

Porter's tempted, but resists...until ANOTHER TEXT CHIMES.  
His curiosity gets the better of him, as he pulls the phone  
from her purse, looks at the screen.

\*  
\*

His face falls.

\*

PORTER (CONT'D)

\*

Danny...why don't you go play  
outside with Grandpa...

\*  
\*

11 INT. BEDROOM - SOFIA'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

11

Sofia finishes dressing as Porter knocks.

\*

Start →  
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SOFIA

One second.

\*

Just pulls a shirt on before opening the door, Porter on the  
other side.

\*  
\*

SOFIA (CONT'D)

\*

What's up?

\*

Porter hesitates as she moves around the room, only half-  
paying attention as she gathers books, notebooks in her  
bookbag.

\*  
\*  
\*

SOFIA (CONT'D)

\*

Everything okay?

\*

PORTER

\*

Yeah...no...

\*

She pauses, smiling in confusion. He's clearly uncomfortable.

\*

PORTER (CONT'D)

\*

Listen. I've been back a  
month...I'm glad things are  
friendly between us...

\*  
\*  
\*

SOFIA

\*

Me too.

\*

He pauses. That's not what he wanted to hear.

\*

PORTER

\*

...well, I think it's obvious...I  
was hoping for more than friendly.  
(beat)  
I really want us to be like how we  
were.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

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1/12

It hangs there for a beat as he watches her closely. She looks away. \*

She looks back at him with a touch of impatience...doesn't like being confronted with this right now. \*

She goes back to gathering her things, won't look at him. \*

SOFIA \*

What did you think was going to happen after five years...? \*

He's silent. \*

SOFIA (CONT'D) \*

You were going to come back and sweep me off my feet? Get married and live happily ever after? \*

PORTER \*

I guess I thought it was possible, yeah... I thought your visits meant something - \*

She sighs, guiltily...sadly. \*

SOFIA \*

I'm sorry I misled you...Those visits were for Danny and for you. I know how you feel about your Dad... \*

(beat) \*

But us getting back together...? \*

She shakes her head with a sad laugh, grabs her bookbag and steps past into the hall, towards the kitchen. \*

Porter follows, persistent. \*

PORTER \*

Why the fuck not? I still love you, Sofia. I want this to work - \*

SOFIA \*

When we were nineteen love was all that mattered, but we aren't nineteen anymore, Porter. \*

He's stung. \*

SOFIA (CONT'D) \*

Even if I was interested...what kind of life can we make together? \*

(MORE) \*

SOFIA (CONT'D)

Huh? You with your dishwasher gig?  
Me answering phones?

PORTER

At least we're working, Sofia. I  
know it's not a lot, but we have  
money coming in -

SOFIA

We're barely breaking even. Look at  
this place, Porter... we're living  
in a converted garage filled with  
crap from Goodwill.

(beat)

What would be our future together?  
Both of us slaving away, living in  
this shitbox...in this neighborhood  
for the rest of our lives?

He's stunned by her honesty.

SOFIA (CONT'D)

That's not the life I want. For  
myself or Danny.

She goes for her purse...which is open, the phone not on top  
where she left it.

She rummages in her giant purse...

SOFIA (CONT'D)

(sotto)

Where the hell...is my phone?

PORTER

It's on the table.

She looks at Porter, suspicious...as she grabs her phone from  
the table.

Looks at the screen...the text - then back at Porter, half  
angry, half guilty.

The disappointment etched on his face -

PORTER (CONT'D)

(pointed)

Enjoy your study session.

They're interrupted by DANNY'S SCREAM from outside.

← End  
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