

EXT. SALLY'S CANDY STORE - NIGHT

Commercial strip. Forth Worth, Texas. A dead night, only borrowing a certain richness from the neon street signs. The slender silhouettes of four approach the candy store.

ZOOEY MILLS, (11-years-old) dressed in weathered-Sunday's-best, leads the group into the shop.

HARPER MILLS, (10-years-old) wearing her brother's gym clothes, scurries at Zooey's heel into the shop.

IVAR ROSENBERG, (14-years-old) with a prominent hunch, blends in behind the two ahead.

EMORY MILLS, (11-years-old) who stores a stash of blue feathers under his pillow, falls behind his twin sister, younger sister, and neighbor as he tends to a pool of gas on the asphalt.

Zooey turns back, looking past the others, searching for the white of Emory's eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. SALLY'S CANDY STORE - CONT.

Empty mom-and-pop sweet shop for locals, money-grubbers. Wall-to-wall candy is assorted by color in yellowed-plastic bins. Before Emory can escape to the other end of the store, Harper crosses in front of him, grabs a pile of blue salt water taffy and forces it into Emory's outer vest pocket. Ivar shoves Emory in the direction of the gummy bears as Zooey looks up from a selection of hard candy.

ZOOEY

Hey, hey.

Emory resists Ivar's push, moving the opposite direction towards the blue salt water taffy. He pulls the taffy out of his pocket.

POINT OF VIEW: A hand grabs hold of Emory's wrist.

The sky blue taffy drops, scattering across the muted orange and green checkered floor.

ANGLE ON: STORE MANAGER, (50-years-old) with a stomach grown round off of red wine and oysters, casts a fatherly look of disapproval.

STORE MANAGER  
(hard-line)  
Remember God is watching you son.

EMORY  
(shuttering)  
Yes, sir.

After emptying his pockets out onto the counter top, Emory turns with a hurried-pace towards the door. A MIDDLE AGED WOMAN moves past him. The tassels from the bottom of her orange scarf grace his newly rosy cheeks.

CUT TO:

EXT. SALLY'S CANDY STORE - CONT.

The three others wait under a neighboring street lamp. As Emory approaches, Ivar and Harper erupt into laughter. Zooey elbows her sister in the stomach. Harper stops only to punch her back. Zooey leads the group across the street. Dejectedly, Emory trails behind.

We hear the sounds of a Texas summer night--- a distance siren, the buzz of cicadas.

When Zooey isn't looking, Emory slips into the black night.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - SUBURBS - CONT.

Emory runs. The tears he sheds evaporate into the humid night. He stops to catch his breath. He sits on the curb in front of a split-level with a short front lawn. His white shirt hangs to his chest. He takes in the house--- the sight of a brother and sister playing video games through the living room window, the sound of splashing from a distant backyard pool party.

EMORY  
Zooey, I just want to be alone.

He turns as if to continue to speak to someone beside him. He notices Zooey's absence. The street is empty. Slowly he pulls himself up. He begins to run, retracing his steps.

CUT TO:

EXT. SALLY'S CANDY STORE - CONT.

He does not see Zooey in the night. The candy store is empty.

CUT TO:

INT. SALLY'S CANDY STORE - CONT.

He hesitantly approaches the counter.

POINT OF VIEW: A limp orange scarf peaks out from behind a display. A few droplets of blood stain the checkered floors.

Emory freezes.

POINT OF VIEW: A hand grabs hold of Emory's wrist.

ANGLE ON: Zooey pulls Emory through the door behind her.

Hand in hand, the twins run into the dark night.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END.