

MEANT TO SAY GOODBYE

Written by

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EXT. TAYLOR HOME, PORCH - DAWN

Deanna TAYLOR, twenty-seven, blonde stands on the wooden porch. Her hair falls just past her shoulders. She wears a BUTTON UP PLAID SHIRT that fits her loosely, her BLUE-JEANS are worn out and she has WORK BOOTS on.

Deanna has a SMALL BAG slung over her shoulder, it's zipped shut. Inside is an extra SHIRT as well as a PAIR OF JEANS, SOX, and a change of UNDERWEAR.

The SCREEN DOOR swings open and JUSTICE TAYLOR steps out, she is Deanna's younger sister. Justice is twenty-two years old. She's wearing a TANK-TOP, BLUE-JEANS and TENNIS SHOES. Her brown hair's short, pixie style.

The door shuts behind Justice, she observes her sister in silence.

DEANNA TAYLOR

What is it, Justice?

Justice crosses her arms over her chest, never looking away from Deanna. Deanna doesn't quite meet her gaze.

JUSTICE TAYLOR

Are you sure you don't want me to drive you?

DEANNA TAYLOR

I don't need a freakin' baby-sitter.

JUSTICE TAYLOR

No, but you're clearly shaken up. I don't mind.

Deanna fumbles in her JEAN POCKET for her TRUCK KEYS, her hands are shaking.

JUSTICE TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Did you get any sleep last night?

Her keys hit the ground with a CLATTER, she looks up at Justice and shakes her head.

DEANNA TAYLOR

No, I was at the hospital all night. I just came home to shower and grab a change of clothes.