

SC4

I/E. CAR/RESIDENTIAL STREET - DUSK

Dara drives down Danny's street.

She pulls the car over in front of his house on the other side of the street.

She looks over at his house, contemplating what to do next.

She takes out her phone, dials a number and brings it to her ear, still staring at the house.

Someone picks up.

Dara doesn't say anything, feeling Danny's presence, hearing his breath on the other end of the line-

START →

DARA
You didn't hang up.

DANNY (O.S.)
(soft)
No I didn't.

DARA
Can I talk to her for a second,
please.

No response.

DARA (CONT'D)
... When is Thérèse due.

DANNY (O.S.)
... 6 weeks.

DARA
Do you know if it's a boy or a
girl.

DANNY (O.S.)
... It's a girl.

DARA
Two girls.

Stifling the emotions, trying not to break down, Dara looks off and as she does sees Danny pacing in the living room-

DARA (CONT'D)
(looking at him)
We'll start the divorce stuff right
away, whatever you want.

13/17

DANNY

I don't think... I never thought you were crazy. But sometimes, it was like you were a different person.

DARA

... That was me, Dan.

DANNY

(apologetic)

I know it was. I should've listened... when you...

DARA

(assured)

... Well you can now. She's gonna need you just like I did.

He stops pacing, turns his back to the window-

DANNY

(soft, open)

... I did wait... I did... But how could I know?

Danny turns to look out the window and sees Dara right across the street looking back at him.

He quickly goes through a range of emotions from perplexed to angry to sad to compassionate, seeing her sitting there like that, alone.

The seconds tick past as they look at each other.

DARA

Do you regret it?

DANNY

What.

DARA

(small)

Me.

DANNY

Dara, I want my daughter to know her mother.

DARA

(near speechless)

Thanks, Dan.

A beat. Looking at him, smiling sadly-

14/17

DARA (CONT'D)
I don't know where to go.

Danny looks at her this time without an answer.

Seeing this, the air knocked out of her but pressing on-

DARA (CONT'D)
Dan?

DANNY
Yeah.

DARA
(in a whisper)
Can I talk to her please.

Danny looks at her, trying to take in everything that's happened-

DANNY
... I'm staying on the line.

DARA
Yeah yes of course.

Danny pulls the curtains shut and walks away from the window.

Pushing past the sting of seeing the curtains close, Dara shifts in her seat trying to ready herself.

ISABEL (O.S.)
Hello?

Looking at the now closed curtain, lighting up-

DARA
Hi, sweetheart.

Dara tries to think of what to say but little comes-

DARA (CONT'D)
How are you.

She rolls her eyes at her own tone-deaf question.

ISABEL (O.S.)
OK.

DARA
How's your arm.

ISABEL (O.S.)
It's OK.

DARA
You're so strong...

A beat.

DARA (CONT'D)
How's Thérèse.

ISABEL (O.S.)
Good.

DARA
Is... I'm sorry I scared you
before. I get too excited sometimes
but I'm going to work on that, for
you. I'm not leaving again, ever.

Her forehead pressed against the car window-

DARA (CONT'D)
I'm here, now, for good. I'm gonna
try and be a good mom for you.

Dara waits for an answer. She feels silly, like she's said
too much.

DANNY (O.S.)
We should go.

Dara frowns and looks up so as not to start crying-

DARA
Of course. Bye, sweetheart.

ISABEL (O.S.)
Bye, Dara.

Upon hearing her own name uttered by her daughter Dara
breaks, a wave of regret coursing through her veins.

DANNY (O.S.)
She's gone.

DARA
(distant)
Yeah...

DANNY (O.S.)
Are you gonna be OK? ... Dara?

DARA
(finding strength)
... Yeah. I will.

DANNY (O.S.)
So... bye then, I guess.

DARA
OK. Bye, Dan... And thank you.

DANNY (O.S.)
For what?

DARA
For being there for her, when I
couldn't.

DANNY (O.S.)
... She's our girl.

DARA
She is.

// END

Danny hangs up.

Dara puts the phone down on the seat beside her.

She puts her elbow on the window and rests her head in her
hand, not taking her eyes off the closed curtain.

Then, she gathers herself, looks ahead, starts the car, and
drives away.

The car turns the corner and drives off.

17/17