm the best singer ever.

Iris twirls. Hazel is taken aback when Iris agrees.

HAZEL
 That's better.

Iris shrugs her shoulders.

18 **INT/EXT. TUNNELS - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

There's an opening in the top of the tunnel. Lights flash from the circus and spin like a strobe.

There's noise of a man and a girl.

Iris, Hazel, and Wes can't see anyone, they can just hear the noise.

Sounds of the man, pushing against a girl.

Girl sings out. Then silence.

More pushing. Noise against the concrete. Silence. Heavy footsteps rush away.

MAN'S VOICE
 Enjoy the rides. First ones on us.

Crying. Convulsing. A girl's cry.

19 **INT. TUNNELS - NIGHT**

Iris, Hazel, Wes. Stop. Scared. Frightened.

They run the length of the tunnel. Faster, as fast as they can.

20 **EXT. TUNNELS - NIGHT**

Iris runs, Hazel is up ahead. She slows down as they get out of the tunnel. She looks back to WENDY (14), with long blazing red hair. She is curled up in a ball, her clothes torn.

Iris looks at Wendy in cold fear, not admitting what has happened.

She races faster to catch up with Hazel and Wes.

21 **INT. STAR OF THE SEA BAR - NIGHT**

Iris and Hazel have dishrags in their hands, cleaning every inch of the bar and stacking glasses in the dishwasher.

Band, *Smooth Leather*, older men who know their way around a drum kit play April Wine songs, bar-goers swing to the music. A few on the dance floor.

HAZEL

You think one shitty job cleaning the hotel would be enough.

IRIS

We're trying to get to sing here.

HAZEL

I don't see anyone calling out for us.

IRIS

I'm working on it. Hold up, already, will ya?

Hazel glares at the girls carrying trays of glasses, winking at the guys.

HAZEL

To think that's all I ever wanted.

IRIS

What? A guy.

HAZEL

A good guy. My mom would say any gal can get a guy, you need to get a good young man.

IRIS

And was that creep you were dating a good young man?

HAZEL

He's gone now.

IRIS

Are you sure? You said that before.

HAZEL

Slim pickings.

SAM (28) joins Iris and Hazel at the end of the bar.

SAM

Rum and coke.

IRIS

Come'n up. I can only get you a coke.

SAM

I'll top it up. The bar has been cleaner since you two gals arrived. That's what counts.

Iris passes him the drink.

IRIS

Doesn't your uncle own this place?

SAM

We both own it.

Hazel moves in closer and tries to charm him.

HAZEL

It's time to stop those old geezer wannabe stars from playing.

SAM

Says who?

HAZEL

We've got songs.

SAM

Whose we?

Iris from behind the bar.

IRIS

Me. Me and Hazel.

SAM

We're not looking for that girlie shit.

IRIS

How'd you know? No one is dancing to the band with the bad synthesizer.

HAZEL

Keyboard drum machines- they're ancient.

SAM

So what do you play?

IRIS

I play acoustic.

HAZEL

And we sing.

SAM
Ballads. That shit.

Iris slams the dishrag down.

IRIS
You won't regret it.

SAM
I regret it. Are you two old enough?

HAZEL
We work here.

SAM
Cleaners I need. Singers, not so much.

HAZEL
You haven't heard us.

Hazel goes over and leans in on Sam, a little too close. He sees her desperation and reads it as seduction. He is not wrong.

IRIS
Give us a chance. Come on.

SAM
You can be the warm-up act. You better be good.

Iris and Hazel are giddy, like the school girls they are.

22 **INT. IRIS'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Iris checks for her mother in her bedroom, then checks the couch. No sign of her.

The house is dimly lit. Street lights radiate black. Inside and outside of the house are like one.

She sees a half packed suitcase in the hall.

On the table is a half-eaten frozen dinner. She looks to the counter and sees a note.

INSERT NOTE: *Had to go. Keep your chin up. Love Mom. Everyone dies famous in a small town. XoXo*

Iris walks around the room, aimless, head down.

She snaps out of it. Makes a quick turn and takes the half-eaten frozen dinner off the table and throws it against the wall like a frisbee.

23 **INT. IRIS'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Iris lies on her bed, and plays her guitar. Dead roses on the side table in an empty mason jar.

Takes her flip phone out and calls Hazel over and over and over again. Fifty-two unanswered calls.

 IRIS
 Where is she?

24 **EXT/INT. SAM'S CAR - SAME NIGHT**

Hazel and Sam are in his car. Windows are steamed up. They are all in, making out.

25 **INT. IRIS'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Iris calls the police to report a missing person, her mother.

26 **INTERCUT: PHONE CONVERSATION**

 IRIS
 I'd like to report a missing person,
 my mother, Pauline Spencer.

 POLICE
 How long has she been gone?

 IRIS
 Less than a day, maybe a half day.

 POLICE
 How do you know she's missing?

 IRIS
 She left a note.

 POLICE
 What does it say?

 IRIS
 *Had to go. Keep your chin up. Love
 Mom. Everyone dies famous in a small
 town. XoXo*

 POLICE
 So she's not missing. She had to
 go, right?

Iris looks down at the note in her hand.

 IRIS
 Right.

27 **INT. STAR OF THE SEA BAR - LATER**

Hazel is by the pool table. Iris storms in and confronts Hazel.

IRIS
Can I talk to you?

Crowd around the bar: *Ooooooh, you're in trouble now.*

IRIS (CONT'D)
Where the fuck have you been?

Pass me your phone. Hazel reaches for it in her back jean skirt pocket.

Iris holds up the phone shows well over 50 missed calls from her. Shakes Hazel's phone in rage in a clenched fist in her face.

28 **INT. STAR OF THE SEA BAR - CONTINUOUS**

Iris stomps back to the bar. Hazel follows her.

IRIS
I've been calling and calling and calling you about Mom. Where were you?

HAZEL
I've been taking your calls about your Mom since I was 5. Can't I have one night off to have some fun.

Iris catches Sam out of the corner of her eye, still looking at Hazel in a steamy way.

IRIS
You're *never* there for me.

HAZEL
When you say something to try and hurt me. It does hurt me, ya know. I think about it all day and all night and then I also cry about it.

Iris tries to brush it off, watches Sam's every look toward Hazel.

IRIS
Like when I say what?

HAZEL
That I talk too much.

HAZEL (CONT'D)

I go around wanting to be quieter.
I practice it at home in the mirror.

Iris scoffs at Hazel, as if she is foolish.

IRIS

You don't talk a lot. You just keep saying things I don't want to hear like, *let's leave this fucking town. Those stupid guys from here are no good. I can make it in music if I get out of here, because I'm really good. I just have to try.*

HAZEL

You do just have to try. Try is all we've got.

IRIS

See, who the hell wants to hear that. *I'm good and I have to try.* You're so weird.

HAZEL

There you go again. Now I think I'm weird.

Sam laughs behind the bar, and shares an intimate moment with Hazel and blows her a kiss.

IRIS

I bet there wasn't much talking last night. Banging Sam in his car while I was worried sick about Mom, on the phone with the police.

Hazel looks at Iris, serious about her mom.

HAZEL

What did they say?

IRIS

She left a note. She's not a missing person.

INTERCUT: PHONE CONVERSATION

Phone RINGS behind the bar, Sam picks it up and nods.

SAM

Iris, it's for you. Penney from Penney's bar, a couple of towns over asking you to play.

Iris takes the phone call from behind the bar.

IRIS
Sure, I'll be there.

Iris hangs up.

HAZEL
You'll be where? There's no *I* in
US, Iris.

IRIS
Bus leaves in the morning.

Hazel looks down at her feet. Then to the guys by the pool table, who hang on her every word.

Iris starts to turn, she screams back.

IRIS (CONT'D)
Mom fucking left. Again. That's all
I know. For good this time.

Iris storms out, gives Sam a stare down, a warning.

29 **EXT. GALLEY HOTEL - DAY**

Motel doors swing open, paint peels off the siding, it's rundown.

Windows are cloudy from neglect. Swimming pool is small with broken patio furniture around it.

30 **INT. GALLEY HOTEL - DAY**

Iris and Hazel, are chambermaids, and tear through the rooms to clean them spotless. Iris is still barely talking to Hazel, just gestures to get the job done.

31 **BEGIN MONTAGE:**

- Iris pushes the vacuum with force.
- Hazel leans over the bathtub and cleans with a sponge.
- Hazel grabs a wastebasket and tosses bottles and paper.
- Iris flops on the bed and spreads the bed sheet out.
- Hazel makes hospital corners on the bed lie a pro.
- Iris fixes one of the corners, as if it is not perfect.

END MONTAGE:

32 **INT. HALLWAY - LATER**

Iris pushes the vacuum back into the hallway closet.

IRIS

Done.

It tips over, and the vacuum bag explodes. Dirt, dust, and wrappers pile up in the hallway.

Hazel pulls a heavy plant on top of the pile of dirt to cover it up. Plant lands lopsided.

HAZEL

I'm so done.

Iris wants to scold Hazel, but she lets it go also feeling the pain of their mediocre jobs.

33 **EXT. TARMAC - NIGHT**

Iris rides around on her bike, aimless.

Passes by the airport hangers, runway markings.

Across the runway she sees a small figure. Barely recognizable. She races to him with a vengeance.

It's Wes.

WES

You're riding at night. Odd.

IRIS

You're walking. Strange.

Less defensive.

WES

Can I get on.

Iris lets him on back. He struggles to get going and can't support his weight.

Without a word, they switch places, and start to ride to Iris's house.

34 **INT. IRIS'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Wes walks in. The house same as when Iris's mom left.

Frozen dinner against the wall, a half packed suitcase in the hall.

Wes observes without judgment or sympathy.

35 **INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT**

They are new, but like an old couple, friends since grade school. Iris takes Wes by the hand and pulls him onto the bed.

Iris and Wes are in bed, close.

WES

You okay?

Iris nods her head.

There's a calm, a silence. They enjoy each other. Iris smiles.

36 **EXT. IRIS'S HOUSE - DAY**

Iris comes down her steps. She puts a key under the mat on the way. EPHRAM, POSTAL CARRIER, walks up to the wooden mailbox outside and clocks her hiding the key.

EPHRAM

I'm not sure if that's a good idea.
Did I ever tell you the story about
loosing the key to my apartment ...

Iris cuts him off.

IRIS

See you anon. Move along, now.

EPHRAM

There's no mail today.

Wes walks out of the house behind Iris. Ephram stops, and gives Wes a hard look.

Iris and Wes grab her bicycle, and ride past Ephram.

Iris stares into the sky as they ride off.

DAYS LATER:

37 **INT. COACHLINE BUS - MORNING**

Iris sits on her own, head against the window. Guitar leans against her passenger seat.

People pass by her, get to their seats. She closes her eyes.

Woman carries 3 bags and 2 hot coffees, struggles to get down the aisle.

IRIS

You made it. Pried yourself away.

It's Hazel.

Hazel passes her the coffee, smiles ear to ear. Puts her luggage behind the seat.

Iris, fails at being mad. Busts open, with chatter.

HAZEL

Just saw Wes at the store. He asked after you.

They both laugh. They're back.

38 **INT. PENNY'S PUB - NIGHT**

Iris and Hazel walk in, swing in their step.

PENNY (56), the bar owner, a woman who commands the room.

HAZEL

Did your husband leave you his bar?

PENNY

Did my what, leave me a what? What makes you think I don't own this bar myself? That I built it myself. I make money, myself. I should send you right back to that used-to-be town you came from.

Hazel backs up. Iris, confident, tries to make amends.

IRIS

I'm sorry ma'am. Hazel is a bit full of herself.

PENNY

Ma'am. Well, aren't you two a pair of backtwoits?

IRIS

A what?

PENNY

Don't make me spell it out for you.

IRIS

Hard to get it right in here, Penny.

Penny starts to laugh.

PENNY

I'm just razzing you. You're ready now, get on stage.

Iris and Hazel take to the stage. Iris sings.

IRIS

*I wonder if you thought of me, All
these years/ Did it bring you
laughter, Or fill you with tears/
It's funny how life took us down,
Different roads/ I guess some doors
open/ While others close/ Do you
love me/ Oh, Mr. Darcy/ Mr. Darcy/*

PENNY

Not bad. For your first time on the
road.

Iris and Hazel start to play their set.

Hazel starts to look queasy like she might fall off the bar
stool. She can't hold herself up and forges ahead to the
bathroom.

39 **INT. PENNY'S PUB - WASHROOM - NIGHT**

Hazel grabs a paper towel, covers it in cold water, and puts
it on her forehead.

She leans against the stall, trying to hold herself up. She
holds her arms wrapped around her stomach, as if she might
split open at the seams.

40 **INT. PENNY'S PUB - NIGHT**

Iris continues to sing.

IRIS

*First impressions are just that/
Lost in history they're lost in the
past/ If the right person just got
the right line/ Everything is going
to be alright/ if you give it a little
time/*

Iris rushes to the washroom to check on Hazel.

41 **INT. PENNY'S PUB - WASHROOM - NIGHT**

Iris leans on the the stall door. Hazel, terrified, calls
out to Iris from inside the cubicle.

HAZEL

What is coming out of me? Clots of
blood.

Iris still leans on the door.

IRIS
Oh Christ, Hazel.

HAZEL
Oh Christ, what?

IRIS
That is your 10 Hail Marys and Our
Father.

HAZEL
What are you talking about? My
insides just cracked open.

IRIS
It's not what. It's who. That
would've been your and Sam's child.

Hazel horrified.

HAZEL
How do you know?

IRIS
I've seen more of my mother's close
calls. She'd never even know who
the father was, just like with me.

HAZEL
You mean ...

IRIS
Count your lucky stars, my dear.
I'll grab our pay and get us back to
the motel.

42 **INT. MOORLANDS MOTEL - NIGHT**

Hazel lies on her side on the bed, hands under her cheek.

HAZEL
I'm not stupid, you know.

IRIS
I know. Careless and foolish, maybe.

HAZEL
Bored. I can't stand it at home.

IRIS
No one likes home.

HAZEL
Someone must. Like in New York.
They must like home.

IRIS
Who calls New York home?

HAZEL
You never left. At least I tried
Spaniards Bay, ith that prick. Don't
say it. *Look where that got you.*

IRIS
I can't leave home. There's no one
to leave.

HAZEL
Come with me.

Iris sits. Quiet.

43 **EXT. MOORLANDS MOTEL - MORNING**

Iris and Hazel stand together with all of their bags. There's
a bus going west.

IRIS
Should've known, with the luggage
you packed, it wasn't for two nights.

Bus pulls up. They jump back from the edge of the curb. Iris
puts her arm across Hazel's chest and pushes her back. Just
like she always does. Hazel gets on the bus.

Iris stares after Hazel, lost.

44 **EXT. IRIS HOUSE - DAY**

Pauline is trying to climb into the window at the back of the
house.

NANNY JO walks up behind her and pulls on her sweater,
stretches it down over her knees and pulls her down from the
window sill.

Pauline falls back on, buried in a pile of branches on the
ground.

NANNY JO
Oh, no you don't. You're not getting
back in that house to spend more
money in drug dens. Over my DEAD
BODY.

Pauline's voice rises from the ground, still covered in a
pile of branches.

PAULINE

Guess the papers say you are a DEAD
BODY to be signing over *my* house.

NANNY JO

I got you back here to help Iris,
and you'll sign this house over to
her if its the last thing you do.

Nanny Jo shakes the yellow envelope in her hand and holds it
for dear life.

NANNY JO (CONT'D)

You sign this and Iris is all set.
You won't loose my house again and
beg me to save you.

PAULINE

You never saved me.

NANNY JO

Neither did drugs.

PAULINE

Some people do drugs just because
they like drugs.

Pauline sings out with a demonic laugh, still on the ground.

Nanny Jo pulls Pauline off the ground. She leans Pauline
against the house and puts the pen in her hand.

Pauline obeys and signs leaning up against the house. Nanny
Jo lets go and snatches the legal document from Pauline the
second they are signed.

Nanny Jo, taller than Pauline, shuts the window down and pushes
Pauline out of the back garden, afraid Iris will see she is
back.

45 **EXT. IRIS HOUSE GARDEN - SAME DAY**

Nanny Jo slides the envelope of legal docs into Ephram's postal
bag as he comes up the walk.

She then goes back to her hiding place, behind the rose bush
in the front garden.

She stays just far enough out of sight not to be seen as Ephram
puts the big yellow envelope in the mailbox, with the title
DEED OF PROPERTY, legal documents.

Ephram looks pleased with himself, as he knows Iris will now
have a home.

Iris comes to the mailbox, disheveled wearing a ratty old sweater of her mom's. She still has food on her arms from cleaning the frozen dinner off the wall that she threw like a frisbee.

Ephram lingers on as Iris pulls the envelope from the mailbox. He starts to walk close to Iris, waiting to see the hope in her eyes when she opens the envelope.

Iris abruptly looks over her shoulder up to Eph.

IRIS

What. What now? You're only meant to deliver the mail, you know.

Eph is startled and now aware of himself being nosey, he makes an about face and scurries out of the yard.

46 **EXT. EPHRAM'S APARTMENT - DAY**

Eph walks up the walkway serious in thought.

Nanny Jo, peeks out behind Eph's 'everybody library' and gauges his look.

She runs ahead to the side door and takes the back stairs.

47 **INT. EPRHAM'S APARTMENT - DAY**

Eph enters his apartment, and Nanny Jo peeks out from behind the coo koo clock, amidst Eph's candelabras and bronze statues collection.

NANNY JO

Well, well. What did she say?

Eph jumps out of his skin in a fright.

EPH

You scared me half to death.

Eph gasps for air and falls into his arm chair.

NANNY JO

I am half to death, Eph. How do you think Iris is going to get that house, unless the bank hands it over

('air quotes')

Cause I'm dead.

EPH

She has the deed. I think we're in the clear.

NANNY JO

And the death certificate. *My* death certificate.

EPH

It's all there. Pauline won't loose that house this time. It's Iris's to keep.

NANNY JO

I'll be damned if my granddaughter ends up like her mother. I had to leave town cause of her drug debts.

Nanny Jo sits in the other arm chair, and lets out a big sigh.

NANNY JO (CONT'D)

All I need to do is be dead for the rest of my life. That shouldn't be to hard, I suppose.

EPH

We need to give Iris a home.

NANNY JO

You did a good job printing the deed. I'd believe it.

EPH

You know I don't break the law. It's Iris, that's different.

They both look at each other with years behind them.

NANNY JO

Wish I could see the look on her face. I'd love to see her after all these years.

CUT TO:

48 **INT. IRIS HOUSE - DAY**

Iris walks back into the desolate house, empty, except for Iris's bedroom.

She opens the envelope without the lights on.

She reads her Nanny Jo's death certificate and the deed of the house left to IRIS SPENCER, with her mother's signature.

She slides down the wall of the empty room with her knees up to her chest and screams.

IRIS
Is anyone in this family going to
fucking live?

Iris tosses the papers and envelope across the room like it is a frozen dinner.

49 **EXT. IRIS HOUSE - DAY**

Nanny Jo looks in the window smiling and hoping to see a big smile on Iris's face.

She sees the papers thrown across the room and left by the edge of the fire place.

NANNY JO
Oh no. No. This is not good.

Nanny Jo hurries off.

50 **INT. IRIS HOUSE - DAY**

Iris stands in the large front window of the house looking out, she doesn't see Nanny Jo run off. Just the rustle of the trees in the front yard.

Iris walks over to the fireplace, takes a deep sigh and picks up the Deed of Property. She places it carefully with a pile of other papers.

51 **INT. INTERNET CAFE - DAY**

Iris sits behind PAIGE (18) at a computer terminal. DAVEY (19), Paige's boyfriend, is looking on the INDEED site.

IRIS
Are you leaving?

DAVEY
It's nice to get a job.

PAIGE
At least you have your place.

IRIS
I work. The hotel and bar. There are bills.

PAIGE
But you and Wes can at least have a place.

IRIS
What's he got to do with it?

DAVEY

He said you were a thing.

IRIS

Whatever. What's that? Who are those people?

Iris looks over their shoulder again. There's a blue Facebook symbol. Fills the screen with photos.

PAIGE

It's Facebook. How can you not know what Facebook is? Everyone is on it.

IRIS

I don't use a computer. I play a guitar and rinse a mop. Show me. Who's everyone?

Paige shows her how to log on.

PAIGE

Sam from the bar. School friends. Check it out.

PAIGE (CONT'D)

Hazel is on here.

Paige keeps scrolling, past a photo of Hazel. Iris leaps up.

IRIS

No, she's not. She hasn't even answered my calls.

PAIGE

She's on here. Want a page?

Iris is tormented.

IRIS

Who are her friends?

PAIGE

Everyone. What kind of name do you want to use?

IRIS

My name, I guess. Spencer.

PAIGE

Give me a password.

Iris jots it down. Paige looks at the password. *#Everyone dies famous in a small town.*

PAIGE (CONT'D)
It's kind of long.

Paige takes a photo of Iris and sets it up. Fiddles with the computer.

PAIGE (CONT'D)
There you're ready. Now pass me your phone.

IRIS
Make me have Hazel's friends. I want those.

PAIGE
You want those?

IRIS
I don't know. Can I talk to her?

PAIGE
See this spot here. Everyone can see what you write here.

IRIS
Like who is everyone?

PAIGE
The whole world.

IRIS
Why would the world care what I'm writing Hazel? Hazel doesn't even care. I've been calling.

Paige shows her the section for messages.

PAIGE
Use this section. You can just talk to Hazel on her own.

DAVEY
Give her a cool post, playing at the Star.

Davey sees a poster of Iris on the wall announcing her singing gig, takes a snap, and passes his phone to Paige.

DAVEY (CONT'D)
Here, put this up.

Iris's profile photo and her post fill the screen. A second goes by and they hear a ding.

IRIS
What's that?

PAIGE
Sam liked your profile.

Iris shakes her head.

IRIS
Is Hazel my friend yet?

PAIGE
No. She hasn't accepted. She can see your private message, though.

Iris looks sad.

IRIS
How do you know?

PAIGE
See these green dots. It means she is online.

IRIS
Why hasn't she called?

PAIGE
I don't know. Did you two fight?

IRIS
I don't think so. She hates it here.

PAIGE
I get it.

52 **EXT. BOULEVARD CROSSING - NEXT DAY**

Iris walks onto the tarmac. A ceremony with over 100 people line the runway.

SIGN: Fortress of Protection. Fort McAndrew Military Air Base, 70 years old. Take Flight.

TV cameras are set up for the evening news.

53 **EXT. TARMAC - STAGE - DAY**

MAYOR POWER (64), introduces two women pilots, Captain Allison Rumbolt (34) and Captain Zoe Webb (33).

MAYOR POWER
I am honoured to introduce two of
Canada's best chopper pilots.
(MORE)

MAYOR POWER (CONT'D)
 Captain Rumbolt and Captain Webb.
 They've earned the distinction as
 the first all woman crew to fly a
 helicopter, 6% of pilots are women
 and these 2 captains are from our
 province.

Iris sits to the side of the stage plays *Ode to Newfoundland*,
 acoustic with a sweet voice.

She shares the stage with the Captains, looks for their
 approval, but there is none.

ALLISON RUMBOLT
 We hope to inspire women to seek out
 careers with Elevation Aviation in
 our home province.

ZOE WEBB
 There could be a flight training
 school for young women here someday.

Applause from the audience and Iris plays again.

54 **EXT. TARMAC- AUDIENCE- DAY**

Iris is looking down to her guitar, trying to feel famous
 like how Hazel showed her.

IRIS
 I wish Hazel was here. Hazel, come
 back, please.

Iris looks out across the wide pavement that used to be a
 runway.

In the distance she sees WENDY, Sc.20,Int.Tunnel Night.

Wendy is holding hands with her toddler, AGGIE (2).

Iris squints across the runway looking into Wendy's eyes, as
 if to say she knows.

Wendy looks back to Iris across the distance with a scornful
 glare. She already knows Iris did nothing to help her.

Iris pulls herself away from the stage and grabs her guitar
 by the handle. She walks away from the ceremony and audience.

55 **INT. STAR OF THE SEA BAR - DAY**

Iris walks in. Sits at the bar. Glares at Sam. Evening news comes on with the Air Force base ceremony.

TV CLIP:

ALLISON RUMBOLT

Girls the world is yours to conquer
and discover. Flight is yours to
behold.

56 **INT. STAR OF THE SEA BAR - DAY**

A bunch of men, DAWSON (38), HARV (32), and BILL (41) line the bar, hurling insults at the TV.

DAWSON

What's she getting on with, conquer
what? I'd say conquer supper and
put it on the table.

HARV

Like a good missus should. Nothing
to fly those choppers. She's special
is she, 'cause she's a girl.

BILL

I've landed more of them pieces of
metal, mind now.

TV CLIP:

The air base fills the TV screen. Iris sings and is barely the size of a cockroach in the bottom corner.

Noise from the crowd buries her singing.

57 **INT. STAR OF THE SEA BAR - CONTINUOUS**

Dawson and Harv look up to see Iris sit alongside them, she looks lost.

HARV

Kind of a waste of your time, Iris.

BILL

You could've played for us.

Iris, too defeated to speak, walks away.

SAM

Still no word?

IRIS
At least one of us got out of this
useless town.

SAM
Town of used-to-be's, as Hazel would
say.

Iris goes through the pool room and starts to leave. Realizes
she forgot her guitar.

Iris walks back to the bar. Same group of men all lined up.
This time looking at their phones.

DAWSON
See this, Iris. A bunch of people
posted videos of you singing.

HARV
You've got over 400 people following
you with likes.

IRIS
Let me see. Who posts them?

Iris looks over his shoulder. Sam walks over.

SAM
I did.

Iris looks up and fights anger.

IRIS
Why?

SAM
People like to hear you play. I
think I'm going to run a contest.

IRIS
With who?

SAM
A couple more gals have come to town.
They're singers, too.

IRIS
It's our idea. I mean my idea.

SAM
If they're no good. You'll win.

IRIS
So what's the big door prize?

SAM
1st prize. \$200.

Iris is taken aback.

DAWSON
We'll share it all over The Facebook.

HARV
It's Facebook, Daws. Not The
Facebook. You know nothing.

The crowd at the bar laugh.

SAM
Crowds will come. You'll see.

58 **INT. MATERNITY HOSTEL - DAY**

Hazel is in a maternity room with other young mothers.

They put the little baby in her arms. She looks down with
neither joy or sadness. She is stoic.

Background voices of other women: *She should call someone.
She must have a friend.*

Nurse comes and takes away the baby.

On the bedside table is a clipboard with paperwork that reads
Adoption Papers:

Intake Form Birth mother to input chosen name: IRIS

Hazel reaches over to retrace the letters and make sure the
name Iris is clear.

59 **INT. IRIS'S HOUSE- KITCHEN - DAY**

Iris sits on the couch, notebook in hand. Contest, written at
the top. She writes lyrics.

Jeopardy is on TV in the background.

TV HOST
Becky Gibbons from Mount Pearl,
Newfoundland, has the most wins this
year.

IRIS
You've got to be kidding me.

TV HOST
Mount Kilimanjaro.

BECKY

What is Tanzania?

TV HOST

That's correct. You're a 3-time
champion from Newfoundland.

IRIS

How is everyone from here a winner?
Everyone. Except me.

Iris scribbles on the page and writes something. Hums to
herself. Starts to look like it's working out.

Flips the paper over and writes a list.

INSERT LIST: Power \$108, Groceries \$80, flip phone \$40, guitar
strings \$11.

Iris crumples the paper and throws it across the room.

60 **INT. IRIS'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY**

Iris turns on the shower and jumps in. She hears someone
come in.

61 **INT. IRIS'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY**

Wes walks through the front door.

WES

It's just me.

He has a bouquet of real roses in a mason jar. Grabs her
notebook and pencil.

NOTE: *Not from the graveyard. Xoxo*

Wes hears the shower and sneaks out the front door again.

62 **INT. IRIS'S HOUSE- KITCHEN - DAY**

Iris comes out dripping, with jeans and a t-shirt on. Towel
on over her head. Glances to the kitchen and catches the
flowers out of the corner of her eye.

She sits at the table, scribbles on the back of Wes's note.

IRIS

*The sadness is the emptiness/ We're
shadows in the rain/ She covered me
in loneliness/ Like flowers on a
grave/ Like flowers on a grave.*

Iris picks up her phone and goes online. Hazel has posted a photo. She's in a big park, leaning against a new car.

She checks for a response. No reply. Her friend request is highlighted, not accepted.

Iris shakes the water out of her hair, brushes it.

She grabs one flower puts it in a tiny glass carries it out the door.

63 **EXT. HAZEL'S MOTHER'S HOUSE - DAY**

TINA (38), Hazel's Mom, is sweeping the front step. Iris passes Tina the rose. Tina smiles. Iris has her guitar on her back.

IRIS
Hazel's okay. She's on Facebook.

TINA
On what?

IRIS
She's in Halifax. You can see her on your phone.

TINA
My phone is on the wall.

IRIS
She's fine.

TINA
She's gone all these years and this is what you have to tell me.

IRIS
She breaks my heart. I can't imagine what you're going through.

Tina nods, not sure what to make of her.

TINA
You're lucky you didn't have children. You and Hazel. Daughters will break your heart.

IRIS
Mother's too. She'll be back. We made a pact. Even if we're middle age, it still holds.

Iris starts to walk away.

TINA

How's the singing going?

IRIS

Not as bad as it used to be. Not as good as it could be.

Tina looks confused. Iris walks alongside a stray cat, fur matted and mangled.

64 **INT. STAR OF THE SEA BAR - NIGHT**

Iris walks into the room. She sees a few new people there, 3 or 4 women with guitars, 1 guy. It's contest night.

GUY is playing guitar.

IRIS

Boring.

Iris gets up and wins the room over. The applause clearly shows Iris has won.

SAM

We have a runner-up. He gets three free pool games. And 2nd place, she'll play here at the Star of the Sea twice a week.

SAM (CONT'D)

The first prize goes to Iris Spencer, and she'll headline on Saturday nights.

Applause is loud. Iris is fuming.

IRIS

There's no cash. My job is the prize.

Sam walks off the stage and comes over to Iris.

SAM

Saturday is our best night. You'll make a fortune from the door. There are radio personalities here. You could go viral, if I keep posting your videos.

SAM (CONT'D)

Hazel might even come back.

Iris looks up.

IRIS

Have you heard from her?

SAM

No.

He looks concerned.

IRIS

It's been years.

SAM

I know.

Iris walks away. Guitar on her back.

65 **EXT. BOULEVARD CROSSING - NIGHT**

Iris hears the sound of heavy boots coming up behind her. The town is lit up. The circus is in town. Ferris wheels. A hot air balloon in the middle of the old paved runway.

IRIS

Aviation Centre for Women. Not likely.

She doesn't turn around. Knows it's Wes.

WES

Did you get the flowers?

IRIS

Yeah, nice.

WES

I didn't steal 'em from a graveyard.

IRIS

I know.

WES

How did it go?

IRIS

Sam's a fuck head. The prize is to play on Saturdays.

WES

Saturday nights are a good gig. I'll go. I didn't want to make you nervous tonight.

They walk beside the beaming light of the amusement park. Iris lays her head on Wes's shoulder. More intimate than usual.

Wes pulls her in close, he laughs.

IRIS
It's not funny.

WES
Don't you want to be famous?

IRIS
I want to *know* I can be famous, not
just small town famous.

WES
Let's leave.

IRIS
And live where? Davey and Paige are
still on a couch out west working,
and they've been gone for years.

WES
I don't want you to just stay, cause
you have to.

IRIS
Someone has to stay. Mom left.
Hazel left. Dad, whoever the fuck
he is, left. Nan's dead. You'll be
next.

WES
I'm not going. I mean unless you
want me to.

IRIS
How the hell can I know what to want
for you, Wes? I have no idea what
to want for me.

WES
Any news on Hazel?

IRIS
Hazel and I used to sing and used to
be friends.

WES
You used to be joined at the hip,
since kindergarten. It's like you
were married.

IRIS
It's not like that, now. She's not
here, that's all I know.

WES
You two lived together, like family.

IRIS

Kind of. I'm going to go home on my own tonight. That alright?

WES

Nobody's stopping you.

Wes and Iris pull apart and pretend they don't care. He picks up the pace and moves ahead to give her space. He goes up over the hill and out of site.

She turns around and walks back down towards the circus.

66 **EXT. BOARDWALK - NIGHT**

Iris walks, the rush of the wind and bright lights from the circus go across her. She is restless. Careless.

ROSS (62), a circus roadie, waves tickets in the air.

ROSS

Free rides til midnight. The last one's on us.

IRIS

What ride can I get for free? A ride to paradise, Paris, LA.

ROSS

Big dreamer. You see yourself in the big lights, do you?

IRIS

It's only circus lights here. Not like you guys are famous.

Laughs.

ROSS

I bet I've tracked more miles than you will in a lifetime.

They walk back to the theme park.

IRIS

Where've you been?

ROSS

New York. Nebraska. 52 states. Mexico. Ireland. Spain. You?

IRIS

Spaniards Bay. Corner Brook. Town.

(MORE)

IRIS (CONT'D)

(laughs)

Goose Bay. I'll get out someday. I just have to keep playing.

(points to her guitar)

Need to get better. Then I'll make it.

ROSS

You're a little old for a hobby.

IRIS

It's not a hobby. It's what I do.

ROSS

Looks like that guitar means something to you. Your Mama handed it down to you.

IRIS

There's no mama. I bought it from a guy in a games arcade. 5 bucks. I've still got a chance.

ROSS

Opposed to a washed-up old hoser like me, that's what you mean?

Iris glances at Ross.

67 **EXT. CIRCUS AMUSEMENT PARK - NIGHT**

They arrive at the circus site. A bunch of men stand around a few oil barrels, fire is lit.

Iris joins Ross with the other guys and hangs around. Men are much older. They pass around a bottle of Jack Daniels. Iris takes a swig, then another.

Ross blaers out again.

ROSS

Last rides on us. You going to get a ride.

IRIS

Nah. I got my guitar. I should get home.

Another round of booze goes past Iris, she takes a couple of swigs.

ROSS

We'll watch your guitar.

(MORE)

ROSS (CONT'D)
Nothing like riding the wheel with
that kind of buzz on.

Iris is charged up. Years of not being a kid come to a halt.

IRIS
I'll do it.

They slow the Ferris wheel down.

Iris runs over to catch a ride.

Jumps on, wind in her hair. She is free, stoned from the
booze. For once, not a care in the world.

Wheel makes a turn and then she catches sight of the men, as
she comes over the next turn.

They hold her guitar above the fire in the oil drum. Bobbing
it up and down, close to the flames.

Taunting Iris. Iris jumps from her seat and is pulled back
by the rail that is bolted in front of her.

IRIS (CONT'D)
Don't you fucking dare. NOOO. You
goddamn pricks. Don't you dare.
STOP. Stop this wheel, or I'll
fucking kill you.

Guys yell out again.

ROSS
It's worth 5 bucks. What'll you do
for 5 bucks? You'll do what? Kill
me.

Iris loses it. Arms raised in panic.

Ferris wheel slows. She leaps out of her seat. She thinks
she has won them over.

SLOW MOTION: Ross lowers the guitar into the oil drum, saving
only the handle as she runs over in tears.

ROSS (CONT'D)
I'm just a roadie, right?

He tosses the guitar handle to Iris. It's all that's left.

ROSS (CONT'D)
Get out of here or I'll make you
earn your 5 bucks.

68 **EXT. FIELD- TUNNEL - NIGHT**

Iris picks up the pace, furious. Tears still on her face. Images are blurred from drinking. She looks to the end of the tunnel light coming through as if she remembers something.

She sees an IMAGE of a girl curled up with flaming red hair. She shakes her head and runs up over the hill.

Iris walks on and looks back. She speeds up and looks back twice until the image is gone.

69 **EXT. IRIS'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

She gets close to her steps. Wes is waiting, again. Her tears stream harder.

Iris falls into Wes's arms. They go into the house.

70 **INT. IRIS'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Iris puts the handle of her guitar in the corner where she always lays her guitar.

Wes holds Iris tight.

71 **INT. STAR OF THE SEA - NIGHT**

Sam runs his fingers over a new guitar that sits on top of the bar.

INTERCUT: PHONE CONVERSATION

SAM

Iris. It's me again. Why don't you swing by we've got something for you. The guys told me what happened. Fucking pricks. We still need you here. Call me.

GUYS at the bar shake their heads, in disbelief.

SAM (CONT'D)

She'll come around guys. It's a good thing you did. Pitching in like this.

WEEK LATER:

72 **EXT. IRIS'S HOUSE - DAY**

Ephram walks up and puts a sizable wooden box in the mailbox.

Iris goes to the mailbox, and pulls out a wooden box. Horrified. It's a wooden urn.

INSCRIPTION: Pauline Spencer. RIP.

Iris takes the box in her hand. Holding both ends like a casket, showing reverence.

Ephram looks on in tears.

IRIS

Mom.

Nanny Jo is behind the rose bush again, crying, holding herself up and leaning on the fence.

Ephram passes Nanny Jo a handkerchief.

73 **INT. IRIS'S HOUSE - DAY**

Wes comes out of the bedroom.

Iris is sitting at the kitchen table, casual. Wooden urn in the center of the table.

Wes walks to the fridge, opens the door, and mutters as he looks for something to eat in the fridge.

WES

What's that?

Iris thinks he means something in the fridge.

IRIS

What's what?

WES

The wooden box on the table.

IRIS

It's Mom.

Wes slams the fridge door. Walks to the table. Leans with both his hands over the box.

WES

Your Mom?

IRIS

It says right there on the urn.
Engraved. Pauline Spencer.

Iris points to the wooden box. It could be a cigar box, bought in a hippy marijuana shop.

WES

Where the hell did it come from?

Iris, still nonchalant.

IRIS
The mailbox.

Wes echoes Iris.

WES
The mailbox?

IRIS
No other mail. Just mom.

WES
Who sent your mom in the mail?

IRIS
I don't know. There's no return address. At least she had the decency to engrave it. Even if it was done with a blunt pocket knife.

Wes looks shocked.

IRIS (CONT'D)
I guess now I can stop wondering what alley she might've OD'd in. Or who she pissed off, stealing money.

WES
So she's back.

IRIS
Guess she got the last laugh after she skipped out on me.

WES
What do you mean?

IRIS
She knew I'd still be here. In this town. In this house. At this same kitchen table.

Wes grasping.

WES
We got a new table.

Ignores Wes.

IRIS
I'm not a singer on the road.

WES

That dream is still yours if you want it.

IRIS

I'm an office clerk. It doesn't scream famous singer to me, does it?

WES

Will I get an autopsy? Post it in the paper?

IRIS

Little late for an autopsy.

WES

What do you want me to do?

IRIS

How the hell do I know what I want you to do, Wes? I have no idea what I want to do.

Iris walks to the kitchen counter, opens a small can and takes out the old note - faded.

NOTE: *Had to go. Keep your chin up. Love Mom. Everyone dies famous in a small town. XoXo*

She glares at the piece of paper and tosses it on the kitchen table. It lands near the wooden urn.

Wes looks on in disbelief. Iris breathes heavy.

IRIS (CONT'D)

I think we should burn it.

WES

Burn it?

IRIS

In the fireplace. Maybe we can burn that new goddamn guitar you bought me, while we're at it. Cause I'll sure as hell never play that again.

Iris leaves the room. The sound of water from the shower in the bathroom fills the air.

30 YEARS LATER:

74

EXT. GALLEY HOTEL, SWIMMING POOL - DAY

IRIS(46) goes to the side of the pool. She takes off her cleaning uniform, and has a swimsuit on underneath.

Iris dives through the water and swims to the surface.

HAZEL(46) is on the balcony, by her Motel room.

Iris can't believe her eyes.

She is dressed in an elegant business suit. Her husband TOM, handsome, well-tailored, stands by her side. Hazel looks down to the pool.

IRIS

You're back, are you? About time.
It's only been 30 years.

They eye each other hard. Iris sings out.

IRIS (CONT'D)

It's called ghosting, you know?

HAZEL

What?

IRIS

I read it on Facebook. If you abandon a friend and never talk to her again, like never again, it's called ghosting.

Hazel sings back.

HAZEL

So?

IRIS

We are friends. You haven't accepted my friend request.

Hazel walks away.

NEXT DAY:

75 **INT. MUN INSURANCE OFFICE - MORNING**

Iris walks into the office. She takes her perch as an office clerk.

Iris pulls out her lunch. White bread. Ham. Crusts cut off. Thermos. The ritual.

She picks out files from a cabinet and starts to do data entry on the computer.

In the background the platform Facebook is on screen and Hazel's photo. She is in front of her mom's house, 2 doors down from Iris.

IRIS

I can't believe it. Who the hell
does she think she is?

MR. REYNOLDS (64), dated suit and thick hair, comes in to
introduce his new supervisor.

MR. REYNOLDS

I'm happy to say we have a new
supervisor, Mrs. Hazel Lemoine.
Mrs. Lemoine is the top insurance
sales agent from Halifax. She's
even won a trip on a cruise.
Something I imagine most of you can
only dream of.

Iris looks back at Hazel's Facebook page and sees photos of
her on a cruise.

Hazel walks in behind Mr. Reynolds and looks more
sophisticated than the day before.

Iris stares ahead.

IRIS

How dare she.

Hazel waltzes by the desks looking over each person's
paperwork.

HAZEL

Organization is key. It is
everything.

She looks at several desks with approval. Then comes across
Iris's desk with her lunch half strewn on top, knitting needles
and wool, and some files with papers sticking out.

Hazel picks up the knitting needle and pushes the paper back
under a file with the needle.

HAZEL (CONT'D)

If you want the client to believe in
you. Then you have to believe in
you.

HAZEL (CONT'D)

If you are worth their hard-earned
money. Then you have to work hard
to earn their money.

HAZEL (CONT'D)

There's a difference between good
and great.

Hazel starts to walk around the room while speaking.

HAZEL (CONT'D)

Good ideas anyone can find. Great ideas must come from you. What do you bring to the table? What makes you unique?

WOMAN 1

I bake wedding cakes.

WOMAN 2

I make quilts.

WOMAN 3

I ride a small motorcycle.

HAZEL

And you Iris? What makes you unique?

Iris picks up her knitting needle like a weapon. Waving it in the air.

IRIS

I knit.

Hazel presses her.

HAZEL

Haven't you played music before?

IRIS

I knit, I said.

Hazel walks on to the other women, who hang on her every word.

Iris gets up, pushes past Hazel, and storms out of the room.

76 **EXT. BOULEVARD CROSSING - DAY**

Iris walks through the neighbourhood and passes Ephram's house on the way home in a flurry.

77 **INT. EPRHAM'S APARTMENT - WINDOW - DAY**

Ephram looks out his ground-floor apartment window and catches Iris walking in a huff. He is still wearing his POSTAL UNIFORM at home.

Nanny Jo looks out the window.

NANNY JO

She's in trouble, Eph.

Ephram draws his curtains closed.

Ephram picks up the rotary dial phone and whispers into it as if he is delivering a state secret.

His apartment is heavily decorated full of bronze figurines and an ornate rotary dial phone.

There is a steamer, and several postal uniforms on hangers ready to go. There is a collection of old books.

And a small wooden 'Everyman's Library', he is refilling, to set up outside his apartment for passersby to borrow.

INTERCUT: PHONE CONVERSATION

EPHRAM

Iris, I just got wind that you may need a new job. Why don't you come by the Post Office and I'll set you up?

Ephram smiles proud of his good deed.

NANNY JO

Good man, Ephram. I could've used the likes of you when I was raising Pauline. Where do you think I went wrong?

EPHRAM

You didn't have it easy. She didn't have it easy. She doesn't like drugs cause of you. That's a world of it's own.

NANNY JO

You wanted to help, I know.

EPHRAM

I offered more than help. I loved you.

NANNY JO

I had to chose the one that gave us a hard life, the *reckless* one.

They walk back over to the window again both leaning on the sill, looking straight ahead.

NANNY JO (CONT'D)

Before I knew it. It was too late.

Nanny Jo glances to the side, looks up to Eph.

NANNY JO (CONT'D)

The worst part is I knew I loved you too.

Eph still looks straight ahead, he is warm but less willing to give over his emotions.

EPHRAM

Some find it hard to love a man in a uniform, he can be by the book.

Nanny Jo laughs.

NANNY JO

We were too young to understand love, and now too old to understand us.

EPHRAM

I think you'd know by now, I'd do anything for you and Iris.

NANNY JO

I know. She'll get through. She has to.

They both look straight out over the hay coloured lawn with slate grey blue apartment buildings overlapping the skies edge.

78 **INT. POSTAL OFFICE - DAY**

Iris enters, sheepishly, knowing she hasn't been the kindest to Ephram.

She looks to the computer appearing to be lost, it's obvious she is not good at office work.

Ephram comes in and pats her on the shoulder.

IRIS

You always do that.

She smiles, pretending to be okay with her new job and her zany neighbour Ephram's offer to help.

He turns on the computer. Ephram is dutiful and sorting the mail.

EPHRAM

A pat on the shoulder. Turn the switch on. And your away to the races. Your a postal clerk now, Iris. Marjorie showed me how to turn that thing on.

(MORE)

EPHRAM (CONT'D)

There's a video that comes up to show you how to use it. I'm afraid the rest is up to you.

Iris looks bewildered.

IRIS

Thank you for the job.

EPHRAM

I guess you won't be at your own house today, when I do my drop off of the mail. Do you have a message for home?

(laughs)

You married him after, how's that going? He's good to you?

Iris thinks for a second.

IRIS

Yeah, he does his bit. Works a good job in security. He's good.

Iris plays the video in the background, not too concerned with the details.

EPHRAM

There's a bit to that system, isn't there? You'll get your head around it. Marjorie also left this binder of notes.

Eph puts the binder on the counter with the newspaper underneath, so it is visible to Iris.

EPHRAM (CONT'D)

I'm off. Guess I'll drop the flyers to whats his name, Wes is it. He's sure to be there. On the step, I suppose, like always.

IRIS

Never moves, always there.

Eph rushes out the door.

Iris rummages through the binder pretending to be dutiful. Picks up the newspaper left underneath and reads the headline on the 3rd page, already turned down by Ephram.

NEWSPAPER HEADLINE:

Pauline Spencer, from the small town of Boulevard Crossing, once under police investigation for possession of narcotics with the intent to sell, is now deceased with cause of death to be determined. Condolences to Iris Spencer, daughter of the deceased. She is predeceased by her mother Josephine Spencer with service arrangements yet to be announced.

IRIS (CONT'D)

Guess she finally made a headline in the town paper.

(makes fun)

Headline: *Small town junkie makes it big, sends her ashes home in a slightly used cigar box carved with her own pocket knife.*

Ephram rushes back in.

EPHRAM

Forgot Marjorie's special delivery.

Reaches up on a shelf and notices Iris reading the newspaper.

IRIS

You turned down the page for me.

Ephram hesitates.

IRIS (CONT'D)

Best I know what everyone else in this town knows about me, I suppose.

Iris looks further down the page. Hazel and her husband have a big photo of the MUN INSURANCE OFFICE opening.

IRIS (CONT'D)

Thanks for the job, Ephram.

Ephram looks to Iris with concern.

IRIS (CONT'D)

It's okay if I call you Eph is it?

EPHRAM

That a be fine, just fine, Iris.

He stumbles with the parcel.

EPHRAM (CONT'D)

Special delivery. Must get this out on time.

Ephram clumsily goes through the door with the package.

Iris looks down to the paper deep in thought.

79 **EXT. IRIS AND HAZEL'S HOUSE - DAY**

Iris and Hazel walk up the steps to their own family homes.
They glare at each other.

80 **EXT./INT. IRIS'S HOUSE - DAY**

Iris goes into her house, grabs a cake, and comes back out.
She stomps down her steps.

81 **EXT. HAZEL'S HOUSE - DAY**

Iris walks up Hazel's steps and knocks heavily.
Hazel answers.

IRIS

Here.

She passes the cake to Hazel. Starts to turn around.

IRIS (CONT'D)

For your mom.

Goes to turn around again.

IRIS (CONT'D)

How's your mom?

HAZEL

No change. She's sick. Really sick.

Iris is like a teenage girl. Turns back on quickly.

IRIS

Sorry.

Hazel sings out.

HAZEL

You missed work.

Iris walks away.

82 **INT. HOSPITAL - DAY**

Hazel is sitting by her mom's hospital bed and looks over to her. TINA (68), has her eyes open and is alert.

TINA

Did you see her?

HAZEL

A little.

TINA

Did you tell her?

Hazel shakes her head.

83 **INT. HOSPITAL - RECEPTION AREA - DAY**

Iris walks up to the reception desk.

IRIS

The nurse called and said Tina wanted to see me. Is she still taking visitors?

NURSE

Yes, go on in. Just down the hall. She asked for you.

Iris walks down the hall. Sees her name on the wall and slowly walks into the room.

She sees Hazel there.

IRIS

I'll come back.

Tina waves for Iris to come over.

Iris moves toward the bed. Tina pulls Iris in close and hugs her.

Tina tries to murmur something but is tired. She motions to Hazel and points to Iris.

HAZEL

She wants us to talk.

Iris looks dazed. Leans in and hugs Tina again and follows Hazel out of the room.

84 **INT. HOSPITAL COFFEE SHOP - DAY**

Hazel leads Iris down to the coffee shop and sits with her.

HAZEL

The cancer has spread. Her lungs. Everywhere.

IRIS

How long?

HAZEL
Days. Maybe a week.

IRIS
I'm sorry.

Hazel pauses.

HAZEL
She got you here to talk to me.

IRIS
Figures.

Iris starts to get up to leave.

Hazel grabs her hand.

HAZEL
Sit. When we thought I lost the
baby that night at Penny's bar. I
didn't.

IRIS
What?

HAZEL
I had the baby.

IRIS
You have a baby?

HAZEL
I had a baby.

IRIS
You ...

HAZEL
Adoption. I didn't want you to talk
me out of it.

IRIS
I ... Yeah... I would've.

HAZEL
I know. I couldn't take you doing
that to me.

IRIS
I would've helped.

HAZEL
You couldn't help. My mind was made
up. You would've just made it worse.

IRIS
I'm your friend. Best friend. I
love you.

HAZEL
But I would've had to do what you
wanted.

Hazel is quiet.

IRIS
I guess. Maybe. You're right.

HAZEL
I know I'm right.

IRIS
You had to be right for 30 years.
You couldn't just be right for 5
years?

Hazel softens.

HAZEL
It's still hard. Seeing you makes
it worse somehow. Even now.

IRIS
Being stuck with a kid on our hip
was just a joke, wasn't it?

HAZEL
You said your mother made you and
raised you in the back seat of a
car. I didn't think I should do the
same.

IRIS
And look at you now. The gal who
got out. Taking cruises. Instead
of a bus.

HAZEL
It's just a job.

IRIS
Chambermaid is a job.

They laugh.

Nurse interrupts.

NURSE
Hazel, you should come.

Hazel looks up, panicked.

IRIS

Go. Go.

WEEK LATER:

85 **EXT. HAZEL'S HOUSE - DAY**

People go up and down the steps. Drop off bread, cakes, and casseroles.

86 **INT. HAZEL'S LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Iris and WES (46) walk in. The house is the same as when they were growing up. There's a crowd around the table, flowers, cards with condolences. Photos of Tina from young to old, with Hazel in her arms as a toddler, are spread out on the hutch.

HAZEL

It's been a while, Wes. She finally let you in off the steps.

Wes laughs.

WES

I always knew she would.

Hazel points to a man by the table, dapper in a suit.

HAZEL

That's my husband Tom. He'll be a while. He likes to talk.

Iris is awkward, always a teenager and nervous.

IRIS

What will you do now?

HAZEL

What do you mean?

IRIS

Will you stay here?

HAZEL

I think I will. Tom will go back and forth to the company in Halifax. He owns it.

IRIS

He owns it!

HAZEL
I thought you knew.

Both are awkward, playing grown-up.

IRIS
Your mom was so young.

Iris leans her head against the wall.

Hazel starts to cry.

HAZEL
And you were so young when your mom
died. I should've been there.

IRIS
No one was there. Maybe in an alley,
who knows? She arrived in an urn
dropped in the mailbox one day.

HAZEL
Guess were truly orphans, now.

Iris is deep in thought, knowing she always has been.

They hear someone from the crowd, gather around the table and
sing out.

MAN/WOMAN
There's a guitar, Iris. Sing
something sweet.

IRIS
I've got to go.

Iris repels an outburst. Grabs Wes's hand. Looks to Hazel
panicked. She leaves.

87 **EXT. IRIS'S HOUSE - DAY**

Iris and Wes are in the front garden, she is mad.

IRIS
Can't you pick up for me for once.
Do you have to always be so nice.
Do you think I want to sing at a
wake. Fuck, all that happens in
this town is death. All we do is
die here. I guess Mom was right.

She storms off toward the house.

IRIS (CONT'D)

And stop asking me what to do. How
the fuck do I know what to do.

Door SLAM as Iris goes in the house.

88 **EXT. IRIS'S HOUSE - DAY**

Wes walks around the front yard, smacking at the hanging
branches. Iris storms off into the house.

He sees Hazel come out into her front yard.

WES

You've got to talk to her, Hazel. I
know this is not the time. But ...

Hazel looks back to Wes.

WES (CONT'D)

She's spiraling.

HAZEL

Her mom?

WES

Her mom. Not playing music. All of
it. You know her.

Hazel doesn't flinch.

HAZEL

So it's over.

WES

Closure. No closure.

HAZEL

I'll be up.

89 **INT. IRIS'S HOUSE - DAY**

Hazel walks in and looks around the room. Iris's life is
changed. The house is a home.

Iris comes out of the shower. T-shirt and jeans on. She
could be 16 again.

Hazel sits in the armchair. She picks up the guitar Wes
bought.

HAZEL

It's nice.

IRIS

You ready to draw blood from your fingertips and mess up your dress.

HAZEL

No. But I'm ready for you to stop fucking around.

IRIS

That's not what Mrs. Lemoine said. To draw clients in, you need to share part of yourself. Be self assured. Know who you are.

HAZEL

Which means stop fucking around. Not 'making it', doesn't mean you have nothing to give.

HAZEL (CONT'D)

Play the guitar, Iris. Sing. Who cares if you're in this town? You can still be good at what you're good at. For you.

IRIS

Or I can put my ashes in a cigar box, like my mother did. And Wes can have two fires tonight.

HAZEL

He's been sitting on your steps for decades. I'm sure that's just what he'd like to do.

(laughs)

I can just see Tom waiting up for me.

IRIS

I thought you were perfect. Why are you with him?

HAZEL

Cause he didn't care who I was. Or who I should be. We're like partners.

IRIS

No children.

HAZEL

It's business.

IRIS

Wonder what business Wes and I are?

They laugh.

HAZEL

Play, Iris.

She walks to the fireplace. Puts the wooden urn of her mother's ashes on the mantel and picks up the guitar from beside the fireplace.

Iris strums the guitar and plays.

IRIS

*I have a dream of my own. And it's
mine all mine alone/It's been my
friend since I was just a girl/It
has a life it has a heart/It has a
soul and it's a part.*

90 **EXT./INT. STAR OF THE SEA - DAY**

Iris and Hazel walk through the gravel parking lot. Iris has her guitar Wes gave her, still looks new.

91 **INT. STAR OF THE SEA - DAY**

Iris and Hazel hesitate and enter.

IRIS

Watering hole.

HAZEL

It's been a while for me.

Hazel looks cross the bar. Sees Sam. They share a look but don't speak.

WENDY (44) walks in, she has long flaming red hair. She walks with a younger woman AGGIE (30), she could be her sister. Same fair complexion.

FLASHBACK:

92 **EXT. FIELD - NIGHT**

Iris looks back to WENDY (14), with long blazing red hair. She is curled up in a ball, her clothes torn. She looks at Wendy in fear, not admitting what has happened.

Iris races away from Wendy, into the field.

FLASHBACK ENDS:

93 **INT. STAGE - DAY**

Sam (58) takes to the stage, introduces Aggie.

SAM

I'm sure you've been glued to the TV to watch the latest *Idol*. Our very own Aggie was one of the latest contestants. From Freshwater, Aggie Pye, is here to sing and a special nod to her Mother, Wendy Pye.

Wendy goes up on stage and makes sure the equipment and bar stool is set up correctly for Aggie.

Aggie follows on stage, gives her mother a hug.

AGGIE

TV is great. This is better. Happy to have you all here.

Aggie starts to sing.

AGGIE (CONT'D)

Singing in the headlights/ Staying up at midnight/ In your mama's Chevrolet/Settling on a set back/ popping in an 8 track/ Maybe I'm young/Maybe a little naive/Thinking I found the one/ At barely 17/

Loud applause. Sam takes the mic.

SAM

You're a lucky crowd to hear Miss Aggie at the Star tonight.

SAM (CONT'D)

I'm opening the floor up for any takers.

Place goes silent.

Iris opens her guitar case. Doesn't look to Hazel or Sam. Just takes to the stage like she never left.

IRIS

I have a dream of my own. And it's mine all mine alone/It's been my friend since I was just a girl/It has a life it has a heart/It has a soul and it's a part. Of everything this woman gives the world/And it's a big dream/Big enough to share/Like a rainbow, hanging in the air/And I thank God, for making it come true/Makes me think maybe God's a woman too/ Makes me think maybe God's a woman too.

Aggie gets up and joins Iris. They sing together. As they finish, Aggie takes the mic.

AGGIE

I grew up listening to your homemade tapes. It's an honour to sing with you ma'am.

IRIS

I knew a bar owner, Penny, she'd cut you off at the knees for calling her ma'am. I'm okay with it.

Iris laughs.

IRIS (CONT'D)

I'm proud of you Aggie for keeping with it. I bet your mom is too.

Iris looks to Wendy, as if she knows her, and walks closer as she comes off the stage.

IRIS (CONT'D)

Your daughter Aggie is a treasure.

WENDY

Some blessings are wrapped with hellish intentions.

Iris hesitates. She remembers the tunnel that night.

IRIS

I'm so sorry. I was young.

WENDY

So was I. Now I have to live with my daughter looking up to you.

IRIS

She shouldn't, I'm nothing.

WENDY

You did nothing - you didn't help me. Should I tell her that?

IRIS

Does she know?

WENDY

What do you think? Would you tell your daughter?

IRIS

I guess not.

Iris doesn't have the courage to go farther.

She walks on and past Hazel sitting next to Sam. Hazel is dressed like a business owner. Professional.

Iris leans on the bar.

Sam pipes up.

SAM

I thought you were homeowners and would have toddlers running around by now?

IRIS

Fuck off, Sam.

SAM

What did you say?

Hazel looks uncomfortable. Iris holds her ground.

IRIS

We can do whatever the hell we want.

Sam shrugs his shoulders.

IRIS (CONT'D)

Come on Hazel.

SAM

At least your back together. In this fog bound town, where planes don't fly.

Sam laughs to himself.

Hazel follows Iris.

Sam walks over to the corner of the bar and looks down at the new guitar the guys bought, still in it's blue case.

Iris turns around before they leave. Sam is surprised. She goes in behind the bar and puts her hand on the neck of the guitar and nods her head toward Aggie and Wendy by the stage, to mean for him to give the guitar to Aggie.

Sam understands Iris, and nods back to her.

They smile.

Iris leaves to catch up with Hazel.

94 **INT. IRIS'S HOUSE - DAY**

Iris and Hazel stand on step stools, hanging drapes.

 IRIS
So glad we got husbands.

 HAZEL
Your place is tidy as a pin.

 IRIS
Your place is like a showroom.

 HAZEL
What do you think Pauline would say?

 IRIS
Not sure.

 HAZEL
I for one am glad to be back.

 IRIS
You accepted my friend request.

Hazel lights up and holds up a new curtain, she brought over from her house.

 HAZEL
I have this left over from my place.

 IRIS
Looks pricey for leftovers.

 HAZEL
Take it. If not I'll make you run to the Goodwill to buy it.

Iris smiles.

95 **INT. IRIS'S HOUSE - DAY**

Hazel drops the old drapes on the floor.

Iris pulls a ladder out of the broom closet to help Hazel.

 IRIS
Wes is not handy around the house.

 HAZEL
Handy with you though, I bet. I'm jealous.

 IRIS
Really?

HAZEL

You got what you didn't want. It's perfect.

They balance the new curtains on the rod.

The phone rings.

Iris drops her end of the curtains and gets the phone.

IRIS

I got to get that. Could be Wes.

HAZEL

Mind now.

Iris grabs the phone. Looks intent. Listens.

96

INTERCUT: PHONE CONVERSATION

IRIS

Who? Aggie did what?

RAYMOND (58) on the other end, in a confident voice.

RAYMOND

This is Raymond Mercer. I am with *Idol*. We are doing a show on our *Idol Talent* musical influences. Aggie Pye, as you know, is on her way to be crowned Miss *Idol*. You know her?

IRIS

We sang together at the bar.

RAYMOND

Her mother sent us a video. She said you were her inspiration.

IRIS

She did?

RAYMOND

This is short notice. But we'd love to fly you up here to join our show and play with Aggie tomorrow.

Hazel is busting with excitement.

IRIS

When?

RAYMOND

The show would be recorded tomorrow.
I will have a plane ticket for you
at the airport and send a taxi. All
paid for by *Idol*.

IRIS

This is crazy.

Iris covers the phone and sings out to Hazel.

IRIS (CONT'D)

They want me to perform on *Idol*.

HAZEL

Yes. Yes. You'll go.

IRIS

I'll do it.
(hangs up)

HAZEL

You'll go. And I'll go, too.

IRIS

You can't go. Can you?

HAZEL

The company card is my company card,
my dear. I can do as I please. Go
pack. I'll grab a few things. See
you in the morning.

97 **INT. IRIS'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Iris tosses clothes in her suitcase and grabs her guitar and
lays it on the couch.

She has a basket of wet clothes ready to hang up on the line.

Iris walks over to the mantle and starts to run her hands
across the wooden box with her mother's ashes in it, carved
with a pocket knife Pauline Spencer RIP.

Wes comes over and holds Iris.

WES

Is it time?

IRIS

It's time.

98 **EXT. GARDEN - DAY**

Wes is in the garden digs a hole about 3 feet deep. Soil, like potting soil is in a pile next to the gravesite.

99 **INT. IRIS'S HOUSE - DAY**

Iris grabs the basket of clothes to hang outside on the clothesline.

Wes comes back in.

WES

Holes dug.

Iris turns around and grabs the wooden box off the mantle and lays it on top of the wet clothes.

Iris looks to Wes with love.

IRIS

I'll do it.

100 **EXT. GARDEN - DAY**

Iris walks outside on the patio with the basket and the wooden box of her mom's ashes sitting on top.

She looks across the garden.

She stops and lays the wooden box on the edge of the BBQ.

Iris starts to hang out the clothes.

She hears a rustle of leaves, and can see someone's shadow behind the rose bush. It's Nanny Jo.

She starts to walk out from behind the rose bush covered in leaves.

Iris looks at her in disbelief but hangs out one more piece of clothing.

Iris picks up the wooden box of her mom's ashes and starts to walk toward Nanny Jo.

IRIS

You're not in this box with Mom, then?

NANNY JO

No darling that I'm not.

IRIS

So, I could have a home.

Nanny Jo smiles.

They walk to the hole that Wes dug for the grave and both of them get down on their hands and knees.

Iris puts the box in the ground.

They both push the dirt in to cover up the box of ashes.

Nanny Jo is careful.

NANNY JO

She loved you, you know. In her own way.

IRIS

I don't know about love, Nan Jo. Wes shows up, ALL the time. That's the best I can do.

NANNY JO

It's not a bad place to start. If you're in the yard hanging out Wes's socks, that's where I'll be. Down behind the rose bush. Just like him, you won't get rid of me.

Iris pushes to pat down the dirt.

IRIS

I don't even know how to prune a rose bush or cook a roast.

NANNY JO

Sure, I got that done for you. It's coming back in full bloom.

Iris smiles.

IRIS

I'm going on Idol. To sing.

NANNY JO

That a girl. I knew you'd do it.

Nanny Jo pulls some of the rose bushes that were stuck to her off, and puts them on top of Pauline's grave.

IRIS

It's not her wish. She didn't want to die famous in a small town.

NANNY JO

Wishing and wishing wells.

(MORE)

NANNY JO (CONT'D)

Pile of horse manure. You know your Uncle Frank fell down a wishing well and died, that wasn't so lucky was it. Now, he was a good singer. Come to think of it maybe that's who you take after.

Nanny Jo reaches out for Iris to help pull her up off the ground.

NANNY JO (CONT'D)

My shins aren't want they used to be. You'll find out when your old and grey.

IRIS

You think I'll live to be old.

NANNY JO

My dear your going to live so long, you'll rot.

Nanny Jo starts to walk up over the steps of the patio and Iris is by her side.

IRIS

Where are you going?

NANNY JO

I thought I'd just put on a roast so Wes wouldn't starve while your gone. I was showing him a few tricks in the kitchen.

Nanny Jo and Iris start to walk in the house.

NANNY JO (CONT'D)

I think Wes could make a fine cook. He just likes to be told what to do.

IRIS

I know, he *loves* to be told what to do.

NANNY JO

I never met a man like that. Men are right different now, aren't they.

Iris carries the laundry basket as they walk in the kitchen

101 **EXT. HAZEL'S HOUSE - DAY**

Hazel walks down her steps, mirror image to Iris coming down her own steps.

Hazel grabs a piece of mail from the mailbox and puts it in her purse.

102 **EXT. IRIS'S HOUSE - DAY**

A taxi pulls up. Wes is on the step. Iris looks back up to him, casual but loving.

IRIS
Gotta go. Idol called.

103 **EXT. IRIS'S HOUSE - DAY**

Nanny Jo and Ephram sit on the front steps of Iris's house.

NANNY JO
You did a good job, Eph.

EPHRAM
You did, too. We took care of her.

NANNY JO
Pauline wouldn't have listened to me no matter what.

EPHRAM
Iris will make it change. It's different now.

NANNY JO
She gives you a hard time.

EPHRAM
She's just like you.

NANNY JO
At least that Wes stuck around.

Nanny Jo and Ephram look up behind them, and Wes is in the doorway.

EPHRAM
He's not going anywhere fast.

NANNY JO
I think we're in his spot.

Wes waves goodbye to Iris and Hazel.

Ephram and Nanny Jo grab Wes's bike and peddle down the road, laughing.

104 **EXT. TAXI - DAY**

Iris and Hazel get in and the driver puts their suitcases in the trunk.

105 **INT. TAXI - DAY**

Iris and Hazel look pleased with themselves. Taxi driver, PAUL (68), in a gruff voice.

PAUL

Where to?

IRIS

Town, please.

HAZEL

Airport. Departure entrance.

PAUL

Been driving folks there for over 40 years. Never been on a plane yet.

Hazel in disbelief.

HAZEL

You've never left this island?

PAUL

All I need, I've got right here.

Iris smiles.

IRIS

This is my first flight. I'm performing on *Idol*. With Aggie Pye. Have you heard of her?

PAUL

You're that Iris woman. My wife listens to you all the time.

HAZEL

She's going on *Idol*. She'll be famous.

PAUL

Loosing another good one to the Mainland. That's it.

IRIS

I'll be back. My home is here.

PAUL

He's a lucky fella tell him.

HAZEL

He knows.

IRIS

*Everyone dies famous in a small town.
As mom would say.*

PAUL

Your mom must be proud.

IRIS

She left when I was young. Mailed
herself home in an urn. No return
address.

Paul looks confused.

PAUL

You've got a few songs, then.

HAZEL

That's what I keep telling her.

IRIS

*Rural hearts got a story to tell/Local
Legends/Heartfelt Connections/Famous
in a small town/Nobody but me around/
Dreams Departures and quiet
triumphs/Heartfelt Connections/ Famous
in a small town/Nobody but me
around/Rural hearts got a story to
tell/*

Iris looks to Hazel.

IRIS (CONT'D)

You'll come back home with me, right?

Iris and Hazel hold hands as they drive towards town and the
airport.

106 **INT. IDOL STAGE, HALIFAX - DAY**

Aggie takes to the stage in front of the judges. Her mother
Wendy sits in the audience.

ANNOUNCER

Iris Spencer is on her way as your
musical influence, Aggie. Is that
right?

AGGIE

Yes, and her best friend Hazel.

ANNOUNCER

There'll be 3 judges for you once the show starts, one is even your age and her name is Iris. Iris, this is Aggie from a small town, just getting started.

Iris gets up and shakes her hand. Aggie is starstruck.

AGGIE

You're famous, already. You're almost my age.

IRIS JUDGE

Sometimes a bigger city can help you do well in music. But you've got a good start. I like your sound.

Aggie smiles.

107 **INT. IDOL STAGE- AUDIENCE- DAY**

Iris and Hazel come into the Idol studio. Hazel takes a seat further back from Wendy to give her space.

Iris goes to the stage to be recorded with Aggie.

Hazel is attentive but also opens the mail in her purse. It is a letter from the adoption agency and the baby she gave up, Iris. Included is a photo and a request to meet her mother, Hazel.

Hazel glances over to the judge Iris and holds up the photo to realize it is her daughter, Iris.

108 **INT. IDOL STAGE - DAY**

Aggie and Iris get filmed singing together like when they were at the Star of the Sea Bar.

AGGIE/IRIS

I have a dream of my own. And it's mine all mine alone/It's been my friend since I was just a girl/It has a life it has a heart/It has a soul and it's a part. Of everything this woman gives the world/And it's a big dream/Big enough to share/Like a rainbow, hanging in the air/And I thank God, for making it come true/Makes me think maybe God's a woman too/ Makes me think maybe God's a woman too.

They sing together. As they finish, Aggie takes the mic and Iris the judge is very impressed.

Close Up of Iris and Aggie singing to Hazel, Wendy and Iris the judge, Hazel's daughter, in the audience.

THE END.