

“Try”

JACKIE is drawing on a piece of heavy paper when TAYLOR walks up.

TAYLOR

What’cha doing?

JACKIE

Making my mother a Mother’s Day card.

TAYLOR

You’re making it? Wow. Did you draw this?

JACKIE

Yeah. Now I’ll write a little rhyme or something. You should try it.

TAYLOR

No, I’m not really good at drawing. Or rhyming. Or ...anything.

JACKIE

Yes you are.

TAYLOR

No, it’s true. I’m kind-of good at a lot of things, but I’m not really good at ... anything.

“Try” (2)

She holds up the pen, offering it to him.

JACKIE

Try.

TAYLOR

No, I can’t. I’ll just buy her a card...

JACKIE

Try. Stop making excuses and... try.

TAYLOR

I don’t know...

JACKIE

And you’ll never know. If you don’t try. Ok?

TAYLOR

Ok. I’ll try.

She leaves. He picks up the pen and paper, and, muttering to himself ....

TAYLOR (cont’d)

‘Thank you Mom, for all you do’.  
I love it when you make a stew....

‘Hey, I’m kinda good at this. Who knew?’

