

START

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JENNIFER

I didn't do it.

Jennifer pulls a folded paper from her pocket.

JENNIFER

I was ready to let loose. Blast them right out of their goddamn pews.

(a few beats)

When Shelby was a kid, she had a goldfish. Named him Scooby Doo. And she read to him and put in one of those plastic palm trees. But she was little. So she also did stuff like feed him Skittles.

One day she comes home from school and catches her mom putting a new goldfish in the bowl. And Shel's all, "Where's Scooby?" Turns out this was, like, Scooby the Eighth. For two years her mom had been scooping out dead fish and replacing them.

I've got a metric shit ton of problems with her parents and their Fox News whatever. But when I was standing in the front of that church, ready to go off, I kept thinking about those stupid fucking fish. Her mom at the pet store, going from tank to tank, trying to find one that looked the most like...

I didn't want another regret. You know? One more thing to wake me up in the middle of the night and make me wish I'd been...better.

END

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MEG

It doesn't mean you'll never tell them. About her. And you.

JENNIFER

Her dad took me aside at the funeral home and told me to 'trust in God's plan.'

MEG

People find comfort in different things.

JENNIFER

How is it comforting to believe God planned this? Or knew it was going to happen and let it?

MEG

Maybe it's more about thinking someone's in charge. That there's meaning or order in the midst of the un-explainable.