

FOR GRANITE

Written by

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LOGLINE:

After being given a sentient pet rock, an empty nester in denial finally meets her match.

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EXT. LILLIAN'S HOME - DAY

A MAN'S HAND reaches to shut the trunk of a car. A WOMAN'S HAND tosses in a bag of WHITE RABBIT candy.

MATTHEW WONG (20s) slams the trunk shut. His mom, LILLIAN WONG (60s) nods.

LILLIAN

This might be your last time having them for a while. I bought you one more pack, but you can come grab it later.

MATTHEW

I can probably find them somewhere near my apartment.

LILLIAN

Are you sure? Will you have enough money to spare?

MATTHEW

Mom -- I'll be fine. I'm not that far. If I need something, I can just come back.

LILLIAN

Only if you need something?

MATTHEW

I... I just need some time to get settled. I will.

LILLIAN

Okay. Make sure you take care of yourself. You're an adult now. No one's going to pick up your socks for you anymore.

She pats his face. Squishes his cheeks.

LILLIAN (CONT'D)

And get more sleep. Your eye bags are so dark.

MATTHEW

I know.

He squirms out of her grasp. They share a glance.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

Oh, I got you something, too.

Matthew hands her a small cardboard box. She opens to see...

ROCKY, a googly-eyed pet rock.

LILLIAN

Matthew --

MATTHEW

Remember when I had Rocco? I got you one. His name's Rocky.

LILLIAN

What does it do? What is it for?

MATTHEW

I don't know, to keep you company?

LILLIAN

Company? You're always spending money on such strange things.

MATTHEW

It's my money! I just didn't wanna leave you alone, okay?

LILLIAN

Alone. I see.

MATTHEW

I'll visit. I promise.

LILLIAN

Okay. You should get going now.

MATTHEW

Didn't you want to take a walk?

LILLIAN

No, no, it's alright. Avoid the traffic.

MATTHEW

Yeah... you're right.

Lillian nods.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

Well. Bye, Mom. See you soon.

LILLIAN

Mhm. Bye, Matthew.

They hug. It's awkward, but they linger in it.

INT. LILLIAN'S HOME OFFICE - DAY

Rocky's box sits at the edge of the table.

Lillian scans her busy desk calendar. Today has one lone task: "MATTHEW LEAVING HOME."

A CLATTER on the floor.

LILLIAN

Huh?

Peeks under her desk: Rocky. She puts him back in his box.

CLATTER. Rocky, sideways this time.

Back in his box, Lillian glares at him. He inches forward. Inches some more, nearing the edge...

LILLIAN (CONT'D)

Wait!

CLATTER! She squats down, puzzled.

LILLIAN (CONT'D)

Rocky?

A moment... then: Rocky TAKES OFF!

LILLIAN (CONT'D)

Hey! Get back here!

HALLWAY

Rocky slides along the floor like a hockey puck. She swipes him up.

LILLIAN (CONT'D)

You're fast for a little rock.

INT. LILLIAN'S HOME OFFICE - DAY

Rocky looks up from inside his box. Lillian stares him down.

LILLIAN

Listen. Just because Matthew brought you here, doesn't mean you're my pet. But if you're living in my home, you'd better be well-behaved. This isn't a playpen. Stay put.

Rocky is still.

LILLIAN (CONT'D)  
Hm. Good rock.

EXT. LILLIAN'S YARD - DAY

Lillian waters plants. Something catches her eye.

Rocky jumping into a pot, rolling in the soil. She tries to grab him. He dodges, running for the house.

Lillian follows. She slides on some house slippers, but Rocky has left a squishy, pebble-y mess in them. She groans.

INT. LILLIAN'S HOME - DAY

Lillian scrubs at a muddy trail streaked along the floor. She hears something RUSTLE.

~~INT. LILLIAN'S KITCHEN - DAY~~



Lillian creeps in. Rocky is surrounded by a pile of WHITE RABBIT candy wrappers. She storms him.

LILLIAN  
Bad rock! Bad, bad rock! Those are for Matthew! Not you!

Rocky backs away. Growls.

LILLIAN (CONT'D)  
Talking back?! You're coming with me!

~~INT. LILLIAN'S HOME OFFICE - DAY~~



PLINK. Rocky is dropped in a vase. Lillian peers down at him.

LILLIAN  
Do you think Matthew will want to come back home to this? This bad behavior?

Rocky wriggles.

LILLIAN (CONT'D)  
No! No more wiggle. You have exhausted me. When I come back, your Time Out can be done.

Rocky turns his back to Lillian.

LILLIAN (CONT'D)  
Aiyah... Such bad attitude.

INT. LILLIAN'S BEDROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

Lillian naps in an armchair, one hand hanging off the side. She snorts awake as Rocky nestles into her hand.

LILLIAN  
Oh. Hi, Rocky.

She closes her eyes again. Snaps back awake.

LILLIAN (CONT'D)  
Rocky! How did -- What did you do?!

Rocky jumps out, cowering. He runs out of the room.

INT. LILLIAN'S HOME OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON

Lillian charges in. Pieces of broken vase litter her desk.

INT. LILLIAN'S HOME - LATE AFTERNOON

Rocky dashes out the front door. Lillian rushes in.

LILLIAN  
That's it! Rocky! Rocky?

The house is silent. Vacant. Isolated. She takes it in.

Then, the distant sound of a CHILD'S LAUGH. Lillian drifts to the door.

EXT. PARK - LATE AFTERNOON

Lillian approaches a playground, walks through the colorful structure.

FLASHBACK - EXT. PARK - DAY

YOUNG MATTHEW (8) runs along the edge of the structure, grasping ROCCO in his hand. Lillian chases him, worried.

He goes down a slide with Rocco, falling into Lillian's waiting arms.

He sits up in a tree with Rocco, shaking his head as Lillian tries to usher him down.

END FLASHBACK.

EXT. PARK - LATE AFTERNOON

She smiles, bittersweet. Something hits her.

TREES

Lillian nears a tree. Tucked in the branches: Rocky.

LILLIAN

It's been a while since I was out here. Quite nice, huh?

Rocky remains still.

LILLIAN (CONT'D)

I didn't want to yell at you, Matthew --  
(catches herself)  
Rocky.

Rocky's eyes hold a familiar defiance, fear. Lillian sighs.

LILLIAN (CONT'D)

I... I know you aren't a bad rock. It must be overwhelming, being in a new place. This is just so strange.  
(beat)  
All I wanted was for him to grow up well.  
(beat)  
I'm sure you don't care. I'm a stranger to you. And an awful one, at that.

Lillian pauses.

LILLIAN (CONT'D)

I've taken so much for granted. I don't want to do that anymore.

She slowly holds up her palms.

LILLIAN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, Rocky. Would you come down?

Rocky ponders. Jumps down.

From her pocket, Lillian pulls out a WHITE RABBIT CANDY.

LILLIAN (CONT'D)  
Would you like one?

He nods enthusiastically. Lillian laughs, teary.

LILLIAN (CONT'D)  
Come on. It's not too dark yet.

EXT. PARK - DUSK

Lillian clambers into the play structure. With Rocky in carefully cupped hands, they go down the slide together, laughing.

**THE END.**