

Cut to...

The Next Day. Vera approaches Agnes who's sitting quietly in study hall.

VERA

So... you had a bit of a meltdown.

AGNES

It's a dumb game. It was bound to happen.

VERA

You want to talk?

AGNES

No.

VERA

Girl, it's me. You know I'm here for you.

AGNES

It's stupid. It was just...it was all I had left of her. Just a stupid character sheet and whatever she scribbled out in that notebook.

VERA

That's not true - you have your memories -

AGNES

My memories? Right. Do you want to know what my memories of Tilly are? They're of this little nerdy girl who I never talked to, who I ignored, who I didn't understand because she didn't live in the same world as I did. Her world was filled with evil dragons and demon queens while mine has Dave Matthews and cute haircuts. I didn't get her. I assumed one day I would - that she'd grow out of all this - that I'd be able to sit around and ask her about normal things like clothes and tv shows and boys... and as it turns out, no one even knows if she was even into boys or not.

VERA

It's okay, Agnes.

AGNES

No, it's not. I didn't know her, Vera. I remember her as a baby, I remember her as this little toddler I loved picking up and holding, but I don't remember her as a teen at all. I'll never get the chance to know her as an adult. And now all I have left is this stupid piece of paper and this stupid made-up adventure about killing a stupid made-up dragon.

VERA

Agnes, baby...

Agnes