

EXT. BACKYARD DECK, HOME - NIGHT

MOLLY, exhausted, dressed to the nines, and worried, looks out onto a vast backyard that stretches all ways.

The backyard shows signs of a past life well lived.

Balloons, toys, cups, folding chairs and a trampoline cover the green grass.

A firepit filled with ashy remnants smokes itself out.

Molly inhales the warmth of a cigarette, her eyes fixating on something in the distance.

A SHED

With a door cracked open -- the promise of something inside.

Molly breathes in the silence, the subtle sounds society ignores. We listen with her...

Listening. Listening. Listening. Until:

INT. KITCHEN, HOME - NIGHT

A chaotic conversation in a claustrophobic kitchen.

MOLLY

You're not hearing me!

RYAN, the object of her rage, halfheartedly objects.

RYAN

Molly, I just got home. I'm tired.
Let's talk about it tomorrow.

MOLLY

You can't keep pushing this off. I
am DROWNING.

RYAN

I'm not pushing anything off. I've
told you repeatedly: Go back to
therapy. Do what you have to do.
Spend what you need to spend.

MOLLY

You literally think I'm a problem
you can just throw money at and
everything will be better.

RYAN

That's not what I'm saying. It's just exhausting, this constant cycle.

MOLLY

I'm sorry my depression is such an inconvenience to you.

RYAN

...

MOLLY

Don't just stare at me with that hateful look.

RYAN

This is what I look like.

MOLLY

I want to move to Ohio.

RYAN

I won't stop you.

She crumbles to the floor, back against a wall.

He walks out.

Molly's eyes close to shut it all out.

BLACK

We hear the soft sounds of a baby's squall.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

The squall's volume increases.

Molly's eyes open, the sound overtaking her mind.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Two BOYS, a little one (GABE) and a big little one (JAKE), tap their devices in between bites of breakfast. The devices are turned up to 10 and the kitchen counter is covered in food scraps.

Molly's drinking coffee, stuck in her own mind.

Ryan, dressed for work, enters in a hurry.

RYAN
Leaving in five, Jake. Go brush
your teeth and find your shoes.

Ryan moves towards Molly, passing her to fill up his coffee
thermos.

MOLLY
I didn't sleep at all.

RYAN
Hmm.

MOLLY
I'm sorry I lost my cool last
night. Doing this all alone sucks
so bad.

RYAN
You're not alone. I'm sorry I have
to travel for work but that's the
gig.

MOLLY
I can't keep doing it.

RYAN
What do you want me to do? Quit? Go
back to waiting tables? I'm not
doing that again.

Ryan takes her hands, and looks into her eyes.

RYAN (CONT'D)
I know it's not easy. Let's go on a
date tomorrow. We can talk about
all this stuff, figure it out.

MOLLY
Just thinking about finding a
babysitter exhausts me.

RYAN
I'll handle it.

He kisses her. She half-kisses back.

Ryan moves on. We stay.

On Molly, alone to face another day.

INT. DEN - DAY

Molly plays with Gabe.

Gabe sees the world with innocent eyes, amazed by every peek-a-boo, tickled by every touch, blissfully unevolved.

Molly checks the time on her phone. 10:39am. Long day ahead.

INT. CHILD'S BEDROOM - DAY

Molly puts the baby down for a nap.

She shuts the door.

INT. CLOSET - DAY

A closet door opens.

INSIDE CLOSET

It bursts at its seams, packed with stored memories forgotten.

Molly digs, finds what she needs: An instrument bag.

It's large and bulky. She struggles to pull it from the muck.

She drags it to an open area, unzips it.

A CELLO.

She methodically removes it from its case.

She feels its familiar edges, awed by its beauty.

A baby's squall takes her out of the moment.

She puts the cello back in its case. Zips it up. Drags it back to the closet. Shuts the door.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ryan and Molly, backs towards each other, sleep.

Molly's eyes open. She walks to the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM, HOME - NIGHT

She looks over herself in the mirror. The wrinkles. The dark circles. The stress.

She opens the cabinet and feels around for something. Finds it and pulls it out.

It's a baggie full of razorblades. She takes one out.

EXT. FRONT YARD - MORNING

Molly hacks at a tree branch with an electric saw.

Later, she bags excess leaves and branches.

The bags fill up the front yard.

Eventually, it's 30 bags of leaves probably.

Molly's sweaty.

Ryan comes out with coffee and bedhead.

RYAN

Can I help?

She gives him a "this guy" look. She points to the bags.

MOLLY

These. All go to the shed.

She takes his coffee and walks into the house.

INT. CAR -- NIGHT

Molly drives. Ryan sits shotgun fiddling with his phone.

MOLLY

You have to remember to take those bags of leaves out to the curb on Monday. Tuesday's the only day they'll pick them up until next year.

RYAN

There's like thirty bags.

MOLLY

Yeah. I know. I'm the one who spent half a day bagging them.

She nailed him. He knows it.

RYAN
I'm happy to do it.

LATER

She pulls into a gas station and Ryan hops out.

Molly's alone with her thoughts. It's hard to tell if she's spiraling or not.

Ryan skips out with a sheepish smile and something up his sleeve.

It's a pack of cigarettes.

RYAN (CONT'D)
You ready for the best date of your
life?

EXT. BACKYARD, HOME - NIGHT

Only the crickets are up.

Ryan and Molly lay on the trampoline, fast food wrappers around them, looking up to the star and passing a cigarette back and forth.

Molly looks to the house. The lights are on.

MOLLY
I love that we stayed home on date
night.

RYAN
We're so lame.

MOLLY
No, this is perfect. Thank you for
making it happen.

She puts her head in his wing.

MOLLY (CONT'D)
Maybe I should go back to work and
we get a nanny to raise the kids?

RYAN
And a butler.
(then)
Do butlers clean?

MOLLY
They'll tidy up, but they won't,
like, vacuum. Mostly they're
decorative.

RYAN
So we'll get a butler maid.

MOLLY
Definitely someone who cleans
toilets. You and the boys are
disgusting.

RYAN
It'll be easier when the kids are
grown. Like really grown. Thirty
years or so. It'll fly by.

Molly stares up the stars, the moment suddenly serious.

MOLLY
I can't wait that long.

INT. KITCHEN, HOME - MORNING

Coffee beans grind.

Eggs get cracked and scrambled.

Bacon sizzles on a skillet.

Bread becomes toast.

It all gets plated.

INT. BEDROOM, HOME - MORNING

Breakfast in bed. Molly sits up to enjoy it.

MOLLY
A girl could get used to this.

Ryan stands at the foot of the bed, a look of concern.

RYAN
You're gonna hate me.

MOLLY
Oh no.

RYAN

Sharon texted. We made the Pampers pitch.

MOLLY

That's... good?

RYAN

It's tomorrow.

(then)

I have to leave today. I'm sorry.

MOLLY

No. Absolutely not. It's Sunday.

RYAN

Molly, it's Pampers. The diaper empire.

MOLLY

I don't care if it's the Pope. You're not going. I have my lunch with Meredith today.

RYAN

I'll make it up to you. You can buy something.

MOLLY

If you leave, don't come back. I'm serious.

RYAN

Jesus, can't you just tell me good luck?

INT. KITCHEN, HOME - MORNING

The breakfast goes in the trash.

From the window, Molly watches Ryan toss his bag in the trunk and drive away.

She walks into...

THE DEN

The boys are on the couch, watching a movie together. They don't notice her.

She walks back into...

THE KITCHEN

And looks at her car keys.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - MORNING

The keys go into the ignition.

Molly considers her next move as classical music softly plays on the radio.

Leave? Stay?

The decision will have to wait for another day.

She turns up the music and breaks down.

EXT. CAR - MORNING / NIGHT

The car stays stuck in place.

EXT. CAR - DAY -- FIVE DAYS LATER

Her car's still there. Ryan's is back, too.

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

The birthday balloons tied to the deck are a dead giveaway -- they're having a party.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Ryan fusses with his hair. Molly applies makeup.

MOLLY

I wish you weren't born today.

RYAN

Let's cancel.

MOLLY

We're not canceling. We're going to celebrate you. You don't get celebrated enough.

Ryan hugs her from behind.

RYAN

Instead of goodie bags, we could
just make everyone take home a bag
of leaves.

MOLLY

Ugh, I still can't believe you
forgot.

RYAN

I didn't forgot. I was out of town.

MOLLY

You always are.

RYAN

When we get a lifetime's supply of
Pampers, it'll be worth it.

EXT. BACKYARD, HOME - NIGHT

A birthday barbecue in full swing.

A diapered Gabe runs in circles as other kids chase him.

The firepit lights up the night sky.

We catch pieces of conversations, glimpses from a good night.

Molly watches Ryan work the crowd.

And then his eyes find hers. He gyrates his hips.

ON THE DECK - LATER

You can't have a birthday party without singing happy
birthday.

Partygoers salute a seated Ryan.

Molly brings the birthday cake over...

And smashes it in his face.

She kisses some off of him.

The crowd loves it.

EXT. BACKYARD, HOME - NIGHT

The party's over, the crowd cleared out.

Molly and Ryan pass a smoke back and forth.

MOLLY
You don't love me.

The words hang in the air thick as smoke.

Ryan studies her face. He turns her head to his. Eye contact.

RYAN
I do love you. You're just so damn
exhausting.

MOLLY
You don't get it. You have a job
you love. A purpose. Your life
hasn't had to change since the
kids.

RYAN
It's not what I want to be doing.

MOLLY
You're writing at least...

RYAN
Internet ads that people
desperately try to avoid... I
haven't written a song in God knows
how long. New York?
(then)
Why aren't you writing? That was
the plan.

MOLLY
I have no time.

RYAN
Make time.

If only it were that easy.

RYAN (CONT'D)
Maybe you should go back to work?

MOLLY
Yeah, maybe so.

The energy changes. A good night ending on a downer.

RYAN
I'm gonna go get some sleep.

Ryan pecks her cheek and walks inside.

Molly's left with only her thoughts as a companion.

And we're back to the beginning.

Molly takes one last drag, stubs it, tosses it.

She looks toward the shed.

MOMENTS LATER

She's on the move, the grass crunching at every footstep.

AT THE SHED

She swings open the door.

INSIDE

It's dusty, dark and filled with the bags of leaves.

Molly pushes through the bags, breaking down.

OUTSIDE

She busts out of the door cradling a bag of leaves.

MOLLY'S CAR

She opens the back hatch and throws a bag into it.

Bag after bag gets taken from shed and put in the car.

THE SHED - LATE

The shed's empty. No more baggage.

Molly enters, dripping sweat. She's alone, in complete silence.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

The rising volume of a baby's squall.

Ryan's eyes open. He looks over to Molly's side - she's gone.

GABE'S ROOM

Ryan soothes GABE, picks him up from his crib.

RYAN
Morning, buddy.

Ryan peeks in Jake's room. Jake's asleep. No sign of Molly.

IN THE KITCHEN, Ryan makes Gabe a bottle. No sign of Molly.

IN THE LIVING ROOM, not a soul.

He calls down the STAIRS for her. No answer.

He doubles back to the kitchen, looks out the window, sees bags of leaves pouring out of the car.

EXT. CAR -- MORNING

Ryan, still carrying the baby, surveys the car, trying to make sense of what's happening.

His head moves toward the SHED.

MOMENTS LATER

He's rushing towards it, baby in his arms, panic on his face.

THE SHED

He opens the door...

And there Molly is.

Playing her cello, eyes closed, focused and intense.

Molly's eyes open and when she sees Ryan, she stops.

No words are spoken. Nothing needs to be said.

He walks out, shutting the door behind him...

Molly plays on.

FADE OUT:

THE END