

Dying To Say This To You

Written By  
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**EXT. CITY STREET - MORNING**

The overcast sky is so dense and gray it matches the tone of the concrete. The unopened storefronts are covered in faded graffiti. Cars and scattered pedestrians rush by each other at off-center speeds that create a fluttering morning pulse.

**INT. JACOB'S CAR - MORNING**

JACOB (30) is wearing a peacoat that's a bit worn down; you can tell his LA hipster charm is a self-conscious front. He stops his car at the corner.

Through the passenger window we see DAISY (20s). Her large, ever-curious eyes can make you feel like you're the only person in the room, and give the effect of charisma, but there's a dose of sadness in her, too. She smiles and gets in.

JACOB

Ready?

DAISY

No, but let's do it before I  
change my mind.

She puts her seatbelt on as he grabs something from the backseat...

It's a BOUQUET OF ROSES. He plops them on her lap.

JACOB

Happy Valentine's Day.

She looks at the flowers, then up at him. With a twinge of guilt, she gives a slight smile and kisses him on the cheek.

**EXT. CITY STREET - MORNING**

The car pulls away and camera PANS LEFT to a MURAL OF THE VIRGIN MARY.

CUT TO BLACK

UNKNOWN (V.O.)

Tell me again how he died.

FADE IN:

**INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY**

Daisy stares out of a window from inside a large conference room.

DAISY  
Pills, I think.

She turns to look at ADAM GREELY (30s), an emotionally void attorney, who sits across from her.

Next to Greely is TREVOR (20s). He's a creative type, and the self-assured aura usually provided by his stunning good looks is currently eclipsed by the anger piercing through him.

Sitting at the head of the table is DETECTIVE MCDOWELL (30s), a cop whose physical presence is intimidating, but well meaning.

DAISY  
At least that's what Jacob told me.

MCDOWELL  
What else do you remember?

A beat.

DAISY  
I felt happy.

CUT TO:

**INT. JACOB'S CAR - DAY**

Jacob and Daisy share a joint.

JACOB  
He didn't leave much. Just some money. And the house. The pictures are what I'm most worried about. I'd like to see them one last time. We'll be there soon, depending on how many stops we make.

(Beat)  
What'd you tell your boyfriend?

DAISY  
(Staring out the window)  
Nothing. I just left.  
(Turning to Jacob)  
You?

CUT TO:

**INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY**

TREVOR

That's right. Valentine's Day. You just...left. You didn't even say anything you just fucking left--

GREELY

Trevor, please.

(Beat)

Ms. Palacios, what compelled you to leave your fiancé on Valentine's Day to go to Nevada with your... ex-boyfriend?

CUT TO:

**EXT. GAS STATION - DAY**

Jacob pumps gas as Daisy sits with the passenger door open.

JACOB

She really only cares about herself. She's good at business, I'll give her that. But she never asks me about my life. And if she does it's like a chore for her.

(Beat)

Believe me, I've thought about ending it, I just don't know how.

**INT. JACOB'S CAR - DAY**

DAISY

Like, honestly, how can someone be so arrogant and so self-conscious at the same time? I've actually tried to break it off with him. It doesn't work.

CUT TO:

**INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY**

Daisy looks down.

DAISY

Well, when someone can't take "no" for an answer... when all they do is codependently manipulate you into staying with them because

(MORE)

DAISY (CONT'D)  
 they're afraid of dying alone,  
 even though they're incapable of  
 actually loving you...

(Beat)

You can only take it for so long.

CU on Trevor's steaming face.

CUT TO:

**EXT. HIGHWAY ROAD - DAY**

The car continues down the highway.

**INT. JACOB'S CAR - DAY**

Daisy and Jacob playfully argue.

DAISY  
 Yes, actually, there is a  
 difference between Diet Coke and  
 Diet Pepsi, Jacob.

JACOB  
 It's the same carbonated chemical.

DAISY  
 No. There's a difference. Diet  
 Coke tastes better, trust me.

**EXT. DESERT LANDMARK - DAY**

Jacob and Daisy, like tourists, stare at a large stone landmark  
 (Jacob's voiceover here carries over into the next few shots).

JACOB (V.O.)  
 I think at a certain point, every  
 woman I've ever been with has  
 wanted to just call me a  
 "pussy"...

Jacob keeps his eye on the landmark. Daisy looks up at him. She  
 grabs his hand. He looks over at her and smiles.

**INT. ROADSIDE DINER - DAY**

Jacob sits at a table alone. Daisy comes back from the restroom  
 and sits. He hands her a glass of soda. She takes a sip.

JACOB  
How is it?

DAISY  
It's fine, why?

JACOB  
Because it's Diet Pepsi.

She rolls her eyes. They laugh. Jacob continues...

JACOB (V.O.)  
Shelly was never one to hold back.

**EXT. DESERT HOTEL - DUSK**

The car pulls into a parking lot.

**INT. HOTEL - NIGHT**

The duo walk into a minimalist hotel. He has his arms around her. They laugh and set their things down. Jacob continues...

JACOB (V.O.)  
She'd call me a pussy whenever  
we fought.

**INT. HOTEL, BED - LATER**

They lie in bed and stare at each other.

JACOB  
I guess I can appreciate  
the honesty.

She puts her hand on his cheek, lovingly.

DAISY  
At least she spoke. Trevor never  
expressed his feelings. Unless I  
tried to leave, then he'd just cry  
and beg me to stay. I felt so--

JACOB  
Trapped.

Daisy nods.

JACOB  
I wish I was trapped with you.

DAISY  
You are.

JACOB  
Only for a moment.

DAISY  
A moment is all you need.

They lean in for a kiss as the CAMERA PULLS UP.

CUT TO:

**INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY**

TREVOR  
But he didn't know we were  
engaged, did he?

MCDOWELL  
Is that a relevant  
question, detective?

Trevor looks up.

MCDOWELL  
Oh, I'm sorry. Are you... are you  
not the detective? Damn, for a  
second there I thought you were.

Trevor backs down, McDowell turns back to Daisy.

MCDOWELL  
At this point, the messages you  
shared with us show that you both  
already had a plan, correct?

CUT TO:

**EXT. DEATH VALLEY - DAY**

Daisy and Jacob sit and take in the view of Death Valley.

JACOB  
She could be very cruel. Once she  
got wasted and spent the entire  
night telling my brother and I how  
much she hated us.

Daisy looks up at him.

DAISY  
I'm sorry she was mean to you.

JACOB  
Who, Shelly?

DAISY  
No, not--  
(Beat)  
Your mom!

JACOB  
Oh...  
(Beat)  
Well, she had to deal with my dad;  
that probably wasn't so easy.

Daisy continues looking at him, now with concern.

DAISY  
Jacob, I think maybe we should--

Jacob laughs slightly and shakes his head.

DAISY  
What?

JACOB  
We're talking now, aren't we?

DAISY  
Yes, but--

Jacob stands and charges towards the car.

JACOB  
I'm tired of talking.

Daisy gets up and goes after him.

DAISY  
Well, maybe we talk about  
something that makes you happy  
then...

Jacob turns.

JACOB  
Like what?

Jacob stares in anger, Daisy looks back with sympathy.



**EXT. HIGHWAY ROAD/NEVADA STATE LINE - DAY**

The car passes a sign that marks their crossing into Nevada.

CUT TO:

**INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY**

GREELY

That was the first time you ever  
tried to raise a concern?

TREVOR

Doesn't seem like she tried  
very hard.

DAISY

You never tried, and rarely got  
hard, so that doesn't mean much  
coming from you.

Greely snickers.

MCDOWELL

Hey! Focus.

CUT TO:

**EXT. DAD'S HOUSE - DAY**

The car pulls into the driveway of a typical desert-town home.

**INT. DAD'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Inside the house, Daisy and Jacob slowly survey the scene. The home is nice, and looks like it hasn't been touched.

Pill bottles line the dresser tops, next to framed pictures of Jacob, his father, and other family members.

Daisy stops, picks up a photo, and stares at it. Jacob walks up next to her, grabs the picture, and sets it down.

**QUICK MONTAGE**

- Jacob grabs all of the framed pictures in the house.
- He puts them all in a bag.
- He dumps them into a fire pit in the back.
- The pictures are doused in gasoline.
- He stands over the fire and watches them burn.

**END MONTAGE**

**INT. BEDROOM - DAY**

Daisy, shaken up, sits in the corner of the room. Jacob enters the frame of the doorway. Their eyes meet.

He's holding a .357 MAG REVOLVER. He walks over to the bed, places the gun on the edge, approaches Daisy, and kneels.

JACOB  
You've changed your mind.

DAISY  
(Nervously)  
Jacob...I...I think maybe we...

Jacob shushes her, gently.

DAISY  
...maybe there's more. I think  
maybe there's more...

JACOB  
No.

He pulls her into his chest and kisses her on the head.

JACOB  
Not for me.

He stands. She pulls at his shirt.

DAISY  
Jacob, wait, please.

He walks back to the bed and grabs the gun, when...

DAISY  
(Standing)  
WAIT!  
(Beat)  
I'll go first.

A gut-wrenching beat.

JACOB  
Turn around.

He grips the gun tighter.

DAISY  
Wait, Jacob.

He's holding it at waist-level now.

JACOB  
Turn. Around.

DAISY  
Wait!

He starts to pull the gun up towards his head. Daisy lunges.

DAISY  
JACOB!

She can't reach him. He points the gun at his head and...

CUT TO BLACK

We hear the blast, her scream, and the thud of his body.

CUT TO:

**INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY**

Dead silence. All eyes on Daisy's teared up face as she looks down.

TREVOR  
No one feels bad for you.

Greely and McDowell's eyes meet, then McDowell looks at Daisy.

MCDOWELL  
What happened?

DAISY  
I thought we were running away  
just to run away. You know,  
getting lost to feel... less...  
lost.

(Daisy's voiceover will carry over the next few shots.)

**INT. JACOB'S CAR - DAY**

Daisy and Jacob laughing with each other in the car.

DAISY (V.O.)  
Have you ever had regrets  
influence your actions?  
(Beat)  
And then those actions turn to  
more regrets, that pile onto more  
regrets, and you can't explain it  
but...

**INT. DAD'S HOUSE - DAY**

Daisy, blood on her face, crying over Jacob's body

DAISY (V.O.)  
...somehow the situation you're  
using as an escape turns into a  
nightmare that you're trapped in?

**INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY**

DAISY  
In my nightmare I realized that  
some of us want to escape more  
than others.

**INT. DAD'S HOUSE - DAY**

Burning pictures of Jacob's dad.

DAISY (V.O.)  
Some want to when the time  
is right...

**INT. JACOB'S CAR - DAY**

Daisy looking out the window.

DAISY (V.O.)  
...some just want to pretend...

**EXT. DEATH VALLEY - DAY**

Jacob and Daisy staring at each other in Death Valley.

DAISY (V.O.)  
...some want to forever...

**INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY**

DAISY  
But most of us just want to escape  
for a moment.  
(Beat)  
And sometimes... sometimes you  
change your mind, and...and that's  
ok, ya know?

PUSH IN on Trevor's face.

DAISY

Sometimes you make promises to people and you break them because of things that are out of your control, but what is in your control becomes so affected by what isn't that you have no idea what you're doing.

**INT. DAD'S HOUSE - DAY**

CAMERA PANS showing the pill bottles on the dresser.

DAISY (V.O.)

You do the best you can with what you have. That's what they did. That's what I did. That's the best anyone can do--they tried. They tried. I TRIED! We're ALL just fucking trying and it doesn't always work out.

CAMERA PANS showing art on the walls

DAISY (V.O.)

Some things are just out of our control--they were out of their control.

HOLD ON a picture of The Virgin Mary.

**INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY**

DAISY

Are you happily married, detective?

(To McDowell)

Tonight, go home and tell your wife, "let's run away," and see what she says. And you'll know exactly what I mean when I say all this because when you've found the right one, when you've found your person, it'll be someone you want to escape *with*, not *from*. And maybe not all the time, but you'll know; you'll know that feeling: the one you can't control, because all we really have control over is how we escape from what we don't.

A beat.

TREVOR  
She can't get away with this.

Daisy looks at him, confused, then to McDowell.

TREVOR  
(Standing)  
THIS?? Really, you all believe...  
(He points at her)  
*This shit???*

Greely and McDowell make eye contact, then...

GREELY  
Ms. Palacios... as I'm sure you know, before you and Jacob... "ran away," his father had just passed.  
(Beat)  
What you may or may not be aware of is, he left a considerable amount of money behind.  
(Beat)  
Around two-million dollars.

Daisy is still puzzled.

GREELY  
Between his two sons, he opted to leave everything with only one of them.

TREVOR  
Oh, this is BULLSHIT, Adam, and you know it!

GREELY  
Much to your finacé's dismay here--

TREVOR  
Ex.

GREELY  
...um, yes, much to your ex-finacé's dismay, he left that money with the eldest son.

A beat.

GREELY  
That would be Jacob. Which means Trevor got nothing.  
(Beat)  
Now before you departed on  
(MORE)

GREELY (CONT'D)

February 14th, Jacob signed the necessary legal documents entrusting that all to you: Daisy Palacios. Because of the timeline of events, and your close ties and... involvement with this family, I had to do my due diligence along with the correct law enforcement officials to ensure that no criminal motivation was behind this, and that everything is handed over to the rightful owner.

A beat as Greely looks at McDowell.

GREELY

Detective McDowell, what is the conclusion you've come to?

PUSH IN on each of their tense faces. HOLD ON McDowell's face, then...

CUT TO:

**EXT. CITY STREET - DAY**

The same street from the opening scene except it's not gray, it's bright.

WIDE SHOT on the MURAL OF THE VIRGIN MARY.

Daisy comes into frame. She walks up to the mural. Someone has placed flowers and candles on the sidewalk below it.

Daisy, tearing up, places an empty glass bottle of Diet Coke down. It has a single rose in it.

She wipes her tears, and walks away.

THE END