

INT. KITCHEN, AFTER DINNER

MOM:

Well, it wasn't turkey, but at least
it was a bird.

MEG:

I always like chicken better anyway.
Gram, did you like it?

Grandma isn't paying attention.

MOM:

Hmm, so what should we do now? I could
find a Charlie Brown Thanksgiving.

MEG:

It's the Great Pumpkin, Charlie Brown?

MOM:

No, no, I think that's Halloween.

MEG:

Then what's Thanksgiving?

MOM:

Let's see if it's on.

She turns on the TV and flips through channels.

MEG:

Hey Gram, I saw Carmina Burana at
school. It was really good. It
reminded me of when you used to
practice it at home.

Grandma begins to pay attention.

MEG:

My friend Kat was in it. You remember
Kat? She's my roommate. You met her
when you moved me in freshman year.

Grandma nods.

MEG:

It was very good. Kat said it's a fan
favorite. I remember you used to say
that too, right? Do you remember, I
tried to transcribe some of it? For
piano? So I could practice it with

you? It sounded all wrong on piano. Do you remember?

Grandma nods slowly.

MEG:
I wonder if I still remember it.
Should I try?

More nodding. Meg stands up and walks into the adjacent living room, sitting at the piano desk from the flashback. She begins to play. She starts with Carmina Burana, but quickly moves, without thinking, to a piece she composed, one of the ones she'd earlier played for Matt.

GRANDMA:
Beauti---beautiful.

MEG:
Do you like it?

Grandma nods.

MEG:
I wrote it. You told me to write a duet, remember? With me on the piano and you on the violin. We were going to go touring--I mean, of course we weren't actually, but that's what we said. I started writing another part. I showed it to you once. You had stopped playing by then, though.

CUT TO THE WINDOWSILL

Bobbleheads shivering with increased intensity.

CUT BACK TO MEG IN LIVING ROOM

MEG:
Have you...have you tried at all lately? Music is a special thing that a lot of people can still do even if--like talking, in my psych class I was reading that sometimes singing is easier than talking and I thought maybe--

MOM:
Meg--

MEG:
We could try to play together. I bet
you remember some of it. Your fingers
probably remember.

Meg gets up and begins rifling through things to look for the
violin case.

MOM:
Meg, she doesn't want to--

MEG:
I've been playing more at school, and
I was thinking about our duet. Do you
want to try?

Meg opens the violin case and brings the violin to her.
Grandma looks scared and shakes her head.

MEG:
You remember this, right Gram? Do you
want to try?

Grandma shakes her head.

MEG:
Come on, you might like it.

MOM:
Meg!

GRANDMA:
No!

Grandma smacks the violin out of Meg's hand with shocking
intensity.

MOM:
Put that away.

MEG:
I'm sorry.

SCENE 19

INT. TRAIN

Meg sits on the train looking out the window. Her phone
buzzes. It's Matt. She ignores it. It buzzes again. She drops