

FLOWER (CONT'D)

Perhaps MS Story has been waiting
for MR E the whole time to come
find her. I wonder if I'm her.

SHADOWY FIGURE OF A MAN APPROACHING TOWARD FLOWER.

RAY

Flower?

FLOWER

Ray... is that you?

Ray approaches the bench.

RAY AND FLOWER AT THE BENCH.

RAY

(very concerned)

Are you okay? I've been worried
about you. The fire has gone
wild... they've begun evacuating
your neighborhood. You alright?

FLOWER

(quietly)

I was the first to evacuate... I
left home for good. I'm done with
their world. I prefer the stars.

RAY

I'm glad you're safe. Really.

FLOWER

You can sit down if you like... If
you don't mind staying with me for
a bit... before you have to go
home. Here, I'll move the stars for
you.

Flower gracefully picks up the stars from her left moving
them to the stars on her right. He sits down close to her on
the left. She continues to shift the stars on her right.

FLOWER (CONT'D)

Ray, you ever wonder about hands.
I've been wondering lately.

RAY

How so?

FLOWER

They can be such hard workers,
gentle friends... or they can be
terrifying slaves and do horrible
things. So much power in such
little things.

RAY

I suppose.

FLOWER

They're so good at holding onto
things, all sorts of things. In the
end, it's what defines our
character... what we choose to
hold. For some, it's the holdings,
how much money can they hold... so
much so that they can't even fit in
a single star, not even one
precious star. They fill their
hands with trinkets, pretty little
trinkets... it's too much though.
The more they shove in, the more
the metal cuts their hands... and
the uglier their hands get. And the
uglier they get, the more trinket
beauty they try to shove in to
cover it up. They can't escape.
Trinkets are fun for a moment, but
we have to put them back down and
pick up the real. People fill their
hands with all sorts of things...
sometimes they hold onto ugliness,
pain, death... other times... they
hold such beauty and love as if
from some far off place that
teleport us. I love that kind. I...
I love to hold onto stars, that's
what I like to hold.

CLOSE UP ON THEIR HANDS AND ARMS.

Ray slowly reaches out and lightly touches the top of her
hand with his finger tips. She interlocks fingers with him.

FLOWER AND RAY SITTING.

RAY

If there's any room left in there
for me let me know.

She smiles with tears and reaches over picking up a small handful of stars. She reaches to their clasped hands and moves their two thumbs creating an opening. She drops the stars in and moves their thumbs back to seal the opening.

FLOWER

Plenty of room, we'll hold the stars together.

WIDE ANGLE FROM THE GROUND BEHIND THE BENCH WITH THE SILHOUETTE OF THE TWO AGAINST A BACK DROP OF TREES.

SLOW FADE OUT

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EXT. SUBURB STREET NEAR AN OPEN FIELD - NIGHT

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SIDEWALK ADJACENT TO AN OPEN FIELD WITH SPARSE TREES THAT IS DIRECTLY BEHIND BRET LAND.

Various kids and adults are watching the great fire at a safe distance on the sidewalk. Bretland and all the makeshift structures are engulfed in flames. The field is partially on fire with sparse trees burning. There are large fires in the distance at other locations. Fire fighters and their hoses are containing the field, while other fire fighters are tending to a much larger blaze that is spreading quickly. There are fire fighters from different counties. The kids are being watched over by some adults, as parents are arriving.

MUMSY ARRIVING ON THE STREET OUTSIDE OF THE AREA WHERE THE TRUCKS ARE CONGREGATED.

She gets out of her car and sees Clay. Mumsy and Clay run toward each other ending in a big long hug.

CLAY

(crying)

Mom!

MUMSY

Oh Clay, thank God you're okay!

(pause in the hug)

Have you seen Flower? She ran away.

I hope she can forgive me. Have you seen her?

Clay nods his head no and she continues comforting him.