

TAKE HOLD

Screenplay  
by

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FADE IN:

EXT. VILLA MARIE, NEWFOUNDLAND, 1998

Villa Marie sits amid the former Argentia Air Force Base, shutdown, broken up pavement, isolated.

Military bungalows, abandoned barracks, concrete tunnels, cement walls close in on each other.

Graffiti, mottled, floats like art on tunnel walls.

The town sits alongside the Atlantic Ocean, land meets water, as far as your eye can see.

EXT. SCHOOL BUS - DAY

SCREECH. School Bus slams on its brakes. Stops sudden.

Power pole blurs the bus in the background.

EXT. MONTYS STORE - DAY

ALICE (68) runs from the store. PANIC. Sees a young school girl lying on the ground. Screams.

INT. MONTYS STORE - DAY

Alice runs inside to call an AMBULANCE.

EXT. SCHOOL BUS - NEXT DAY

Iris (10) and Maeve (11) climb aboard, school books in hand.

INT. SCHOOL BUS - DAY

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

IRIS  
I can't believe Lisa was killed.

MAEVE

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

IRIS

She's dead.

MAEVE

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

IRIS

Driver won't leave his house.

MAEVE

Do you have any money?

IRIS

I scrounged some from Mom's top  
drawer.

MAEVE

Let's get to the store.

IRIS

Junk food?

MAEVE

Yeah.

EXT. STREET- DAY

Iris and Maeve walk past the military base, houses in  
a row like a monopoly game, a long straight road with  
a sharp turn at the end.

They walk into the corner store - a daily stop. Iris  
starts to pull the money out of her hoodie pocket.

INT. MONTYS STORE - DAY

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

Alice, STORE OWNER, is on the phone by the cash register. They look through the rungs on the rack.

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 Maeve lean on the rack, look on in horror.

ALICE (CONT'D)

He'll never get over it... He won't drive that bus again... That's for sure. Ambulance sped away with her, my dear... Yes, 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 young ones to hear me.

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

Maeve runs back, stuffs cheesy bags into her sweatshirt pocket, and runs to catch up to Iris at the door without paying.

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

Alice catches Maeve 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.

EXT. MONTYS STORE - DAY

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

EXT. STREET- DAY

BUS brushes past, rush of wind comes over them.

CLOSE UP: Alice face turns white in fear.

Maeve looks to Iris. Shaken.

EXT. IRIS'S HOUSE - DAY

Maeve sticks close to Iris's side.

IRIS  
That was close. Too close. You're lucky Alice is so spooked. She'd have you by the throat.

MAEVE  
Come on, let's get in. Is your mom home?

IRIS  
No one's home. Ever.

INT. IRIS'S BEDROOM- DAY

Iris puts the junk food on the bed, lines it up in a row. Blanket is weathered, holes and unraveled. Washed out colours, pale pink and rainbows.

IRIS  
What do you think it felt like?

MAEVE  
What?

IRIS  
To be hit by a bus?

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

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

MAEVE  
Ewww. That's gross.

IRIS  
It's how it was.

Iris draws a foot further away from the bus.

MAEVE  
Why is Lisa's foot over there?

IRIS  
It could be there.

MAEVE  
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.

IRIS  
I'm never having a baby.

MAEVE  
How do you know?

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

Maeve looks confused.

MAEVE

You have this place now.

IRIS

Yeah. Grandma left it. We won't have power this winter, mom says, if I keep eating her out of house and home.

CLOSE UP: Iris gangly posture, skin and bones.

MAEVE

You're here. Imagine being run over by a bus. No way I'm having a baby.

IRIS

'Cause she may get run over by a bus?

MAEVE

Yeah.

Iris puts out her pinky.

IRIS

Let's pinky swear. We'll never have babies.

MAEVE

Pinky swear. Never.

IRIS

Want to play Mastermind?

MAEVE

That's boring. You always cheat.

Iris smiles.

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, shots flare.

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

IRIS

YES!

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

JIMMY(11) 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.

MAEVE

Sucks to be you.

IRIS

I know what'll get you a game.

JIMMY

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

IRIS

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

MAEVE

I don't see you in a band.

JIMMY

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

MAEVE

Keep your hands soft for pinball-  
got it.



IRIS  
You're lazy. 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.

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

EXT. STREET - DAY

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

EXT. JIMMY'S HOUSE - DAY

Iris, Maeve and Jimmy run up the front steps to his bungalow. House looks like all the rest, beige, rows and rows of them.

He runs in, 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  
For now.

IRIS  
I'll have more when I play music.

Jimmy laughs.

JIMMY  
Fat chance.

Iris pulls the guitar away. Her and Maeve walk down  
the steps.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Iris and Maeve 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, hugs her guitar.

IRIS  
We got it. This is it.

MAEVE  
Our hands will bleed to death  
before we can play that thing.

IRIS  
It'll be worth it.

EXT. MONTYS STORE - DAY

They walk past the store. There is a poster with 2  
school photos on it, tattered.

READS: Two schoolgirls. Best friends. Wanted for mischief. Report to Alice.

IRIS

Alice!

MAEVE

She's wants to scare us.

IRIS

It's working.

They walk fast and look sheepish.

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

Roses. There's never roses in this town.

MAEVE

Someone loves their grandma.

IRIS

You have to drive to the city to get those.

MAEVE

True.

IRIS

I'm taking them.

MAEVE

No way.

IRIS

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

MAEVE  
I don't fucking want flowers  
from Jimmy.

Iris grabs the flowers off the graveyard.

INT. IRIS' 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 *About A Girl*.

You can hear Iris's Mom, Pauline (32), in the hallway turn on the bathroom light.

PAULINE (O.S.)  
What the hell are you doing up?

PAULINE (CONT'D)  
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 up the ripped blanket under her chin.

PAULINE (CONT'D)  
Nirvana, you're not.

IRIS  
And what are you? Nothing. Not a  
thing.

Iris rolls over.

EXT. TUNNELS - NIGHT

Iris, Maeve and WES (12) are out, meandering through a field, up to their waist in hay coloured grass.

Concrete tunnels, splattered with graffiti, an art show. Bright colours, pop against the grey skyline.

IRIS

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

Wes looks worried.

WES

I'll stay with you.

MAEVE

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

INT. TUNNELS - NIGHT

Iris, Maeve and Wes run as fast as they can through the tunnel. Wes, tall and fast, deliberately hangs back, close to Iris.

He sees a big rock in front of Iris.

WES

Watch out.

Iris jumps over and clears the rocks just in time without falling.

They keep running and running. They hear the circus outside. When 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

*Isn't it bliss? / Don't you  
approve? / One who keeps tearing  
around, One who can't move,  
Where are the clowns? / There  
ought to be clowns? / Just when  
I'd stopped opening doors,  
Finally knowing the one that I  
wanted was yours. /*

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

Iris laughs trying not to look like a fool, or take herself seriously.

MAEVE

You're voice is beautiful.

IRIS

Nah. Mom says I sound like screeching tires.

WES

You're mom is messed up. You're amazing. I mean. I don't mean anything about your mom. You're good.

IRIS

Stop. I'm terrible.

MAEVE

If you say so.

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 a noise of 2 men and a girl.

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

It sounds like 2 men, pushing against someone.

A 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.

INT. TUNNELS - NIGHT

Iris, Maeve, Wes. Stop. Scared. Frightened.

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

EXT. TUNNELS - NIGHT

Iris and Maeve run. They slow down as they get out of  
the tunnel. They look back to WENDY (14), with long  
blazing red hair. She is curled up in a ball, her  
clothes torn.

They look at each other in cold fear, not admitting  
what they see.

They race faster to catch up with Wes up ahead.

EXT. HAROLD HOTEL - MORNING

ESTABLISHING SHOT:

Motel doors painted bright colours overlook the pool.

Rundown, paint peels off the siding, windows cloudy.

Plastic lawn chairs line the pool area, paint covers  
up the dirt, caked on from neglect.

INT. HAROLD HOTEL - MORNING, 2004

IRIS (16) and MAEVE (17), chambermaids, tear through the rooms and clean it spotless.

BEGIN MONTAGE:

-- Iris pushes vacuum with force.

-- Maeve stands on chair wipes curtains.

-- Iris leans over bathtub cleans with a sponge.

-- Maeve grabs a wastebasket tosses bottles, paper.

-- Iris flops on the bed, spreads the bed sheet out.

-- Maeve helps do corners of the bed, like a pro.

END MONTAGE:

INT. HALLWAY - LATER

They push the cleaning cart into the hallway and Maeve puts the vacuum back in the storage closet.

MAEVE

Done.

It tips over, the vacuum bag explodes.

IRIS

Fuck me.

MAEVE

Dusted.

IRIS

Vacuum is your ... job.

MAEVE

Don't say it. I'll smack ya.



Dirt, dust, wrappers pile up in the hallway, like a kids sandbox at the playground.

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

IRIS

There. Let's go.

Maeve doesn't argue. They rush down the hall.

EXT. HAROLD'S HOTEL - SWIMMING POOL - MORNING

Iris and Maeve try the rickety gate. It's locked. A rusty padlock, can't be turned.

IRIS

Let's swim.

They squeeze through an opening in the back fence.

MAEVE

We can't get caught?

IRIS

Supervisors not in til' 9.

They jump in the pool. Hand in hand.

Iris flat on her back, swimsuit clings tight to her skin like saran wrap.

Maeve floats gracefully.

IRIS (CONT'D)

You find anyone yet.

MAEVE

I thought we had a pact.

MAEVE (CONT'D)

Get out of this town. Sing our songs.

Iris starts to sing.

IRIS

*If you can't lose the weight,  
then you're just fat/ But if you  
lose too much, then you're on  
crack/You're damned if you do,  
and you're damned if you don't/*

Maeve and Iris twirl each other in the pool, taking turns standing on each others knees.

They hear the guard come, and jump from the pool just in time to squeeze through the fence.

INT. STAR OF THE SEA BAR - NIGHT

Iris and Maeve have dishrags in their hands, cleaning every inch of the bar and stacking glasses in the dishwasher. Place is packed.

Band, *Smooth Leather*, plays on stage, older men seasoned on their instruments. First set, Rush songs, bar goes swing to the music. A few on the dance floor.

MAEVE

You think one shitty job would be enough.

IRIS

We're trying to get to sing here.

MAEVE

I don't see anyone calling out for us.

IRIS

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

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

MAEVE  
To think that's all I ever  
wanted.

IRIS  
What? A guy.

MAEVE  
Brush your hair, keep your mouth  
shut, and you'll get a good man,  
mother would say.

IRIS  
The only hair you had out of  
place, was from that fuck creep  
you were dating.

MAEVE  
He's gone.

IRIS  
You sure? That's what you said  
last time. Why him?

MAEVE  
Slim pickings.

IRIS  
I know.

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

SAM  
Rum and coke.

IRIS  
Come'n up. Ahh, I can only get  
you coke.

SAM  
I'll top it up. Bar is cleaner,  
since you two gals arrived.  
That's what counts.

Iris passes him the drink.

IRIS  
Hey, doesn't your uncle own this  
place?

SAM  
We both own it.

Maeve moves in closer, tries to charm him.

MAEVE  
It's time to stop those old *Rush*  
wannabe geezers from playing.

SAM  
Says who?

MAEVE  
We've got songs.

SAM  
Whose we?

Iris from behind the bar.

IRIS  
Myself and Maeve.

SAM  
We're not looking for that girlie  
shit.

IRIS  
How'd you know? No ones dancing  
to the band with the bad  
synthesizer.

MAEVE  
And keyboard drum machine- fuck.  
Their ancient.

SAM  
So what do you play? You're  
young.

MAEVE  
We play acoustic.

IRIS  
And sing.

SAM  
Ballads. That shit.

IRIS  
You haven't heard us.

MAEVE  
Give us a chance. Come on.

Maeve goes over and leans in on Sam, a little too close.

He sees her desperation, reads it as seduction.

MAEVE (CONT'D)  
Two songs. Just two songs.

SAM  
You can be the warm up act.

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

IRIS  
You won't regret it.

SAM  
I regret it. Are you two old enough ...

MAEVE  
We work here.

SAM  
Cleaners I need. Singers, not so much.

Sam nods.

EXT. VILLA MARIE TOWN - NIGHT

Iris walks on. Tarmac, ocean, army base bungalows stretch for miles. Iris hums to herself.

IRIS  
No town flatter. Or grayer.

Sound of heavy boots come up behind her. She holds her guitar tight, as a weapon, her prized possession. She whips around in a fright.

IRIS (CONT'D)  
What the frig are you doing?

It's WES (20), crosses the barracks, he's familiar.

WES  
Just trying to catch you singing,  
didn't mean to scare you.

IRIS  
You could've heard us on stage.  
Star of the Sea.

WES  
Beers are pricey.

IRIS  
Have a water. Maeve and I sang.  
We're good.

WES  
You two married now? Not even  
out of high school.

IRIS  
Maeve and I *sang*. They say we  
can do it again.

WES  
You've been joined at the hip  
since kindergarten.

IRIS  
It's not like that.

WES  
Where's she now?

IRIS  
Still at the bar. Won't be long.

WES  
You two still live together?

IRIS  
Kind of. I turn up this way.

Wes eyes her as she goes off into the grey mist.

Iris walks on, looks back.

INT. STAR OF THE SEA BAR - NIGHT

Iris and Maeve, on stage, glued to the wooden bar stools. Iris with the acoustic, as promised.

Sam, ready to pounce and haul them down on their first slip-up.

GUY from back screams out.

GUY  
That's not *Rush*. Get that pansy music out of here.

Sam looks his way and surprises the crowd.

SAM  
Give the young ladies a chance.

GUY  
Two girls on stage in my bar. I don't think so.

Iris and Maeve, wide eyed.

IRIS  
We'll switch it up a bit. Man in the back knows what he likes.

Iris and Maeve, don't skip a beat, afraid to be tossed back to dish duty. Iris sings, Maeve on harmony.

IRIS (CONT'D)

*If you save yourself for  
marriage, you're a bore/ You  
don't save yourself for marriage,  
you're a horrible person/ If you  
won't have a drink, then you're  
a prude/ But they'll call you a  
drunk ...*

Soft sound of applause from the back.

Maeve heads over to Sam.

MAEVE

What'd you think?

SAM

We won't give up on you just  
yet.

They share an intimate smile.

Iris sees them, takes her tips and guitar. She heads out without Maeve in tow, a first.

INT. IRIS HOUSE - NIGHT

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

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.

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. Xxx*

Iris walks around the room, aimless, head down.

Snaps out of it. Makes a quick turn and throws the frozen dinner against the wall like a frisbee.

INT. IRIS BEDROOM - NIGHT

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

Takes her flip phone out and calls Maeve over and over and over again. 52 unanswered calls.

IRIS  
Where the fuck is she?

EXT. STAR OF THE SEA BAR - SAME NIGHT

Maeve and Sam are in his car, making out. Windows are steamed up. They are all in. Skin on skin.

INT. STAR OF THE SEA BAR - LATER

Iris walks in. Maeve sits at the bar. Sam is behind the bar and serves her a drink, a rum and coke, with the rum.

Iris storms up to Maeve.

IRIS  
Can I talk to you?

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

Maeve follows Iris to the pool room, out back.

IRIS (CONT'D)  
Where the fuck have you been?  
Pass me your phone.

Maeve reaches for it in her back jean skirt pocket.

IRIS (CONT'D)  
Give it to me. You didn't see I  
called?

Iris holds up the phone shows well over 70 missed calls from her. Shakes Maeve's phone in rage in a clenched fist in her face.

MAEVE  
I was busy.

IRIS  
Fucking giving it away in the  
back of a car- you hear me?

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

Iris starts to turn. In rage, screams back.

IRIS (CONT'D)  
Mom, fucking left. Again.

MAEVE  
What? No.

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

EXT. TARMAC - NIGHT

Maeve 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. She struggles to get going and can't support his weight.

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

INT. IRIS' HOUSE- KITCHEN - NIGHT

Wes walks in. The house same as when Iris' mom left several days before. Frozen dinner against the wall, a half packed suitcase in the hall.

Wes observes without judgement or sympathy.

They are new, but like an old couple, friends since grade school.

Iris takes Wes by the hand, they are gentle.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

In bed, close.

WES  
You okay? Not your first time.

Iris shakes her head no.

There's a surprised silence. They enjoy each other.

WEEKS LATER:

INT. COACHLINE BUS - MORNING

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

People pass her, boarding. She closes her eyes.

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

IRIS

You made it. Pried yourself away.

It's Maeve.

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

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

MAEVE

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

They both laugh. They're back.

MAEVE (CONT'D)

How did you get the gigs at Whitbourne and Goobies.

IRIS

We're the *bus* tour. Twenty years ago it would've be the CN Bus.

MAEVE

Now whose romancing the past.

INT. PENNY'S PUB - NIGHT

Iris and Maeve walk in, hopeful, swing in their step.

PENNY (56), the bar owner, a woman who commands the room. Gobsmailed Maeve, blurts out.

MAEVE

Did your husband leave you his bar?

PENNY

Did my what, leave me a what?  
(MORE)

PENNY (CONT'D)

I should smack your ass with a pool cue. What makes you think I don't own this bar myself. That I built it myself. And I make money, *myself*. I should send you right back to that used-to-be, air base town you came from.

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

IRIS

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

PENNY

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

IRIS

A what?

PENNY

Stund C'nts.

Iris, taken aback.

IRIS

Hard to get it right in here-Penny's bar.

Penny starts to laugh.

PENNY

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

JUMP CUT:

Iris and Maeve take to the stage. Iris lead singer.

IRIS

*So, make lots of noise/Kiss lots  
of boys/Or kiss lots of girls,  
if that's something you're into/  
When the straight and narrow  
gets a little too straight/ Roll  
up a joint, or don't/*

Penny laughs from the back of the room.

PENNY

At least you have a sense of  
humour.

DISSOLVE TO:

Iris and Maeve play the better part of their full  
set.

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

INT. PENNY'S PUB WASHROOM - NIGHT

Maeve 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.

INT. PENNY'S PUB - NIGHT

Iris continues to sing.

IRIS

*And I wrap my fear around me  
like a blanket/I sailed my ship  
of safety till I sank it/I'm  
crawling on your shores.*

A young child AGGIE (6) rushes to the stage. On her own. Not a parent in sight.

She joins Iris on stage and picks up performing with Iris, without skipping a beat, as if they are a duo.

IRIS/AGGIE

*And I went to the doctor, I went  
to the mountains/I looked to the  
children, I drank from the  
fountains/There's more than one  
answer to these questions/  
Pointing me in a crooked line/  
And the less I seek my source  
for some definitive/Closer I am  
to fine, yeah/ Closer I am to  
fine, yeah.*

They wind down their song, and there is a loud applause from the room.

Penney goes back over to stage and sees Maeve is gone and a young child is standing on stage taking a bow.

Penny closes in, blaring at Iris.

PENNY

Unless that youngsters yours.  
You better get her the hell out  
out of here. Don't let me catch  
you pulling a stunt like that  
again.

IRIS

I have no idea who she is.

From the back of the room, WENDY (20) rushes to the stage.

WENDY

She let go of my hand. Won't  
happen again.

PENNY

Damn straight it won't happen  
again. Cause the two of you'll  
be barred.

WENDY

It's the only place she can hear  
live music.

PENNY

Church choir.

IRIS

She's good.

WENDY

Thanks.

Iris motions in a hurry to leave.

IRIS

My friends sick. I gotta run.

WENDY

Sure.

IRIS

Try Star of the Sea. Maybe.  
Villa Marie.

Aggie hanging off her mom.

AGGIE

Can we mom?

WENDY

We'll see.

Iris runs toward the washroom.

INT. PENNY'S PUB WASHROOM - NIGHT

Iris leans against the stall door, opens it slightly.

Maeve looks up to Iris, terrified.



MAEVE

What the fuck is that coming out  
of me? Clots of blood.

Iris still leans on the door.

IRIS

Oh Christ, Maeve.

MAEVE

Oh Christ, what?

IRIS

That is your 10 Hail Marys and  
an Our Father.

MAEVE

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

IRIS

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

Maeve horrified.

MAEVE

How do you know?

IRIS

I've seen more of my mother's  
close calls. She'd never knew  
the father, just like with me.

MAEVE

You mean ...

IRIS

Count your lucky stars, my dear.  
It's been 3 or 4 weeks, right?  
I'll grab our pay and get us  
back to the motel.

INT. MOORLANDS'S MOTEL - NIGHT

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

MAEVE

I'm not stupid, you know.

IRIS

I know. Careless and foolish-maybe.

MAEVE

Bored. I can't stand it at home.

IRIS

No one likes home, really.

MAEVE

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

IRIS

Who calls New York home?

MAEVE

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

IRIS

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

MAEVE

Come with me.

IRIS

*Home keeps leaving me.* Like you.

MAEVE

I'm going to Corner Brook, the furthest west I can get.

IRIS  
So some other prick can come  
along. What's in Corner Brook?

MAEVE  
It's closest to the ferry to get  
off this fucking Island.

IRIS  
What about us? You're all I  
have.

MAEVE  
Meet me. I'll get you some gigs.

Iris sits. Quiet.

EXT. MOORLANDS'S MOTEL - MORNING

Iris and Maeve stand together with all Maeve's bags.  
There's a bus going west.

IRIS  
Should of known, with the luggage  
you packed. Wasn't for 2 nights.

Two buses speed up. They jump back from the edge of  
the curb. Iris puts her arm across Maeve's chest,  
pushes her back. Just like when they were young girls.

Maeve gives Iris a big hug. She boards the bus.

Iris stares after Maeve, lost.

EXT. AIR FORCE BASE, VILLA MARIE - DAY

Iris walks onto the tarmac. Ceremony with over 100  
people lines the runway.

INSERT: Sign. *Fortress of Protection. Fort McAndrew  
Naval Air Base, 30 years old. Take Flight.*

3 TV cameras set up for the evening news. Iris sings  
in the background.

EXT. STAGE - DAY

MAYOR POWER (64) of Villa Marie, introduces 2 women pilots, Captain Allison Rumbolt (34) and Captain Zoe Webb (33).

MAYOR POWER

I am honoured to introduce 2 of Canada's best chopper pilots. Captain Rumbolt and Captain Webb. They recently earned the distinction as the first all-woman crew to fly a helicopter for Cougar Offshore. Six percent of pilots are women and both of these pioneers are from Labrador, our province.

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

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

The women take to the microphone, confident. They tower over the town council members, men.

ALLISON RUMBOLT

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

ZOE WEBB

In the 50's a woman couldn't use her real name to do research. You were told to stay home, or you would take a man's job.

ALLISON RUMBOLT

It's important women and young girls know the world is yours to discover and conquer.

ZOE WEBB

The sky is the limit. This former air base, could be a flight training school for young women someday.

Applause from the audience and Iris plays again, instrumental as they wind up the ceremony.

INT. STAR OF THE SEA BAR - EVENING

Iris walks in. Sits at the bar. Glares at Sam, who doesn't approach her. Evening news comes on.

The air base fills the screen and Iris is barely the size of a cockroach in the bottom corner of the TV, noise from the crowd bury her singing.

ALLISON RUMBOLT (V.O.)

*... Girls the world is yours to discover and conquer.*

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 that on the table.

HARV

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

BILL

I've landed more of them pieces of metal. And we celebrate her cause she's a woman, mind now.

Men look up to see Iris sit alongside them, guitar leaned against the bar stool. She looks lost.

DAWSON

Not much of it there for you  
either, was there Iris.

HARV

Kind of a waste of your time.

BILL

You could've played for us.

Iris, too defeated, to speak. Walks to the pool room.

Sam slows her down on the way.

SAM

She didn't head back with you?

IRIS

To what, Sam, to you? What do  
you think? At least one of us  
got out of this fucked up town.

SAM

I thought you and Maeve called  
it the used-to be town.

Sam laughs.

Iris walks through the pool room and out the back  
door. A huge meadow, on the other side of the air  
base, not a hint of the tarmac in sight just a field.

She walks home with a completely different view.  
Stray cat follows alongside, fur matted and mangled.

EXT. IRIS HOME - NIGHT

Iris walks up her concrete path to Wes sitting on the  
steps. Her bike leans against the rail, padlock hangs  
off of it.

They walk inside and shut the door.

EXT. IRIS HOME - DAY

Iris walks out her front steps. She hears Maeve's mother, a couple of houses down. She looks to the bottom of her steps. Her bike is gone, just the padlock left on the railing.

IRIS

Figures.

EXT. MAEVE'S MOTHER'S HOME - DAY

Maeve's mother, TINA (42), stands out on the doorstep with a broom and a rug in her hand. Iris walks past.

TINA

You're back. Guess my Maeve is not with you.

IRIS

She has other plans. Did she call?

TINA

No.

IRIS

She said something about Corner Brook.

TINA

As long as we're not picking her up body and bones like before.

IRIS

I said to be careful.

TINA

Careful, she's not.

IRIS

I know. She said she had to get out of here. She'll be back.

TINA

She's got you fooled, my dear.  
She's gone.

Tina gives her mat one more smack with the broom and heads into the house.

Iris takes out her phone. Gives Maeve another call. No answer.

INT. GAMES ARCADE - DAY

Iris walks in. Pinball machines stand amongst 2 big pool tables. Further in the back are stations with computer terminals.

The games arcade, now for young adults- a hang out.

Iris sits behind a computer terminal watching. DAVEY (19) and his girlfriend PAIGE (18), are looking on the INDEED site to get work in Alberta.

IRIS

What? Are you leaving?

DAVEY

Be nice to get a job.

PAIGE

Least you have your own place,  
lucky you.

IRIS

I work. The hotel and bar.  
There's still bills.

PAIGE

But you and Wes can at least,  
you know. Fool around.

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 is scrolling.

PAIGE  
It's a new group. Facebook.  
Everyone's going on it. Sam from  
the bar. School friends. Check  
it out.

Iris sits at the computer next to Paige and Davey.  
Paige shows her how to log on.

IRIS  
How do I start?

PAIGE  
Go into google and put in  
facebook.

Iris looks over Paige's shoulder.

IRIS  
This is weird. Why are there  
people we know with photos  
online.

PAIGE  
It's how it works. You can put  
up any photos you want. Want to  
become a member?

IRIS  
I don't know, seems kind of  
creepy to me.

DAVEY  
I thought you want to be famous.  
You can promote your music gig.

PAIGE  
Maeve's on here.

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

IRIS  
What? No, she's not. She hasn't  
even answered my call.

PAIGE  
She's on here, now. She's got 18  
friends already. And she just  
joined.

Iris is tormented.

IRIS  
How does she have friends.

PAIGE  
Everyone's your friend on this.  
Want a page? I'll take a photo  
of you, and put it up. Look up.

Iris caves, not sure. But determined to get to Maeve.

Paige takes the photo and sends it to her email. She  
is savvy with the computer.

PAIGE (CONT'D)  
What kind of name do you want to  
use.

IRIS  
My own name, I guess. Spencer.

PAIGE  
Write your email down. 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.

Fiddles with the computer.

PAIGE (CONT'D)  
There you're ready. Now pass me your phone. It will be slow on this. The library is best.

IRIS  
Make me have friends. Like all of Maeve's friends. I want those.

PAIGE  
Some are from Spaniards Bay. You want those?

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

PAIGE  
Yes. But see this spot here. Everyone can see what you write here.

IRIS  
Like whose everyone?

PAIGE  
The whole world really.

IRIS  
Why would the world care what I'm writing Maeve. Maeve doesn't even care. I've been calling her for weeks. No answer.

Paige shows her the section for messages. Davey looks on extremely bored.

PAIGE

Use this section here. You can just talk to Maeve on her own.

DAVEY

At least give her a cool post or something. So she doesn't look like she has nothing going on.

Davey sees a poster on the wall from one of Iris's shows. He grabs a snap and passes his phone to Paige.

DAVEY (CONT'D)

Here, put this up.

The computer screen now comes to life with Iris's profile photo and her post. Friends are accepting and photos appear. A request comes in from WES.

IRIS

Wes is on this. Christ. Let me post to him. Here.

PAIGE

That's where everyone can see.

IRIS

I don't care.

Iris posts on his site. *Where's my fucking bike?* A second goes by and they hear a ding.

IRIS (CONT'D)

What's that?

PAIGE

Wes, liked your message.

Iris shakes her head.

IRIS

Is Maeve 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 was online 15 minutes ago.

IRIS

Why is she not calling?

PAIGE

I don't know. Did you two have a fight?

IRIS

No. I don't think so. She hates it here. She's bored.

DAVEY

Can't argue with her. We're getting the fuck out of here and going to work out west.

IRIS

It's been so long. She usually calls by now.

Iris looks to Paige.

PAIGE

She'll call.

EXT. VILLA MARIE - DAY

Iris walks along, her guitar on her shoulder.

INT. STAR OF THE SEA BAR- DAY

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

Iris sits up at the bar. Looks to the men, confused.

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 their shoulder.

Sam walks over to the end of the bar.

SAM

I did.

Iris looks up, fights anger.

IRIS

Why?

SAM

Cause it's great for the bar. People like to hear you play. I think I'm going to run a contest.

IRIS

With who?

SAM

Couple more gals have come to town. They're singers, too.

IRIS

It's our idea.

SAM

If they're no good. You'll win. Do up a poster.

Sam tosses her paper and a marker.

Iris starts the poster.

IRIS  
So what's the big door prize?

SAM  
1st prize. \$200.

Iris is taken a back.

DAWSON  
When you're done. We'll share it  
all over The Facebook.

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

Crowd at the bar laugh.

SAM  
Crowds come from all over. You'll  
see.

INT. IRIS' 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  
Peggy Gibbons from Mount Pearl,  
Newfoundland, has the most wins  
this year.

PEGGY  
Thank you.

IRIS  
You've got to be kidding me.

TV HOST  
Mount Kilimanjaro.

PEGGY

What is Tanzania.

TV HOST

That's correct. You're a 7 time  
champion. From Newfoundland.

IRIS

Newfoundland. How is everyone  
from here a winner now. Everyone.  
Except *me*.

Iris scribbles on the page, writes something. Hums to herself. Starts to look like it's working out. Then she crosses it out and crumples the paper.

Grabs a new piece of paper and writes a list.

INSERT: List. Power \$100, Groceries \$60, flip phone \$40, guitar strings \$11.

Iris crumples the piece of paper and throws it across the room.

Sound of the shower roars from the bathroom, Iris jumps in.

INT. IRIS' HOUSE- BATHROOM - DAY

Iris is in the shower, her back bare with water streams down, peeks through the curtains.

INT. IRIS' HOUSE- KITCHEN - DAY

Wes walks through the front door. He has a bouquet of roses in a mason jar. Grabs her notebook and pencil.

Note: *Not from the graveyard. Xoxo Wes*

He hears the shower, sneaks out the front door again.



INT. IRIS' HOUSE- KITCHEN - DAY

Iris comes out dripping, jeans and 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 down to the table. Plays with the paper and pencil. Scribbles.

She starts to write on the back of the paper again, lyrics, a song.

SONG

*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. Maeve has posted a photo. She's in a big park, leaning against a nice new car.

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

She shakes the water out of her hair. Brushes it. She grabs one flower puts it in a tiny glass carries it out the door.

EXT. MAEVE'S MOTHER'S HOME - EVENING

Tina's on the porch again. Iris, with her guitar on her back, passes Tina the rose. Tina smiles.

IRIS

Maeve'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. What  
are you talking about?

IRIS  
Maeve's fine. I'll show you on  
my phone later. Got a run.

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 nods, not sure what to make of her.

Iris plays with words, trying to make a song.

IRIS (CONT'D)  
*Says he loves me, gets on a  
plane ... Never believes me.  
Makes me insane.*

INT. STAR OF THE SEA BAR - EVENING

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

GUY is playing guitar.

IRIS  
Boring.

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

SAM

We have a runner up. He gets three free pool games. 3rd place will play here at the Star of the Sea, twice a week and Saturdays. Prize goes to Iris Spencer.

Applause is loud. Iris is fuming.

IRIS

There's no first or second prize. My job is the prize.

Sam walks off the stage and comes over to Iris.

SAM

Those are popular nights, there's radio personalities in here. You could go viral. If I keep posting your videos. Maeve might even come back.

Iris looks up.

IRIS

Have you heard from her?

SAM

Bits here and there. She seems alright.

IRIS

Did she ask about me?

Sam shifts from razing her. Tells the truth.

SAM

No, she didn't. Sorry.

Iris walks away. Guitar on her back.

EXT. VILLA MARIE - NIGHT

Tarmac and the town is lit up. Circus is in town. Ferris wheels. Games. A hot air balloon in the middle of the paved runway.

IRIS  
(jeers)  
Aviation Centre for women. Ha.

Iris hears the same boots walk up behind her.

She doesn't turn around. It's Wes.

WES  
Did you get the flowers?

IRIS  
Yeah, nice.

WES  
I didn't steal 'em from a graveyard, ya know.

IRIS  
I know.

WES  
How did it go?

IRIS  
Sam's a fuckhead. Prize was to play Saturday nights.

WES  
Saturday nights is 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 close.

IRIS  
She didn't ask about me.

WES  
Maybe she needs to settle in.

IRIS  
It's been six months. She won't even be my friend on that fucking facebook. And I have over 400 friends, who I don't even know.

Wes laughs.

IRIS (CONT'D)  
It's not funny.

WES  
Don't you want to be famous.

IRIS  
I just want to be famous. And maybe stay in a small town.

WES  
Let's leave.

IRIS  
And live where? Davey and Paige are still on a couch out west working and they're gone for months.

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

IRIS  
Someone has to stay. Mom left. Maeve left. Dad, whoever the fuck he is, left. 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.

Iris and Wes walk in silence.

IRIS (CONT'D)

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.

Wes picks up the pace, moves ahead to give her space. Goes up over the hill and out of site.

EXT. BOARDWALK - NIGHT

Iris toddles along. Rush of the wind and the bright lights from the circus. She is restless. Careless.

On the boardwalk, a man has tickets waving them in the air. Circus guy, ROSS (42).

ROSS

Free rides til midnight. Last one's on us.

IRIS

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

ROSS

You're a big dreamer. Fancy places. You see yourself in the big lights do you.

IRIS

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

Laughs.

ROSS

I bet I've put more miles on  
this earth, than you will in a  
lifetime.

They walk back to the theme park.

IRIS

Where you've been?

ROSS

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

IRIS

Spaniards Bay. Corner Brook.  
Town.

(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

Looks like that guitar means  
something to you. Your Mama or  
Pa hand it down to you.

IRIS

There's no Dad. Mama left. I  
bought it off a guy in a games  
arcade. 5 bucks. I've still got  
a chance. I'm young.

ROSS

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

Iris glances at Ross.

EXT. CIRCUS AMUSEMENT PARK - NIGHT

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

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

Ross blares out again.

ROSS

Last rides on us. You going get a ride. It's on us.

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. Nothing like riding the wheel with that kind of buzz on.

Iris is charged up. Years of not being a kid comes 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 site 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. STOOOOPPPP. 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.

ROSS (CONT'D)

You'd do what- kill me?

Iris looses 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, save only the handle as she runs over in tears.

ROSS (CONT'D)

I'm just a roadie, right? Get  
the fuck out of here or I'll  
make you earn your 5 bucks.

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

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.

EXT. IRIS'S HOUSE - NIGHT

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

She falls into his arms. They go in the house. This time it's different.

She knows he will always be there.

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

INT. STAR OF THE SEA - NIGHT

Sam is on the phone.

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

SAM (CONT'D)

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

TEN YEARS LATER:

INT. HAROLD'S HOTEL, SWIMMING POOL - DAY

IRIS (26) goes to the side of the pool. She takes off her cleaning uniform, swimsuit on underneath.

She dives through the water and swims to the surface.

MAEVE(27) 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 (35), handsome, well tailored, stands by her side. Maeve looks down to the pool.

IRIS

You're back are you? About  
fucking time.

They eye each other hard. Iris sings out.

IRIS (CONT'D)

It's called ghosting, you know?

MAEVE

What?

IRIS

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

Maeve sings back.

MAEVE

So?

IRIS

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

Maeve walks away.

INT. INSURANCE SALES OFFICE - MORNING

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

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

She picks up the file folders from a cabinet and starts to do data entry on the computer.

In the background the platform Facebook is brought up and Maeve'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. 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 Maeve's facebook page and sees photos of her on a cruise.

Maeve walks in behind Mr. Reynolds, looks more sophisticated than the day before.

Iris stares ahead.

IRIS

How dare she.

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

MAEVE

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 flowing out.

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

MAEVE (CONT'D)

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

MAEVE (CONT'D)

If you want them to believe you are worth their hard earned money. Then you have to work hard to earn their money.

MAEVE (CONT'D)

There's a difference between good and great.

Maeve starts to walk around the room while speaking.

MAEVE (CONT'D)

Good ideas anyone can give you, a book, a workshop. Great 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.

MAEVE

And you Iris? What makes you  
unique?

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

IRIS

I knit.

Maeve presses her.

MAEVE

Haven't you played music before?

IRIS

I knit, I said.

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

Iris gets up, pushes past Maeve, heads out of the  
room.

EXT. IRIS AND MAEVE'S HOUSES - DAY

Iris and Maeve walk up the steps to their own family  
homes.

They glare at each other.

EXT./INT. IRIS HOME - DAY

Iris goes in her house, grabs a cake, comes back out.

She stomps down her steps.

EXT. MAEVE'S HOME - DAY

Iris walks up Maeve's steps and knocks heavy.

Maeve answers.

IRIS

Here.

Starts to turn around.

IRIS (CONT'D)

For your mom.

Goes to turn around again.

IRIS (CONT'D)

How's your mom?

Pauses.

MAEVE

No change. Really. She's sick.  
Really sick.

Iris like a teenage girl. Turns back on quickly.

IRIS

Sorry.

Iris walks away.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Maeve is sitting by her mom's hospital bed looks over her. TINA (52), her mom, has her eyes open and is alert.

TINA

Did you see her?

MAEVE

A little.

TINA

Did you tell her?

Maeve shakes her head.

INT. HOSPITAL - RECEPTION AREA - DAY

Iris walks up to the reception desk.

IRIS

The nurse called, 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 in to the room.

She sees Maeve there.

IRIS

I'll come back.

Tina waves Iris to come over.

Iris moves toward the bed. Tina pulls Iris in close  
and gives her a hug.

Tina tries to murmur, but is tired. She motions to  
Maeve and points to Iris. She points to the door.

MAEVE

She wants us to talk.

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

INT. HOSPITAL - COFFEE SHOP - DAY

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

MAEVE

The cancer has spread. Her lungs.  
Everywhere.



IRIS  
How long?

MAEVE  
Days. Maybe a week.

IRIS  
I'm sorry.

Maeve pauses.

MAEVE  
No. I'm sorry. She brought you  
here.

IRIS  
Figures.

Iris starts to get up to leave.

Maeve grabs her hand.

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

IRIS  
What?

MAEVE  
I had the baby.

IRIS  
You have a baby?

MAEVE  
I had a baby.

IRIS  
You ...

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

IRIS

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

MAEVE

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

IRIS

I would've helped.

MAEVE

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.

MAEVE

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

Maeve is quiet.

IRIS

I guess. Maybe. You're right.

MAEVE

I know I'm right.

IRIS

You had to be right for 10 years. You couldn't just be right for 5 years?

Maeve softens.

MAEVE

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.

MAEVE

You always 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.

MAEVE

It's just a job.

IRIS

Chambermaid is a job.

They laugh.

Nurse interrupts.

NURSE

Maeve you should come.

Maeve looks up, panicked. Iris gives her a quick hug.

IRIS

Go. Go.

EXT. MAEVE'S HOUSE - WEEK LATER

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

INT. MAEVE'S LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Iris and Wes walk in. The house is the same as when they were growing up. There's a crowd around the table, flowers, cards and chat.

MAEVE

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

Wes laughs.

WES

I always knew she would.

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

MAEVE

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

Iris awkward, always a teenager, nervous.

IRIS

What will you do now?

MAEVE

What do you mean?

IRIS

Will you stay? Here?

MAEVE

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

IRIS

He owns it!

MAEVE

I thought you knew.

Both awkward, playing grown-up.

IRIS

Your mom was so young.

Iris leans her head against the wall.

Maeve starts to cry.

They hear someone from the crowd, gathered around the  
table.

MAN/WOMAN

There's a guitar, Iris. Sing something sweet.

Iris repels an outburst. Grabs Wes's hand. Looks to Maeve panicked.

IRIS

I've got to go.

Iris rushes out, holds Wes's hand.

EXT. IRIS'S HOUSE - DAY

Iris goes to the mailbox by her garden gate.

She looks towards Maeve's house. New fence, garden. Reno, dumpster. Furniture delivery.

Iris comfortably begrudges Maeve, again.

She reaches the big mailbox, and pulls out a wooden box. Mystified. Confused. Then horrified.

It's a wooden urn.

*Pauline Spencer. RIP, July 2014, 42 years of age.*

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

IRIS

Mom.

INT. IRIS'S HOUSE - DAY

Wes comes out of the bedroom.

Iris is sitting to 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 a wooden box. It could be a cigar box. Bought in a a hippy marijuana shop. Next to the bong.

WES  
Where the hell did it come from?

Iris, still nonchalant.

IRIS  
The mailbox.

Wes echoes Iris.

WES  
The mailbox?

IRIS  
Yeah, no other mail. Just mom.

WES  
Who the fuck left your mom in  
the mailbox.

IRIS

I'd be fucked if I 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 just wonder what alley she OD'd in. Or who she pissed off taking money, and they did her in.

WES

So she's back.

IRIS

Yup. Just like she left. Crazy as a loon.

IRIS (CONT'D)

Guess she got the last laugh, after she skipped out on me as a kid.

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. She was wrong about you.

IRIS

I'm an office clerk with an insurance company, that my best friend owns. It doesn't scream famous singer to me, does it to you?

WES

Will I put out a bulletin. In the papers. Get an autopsy.

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 *me* to do.

Iris gets up walks to the kitchen counter, opens a small can and takes out a note that is faded after sitting for 10 years.

Iris looks over the note.

*CLOSE UP: Had to go. Keep your chin up. Love Mom. Xox  
Everyone dies famous in a small town. Xxx*

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 in and tries to resurrect emotions that have not surfaced since her mom walked out.



She breathes another sigh.

IRIS (CONT'D)  
I think we should burn it.

WES  
Burn it?

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

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

EXT. IRIS HOME - DAY

Wes walks out to the front yard. He sees Maeve down  
in her front yard.

WES  
You've got to talk to her, Maeve.

Maeve looks back to Wes.

WES (CONT'D)  
She's spiraling.

MAEVE  
Her mom?

WES  
Her ashes arrived this morning.

Maeve doesn't flinch. Not shocked.

MAEVE  
So it's over.

WES  
Closure. No closure.

MAEVE

I'll be up.

INT. IRIS HOUSE - DAY

Maeve walks in, looks around the room. Notices again, Iris's life is changed. A home.

Iris comes out of the shower. T-shirt and jeans on. She could be 17 again.

Maeve is sitting in the armchair. She has picked up the guitar Wes has bought.

MAEVE

It's nice.

IRIS

You ready to draw blood from your finger tips, and mess up your dress.

MAEVE

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.

MAEVE

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

MAEVE (CONT'D)

Play the guitar. Sing. Who cares if you're in this town. You can still be good at what your good at. It can matter to you.

IRIS

Or I can put my ashes in a  
matchbox, like my mother did.  
And Wes can have 2 fires tonight.

MAEVE

He's been sitting on your steps  
for 20 years. I'm sure that's  
just what he'd like to do. I can  
see Tom waiting up for me. I'm  
lucky if I can get an appointment  
with him.

IRIS

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

MAEVE

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

IRIS

No children.

MAEVE

It's business.

IRIS

Wonder what business Wes and I  
are?

They laugh.

MAEVE

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 ...

EXT./INT. STAR OF THE SEA - DAY

Iris and Maeve walk through the gravel parking lot. Iris has her guitar Wes gave her, still looks new. They glance across the parking lot.

WENDY (34) walks their way, she has long flaming red hair. She walks with a younger woman AGGIE (20), she could be her sister. Same fair complexion.

INT. STAR OF THE SEA - DAY

They all arrive at the front door and enter the bar together. Four women, nod to each other and smile.

Iris and Maeve, slight hesitation.

IRIS

Watering hole. Only place 10  
years counts for nothing.

IRIS (CONT'D)

Nothing. Not a thing.

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

INT. STAGE - DAY

Sam (38) 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 last contestants. From  
Freshwater, Aggie Pye is here to  
sing today 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 was great. This is better.

AGGIE (CONT'D)

Happy to have this bar filled.

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.  
I'm opening the floor up for any  
takers.

Place goes silent.

Iris opens her guitar case. Doesn't look to Maeve 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  
(MORE)*

IRIS (CONT'D)

*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 laughs.

IRIS

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

The crowd gives Iris a standing ovation.

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.

WENDY (CONT'D)

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. No.

Iris doesn't have the courage to go farther.

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

Iris leans on the bar.

Sam pipes up.

SAM

I thought you were homeowners. Where's the toddlers running around? My next act?

Maeve looks uncomfortable. Iris covers for her.

IRIS

Sam, we can do whatever the fuck we want. Fuck off.

Sam shrugs his shoulders.

IRIS (CONT'D)

Come on Maeve.

SAM

At least your back together.

SAM (CONT'D)

In the fog bound town, where  
planes don't fly.

Sam laughs to himself.

Maeve follows Iris.

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

INT. POOL ROOM DOOR - DAY

Maeve lingers with the guys playing pool.

EXT. MEADOW- DAY

Iris and Wes walk out back through the pool room door  
and home through the meadow. The gangly cat follows  
them all the way home.

INT. MAEVE'S HOME - DAY

Iris and Maeve stand on step on stools. Hang drapes.

IRIS

So glad we got husbands.

They laugh.

IRIS (CONT'D)

Place is like a showroom.

MAEVE

Your place is tidy as a pin down  
there. Two doors, away.



IRIS

Who needs husbands around to help. We have our own houses. Now that's a woman's world.

MAEVE

What do you think Pauline would say?

IRIS

Not sure.

MAEVE

I for one, am glad to be back.

IRIS

You accepted my friend request.

Maeve lights up.

Holds up an extra curtain rod and red curtains.

MAEVE

I have this left. Lets put it up at your place.

IRIS

That looks pricey. Too rich for my blood.

MAVE

Come on. If not, I'll make you run to the Goodwill to buy it.

Iris smiles.

IRIS

Alright.

EXT. MAEVE HOUSE - IRIS HOUSE - DAY

They walk from Maeve's house to Iris and carry the curtain rod and drapes between them.

They walk up Iris's steps wrapped in drapes.

INT. IRIS'S HOUSE - DAY

Maeve stands on a chair, drops the old drapes on the floor, and puts up the new curtain rod.

Iris goes to pull a ladder out of the broom closet.

IRIS

Wes is not handy around the house.

MAEVE

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

IRIS

Really?

MAEVE

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

Iris smiles. Goes to grab a kitchen chair.

IRIS

I can reach with this.

They balance the new curtain rod and thread the bright red curtains onto it. They start to push it up onto the rod.

The phone rings.

Iris drops her end of the curtains. Maeve catches the curtains, barely.

IRIS (CONT'D)

I got to get that. Could be Wes.

MAEVE

Mind now.

Iris grabs the phone. Looks intent. Listens.

## INTERCUT: PHONE CONVERSATION

Intercut Between Iris and Raymond:

IRIS

Who? Aggie did what?

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

RAYMOND

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

IRIS

Yes. We sang together at the bar the other day.

RAYMOND

Exactly. Her mother sent us a video of you two singing together.

RAYMOND (CONT'D)

She said you were her inspiration.

IRIS

She did? She told *Idol*.

RAYMOND

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

Maeve is still on the chair. Busting with excitement.

IRIS

When?

RAYMOND

Now, if you can. 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 Maeve.

IRIS (CONT'D)

They want me to go perform on *Idol*.

MAEVE

Yes. Yes. You'll go.

Iris on the phone.

IRIS

Okay. I'll do it.

Iris hangs up.

MAEVE

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

IRIS

You can't go.

(pause)

Can you?

MAEVE

The company card is my company card, my dear. I can do as I please. Quick. Go pack. I'll grab a few things. Meet you outside.

Iris runs and tosses clothes in her suitcase. Grabs her guitar that Wes bought her. Leaves a note.

EXT./INT. IRIS/MAEVE'S HOUSE - DAY

They both come out on their steps at the same time.  
Walk down the steps, mirror images.

A taxi pulls up.

EXT. TAXI - DAY

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

INT. TAXI - DAY

Iris and Maeve looked pleased with themselves. Giddy.

Taxi driver, PAUL (48), in a gruff voice.

\*

PAUL  
Where to?

IRIS  
Town, please.

MAEVE  
Departure entrance. Airport.

PAUL  
Been driving folks there for  
over 40 years.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
Never been on a plane, yet.

Maeve in disbelief.

MAEVE  
You've never left this island?

PAUL  
Nope. All I need I've got right  
here.

Iris smiles.

IRIS

I know what you mean. This is my first flight away. I'm performing on *Idol*. With Aggie Pye. Have you hear of her?

PAUL

Oh you're that Iris woman. My wife listened to you years ago. On that facebook show.

MAEVE

And now 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.

MAEVE

He knows.

IRIS

Besides if I really want to die famous. I have to stay in a small town.

Paul looks confused.

IRIS (CONT'D)

*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. Ashes in a box. No return address.

PAUL

You better get writing young lady, sounds like you've got a few songs to sing.

MAEVE

That's what I keep telling her.

IRIS

*Famous in a small town/Nobody  
but me around/Left by the  
wayside/In the blindside/  
I can't leave home/Home keeps  
leaving me/Not a friend in sight/  
Hope Maeve's alright/I can't  
leave home/Home keeps leaving  
me/*

Iris looks to Maeve.

IRIS (CONT'D)

You'll come back right?  
You're not going to abandon me  
for years in the big city?

They look at each other and smile.

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