

VIOLET & IVY

Written by

Annabelle Daly

FADE IN:

INT. APARTMENT BEDROOM - MORNING

A slow pan starts at the front of a dark bedroom and continues as it passes by a window. Sunshine seeps through the slivers of space that separate the curtains and the wall. The pan continues in its course to show us VIOLET (24) fast asleep in her bed.

The clock reads 7:29 am.

BEEP BEEP BEEP.

The sound of a blaring horn that's almost apocalyptic is quickly stopped by Violet's hand. She snoozes the alarm on her phone and lays still for a beat.

Just as she begins to doze off again, the JINGLE of a collar and soft footsteps on her comforter.

VIOLET
Uh uh...not yet.

She gently pushes away LILA (3) who is now purring and softly licking her cheek. The cat quickly comes back for more.

VIOLET (CONT'D)
Okay okayyy I know!

She moves the cat once again and slowly sits up, rubbing her eyes as she moves. She leans back on the headboard and makes eye contact with her.

VIOLET (CONT'D)
Do I have to?

After a brief moment of silence, Lila lets out a soft MEOW.

VIOLET (CONT'D)
Yeah yeah, I know.

Violet sits up and looks around her room, absorbing the messiness surrounding her. There are clothes and shoes everywhere and her bathroom is a mess.

She gets up and on her way to the bathroom peaks out of her doorframe to look around her living room. There are dirty dishes in the sink and on the counter. Old takeout food is sitting on the table.

She takes it all in, ashamed.

DING DING.

She walks toward the bathroom and stops in front of the mirror. She opens her phone to a text from her mom.

MOM (TEXT)
Looking forward to seeing you
tonight for dinner!

She scoffs and puts her phone back down, taking a moment to look at herself in the mirror.

Her dark circles look more emphasized than usual. She looks sad, tired, miserable. She lets out a big sigh.

INT. GIRL'S BATHROOM - AFTERNOON

The sound of a hair brush makes its way through the tangly hair of IVY (18) who is putting her hair in a tight ponytail. She braids it and then slips on her headband.

She takes a moment to look at herself in the mirror. Her white soccer jersey hangs behind her on the closet door, lined with navy down the sides and on the cuffs of the sleeves.

As she continues to look, her hands begin to slightly shake. She folds and squeezes them together as she inhales, then deeply exhales.

IVY
You're fine. You're gonna be fine.
It's just a game.

She pulls out her phone and opens up her messages. She scrolls through her contacts and texts CHARLIE (19).

IVY (TEXT) (CONT'D)
What are you up to right now?

She sets her phone down and begins to look around her room. She walks to her wall of trophies, some from track, some from basketball and most from soccer. She runs her hands through the medals hanging off the shelf, feeling the texture of each one.

DING DING.

She snaps out of her nostalgic daze to the sound of a text message.

CHARLIE (TEXT)
Nothing, just had a late lunch.
Whats up, you okay?

IVY (TEXT)
Yeah... I'm just getting really
nervous about tomorrow.

CHARLIE (TEXT)
What time do you have to be at the
field later?

IVY (TEXT)
Practice is at 4 but we have to be
there at like 3ish to work with the
trainers and warmup. Why?

CHARLIE (TEXT)
Wanna go for a drive? I can drop
you there after.

She likes the message as the left corner of her mouth begins
to turn upward.

CHARLIE (TEXT) (CONT'D)
Be there in 10.

She sets her phone down and plops onto her bed, releasing
another big sigh.

INT. OFFICE - AFTERNOON

CLICK CLICK CLICK CLICK.

Violet types at her desk ferociously while looking up and
down at her computer. She moves the mouse around a couple
times, intently studying her screen. Suddenly, she slams the
space bar with frustration and leans back in her chair.

She runs her hands through her hair and looks up at the
ceiling. She lets out a loud sigh.

JACK
What did it ever do to you?

JACK (24) twirls his chair around from a cubby over to face
Violet.

VIOLET
What?

JACK

The keyboard. You nearly broke that thing just a second ago.

VIOLET

Oh. Excel's just being a bitch.

JACK

Hear you on that one. What's the issue maybe I can help?

VIOLET

It's okay I figured it out after like 20 times. Just got a little carried away there at the end.

JACK

Hey it happens. Remember last week?

VIOLET

That poor pen.

JACK

Snapped it right in half.

They share a laugh and look at each other for a beat.

VIOLET

I'm really gonna miss you ya know. You're the only thing that makes this place halfway decent.

JACK

I am too V... but i'm not worried. I know you'll be fine.

VIOLET

Not if I don't get out of here soon like you. I can only take Houston for so long. I've been here my whole life.

JACK

It's not that bad is it?

VIOLET

It's just that I feel like I've been in the same place and living the same day over and over and over again and its so fucking monotonous and boring and I just want to go somewhere else. Do something else.

JACK

Okay well speaking of doing something else, what are you doing tonight? Wanna get a drink or something? I want to hear more, talk this stuff out with you... but I keep getting eyed by Garcia over there.

They look over at a tall man with what seems like a permanent snarl on his face staring them down from the front of the office.

VIOLET

He's such a snitch.

Jack laughs.

JACK

So? Tonight?

She pauses to think for a moment, then frowns.

VIOLET

I can't tonight. I have that monthly dinner with my family. Gotta trek all the way out to Cypress after work.

JACK

Booooo.

VIOLET

Soon though. I swear.

He looks at her intently.

JACK

Promise?

VIOLET

Promise.

They share a soft smile. Violet turns her chair back around to face her desk.

Her facial expression suddenly changes. She looked hopeful a moment ago. Now, alone again, her eyes well up with tears.

INT/EXT. CAR - AFTERNOON

Ivy walks out her front door and toward the street. She waves to the girl in the car and then continues to pick at her nails as she heads down the lawn. She opens the car door and plops in the passenger seat.

SLAM. The car door shuts.

CHARLIE (18) shifts gears and begins to drive forward.

CHARLIE

What's going on? Talk to me.

IVY

I don't know... I guess I just- I just don't wanna fail everyone tomorrow. My teammates, my family... coaches, fans, myself, everyone.

CHARLIE

Fail? What do you mean fail?

IVY

Play bad, let a goal in, make an error. Any or all of those things.

CHARLIE

Ivy, you are quite literally one of the best keepers in Texas. You have nothing to worry about. Just be you out there, like you always do, and you will be fine!

IVY

It just feels so heavy. I can feel it in like- my chest or something. I can't stop picking my nails and my hands keep shaking. I don't know why its been so bad lately.

They stop at a red light. Charlie glances over at her with a look of confusion.

CHARLIE

Ivy, it makes perfect sense. Tomorrow's your last game before you leave for college! Or hmmm, I don't know... maybe because its the state championship?!

IVY

Well yeah there's that.

The two giggle.

IVY (CONT'D)

I'm serious though! I need to get it under control before tomorrow. It's supposed to be the most exciting game of the season yet I'm over here shitting my pants. I can't be a bad example for the underclassman. What kind of captain would I be then?

CHARLIE

Okay 1, they literally idolize you. And 2, I think you could probably kill someone and they would offer to take care of the body for you.

IVY

Well thats just simply not true.

CHARLIE

You don't know until you try.

IVY

(laughing)

You're such a weirdo.

CHARLIE

Thank you!

The girls giggle. Charlie gasps as the song changes. She looks over at Ivy and then reaches for the volume to turn up the music.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Hey its our song!!

IVY

Ugh she's so good.

The two begin laughing and singing along to "Fifteen" by Taylor Swift.

INT. CAR - LATER

The car slows down as they enter the parking lot of their high school. It fully comes to a stop as Charlie pulls into a spot.

Ivy starts biting her nails again and anxiously looks out the window.

CHARLIE

Hey, you're gonna be fine, okay?

Ivy stays silent and continues biting her nails.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Okay?

She looks over at Charlie and puts her hand down.

IVY

Yeah. Yeah you're right. It'll be fine.

CHARLIE

You should enjoy you're last practice, not spend it thinking about what's gonna happen tomorrow.

Charlie playfully nudges her.

IVY

I know I know. Thank you Char.

The two girls hug goodbye and Ivy gets out of the car. As she walks away, Charlie yells to her.

CHARLIE

Have fun!

IVY

No promises!

She turns around and walks toward her locker room. She continues picking at her nails.

INT. HOUSE - EVENING

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK.

A red door swings open to show Violets mom, ANNE (47), with a big smile on her face.

ANNE

Sweetheart!

VIOLET

Hi Mom.

They hug.

ANNE

Come in come in, your Dad's
finishing up dinner. It should be
ready in the next 10.

Violet walks inside and Anne closes the door behind her. The
two head to the kitchen where Violet's dad, STEVE (49),
continues cooking.

VIOLET

So what are we having tonight?

ANNE

His famous enchilada recipe...
obviously.

VIOLET

It never gets old does it.

STEVE

How could it. You know you love it
too.

Violet sets her things down on the counter and walks around
the island in the kitchen to hug her Dad.

VIOLET

Hi Dad.

STEVE

Hi honey! How ya doing?

VIOLET

Fine. Tired.

STEVE

Everything at the office going
well?

VIOLET

I guess.

STEVE

Hows the man, Garcia?

VIOLET

(laughing)
Still the worst.

STEVE

Some things never change.

Violet heads over to a drawer where she grabs four sets of
utensils. She begins setting the table.

ANNE

Vi, have you heard from your sister at all today?

VIOLET

Uhhh, no. Why? Should I have?

ANNE

I don't know, I just figured you guys talk. Aren't sisters supposed to talk?

VIOLET

No, not really. Kinda hard to talk when you have nothing in common.

ANNE

Oh come on that's not true.

VIOLET

Where is she anyway?

ANNE

I'm not sure. She should be home soon.

As the two continue setting up for dinner, the door opens.

IVY

Mom? Dad? I'm home!

ANNE

There she is! We were just talking about you!

IVY

Should I be concerned?

VIOLET

Probably.

Violet laughs to herself. Ivy walks by her as she sets her bag down by the counter. They reluctantly hug.

IVY

Sup idiot.

VIOLET

Wow, nice to see you too!

INT. HOUSE - LATER

The CLINKING of utensils is heard as the four sit at the dinner table, making small talk and eating their meals. After a couple beats of silence, Anne speaks.

ANNE

So Ivy, how was practice?

IVY

Good, kinda sad. Last one I'll ever have as a high school student. I'm gonna be a wreck tomorrow after the game, win or loss... especially loss.

VIOLET

You'll live.

Ivy scoffs.

IVY

You don't get it. This team, soccer, its literally my life. It just doesn't feel real that its about to be over.

VIOLET

Well it might be over with these team but you still have a lot of soccer left. You're literally playing four more years of it in college.

IVY

That's not the point.

VIOLET

I'm just saying, its not the end of the world. There's much worse things that could be happening.

IVY

Yeah well no need to be rude about it.

The girls glare at each other.

ANNE

Hey no bickering at the table. Vi, what about you? Anything exciting going on at work?

VIOLET

Nope. Life is boring, per usual.

STEVE

Oh come on, can't be that bad.

VIOLET

I don't understand how you find joy in sitting at a desk for 8 hours every day typing on a computer and making phone calls. It's impressive. Truly.

ANNE

She has a point.

IVY

Well if you hate it so much, why do you still do it?

Violet gives Ivy a look of frustration.

ANNE

Ivy.

IVY

What? I'm just saying. Must suck to have no joy in your life.

VIOLET

Well get ready because that's what life's like after college. Things get a lot more complicated when you become a real adult.

IVY

I am a real adult, stupid. I just turned 18.

Violet laughs. Ivy looks at her, agitated.

VIOLET

I actually have to make money, make a living for myself. I'm an adult... you haven't even begun to understand what its like to be an adult.

IVY

You know my life's hard too. You don't understand the things and the pressures I have to deal with.

VIOLET

Oh what like standing in front of a net to make sure no balls get past you?

IVY

What a reductive way to look at being goalkeeper. You know, you-

ANNE

Girls, seriously! Enough! Can't we just enjoy this meal tonight? We all have stuff going on, lets just be a family tonight okay?

VIOLET

I'm just saying that I'd do anything for my biggest problem to be playing bad in a soccer game. You're lucky Ivy, have fun with it while it lasts.

A few beats of silence.

IVY

Well at least I actually care about what I do in my life. At least its not worthless like yours.

Violet pauses eating her food. Tension fills the air. Anne and Steve look at each other, then the girls, then back at each other. The awkward silence grows louder.

ANNE

Okay! Well, anyone up for desert?

The girls continue to glare at each other.

STEVE

Sounds lovely babe! Violet can you-

Abruptly, Violet stands up and leaves the table.

VIOLET

I'm gonna get some fresh air.

The silence is deafening after she leaves. Ivy's parents look at her intently.

IVY

What? She was rude to me first. She started it.

ANNE

Honey, your sister does have a point. Being an adult is hard. Cut her some slack.

IVY

Whatever. I'm going to my room.

Ivy gets up and leaves the table before her parents have a chance to stop her.

ANNE

Sure, you may be excused.

She sets her napkin down and frustratedly looks at Steve.

STEVE

Pretty successful dinner if you ask me. My enchiladas rocked.

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

Violet sits on a bench facing the pool she grew up by. She sits in the silence for a few moments, her mind wandering.

DING DING.

JACK (TEXT)

Yo, you still at dinner?

Violet looks away from her screen, thinking for a moment. Before she gets the chance to respond, he texts again.

JACK (TEXT) (CONT'D)

In case it ended early or something thought I'd ask again if you wanted to meet me out for a drink... I promise I'll go easy on you in darts.

Violet giggles. She is in brighter spirits now.

VIOLET (TEXT)

Who said you're the one who has to go easy on me?

She presses send and walks back inside.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Violet enters the house and begins helping clean up.

VIOLET

Sorry, I just needed a sec. She really knows how to get on my nerves.

ANNE

That's okay honey. I know things aren't the best right now for you. She'll understand it some day.

VIOLET

Yeah.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Violet and her parents finish cleaning up and she says goodbye to them.

VIOLET

Thanks for dinner again Dad, that meal really doesn't ever get old.

STEVE

Of course honey.

She begins to walk out before Anne stops her.

ANNE

Oh wait Vi! Don't forget about tomorrow, Ivy's game. It's the championship. You'll be there won't you?

VIOLET

Right. Yeah, sure.

She waves bye and walks to her car. She pulls out her phone to text Jack.

VIOLET (TEXT) (CONT'D)

On my way!

INT. BAR - NIGHT

The bar is filled with the voices of people chatting and music playing.

JACK

Oooooh!!

VIOLET

Oh come on!! Thats basically on the line it has to count.

JACK

1. No its not. Go get your eyes checked. And 2. Rules are rules!

The two walk to the target and Violet pulls the small darts out of the board. She hands them to Jack.

VIOLET

You're just worried because I won the first round and you don't want to get completely demolished by a girl. Consider yourself lucky.

JACK

Not true.

She glares at him.

JACK (CONT'D)

Okay maybe a little bit true.

VIOLET

Knew it.

JACK

Don't get too cocky though. Just wait till we hit the pool table, you'll be begging for mercy then.

VIOLET

Im in. But first I need another drink.

JACK

You read my mind.

The two head towards the bar.

INT. BAR - MOMENTS LATER

Jack and Violet sit at the bar laughing and sipping on their beers.

VIOLET

Are you excited? Nashville is so much fun. I went there on a girls trip once after college... scary, scary things happened. In the best way. Great music too!

JACK

I really am! We found a really cute house that will be perfect for us. It will be nice since Sarah has family there too. I think she's been wanting to be close to home for a while. Her and her mom have even already started the wedding planning.

VIOLET

That's really nice. I'm happy for you guys.

The two share an awkward smile and take sips of their drinks.

VIOLET (CONT'D)

Rude that you're leaving me. But I guess I'll live.

They now laugh and smile genuinely.

JACK

So what about you then? Enough about me. I want to hear your thoughts on everything. What we talked about at work earlier.

VIOLET

I don't know, I just feel like I'm living a life I never thought I'd be living. Its just so repetitive and boring and I'm just so unhappy here. Plus you and most other people in the office are leaving or transferring to an office in a different city this year. So then I'll be extra alone.

JACK

You know we'll still talk right? I'm not a complete asshole, I'm not just gonna move away and ghost you.

VIOLET

Better not.

They share another laugh as they continue sipping on their drinks.

JACK

Okay okay, question.

VIOLET

Answer.

JACK

If you could magically change your life into the ideal situation for you right now, where would you go?

Without hesitation, Violet responds.

VIOLET

London.

JACK

London, wow! Why London?

VIOLET

Well when I went abroad in Edinburgh during college I made a ton of friends there who were all from London. I had been once before with my family and I remember loving it. But then again, I was a kid, so I don't really remember it that well. But anyways, so I had all these friends and they kept talking to me about London, saying how much I would love it and how they would show me around and we would have so much fun. So we did just that. We went and I absolutely fell in love with it. I knew I wanted to come back someday. So then we planned another trip about a month later. But a week before we were gonna go, COVID hit. So everyone got sent home and I haven't been back since.

JACK

Damn that sucks.

VIOLET

I know, it really did.

JACK

So why move across the country though? You mentioned London. Why not just go visit, or plan a trip with your friends or something?

VIOLET

I just want a clean slate. I've done two years working a 9-5 at a desk and shockingly enough, it's just not for me! I mean to be completely honest, I don't really know if its even the right call. If I were to move, start over. But why knowingly stay unhappy? I don't wanna feel like this anymore. I just need a change. And if not now, when? I know there's no "perfect" time for stuff like this, but it feels like its right in front of me and I don't know why I'm waiting.

She exhales and then takes a large gulp of her drink.

JACK

So then don't.

VIOLET

Don't what?

JACK

Wait. At this point, why wait?

VIOLET

Well for starters, my contract isn't up at the office.

JACK

Okay that's fair. But from a non-logistical point of view, it seems like you're just making yourself even more miserable by thinking about what "could be." What's stopping you from making it something that "will be?"

VIOLET

Because I'm scared.

JACK

I get that, that's fair. I'm scared too. About moving a couple states away... so I can't imagine how it must feel to be thinking about going to another country. But at the same time, it's also exciting. And refreshing. And exhilarating. I feel like you've already passed the scary stage.

(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)

At least it seems like you've thought this through in your head once or twice.

VIOLET

Yeah something like that.

JACK

But really, stop being scared and go for it, take the risk! Don't let fear stop you from something that could be so good.

She looks at him intently, then hits him in the shoulder.

JACK (CONT'D)

The fuck was that for?

VIOLET

Why do you always have to be right about things. It's annoying.

JACK

A simple "You're right" would have been sufficient but physical pain works too.

They both laugh.

VIOLET

It's nice to talk to someone who gets it. My idiot younger sister thinks her life is so hard but she hasn't even come close to an actual hard life. She's so convinced that soccer is the only thing that matters. I honestly envy her. But it's annoying when she starts comparing her life to mine.

JACK

Ah yes, the youth. I'd kill to have that perspective.

VIOLET

Trust me, me too.

JACK

Also though, there could be other things going on that she is actually struggling with. Performance anxiety is pretty tough to deal with at that age. She's a senior in high school, right?

VIOLET

Yeah.

JACK

I used to get such bad anxiety before my baseball games. It sucked.

VIOLET

Maybe, but she just doesn't seem like the type of person who has that kind of depth.

JACK

Well have you ever talked to her about it?

VIOLET

I guess not.

JACK

Well, maybe thats your answer.

VIOLET

That requires like actual conversation. Too much effort.

JACK

Just a thought. I dunno, could be helpful, to try and understand where she's coming from. Could even bring you guys closer.

VIOLET

Maybe.

A pause.

VIOLET (CONT'D)

Okay enough talking, its time for me to humble you in darts.

JACK

Oh it's on. Down these before we go?

The two do a chugging contest to finish their beers. Violet wins.

VIOLET

That's just embarrassing. You're a dude. It's basically your job to chug beer.

JACK
Shut up.

INT. APARTMENT BEDROOM - MORNING

BEEP BEEP BEEP.

The same blaring alarm sound wakes Violet up from her sleep, hungover and exhausted. She lies in bed for a second, places her hand on her head. She opens her phone to text from her mom.

ANNE (TEXT)
For tonight, do you want us to pick
you up or do you want to just meet
us there?

VIOLET (TEXT)
Do I have to go?

ANNE (TEXT)
Honey, come on. You know how much
this game means to her.

She lets out a big sigh and responds.

VIOLET (TEXT)
Fine. I'll just meet y'all there.

Violet slams her phone on the bed and exhales.

She goes through the same morning routine. Sits in bed for a while, finally gets up to get dressed, feeds the cat, and then leaves her apartment.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Violet stares aimlessly at the computer screen.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Violet sits at her desk and clicks her pen, daydreaming.

INT. OFFICE KITCHEN - DAY

Violet pours herself a cup of coffee. She spills on her hand, burning it. She curses.

INT. OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Violet spins in her chair, bored. Jack looks over at her, concerned.

INT. OFFICE - BATHROOM

Violet sits in a bathroom stall, crying.

INT. OFFICE - EVENING

Violet's face is filled with misery. She finishes her last piece of work, and gets up from her desk. She gathers her things and leaves the office.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - EVENING

Music blares in the locker room as Ivy's team goes through their pregame routines. Everyone is either doing their hair, some doing their makeup, and others dancing around. Ivy and her teammate are chatting in their lockers.

JANE

It's just crazy to me that were actually seniors. That this is actually our last game.

IVY

Trust me I know.

JANE

Remember when we were freshman? We wouldn't have even dreamt of being in the championship match.

IVY

We were horrid freshman year. No one could get any shots on goal like ever. And even when we did, they were all misses. I can't even remember if we scored at all that season.

The two girls share a laugh.

JANE

Are you excited for UT though?! It's gonna be so exciting!

IVY

Yeah I really am. Austin's such a cool place. I feel like I'm gonna really like it there.

JANE

That's amazing I've. I'm proud of you, you deserve it tons. Gonna miss you big though.

IVY

You know I'm gonna miss you too... but hey, none of that sappy shit before our last game!!

JANE

I know I know.

The two share a laugh. A couple beat of silence.

JANE (CONT'D)

It's a pretty awesome feeling. Knowing we left our mark on this team. The school. Going to the championship both last year and this year? It's crazy how much we've changed.

IVY

I know. It's super bittersweet.

JANE

All we got left is one more game! Our last game... I can't wait to see you kill it. You're a brick wall back there you know that? No one's gonna get past you.

IVY

Well I sure fuckin hope not!

Ivy nervously laughs.

JANE

I'm not too worried.

Jane pats her on the shoulder and gets up to talk to some of her other teammates.

After sitting in her thoughts for a moment, Ivy begins to feel her heart start beating faster. Just when she notices this, her hands begin shaking. She quietly mumbles to herself.

IVY

You're fine. You're fine.
Everything's fine. It's gonna be
fine.

She feels a drop of sweat roll down the side of her face as she continues taking deep breaths. Suddenly, her stomach rumbles.

She gets up out of her locker and calmly starts walking to the bathroom. She faintly hears someone in the background.

TEAMMATE

(Muffled)

You okay Cap?

She gives them a thumbs up and hurries to a stall. She barely makes it to the toilet in time before she throws up. She sits there for a moment in silence.

After a couple beats, she wipes her mouth, flushes, and washes her hands. She freshens herself up by splashing water on her face.

After drying off her face, she looks at herself in the mirror again.

IVY

Get it together, now. You're fine.

Inhale, Exhale.

The door opens from the bathroom to the locker room as Ivy walks up to her team.

IVY (CONT'D)

Who's ready to win a fucking
championship?!

They erupt with cheers and shouts. Everyone begins jumping up and down, each of them craving to get out on the field.

INT/EXT. CAR - EVENING

After leaving work, Violet gets in her car. She sits in silence for a moment and then begins to cry.

She calls her Mom, who picks up after the second ring.

ANNE (O.S.)

Hey Vi! Whats up?

Violet whimpers through the speaker.

ANNE (CONT'D)
Sweetie? Is everything okay?

She begins to sob through her words.

VIOLET
I just can't do this anymore mom.
This life I'm living here, the
things I do every day on repeat.
Its exhausting and miserable and I
can't do it anymore.

ANNE (O.S.)
Oh Vi. What happened?

VIOLET
Nothing happened. Thats the problem
Mom, nothing ever happens. My life
here is so repetitive, so boring,
so meaningless.

ANNE (O.S.)
Your life there isn't meaningless
honey. You have a good life and
good people tha-

VIOLET
Everyone that I'm friends with here
is leaving or gone already. Jack is
the only one that is still here but
he's leaving soon too. I am
miserable every day in the office.
So unhappy, so unsatisfied. I don't
know how much longer I can do this.
I need a change mom, I need it.
What do I do?

There is a pause.

ANNE (O.S.)
What do you want to do?

VIOLET
I don't know.

ANNE (O.S.)
Yes you do. Tell me and maybe I can
help.

Another pause.

VIOLET
I want to leave here. I want to go
somewhere else. Somewhere new.

ANNE (O.S.)

Okay, we can definitely talk about it.

VIOLET

I know you guys probably want me to stay in this perfect, businessy job where I make good money and have a good life. But its not a good life. It's not a good life if I'm unhappy all the time? Right?

ANNE (O.S.)

You're right. That's not a good life.

VIOLET

Then help me, help me get out of here, please mom? Please?

There is a short pause. Her mom hesitates than confidently speaks.

ANNE (O.S.)

Okay honey. I will. We'll figure this out.

Violet whimpers, unconvinced at her mothers word.

ANNE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

We'll figure it out because the most important thing for us is that you are happy. Okay sweetie? You will be okay.

VIOLET

Thank you mom.

ANNE (O.S.)

If you don't want to come to the game I understand. You can take some time at home and maybe I can come over later?

VIOLET

No, no it's okay. I'll come. I think I just needed to get that out of my system. A good cry always helps.

ANNE (O.S.)

Okay, we're almost there. We'll save you a seat. See you soon honey. I love you.

After they hang up the phone, Violet turns her car on and leaves the parking lot.

EXT. SOCCER FIELD - EVENING

Violet walks up the stands to find her parents. Her mom gives her a big hug.

On the field below, Ivy and Violet make eye contact. They give each other a smile, Ivy acknowledging her sister's support for her. She continues warming up.

EXT. SOCCER FIELD - LATER

It is the end of the second half in the Championship match for Ivy's high school league. The score is 0-0. Tensions are high.

Ivy stands in the goal watching her team with the ball up the field. Quickly, possession shifts and the opposing team is heading in her direction.

Ivy starts slowly jogging towards the goal line and continues to speed up as the players get closer.

She gets in position. She is dripping sweat. She glances quickly down at her hands that have begun to shake.

She balls them together and braces herself as the opposing player crosses the ball in.

As the ball is in the air, she notices one of her defenders isn't lined up correctly, leaving a girl wide open. Ivy freezes, realizing it's up to her to save this shot.

She is a step late as the girl heads the ball towards the goal. She jumps to make a save.

The crowd erupts.

INT/EXT. CAR - NIGHT

From outside of the car window, we see Ivy's head resting on the door. She looks out the window with red, puffy eyes. Her parents sit in the front seat, frequently glancing back to check at their devastated daughter.

ANNE

Ive?

No response. Her mother glances back ahead at the road. A couple beats of silence follow. Her father makes another failed attempt at conversation.

STEVE

You really did play well
sweetheart. It was an amazing game.

IVY

Clearly not well enough.

There is silence for the rest of the drive home.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Violet walks inside the house to see her parents sitting in the living room. She looks around for Ivy, nowhere to be found.

VIOLET

Where is she?

ANNE

In her room. She's not holding up
too well.

VIOLET

Do you think I could go up and try
to talk to her?

This comments sparks a look of shock on Anne's face before she responds.

ANNE

I think that would be great honey.

Violet heads up the stairs and around the corner to Ivy's room. She slows down as she passes by her old room, peaking in to see the place she spent so many years in.

After this brief moment, she makes her way to Ivy's door. Hesitantly, she knocks.

VIOLET

Ivy?

No response. She opens the door slightly and peaks her head in.

VIOLET (CONT'D)

Can I come sit on your bed or will
you hurt me?

Ivy lets out a quiet laugh.

IVY

Enter at your own risk.

Violet comes around the sit on the end of her bed, looking at the puffy, tear-covered face of her sister.

VIOLET

You know there was nothing you could've done about that goal, right? The defense wasn't lined up right and-

IVY

Yeah well it doesn't matter. It happened. And it's over. We lost.

There is silence and tension that fills the air. A couple moments pass by.

VIOLET

I know it didn't end the way you had hoped, but like I said the other night, you really do have so much more to look forward to.

IVY

Violet you don't get it. We could have won it this year, we should have won it.

VIOLET

I know but-

Ivy's tone heightens and she starts to get visibly frustrated.

IVY

It was my last chance to finally leave the place better than I found it. Leave a legacy as a senior. As a captain. And I fucked it all up.

VIOLET

You did not fuck it all up.

IVY

I did though. I let everyone down. It was my job to keep the ball out of the net and I failed. I failed because I froze and I don't know why.

VIOLET

No no you didn't freeze, it just
all happened so fast-

Ivy snaps.

IVY

But I did! I froze. And so I
failed. My team, my school, myself,
you guys! I failed because I can't
figure out for the life of me what
is wrong. I can't figure out why my
hands won't stop shaking when I
think about playing a game like we
did today. Or why my stomach drops
every time I think about being the
reason we lose and it makes me
sick.

VIOLET

Ivy-

IVY

Or that I can't stop biting my
nails and overthinking everything
and ruining myself over the
littlest things.

A look of realization and understanding spreads across
Violet's face. She continues to listen intently.

IVY (CONT'D)

I just don't know what to do. I
can't keep playing like this, I
can't keep doing this. I can't join
a new team and go to a new place
and have confidence in myself when
I know the second I step on the
field and start thinking too much
I'm going to do something dumb,
again, fuck it all up, again, and
be a failure all over again!

VIOLET

Dude, you are not a failure.

Ivy whimpers.

IVY

But I am Vi. I am.

The two sit in silence for a few moments as Ivy continues to
cry.

VIOLET

Listen, coming from me, I can promise you that you are NOT a failure Ivy. Having moments of weakness does not mean you are a failure. It's part of being a human. I've had to learn these lessons too, and it sucks.

Ivy sits up and faces her sister.

VIOLET (CONT'D)

A lot. Trust me. But we work through the things that suck. That's what growing up is about.

IVY

But why does it have come with all of these horrible things? This pain and sadness and anxiety.

Violet looks at her sister intently.

VIOLET

The pain and sadness and anxiety you're feeling, do you wanna know something about them?

IVY

What?

VIOLET

Everyone feels at least a little bit of it in their lives. Some more than others. Myself included.

IVY

Really?

She listens intently.

VIOLET

Yeah, its kind of always been a problem for me. But it didn't get bad until after college.

IVY

Like how?

VIOLET

Well I know we don't really talk about this stuff, but a year ago I was diagnosed with depression.

IVY

Oh, I didn't realize that.

VIOLET

Its hard. Growing up is lonely. I think that's why I get so defensive when you talk about my life so simply. I guess I just don't want you to go through it too... the complexity and chaos and hardships of becoming an adult.

IVY

I guess I just never thought about it like that.

VIOLET

Well why would you? You're still so young, you shouldn't have to. But with any of these mental health disorders, you find ways to deal, ways to manage it. How to go on with your life while having these uncomfortable feelings or thoughts weighing on you. They do get the best of you sometimes though... before your game, I had a whole breakdown on the phone with Mom about it. I was a wreck.

IVY

I'm sorry.

VIOLET

It's okay.

Violet pauses and looks at her sister for a moment, who stays quiet.

VIOLET (CONT'D)

Have you ever considered getting tested for anxiety Ive?

Ivy looks up in surprise. Violet holds the eye contact curiously and gently.

IVY

Um, I- no, not really.

VIOLET

Well I think maybe that could be helpful. Performance anxiety can be really hard. I'm sorry that you have to deal with that.

(MORE)

VIOLET (CONT'D)

And I'm sorry I've never given you a chance to help me understand you in that way.

IVY

That's okay, I haven't necessarily been the best to you either.

VIOLET

Truce?

IVY

Truce.

The girls share a laugh.

VIOLET

I just want you to know that its okay to not be okay. Things will get better with time. I'm still figuring it out myself.

IVY

I hope so.

VIOLET

Speaking of things getting better... I think I've decided that I'm gonna move.

IVY

Cool! To like a new apartment or something?

VIOLET

No uh... to London.

IVY

Wait what?!

VIOLET

I've gotta get out of here, make a change. So I'm taking a risk. Who knows what will happen but at least I'll have tried. Always try, okay?

IVY

Okay.

They sit in a moment of silence before Ivy gives her sister a big hug. They begin walking out of the room.

IVY (CONT'D)

Thank you Vi. I've missed this.

VIOLET

Me too.

IVY

Ugh. Of course this happens and now you're leaving the country.

VIOLET

Oh you'll be fine. We'll Facetime.

IVY

So does this mean I'm gonna have a British brother-in-law in a few years?

VIOLET

Hopefully.

Ivy pushes her sister and the girls laugh as they head downstairs to join their parents.

FADE OUT.

THE END.