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# No Light and No Land Anywhere

By Amber Sealey

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[somber tone]

My dad was making a sandwich  
in the kitchen.

He toasted the bread  
over the stovetop.

Mustard, mayonnaise,  
chicken, no lettuce.

He closed the sandwich  
and walked with it  
into the living room.

He turned on the television  
and watched standing up,  
eating his sandwich.

He ate every bite  
except the corner of one crust.

He set it, almost gently,  
down on the table  
in front of the TV.

He dusted his hands,  
freeing himself from crumbs,  
and walked out the front door.

That was the last time  
I saw him.

I was three.

[airplane engines whirring]

Toothbrush, phone, three books.

Five pairs of underwear,  
two pairs of shoes,  
one lipstick, one mascara.

The only three photos  
I have from my father.

[somber music]

One sweater, one coat,  
two bras, sunglasses, no hat.

Wallet, sleeping pills.

Ladies and gentlemen, we've  
now dimmed the cabin light.

If you wish to read,  
please use the light  
in the panel above you.

Thank you.

Last known address,  
three pairs of socks,

one skirt.

I've been waiting

to do this my whole life.

[door closes]

[dog barking in the distance]

[water running]

[breathing sharply]

[distant TV chatter]

[distant children playing]

[breathing deeply]

[distant playful screaming]

[distant siren wailing]

[distant car horn honks]

[bed creaking]

[helicopter blades

thrumming overhead]

[door squeaks]

[cell phone chimes]

[coins clanging]

[panting]

Mm.

[gasps]

- Hello?

- Hi.

It's Lexi.

How you doing?

I've come to America.

You're in America?

I'm in Los Angeles.

- You're joking?

- No, I'm not.

I'm here.

I fucked everything up.

Everything's gone.

I've moved out my house.

It's just so horrible

with David.

It used to be really nice,

and now it's just so horrible.

It's completely over.

I don't really have

enough money to be doing this,

so I've basically

taken everything that I've got

and I've come here.  
I don't know what I'm doing.  
I don't know what I'm chasing.  
I mean,  
I've lived all of this time  
without talking to my dad.  
I don't really know...  
- [child babbling]  
- One sec, Lexi.  
- [babbling continues]  
- Off you go.  
Just go ask Daddy.  
Go speak to Daddy.  
Close the door for me, baby.  
Go on. Off you go.  
Give me a second.  
Mommy's on the phone, okay?  
- [babbling continues]  
- Just go ask Daddy.  
[somber music]  
[birds chirping]  
[dog barking in the distance]  
[dog barking in the distance]  
[doorbell rings]  
[low jazzy music playing]  
I love the light.  
And the table.  
[chuckles]  
And the view.  
Yeah.  
You just don't get that  
in London.  
[chuckles]  
I guess.  
No, they're...  
Open. They...  
It's so open.  
It's so...  
Yeah. It's lovely.  
When I lived  
in Northern California,  
I thought L.A.  
was the pits, you know?  
And then I moved down here,

and it was a revelation.  
Anything you want to do,  
you can do in L.A. somewhere.  
What do you think  
I should do while I'm here?  
Go to the beach.  
[clock ticking]  
It was 20 years ago.  
He and the family  
had been here for dinner,  
and then the next thing we knew,  
he was gone.  
He had just deserted them.  
We really didn't want  
to stay in touch with John  
because we felt  
he was not a very good man.  
I know that you don't know  
where John is...  
But I've come here today  
because I'm hoping  
that you'll be able  
to give me Ethel's address  
so that I can  
get in touch with her.  
Maybe she knows.  
[waves crashing]  
[seagulls crying]  
[flies buzzing]  
[exhales deeply]  
[gasping]  
[seagulls crying]  
[flies buzzing]  
[somber music]  
[dog barking in the distance]  
[game tune playing]  
[vehicle approaching]  
[engine stops]  
[car door opens]  
[car door closes]  
[footsteps]  
[door closes]  
You're gonna do laundry?  
[keys clatter]

Can you take out your earphones?

What?

You asked me  
about doing laundry.

I did do laundry.

Yeah, but you just left it  
in the basket without folding.

- It's clean...

- Whatever, it's fine.

- It's fine.

- I didn't finish.

I'll do it.

- I'll just have to do it myself.

- Jesus Christ.

How's she doing?

Do you have to complain  
about everything that I do?

Ethel's fine.

She's fine, like she's  
sleeping?

She's fine, she's resting?

She's watching TV? What?

- What is she doing right now?

- She's sleeping.

She's fine.

She's alive.

I talked to her.

I've seen her all day.

- What did you talk about?

- We talked about...

Okay, I don't remember  
if we actually talked that much.

Whatever, I-I...

My mom has  
congestive heart failure.

She's not just laying around  
for the fun of it.

I just need you  
to fucking help me, Angie.

Like, fucking chill out.

I was chill  
until I walked into the house  
- and I see shit everywhere...

- Yeah, well,

I was fucking chill  
before you walked  
into the house.  
I was relaxing...  
Oh, I'm sure, because  
you're high and you're drunk.  
I could get  
somebody else to do it.  
Great. However much you're  
gonna pay that other person,  
'cause nobody else is gonna take  
slave wages the way I do.  
Well, why don't you get  
a real fucking job  
rather than lying  
on the couch...  
I have a real job.  
All day smoking pot  
and getting drunk?  
- Go and get a fucking job!  
- I have a job at night!  
If you got a real job, then  
we could pool money together  
to hire somebody  
who actually cleans up.  
You're mom is dying.  
I can't save her life.  
That's really fucking nice.  
I can't...  
I can't do it on my own,  
and I need your help.  
I'm sorry.  
- [smooches]  
- I love you.  
I love you, too.  
[distant chatter]  
[distant music playing]  
[music grows louder]  
[indistinct chatter]  
[distant dance music]  
[knock at door]  
Hey, it is her.  
Hey.  
[chuckles]

There she is.

- There she is.

- Hey.

- Wow.

- How's it going?

- This is Matt.

- Yeah, how are you?

- Hi, Matt.

- I brought...

- I brought a friend.

- This is America.

We do things big.

- Everything's bigger.

- Yeah.

Twice the size.

[both chuckling]

You like beer?

We brought some beer.

Yeah. Thanks.

- What's your name again?

- Matt.

Yeah. Yeah, we've known  
each other a while.

- Hope it was okay.

- Yeah, yeah.

- [chuckling]

- Right.

- Yeah, so...

- Yeah.

- Whatever, man.

- I said it'd be okay.

[both laughing,  
overlapping chatter]

Yeah, right?

It's okay if I'm here, right?

Yeah, I'm just gonna hang out.

If it wasn't okay,

I would've told you to leave.

- Oh, you would?

- Yeah. She's straightforward.

- Right? Yeah. That's why...

- She was.

- [chuckling]

- It's, like, yeah.

- She's, like, no bullshit.  
- Yeah.  
- She throws it back on you.  
- Yeah, I like that.  
- Yeah.  
- You like that?  
I do like that.  
'Cause girls over here,  
sometimes you don't really know  
what they're thinking,  
but with this one...  
- Yeah.  
- She thinks it and she says it.  
- Sit down.  
- Yeah. Yeah.  
- Yeah.  
- Sit down, Matt.  
Do you pay by the week?  
You pay by the hour,  
or you... by the day?  
What is it?  
- Yeah, I pay by the day.  
- By the day?  
- Come here.  
- Here?  
- Yeah, right here.  
- Right there?  
- Yeah.  
- Yeah?  
- Does it feel good?  
- Yeah, it's all right.  
Yeah?  
Is this what you had in mind?  
Yeah, I guess.  
[both chuckling]  
- [breathes deeply]  
- Is that what you had in mind?  
Yeah. I was worried  
when we knocked on the door.  
- What about you?  
- Yeah, I didn't think  
she was gonna be here.  
No, yeah, this is great.  
- This is great.

- You got too many...

You got too much  
clothes on, though.

I don't know why  
you're wearing these.

- These are...

- What are those?

Are those uncomfortable?

- You want to take those off?

- No, love.

- No? They feel good?

- There all right.

- Yeah?

- They're all right.

- Ah, her accent.

- I know, right?

- Yeah.

- It's great.

[chuckles]

Right.

[chuckles]

[imitates British accent]

Hello.

[chuckles]

[imitates British accent]

Can I take this zipper down?

[bottle clangs on table]

[distant music playing]

Just slide that down.

I think... I think maybe  
we do this, right?

Just take that off.

- [chuckles]

- Sit up.

- No.

- Take it off?

- What I'm interested in...

- Yeah?

- [whispering indistinctly]

- Yeah?

- [whispering indistinctly]

- Yeah?

- Do you want to see it?

- Yeah.

- Okay.  
- Yeah?  
- Yeah.  
- Right.  
- Go ahead.  
- Okay. Right now?  
Yeah, yeah, right now.  
- Is that all right with you?  
- Yeah, that's fine with me.  
- You ready for this?  
- I don't know.  
- How can I possibly know that.  
- All right, here we go.  
[chuckles]  
That's...  
that's the equipment.  
- Lie down.  
- All right.  
- Lie down.  
- Okay.  
[grunts]  
You know what?  
- I think I need a drink.  
- Yeah.  
We have plenty.  
[breathing deeply]  
- Open it.  
- Yeah.  
[light ambient music]  
You look really fine.  
[all laughing]  
[laughing]  
You have no idea what's coming.  
- What...  
- She can't hear us right now.  
- The fuck is going on?  
- I don't know.  
Every time I touch her,  
she pushes me away.  
Now what?  
- Now what?  
- What do you want to do?  
What do you think  
I want to do?

[breathing deeply]

[grunts]

[panting]

[exhales deeply]

[ambient decrescendo]

[music stops]

[exhales deeply]

[somber tone]

David would pick the pub  
and text me the address.

I loved the moment when  
he saw me come in the door.

I wasn't me.

I was a prostitute.

And he was

some lonely drunk guy.

I'd had a few

shitty tricks that day

and was looking for someone

who wouldn't

just come on my face.

He'd seem nice, but also like

he could shove his fingers

up my ass

when he fucked me,

maybe pull my hair

just a bit too hard.

I'd walk straight up

to him at the bar

and slide my leg over his

so my cunt was pushing

into his thigh

and tell him if he made me come,

I wouldn't charge him.

That was

our favorite role-play...

100% success rate.

But I always thought...

What if I really did that?

Could I do that?

Would I still be me

if I did that?

But as it turns out,

the strangeness

is not what made it hot.  
It was the familiarity.  
I always learn  
these lessons too late.  
[birds chirping]  
[dog barking in the distance]  
[gate squeaking]  
[birds chirping]  
[car horn honking]  
Hello?  
Hey. Hi.  
I'm sorry, I just wanted  
to bring in these  
for Tanya's mum, for Ethel.  
I've just brought...  
brought her some groceries.  
Okay. Come on back.  
Set them right here.  
Sure.  
Who are you?  
I'm just a friend  
of Tanya's.  
Tanya ordered these from you?  
Friend of Tanya's?  
[scoffs]  
I knew it.  
You're fucking Tanya.  
You are. You're fucking Tanya.  
You're fucking...  
Fucking bitch.  
No.  
- No.  
- No?  
No, you're not fucking...  
- you're not fucking Tanya?  
- No.  
Don't fucking lie to me.  
What you want me to say?  
I just want you  
to say the truth.  
I just want you to say the truth  
in your little British accent.  
I'm her sister.  
Fuck.

[chuckles softly]  
You want?  
Thanks.  
Can I see Ethel?  
Yeah.  
She's just, uh,  
right through here.  
Go on in.  
[light rustling]  
[exhaling sharply]  
[distant motor rumbling]  
[distant motor rumbling]  
Close the curtains.  
Yeah.  
They closed?  
Yeah, but  
I-I couldn't find...  
so...  
You gonna sit down?  
[groans]  
Yeah.  
Don't sit there.  
Sit there.  
Oh. Okay.  
[chuckles awkwardly]  
- Okay?  
- Yeah.  
Yeah, it's good.  
You remember Danny?  
We were, uh...  
we're in the field today,  
and...  
[chuckles]  
That son of a bitch...  
he gets out of the truck,  
and comes over,  
and he's, like, "Hey!"  
I don't want  
to hear about this.  
- What's that?  
- I'm not interested.  
Yeah. Okay.  
Take off your jacket.  
[exhales deeply]

Thank you.

[chuckles]

[exhales deeply]

[key clatters]

So what are you doing here?

I, uh, just wanted

to see you again.

- Yeah? You like me?

- Yeah. Uh, yeah.

Yeah.

I had a good time.

Uh...

- Yeah, it was all right.

- Yeah, it was.

[exhales deeply]

[grunts]

[breathing sharply]

Just tell me what to do.

- Unbutton your fly.

- Yeah.

- Take off your shirt.

- Yeah.

[whispering] Are you gonna  
do it and make a surprise?

- Yeah.

- Yeah?

Yeah.

[dramatic music]

[breathing sharply]

[grunts]

Tell me what you like.

Is this what you like?

Yeah.

- That?

- Yeah.

Just like that?

Tell me something I don't know.

You have a wife?

Uh, no. I don't have one.

You got a girlfriend?

No.

No. Don't have one.

You don't really...

you can't have sex.

I fuck a lot.  
I've got fucked  
by girls like you.  
[laughs]  
No, you don't.  
- Yeah, I do.  
- No, you really don't.  
- I fuck girls just like you.  
- Oh, just like me?  
- Yeah.  
- Yeah. And what...  
what are they like?  
They got cute hair  
just like you.  
They've got cute what?  
Yeah, cute hair  
just like you.  
- Cute hair?  
- Yeah.  
- Just like me?  
- Uh-huh.  
You fuck girls  
with hair like me?  
- Yeah.  
- That's what you like.  
You know, I went to Cambridge.  
Do you know that? Yeah?  
No, I didn't  
fucking know that.  
Well, I went to Cambridge,  
and I read English literature,  
and I fucking don't go  
all over the fucking world,  
and now I'm here...  
with you.  
Do you...  
do you like me at all?  
No.  
Yeah, you do.  
No, I don't.  
Go away now.  
What?  
I want you to leave.  
"Then after an interminable time

"as it seemed to us,  
"crouching and appearing  
through the hedge,  
"came a sound like  
the distant concussion of a gun.  
"Concussion of a gun.  
"Another nearer,  
"and then another,  
"and then the Martian beside us  
raised his tube on high  
"and discharged it gun-wise  
with a heavy report  
"that made the ground heave.  
[footsteps approaching]  
The one towards Dais..."  
Tanya doesn't have  
John's number,  
but I know he worked  
for this company a while back.  
I don't know any more than that,  
and just so you know,  
I was not involved in this.  
[transmission screeches]  
I'm not really sure  
where he is.  
He changed  
his phone number a lot.  
[exhales deeply]  
I'm not sure  
if I can help you out at all.  
You know what?  
I did work with him  
at these old people's house  
a few weeks ago.  
I think I have the address  
if you want it.  
You could ask them.  
Yeah, I know he went back...  
[continues indistinctly]  
[somber music]  
[indistinct chatter on TV]  
[doorbell rings]  
Hold on just a minute.  
- Hello.

- Can I help you?

Yes, I'm so sorry

to bother you.

I'm looking

for a man called John

who I think did some work

at your house the other day,

and I was just wondering whether

I might be able to find a way

- to get in touch with him?

- [coughs]

- I know it sounds strange.

- It does. Yes.

Um, I haven't been able

to get in touch with him

through his family,

'cause nobody really knows

where he is.

There was a man

through the handiwork agency...

- Yeah?

- That did do some work for me

several days ago.

Why don't you come in

and I'll look for the...

I think I have the card

in the other room.

And then he went upstairs and

put them in all the bedrooms.

And I believe he put a new one

in that hallway up there.

- That's good.

- And for safety reasons, I...

because I get

a little bit dizzy now

every once in a while

from my allergies,

a separate banister

on this side of the stairway

and then this side.

[device hisses]

[indistinct chatter on TV

continues]

Is it out?

Let it out slow.  
Let me see...  
let me see how high you can...  
[breathes deeply]  
What are you doing?  
You have to breathe...  
Let it out slowly.  
Okay, one more time.  
No, can you...  
deep... deep breath.  
That's not very good.  
Here's that number.  
Do you have something  
to write this down?  
I have my phone.  
I'm all ready.  
- Okay.  
- Thank you so much.  
[panting]  
[ambient tone]  
Hi, this is John.  
Please leave me a message,  
and I'll get back to you.  
Bye.  
Hello, this is Lexi.  
If I have the right number,  
that means I'm your daughter.  
I'm calling  
because I'm in Los Angeles,  
and I'd like to see you...  
to meet you,  
so please call me back.  
Okay.  
That's all. Bye.  
[somber music]  
[birds chirping]  
All right, buddy.  
I'm gonna set you down.  
Your ball. Get your ball.  
- All right.  
- Go!  
Now I'm gonna get you out.  
Come here.  
Okay.

Oh, what do you got there?

Can I see it?

[children chattering]

[humming]

[humming continues]

[dog barking in the distance]

[breathing deeply]

[gentle music]

Hush, little baby

Don't say a word

Papa's gonna buy you

A mockingbird

And if that mockingbird

won't sing

Papa's gonna buy you

A diamond ring

And if that diamond ring

turns brass

Papa's gonna buy you

a looking glass

And if that looking glass

gets broke

Papa's gonna buy you

a billy goat

[groans]

Hush, little baby

Don't say a word

Papa's gonna buy you

A mockingbird

[chuckles]

That's me.

That's my mum.

You can't see her much there.

This is right before he left.

My mum sort of fell apart

after that.

I don't think she ever really

took to motherhood.

And there he is.

Hi.

Are you Lexi?

Yeah.

- Tanya?

- Yeah.

You've been spending  
a lot of time at my house.  
It's a little weird to come home  
to somebody in my kitchen.  
Yeah, I can see that.  
It would have been nice  
if you had introduced yourself  
to me.

- Of course.

- Asked permission  
if you could be spending  
every day in my house

- while I'm at work.

- Yeah, I-I...

Rather than sneaking  
behind my back.

Yeah.

Sorry.

Did you get what you came for?

Well, I assume

you came for something,  
so what do you want?

You know what I want.

You said you wanted  
to meet me. Here I am.

I mean,

you got what you came for.

I don't... I don't know  
what you want from me.

I don't even think  
that you should be here.

I think you should  
get your stuff,  
and then you can be on your way.

Really?

I can be on my way?

[scoffs]

I can be on my way?

I'm your sister.

Did you know I existed?

Did you know you had a sister?

You knew that I existed.

You knew that I was over there.

You knew

that I was there with my mum  
looking after me  
without my dad.  
You knew that, and  
you didn't get in touch with me.  
You didn't write me a letter.  
You left me  
to come over here to find you.  
I was a fucking kid.  
You were not  
a part of my childhood.  
You were a part  
of my existence.  
And I clearly have  
my fucking hands full!  
Is that really all  
you've got to say to me?  
I mean, what...  
how difficult can it be?  
He said that he had  
no contact with you.  
That your mom just  
took you and left  
and that we didn't  
have any idea...  
I didn't know anything  
about you or where you were.  
Oh, come on.  
All I want to do  
is fucking meet you  
and talk to you.  
All I want to do  
is try to speak to you.  
All I've been trying to do  
for the last fucking month  
pretty much  
is look for you  
and look for my father  
and look for my fucking family.  
No, let's just brush her  
under the fucking carpet  
like the same thing that's been  
happening for the last 40 years.  
I'm the one

who's traveled here.  
I'm the one  
who's come all this way.  
I'm the one  
that was over there  
while your dad was just having  
fun over here with your mum  
and taking you all out  
to the fucking shops.  
Oh, yeah, we had  
so much fucking fun.  
Or whatever you were doing.  
You're being subversive  
and sneaking  
into my house  
when I'm not here,  
and then you come  
to tell me that my life  
was so much better  
than yours,  
and you just want  
to cry in front of me?  
No, that's not  
what I'm saying.  
And tell me that you  
had a shit life  
and I had a good life?  
That's not how it was.  
That's not how  
it worked out.  
And that's a really  
fucked-up thing to do.  
And I think  
you should leave.  
I don't think  
that you should be here.  
- Really? Is that it?  
- Yeah.  
- Is that it?  
- Yeah, that's it.  
I don't think  
that you should be here.  
I'm not exactly  
proud of myself.

But I did try.  
You can say that for me.  
I know I fucked it up.  
[sighs]  
'Cause you just want  
to fucking get rid of me.  
Let's be honest.  
Yeah.  
[inhales deeply]  
Oh, God.  
[inhales deeply]  
[sighs]  
That went well.  
Yeah.  
That's why  
I don't open my mouth.  
Oh, God.  
Will you say good-bye  
to Ethel for me?  
Because...  
I don't want that  
to be the last thing she hears.  
[chuckles]  
[door creaks open]  
[door closes]  
[sobs quietly]  
Ah, shit.  
[sighs]  
[somber tone]  
[cell phone beeps]  
This is John.  
Um...  
Yes, we can meet.  
Certainly.  
That would be great.  
I'm working in L.A.  
I can text you  
the address if you like,  
and, um, yeah,  
let's get together.  
Okay.  
Look forward to it.  
Cheers.  
I see him

before he sees me.  
I panic a bit  
because he's smaller  
than I thought he'd be.  
I'm about to run  
when he lifts his head  
and sees me.  
And he can't stop  
the huge smile  
that comes to his face.  
Same with the tears  
that fill his eyes.  
I walk slowly towards him,  
and we're speechless.  
But it doesn't matter.  
He pulls me into a hug,  
and I feel it.  
This is my father.  
He loves me.  
It doesn't matter all the years  
he didn't contact me.  
He's loved me all along.  
He says, "I want to take you  
somewhere special."  
And we get in his car,  
and I know that I'm safe.  
He'll take care of me.  
He talks about making up  
for lost time...  
all the things he wished  
he had seen me do.  
I watch him closely.  
I see his face in mine.  
Everything bad  
just floats out the window.  
He's driving me home.  
[distant traffic whirs]  
[somber tone]  
[hammer pounding]  
[hammer pounding]  
[hammer pounding]  
[hammer pounding]  
[breathing deeply]  
[metallic clank]

[metal drags]

[metallic clanking]

[man grunts]

[metallic clanking]

[clanking continues]

Hey.

How you doing?

Oh, yeah.

Yeah.

Good to see you.

Thanks for coming.

Um, that's all right.

You all right?

- I'm all right.

- You have a good trip?

Um, it was

all right.

[saw buzzes]

You work here?

This is your place?

Yeah, we're knocking

this place down.

Just moving the steel.

Folks coming to get it in a bit.

[hammer pounding]

- So...

- Well, it was a surprise

to hear your call,

that's for sure.

Got anything you want

to say to me?

Nice to see you.

You look like your mother.

Nice to see you.

Yeah, people say

that I look like my mother.

- How is she?

- Um, she's dead.

I'm sorry.

These things happen.

Yeah.

Talk to me.

What's up?

I don't know.

Um...

How long  
have you got?

How long have I got  
for what?

To talk.

Well, I got to get  
this shit moved.

I have a bloke coming  
for this steel  
in about half  
an hour, so...

Half an hour?

You know, I had  
no idea you were coming.

Well, you did.

I called you.

Yeah, but I've  
got to work.

What do you want? Just tell me  
what you want from me.

I wanted to meet you.

I wanted to meet you.

- Well, now you've met me.

- No, I haven't.

I thought maybe  
you might start something.

All right, so what do you do  
for a living?

Let's start there.

Um, I work in theatre.

- Doing what?

- I work in theatre design.

What do you do  
for a living?

- What does it look like?

- Yeah, right.

I'm a brain surgeon.

I'm doing a bit  
of construction on the side.

Well, I don't know,  
do I?

Well, it's pretty  
apparent, I think.

Well, it is now,  
but I didn't know.  
Okay, okay.  
Just show up in my life, and  
I'm, what, gonna drop it all?  
I didn't just  
show up in your life.  
- Yeah, you did.  
- You had a child.  
That was  
a long time ago.  
Look, I've come  
a long way.  
I wanted to see you.  
And I just thought  
that maybe  
you might be able  
to explain to me  
why you haven't  
been in touch  
throughout  
my whole life.  
I left.  
What can I tell you?  
[sighs]  
You could have  
asked about me.  
You could have left me  
your phone number.  
You could have  
at least found a way  
to leave me a way  
to get in touch with you  
without having  
to fucking go around  
all your fucking  
second family.  
I just wanted  
to talk to you.  
Well, now  
you're talking to me.  
Or should I say yelling?  
I'm not yelling.  
I'm just trying

to have a conversation.

Yeah.

Anything else?

Do you like yourself?

That's not a question

you should ask me.

- I'm interested.

- Yeah, I'm fine.

Nothing wrong

with me.

Probably not in your eyes,

but I'm fine.

Well, it's... I got this bloke  
coming like I said.

So I got to get this stuff  
out of here.

Sure.

All right.

Anyway, I'm glad  
you came by.

- Really?

- Yeah.

- I'm not so sure.

- Anyway...

Give us a call.

All right?

Yeah.

See ya.

[somber music]

[lights clattering]

[overlapping chatter]

[horns honking]

[harmonica playing]

[somber music continues]

[overlapping chatter]

And what are you out  
in Hollywood doing?

Like, what movie?

I'm just

having a walk.

[speaking indistinctly]

That we may roam

wherever we may want to

and be ourselves.

Maybe.

For single-mindedness  
is all powerful indeed.

Yeah, for sure.

For sure.

Yeah.

You know there's carbon 14  
in everything?

When the computer  
tries to read it,

Everything has  
too many neutrons in it.

It makes you sick.

I got this song I wrote  
called "This Is How  
You Make Me Feel."

It goes like this.

[rhythmically]

This is how you make me feel.

When life gets tough,  
we keep it real.

Love is enough.

The coast is clear.

I need your trust.

My heart's so real.

This is how you  
Make me feel

Oh, where's your lights?

Five, six, seven,  
and there's a break.

Goes now.

Whoa, there we go.

One, two...

[insects chirping]

[knock at door]

Do you want  
to come in?

Sorry, I can't really...

um, offer you much.

But I've got some water  
if you want or...

You... Okay.

Ethel died

two days ago.

I'm so sorry.  
[somber music]  
I walk slowly towards him,  
and we're speechless.  
He pulls me into a hug,  
and I feel it.  
This is my father.  
I see his face in mine.  
And we get in his car,  
and I know that I'm safe.  
Everything bad  
just floats out the window.  
Do you think  
we look at all alike?  
I think here we do.  
Yeah, it's a big square.  
[both laugh]  
[breathes sleepily]  
[inhales deeply]  
[dramatic music]