



Scripts.com

# Little Boxes

By Annie J. Howell

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- Hey, baby.

- Hey.

You good?

Yeah.

I'm ready.

- Checkmate!

- Oh!

Oh, I... I almost forgot.

You loaned this to me

in like second grade.

Keep it. You can bring it

when you visit.

I asked my mom,

and she said it's way too far.

Hey, Chester, your mom texted!

Hey, sweetie.

So, tell her we're going

to come up

and say goodbye one more time

before tomorrow.

- Okay.

- Okay?

- Bye! Bye, mack!

**- Mack:**

**Gina:**

**Clark:**

- Oh! Hey!

- Hey, buddy!

**Nathaniel:**

what's going on, man!

**Chester:**

**Mack:**

**Mack:**

Ross & daughters!

You guys, I can't take

another goodbye. I can't.

No problem,  
because we're kidnapping you.  
You guys are  
like a little behind in here.  
- Dude, we got packers.

- **Gina:**

- You got packers?

- **Mack:**

Okay! You really did get  
a good job. Congratulations!  
Tenure track!  
- You making money!

- **Nathaniel:**

**Mack:**

**Ben:**

- To your second book, man!  
- I hope so.

- **Nathaniel:**

- I have to.  
If I don't want to write about  
food the rest of my life.

**Mack:**

**Ben:**

**Mack:**

I still don't understand what's  
so great about this job, though.  
Man, New York is over  
if you're a real artist.  
She started out, so...  
It's stability.  
It's health insurance.  
- It's retirement.  
- Okay.  
Plus, we just want to see  
what else is out there.

Racism!

That's everywhere.

You racist.

I'm a little racist.

We'll visit every summer.

We can come to the studio too.

But someone else will be in it.

Yeah, but we'll still have  
friends in the building.

- Can I get three of these?

**- Baker:**

Yes.

And some Dulce de leche.

- All right.

- And pasta fulla.

Big order?

Yeah, just in need of memories  
at this point.

Hi, Clarky!

I was really hoping

I would see you today.

Sorry, again, about the party.

- Oh, don't worry.

- Amir's going too.

I had to see him off, you know.

They are doing so great!

Oh, they're struggling,  
like everybody, believe me.

**Gina:**

we bought a house,

and I'm the only one

who's had a chance to see it.

What if they hate it?

**Denise:**

You're taking a risk.

- You are such a strong person!

- Mmm.

It might get nutty,

but you are moving to Rome!

It's an adventure.

Rome.

Rome, Washington.

**Gina:**

to aunt Vizey and uncle Joe now.

And you haven't seen your  
cousin, William, for years.

I... I bet he wants  
to see you.

Yeah, to make fun of me.

He called me a "Blerd."

What?

He's an honor student too.

Uh... this is huge.

Let's look around!

Let's see stuff.

Whoa, we could play

Nerf in here!

Yeah, I know. We can have

like a whole like...

Was gonna say ping-pong table,  
but that might be a bit crazy.

That smell...

Yeah, it smells like g...

Green, right? Like trees.

Clark, do you want to see  
your room?

Okay!

Behold! This is your room!

- It's nice, right?

- Yeah.

And listen.

It's so quiet.

And this is our room, I think.

There's a bathroom!

- We have our own bathroom!

**- Gina:**

It's amazing, right?

There's like bathrooms  
everywhere.

**Mack:**

right there.

**Gina:**

I like it.

Thank you.

- Thank you.

- You're welcome.

- Very nice!

- Yeah, right? We got a car!

I guess we'll be living off  
big mart for a while.

What's this?

I kind of put off telling you,  
but the gas range is broken.

- What?

- But they said they'd fix it.

They promised soon.

Oh, but I need to cook  
for my article.

I know, I'm sorry, but  
we'll have fun, though, right?

With our plastic forks.

One shared towel.

All right, all right.

Just don't expect much gourmet  
cooking for a while.

And no smoking  
in my brand new car.

- Your car?

- My car.

- Your car?

- My car.

You know what?

I am quitting.

And it's starting right now.

- So...

- Excellent!

**Gina:**

Come into my lair.

You mean, your raft.

Yes. It's recently inflated.

Oh, my god, I get to...

It feels so weird.

Oh, shit...

**- Mack:**

- What?

I did something wrong.

That was so scary!

Are you okay?

- Come to my lair.

- It's kind of fun.

We're going to sink!

Hi!

I'm your new neighbor,

Diane Hansen, five down.

Oh, hi! Gina McNulty.

I have a little gift for ya.

Aw, thanks.

A little friend in there.

He's so cute!

**Diane:**

**Diane:**

is the perfect morning snack.

Right?

Oh, good!

Okay, it's all I have, so...

First time I had biscotti

was in Rome, Italy.

Oh! Hey, hon.

This is my son, Clark.

This is our new neighbor, Diane.

Oops. You mean Mrs. Hansen.

- Oh! Of course.

- Hi.

Hi! Nice shirt!

So, y'all are from Seattle,

I hear.

We're from New York City.

- New York City?

- Mmm-hmm.

Oh, my gosh! Why on earth

did you move here?

Well, I, uh, got a job

at the college.

In the school of art.

I'm a photographer.

I thought all the art  
was in New York!  
I know. Well...  
So, Clark, what's your dad  
gonna do while you're here?  
He's gonna try to write  
another novel,  
but right now, he's on deadline  
from his gastronomica piece.  
- Gastronomica?  
- Oh, it's um...  
It's a food magazine.  
He's actually writing  
this piece about, uh,  
cooking video blogs,  
where they cook French food.  
Yum! You are so interesting!  
I hope you like it here.  
Oh, I was just done, honestly.  
You know, competing with  
droves of 20-year-olds  
for some gallery show in outer Bushwick,  
where nothing is even gonna...

- **Mack:**

- Oh, hey!  
Hi! I'm mack burns.  
Wow!  
Oh, my gosh. I am so rude!  
Hey, Clark,  
what are you doing later?  
I have two rising six-graders up the  
street who are dying to meet you!  
- Do you swim?  
- No.  
- Yes, you do.  
- Yes, you do!  
Since you were three.

- **Julie:**

- Hi.  
- Ambrosia Lynn Reid.  
- Julie Ann Hansen.  
Clark Clayton burns.



Nice to meet you.  
Charmed, indeedy!  
Sit there.  
Julie and I have to talk.  
Oh, my god!  
- What?  
- I can't believe it!  
He's cute!  
We like totally needed  
a black kid!  
What?

**Ambrosia:**

It's like so white!  
This thing is for hobbits.  
- Welcome  
to coast to coast movers.  
All of our operators  
are currently busy.  
We appreciate your Patience  
and will be with you shortly.  
So, do you like rap?  
Um... depends on what kind.  
What about 2-bit?  
I've never really liked her.  
So what, then?  
Afropunk, uh... Bjork,  
'90s hip-hop, and free jazz?  
- But where are you from again?  
- Brooklyn.  
All the rappers  
are from Brooklyn.  
So what's that like?  
Well, it's just really busy  
and crazy and fun.  
And annoying and loud,  
but it's worth it.  
You see famous people.  
Cool!  
Customer service:  
Mr. burns?  
Yes, yes, I'm here!  
Yeah, unfortunately,  
your truck is delayed, but...

- Ugh!

- Yeah, I'm sorry.

I'll put you through  
to the tracking system now.

No, no, please!

- Nice.

- Hi.

Hi.

Oh, no!

This sucks.

'Cause these clowns  
keep putting me on hold.

Oh, I'm sorry, babe.

Um... isn't the delivery  
window seven to 10 days?

Well, now, I don't even know.

- You want half this?

- Sure. Thanks.

Recording on phone: Welcome  
to coast to coast movers.

I can't understand  
what you said.

**Mack:**

speaking to you.

Okay, to schedule a move, say,  
"make reservation."

For your vehicle's location,  
say, "track my truck."

**Mack:**

Please hold for a customer  
service representative.

Oh, hey, what's the Wi-Fi?

No Wi-Fi.

They won't be in our area  
until the end of the month,  
which is why I have to do  
everything on this.

Ugh.

Oh. Hey, look.

This got mixed in somehow.

- Nice!

- Yeah.

When was that?

Well, it was your birthday.

So it was probably two years ago this week?

**Mack:**

I really want your birthday to be special.

Do you think that William and Joe and Vizey can come visit?

She arguing a big case.

Yeah. Oh! Maybe William can just come by himself.

- He could. -Yeah. It's like three hours away.

**Mack:**

can just take the bus.

- Hi!

- Hi.

**Mack:**

For your vehicle's location,

- say, "track my truck."

- Say it, say it.

Track my truck!

I can't understand

what you said. Please hold.

Well?

**Clark:**

They're popular girls.

They're allowed to have phones.

They text all the time.

- Okay.

**- Mack:**

They invited me back tomorrow.

Did they? Are you going?

I don't know.

Hello, young ladies!

I'm Clark's father.

- Hi!

- Hi.

Is one of your parents home,  
so I can just say, "hi"?  
Uh, mom's at work.  
Dad's at the store.  
Oh, okay. Um...  
And they're okay with this?  
Bye, dad!  
Bye. But, Clark,  
borrow a phone, and call me.  
- Okay?

**- Clark:**

Bye.

**- Tom:**

- Can you help me?  
Oh, oh, hey, hi! Yes!  
Hello,  
welcome to the neighborhood!  
Thank you! Do I know you?  
Oh, no, no, no. I... I heard  
that you guys were moving in.  
You bought the Mckorzel place,  
right?  
- Yes. -Your wife is  
the new hire in art!  
- Yes.  
- I'm tom Gibson.  
Mack burns.  
But I'm sure you knew that.  
Yeah. I'm the head  
of the block association.  
- Really? -So I've got  
to be extra friendly.

**- Man:**

- You are!  
Aw, thank you!  
- Great to meet you.  
- Good to meet you too.  
Yeah. Hey, you guys  
ever need anything,  
I'm your man!  
- Okay!

- All right.
- All right, block association.
- Take care.

**Mack:**

**Tom:**

that's neighborhood watch.

**Dean Maureen:**

I'm hearing is that we agree  
that the phrase "epistemological  
journey" is working,  
but that we disagree on the  
meaning of "epistemological."

**- Helena:**

- Yes.

I'm sorry.

Helena wisdom-Vickstein.

Computer historian,

dramaturge, klutz.

Gina McNulty.

- Hi.

- Nice to meet you.

Nice to meet you.

So are you a fancy consultant from  
the "we'll make you better" firm  
that the Dean brought in?

No. No, definitely not.

I'm art department.

The new hire!

- Yeah.

- I've heard about you!

- Welcome!

- Thank you.

I am so sorry

you have to sit through

- this orientation retreat BS.

- Oh...

Total ass-numb-er.

You through, Helena?

I am, Maureen. Please.

Continue.

**Dean Maureen:**

I'm sorry, everyone, but...

Control freak!

- Shh!

- Shh!

**Dean Maureen:**

down to our values as educators,  
to remain steadfast in our  
commitment to liberal arts colleges

that don't have to engage

- with responsibility

center management. -Psst!

Oh!

**Dean Maureen:**

of the liberal arts education.

Hi, I'm Adam Roberts,

the amateur gourmet,

here with my cameraman and husband, Craig.

Say hi, Craig.

Bonjour, Adam and Craig!

Okay, so today we're going

to learn some things

that everyone should know

how to do.

It's a simple bechamel sauce.

I'm two steps ahead of you,

darling.

It's an easy sauce.

And the foolproof way to get

a perfect consistency,

is to have the sauce like this when

you add the butter. And you know,

it sounds like a small thing, but

it's actually a really big deal.

-It uses an extra pot, but...

- God!

- This cautionary measure

may be seen to be necessary.

It's a lot like the souffle

we made on our last show.

It sounds intimidating, but once you get

the basics down, it's really simple,  
and people will enjoy it.  
So, let's get going.  
First, we'll need  
a few ingredients.  
Prepare flour, heated milk,  
and salt and pepper.  
And that's it! That's your  
bechamel sauce.  
I know it's a really fancy name  
for something really simple.

**Gina:**

wanted to share a few images  
from a series involving women  
performing private  
stereotypically female, uh,  
domestic acts on the streets  
of New York.  
My work is always engaged with the  
idea of gender performativity.  
And here, specifically,  
I'm looking to Cindy Sherman,  
Nan Goldin and Lorna Simpson who  
also interrogate social categories.  
This series was shown last  
year at the ICP triennial.  
So that's... that's it.  
And I... I just really wanted  
to say, again,  
how excited I am to be joining  
this community of...  
Well, fine minds.

**Mack:**

Hi! It went great!  
That's awesome, baby!  
Congratulations!  
Yeah, I mean,  
they really liked it  
and I met a few people.  
See? You focus on the present  
tense, good things happen.  
- I'm proud of you.

- Thank you, sweetie. Bye.

**Woman:**

really nice.

Oh, my god, look! No glasses!

Oh, my god!

You actually look really, really good without your glasses.

- Thanks! -But I mean,

I like them on too.

Just make sure you don't wear them to Julie's end-of-the-summer party.

Um, okay.

- What're you gonna wear?

- I don't know.

Not your lion's t-shirt,

I hope.

You need to make those pajamas.

**Both:**

Can I help you find something?

No, just browsing.

Browse away!

You know, actually, yes.

Contemporary fiction.

- It's right this way.

- Okay.

Are you looking for something in particular?

No, just...

Just...

Actually, tenor sax.

Tenor sax?

By Marcus burns.

Definitely have never heard of it.

- Okay. Thank you.

- But...

I can order it.

- No, that's okay. Thank you, though.

- Sure!

**Group:**

Missionaries! We're on top!



Ambrosia,  
your mom's on the phone.  
Oh. Thank you, Mr. Hansen.

**Julie:**

That was good.  
You know 2-bit  
used to be a ho?  
Yeah, I knew... I knew that.  
She's rich now, I guess.  
- Oh, my god!  
- What happened?  
I can't believe it!  
She asked what we were doing, and I told  
her that we were practicing our routine!  
She says I should never listen  
to 2-bit  
and I can never dance  
in front of a boy!  
But you weren't doing  
anything wrong.  
Right? Clark?  
I hate my mom!  
Don't you guys hate yours?  
- I don't know.  
- I guess.  
Mine's such a c-word!

**- Gina:**

- Hi, mom!  
Did you get new furniture?  
A few things.  
We'll figure it out.  
You didn't smoke, did you?  
No, sweetie, I didn't.  
What is this?  
Mind if I look?  
- Where did you get this?  
- Julie's.  
- I don't like it.  
- It's fine.  
Clark, it's not and you know it!  
Can't you read a book?  
I don't have my books.

So then,  
let's go to the library.  
What?  
Can you go see  
what your son is reading?  
- Intro to sexism.  
- What?  
He's reading some article called,  
"the 2-bit slutty don't cut it."  
Uh... I'm sorry. It's just...  
It's more ridiculous  
than anything else.  
Just fix it, please!  
Come in.  
Mom want you to talk to me?  
Yes.  
But I'm just gonna sit  
here for a minute.  
Shh.  
It's normal music, dad.  
Okay.  
It's mainstream.  
I just want to add  
to your collection.  
- I don't have my collection.  
- I know, I know.  
When it gets here.  
But listen to this.  
Ah!  
Do you want to learn how to make  
saffron creme caramel from Somalia?  
Your job's weird.  
Yeah, I know. Listen to this.

**Mack:**

butch Morris.  
Oh, look at you!  
Oh, it looks great!  
Okay, picture time,  
both of you, get together.  
Okay. One, two.  
Ooh! Ogie-sogie.  
You're gonna have so much fun!  
- Okay. I'll be in the car.

- Okay.  
- All right. I'll see ya later.  
- Bye.  
- You smell that?  
- What?  
Smells like mold.  
Babe, I don't think  
we have mold.  
Yeah. It's mold.  
Okay, so let's call someone.  
Gina...  
- I love you.  
- I love you.  
Oh. Hi, Clark!  
Dad, please take this.  
Hey, Brittany! Um...  
This is Clark.  
- Is that Clark?  
- Yeah.  
Okay, then. Hi, girls.  
Mack burns.  
Hi, I'm Joan Reid.  
I'm ambrosia's mother.  
Clark is my son.  
Mr. burns,  
can Clark come with us?  
We're gonna just get a book  
and then eat.  
Um... we'll drive him home,  
please?  
Okay, no need to beg, ambrosia.  
Oh, I can drive everyone up.  
I plan on staying anyway  
to keep an eye on Clark.  
Out of sight, of course.  
Thank you.  
That would be terrific.  
- And it's a very safe place.  
I assure you. -Okay.  
- Yeah. All right, you good?  
- Yeah.  
I'll see you later.  
Thank you, again.  
You're welcome.

A new Megan episode approaches.  
I frickin' hate Nigel fishponds.  
What?  
It's for children!  
It is not! Clark,  
you like it, right?  
Nigel fishpond is feeling brilliant on  
that foggy, soggy Yorkshire morning.  
Nigel was in the garden  
with his swan,  
happily planting hyacinths.  
I mean...  
Let's get the hell out of here.  
Please hold for a customer  
service representative.  
Oh, my god, oh, my god,  
we got my brother.  
Figures.  
He is such a tool.  
Welcome to the sidecar.  
May I take your order, please.  
Don't pretend like you  
don't know us, Cooper.  
You, ma'am.  
Uh, double nachos, please.  
- Am I next, Cooper?  
- Yeah.  
Oh, my god,  
the world is so racist.  
What?  
Why did you wait  
to take his order last?  
Because he's black?  
Just kidding, everybody!

**Mack:**

Hey, baby, how'd it go?

**Gina:**

It ran a little later  
than I thought.  
Sorry, I missed dinner.

**Mack:**

in the fridge if you want.

**Gina:**

today, at noon, and then I'm done.  
And I thought you might think  
about your birthday dinner.  
Because you know, you always  
do such a great feast,  
- and I can help you.

**- Clark:**

Hey, um... I hear you didn't  
get a book.  
Yeah.  
Do you want to walk into town with  
dad and get one and hang out?  
I don't want a book.  
The gastro people have been  
asking me for pages.  
Hey, Clark! Glasses!  
Bye, Clark!  
"I'm out"? Have you ever  
heard him say that before?  
I don't know.  
What's wrong with it?  
Nothing...  
Every time he's hit, let's say,  
"yo, mommy!  
You gots to stick it."  
- Yo, mommy,  
you gots to stick it.  
Gina. Gina! Hang on.  
The doctor ladies  
would love to meet you.  
Doctor ladies?  
Yes! We are the fun ones!  
- Oh, my!  
- We have tenure,  
so we do whatever we want.  
The three of us make up the  
faculty deep listening committee.  
- So ridiculous!  
- We loved your work.  
Mmm-hmm, mmm-hmm.

Thank you, thank you.  
Seriously, even though it's  
like really new-York-centric,  
it has this universally  
authentic feel! It's great!  
And the images did not reject  
humor. They were funny.  
Okay, show-offs. We get it.  
No, I mean. Thank you so much.  
That really means a lot.  
What are you doing right now?  
We are going to have  
a liquid lunch.  
- We usually get f'd up.

**- Gina:**

I... gosh, I would love to,  
but I gotta get back  
to my kid. But...  
No? No, no.  
This is committee work,  
I'm the chair, deep listening,  
yes?  
- Come on!  
- Yes.  
Please come! We'd really like  
to hear more about your art.  
- Sure, great. Okay.

**- Helena:**

This is not happening.

**Steve:**

Hey, wow! This is so nice.  
Well, I thought I'd just order  
the book for you,  
and then I saw your photo.  
And I realized,  
"oh, he actually wrote  
the book!"  
And then I did a little more  
research and I saw that you  
and your wife live here now,  
which is really cool.

Thanks, but I didn't mean  
for you to do this.  
Oh, no! It's...  
It's my pleasure.

**Tom:**

I'm... I'm Steve, by the way.  
I'm mack burns.  
I know.  
Hey, we should do a reading!  
- Hey, there!  
- No, we... we...  
What's going on, man?  
You got a day off?  
No, I'm... I'm writing.  
Hey, buddy. Is that...  
Is that you?  
Yes, that's me.  
You wrote a book?  
A while ago.  
Oh, man. Hey, look, look.  
If you ever want to talk,  
like process, inspiration  
versus perspiration...  
I'm... I'm a writer too.  
I mean, I... I dabble.  
I'm not... I don't have a...  
But...  
You know, sometime that would  
be cool.  
Uh...  
If the opportunity  
presented itself, then...  
Hey, I see my wife.  
So I'll, uh...  
I'll see you guys later.  
Oh, okay. All right. Uh...  
- See ya around the hood!  
- Yes!  
You should invite her  
to the reading!  
Absolutely!  
- Hi, you!  
- Oh, hey! Hi!

I am just running into everybody today!  
Yeah, that's so funny! Um...  
Well, these are my colleagues.  
Uh... this is Sarita.  
This is Helena. This is Maya.  
This is my husband, mack!

**- Oh! -Helena:**

Nice to meet you!  
It's very nice to meet you all.

**- Gina:**

- Come join us!  
- I thought you were working!  
- I thought you were working.  
Oh, I am. This is a, um...  
This is like a work thing,  
like the lunch-y situation.  
- Oh, okay, cool.  
- Yeah, yeah.  
- Should we grab another chair?  
- No. No, no, no.  
- Yeah, do you wanna...  
- No, no.  
- I'm dealing with the house.  
- Okay, are you sure?  
Yeah, yeah, it looks like  
y'all have a lot to discuss.  
And give Gina some fine insight.  
I've got some insight  
for you too, mack.  
- If you don't mind.  
- Uh, sure.  
Well, as the husband of a tenure  
track assistant professor,  
you should become accustomed  
to your wife's marked absence.  
- Marked?  
- Distinct.  
I know what it is.  
I'm sorry. I know. I...  
I didn't mean to imply  
you didn't know what it meant.



**Maya:**

what she's trying to say  
is that the first year  
can be really intense.

- Okay. -We're gonna help  
her get through it.

- Absolutely.

- I'm sure you will.

So you're sure  
you won't join us?

- No, thank you.

- Okay.

- I'll let you work.

- Gotta do stuff at the house.

**Helena:**

**Gina:**

**All:**

**Mack:**

a plate for your mama.

**Clark:**

So, what goes on at Julie's?

- Nothing.

- Come on, Clark!

You can tell me.

Well, we watch stuff, grab ass.

Grab ass?

Did you just say, "grab ass"?

My bad.

"My bad"?

It's sort of over as a phrase,  
you know, right?

- I mean, I'm just saying.

- I don't think it's over.

It's over, Clark.

I mean, it may not be  
in these parts, but...

May I be excused?

Yes.

Oh, god. What time is it?  
Hello?

**Truck driver:**

It's coast to coast movers.  
Oh, hey.  
It's the truck.  
They called before.  
Why didn't you tell me?  
Hello?

**Truck driver:**

to keep calling.  
We are back on the road now.  
Oh, but, it never tells me  
where you are, man.  
Not my problem, man.  
I'm sorry, what?  
Complaining to my supervisor  
does not speed things up.  
And it's also not polite.  
Listen, bubba, this is  
no longer about politeness.  
You have everything we own  
right now.  
We just want to get  
our shit back.  
Is that too much to ask?  
And now you curse.  
I don't have to take this.  
Well, I'm gonna curse again,  
asshole.  
Do you want your stuff...  
You want your jazz collection,  
\$800 Espresso machine?  
Shit.  
Now I'm not going to be  
able to go back to sleep.  
And I have a huge work day  
tomorrow.  
All you have to do is show up.  
Oh, great.  
While I'm writing crap  
that you don't even care about

in a moldy,  
moldy-ass house.  
Okay, let's just try to sleep,  
okay?  
Yeah. My bad.  
Hi!  
You scared the shit out of me.  
I brought you a welcome present.  
Oh, wow.  
That's nice of you.  
It's actually my favorite  
Tequila.  
I've got Stilton and crackers.  
That sound good?  
Sounds great! Thanks!  
You want to crack that open?  
Yeah.  
It's actually nice to hang out with  
somebody other than my family.  
You're telling me.  
Hey, um...  
I was wondering if maybe  
you wanted to hang out  
with, uh, these too?  
What's that?  
Around here,  
we call them pharmies.  
- They're not like methy or oxy...  
- No, no.  
- But just stuff you get from a doctor.  
- No, no, no.  
I'm too... I'm too old  
to be doing all that.  
Well, okay, yeah,  
I hear ya, man.  
But you know, small town living  
sometimes it could use  
a little boost.  
Cheers!

**Helena:**

**Gina:**

**Maya:**

- **Helena:**

- Do you guys always, uh,

- work this way?

- It breaks up the monotony.

Yeah. Here's to you.

Ah. Yes!

**Sarita:**

committees are the worst!

Oh, and now she is torturing us

with three consecutive days

of crap,

like right before

the students arrive

I hope your family's okay

with all this.

Yeah, they're... They're great!

They're fine! Yeah.

If I had a dime for every tenure

turned divorce in this town.

**Sarita:**

you'd still be poor.

Yes, but I'd have some dimes.

I'd have some dimes in case

pay phones make a comeback.

Oh, man, I'm so glad I met you!

A fellow scribe?

Hey! To scribes!

If I don't get book number two

out soon,

I don't know but I'm gonna be

just a man with an agent.

- You have an agent?

- Mmm-hmm.

I thought I'd made it.

Until I found out I didn't.

But hey, thank god for advances.

Yeah.

What do you do?

Oh, um...

Erotic thrillers.

I e-publish.  
They're very sexy.  
But very high-class.  
Erotic um...  
I'm writing an ass chapter  
right now, all about asses.  
You're into it.  
Hey, everybody!  
This is my new buddy.  
His name is mack.  
He's from New York!  
His wife is a professor!  
He is a writer!  
And he's going to write his  
new book right here in Rome!  
To Mike!  
I'm humbled. Thank you.  
And the thing about this guy is,  
if you close your eyes, you can't  
even tell he's black, you know?  
I mean, in a good way.  
He's just very impressive.  
Come on.

**- Clark:**

- Yeah, Clarky.  
I'm cooking.  
Mom's not home, right?

**Mack:**

Can I do a few games  
on your phone?

**Mack:**

Sorry, that's not the bit  
where you do that.  
Ooooh.  
Hi!  
Hi. This is like...  
You okay?  
Oh, yes.  
You just gotta learn to  
pace yourself a little better.  
I think I just didn't

really realize  
that this job was like  
a license to imbibe.  
Oh, yeah.  
You know, you have  
a really good singing voice.  
No, no!  
- Yeah, yeah.  
- No, I don't.  
It's li...  
I have a friend in New York  
who's like an actual  
Broadway singer,  
like professional,  
and she is amazing!  
She's like...  
Mmm-hmm.  
Agh! My New York friends  
are so talented.  
Well, hooray for them!  
All right, heavy door.  
- I'm...  
- Heavy door.  
I'm very sorry.  
She got it.  
She just grabbed it.  
Watch your step.  
I'll watch.  
- You guys, good?  
- We'll be right behind you.  
Thank you. I'm so sorry.  
I'm so sorry.  
- I've been there. No worries.  
- It's okay!  
I'm sorry,  
you have to drive my car.  
There's stuff in  
the passenger seat.  
I know. Just uh...  
Just move it.  
Oh, god, I have not  
been like this for years!  
You know what? It's fine.  
But I have to tell you, getting

sloppy is embarrassing.

This is a very small town.

Okay, it's fine, it's fine.

- I'm sorry.

- Put your seatbelt on, please.

- I'm really sorry about that.

- Yes.

Mack!

Stop! What?

What is wrong with you?

Look what you did! Look!

Oh, god, what is that?

I told you.

It's mold!

But you forgot, because  
you haven't been here.

I have been working! Okay.

You're drunk!

So are you!

Oh, god, oh, god.

It's just mold, Clarky.

- Everything's all right.

- Everything's not all right!

Go to your room, Clark.

Daddy just got angry.

He-he's all right.

Go to your room, Clark!

What did he do?

- Hi.

- What the hell happened?

It's over now.

Your dad got upset

because there was mold,

and we just had

a little fight about it.

But...

What is that?

Agh!

Wait, don't!

This is not how I want you  
to understand women.

- Mom, give it back!

- No, I won't give it back.

- Yes!

- No!  
Shit! You ruin everything.  
Don't swear!  
Fuck!  
Are we going to say anything  
to each other today?  
I'm waiting for the mold guy.  
What's happening  
for your birthday tonight?  
Nothing.  
Did you call Vizey,  
about William coming?  
No.  
Well, that's sad.  
Well, I don't have a kitchen.  
I'm going to Julie's.

**Man:**

I want to put those out.  
Okay, I have to go,  
bye. Hello!  
Uh, yeah, hi. Um...  
Do you have  
any more of the, the Nigel?  
Oh, no.  
We're completely sold out.  
So is big mart.  
They went so fast!  
Everything just...  
My son is having a...  
Really hard time.  
And I would really love it,  
it would be great  
if I could get him uh...  
- One of the Nigel's.  
- The Nigel's.  
No, I completely get it.  
But we...  
- We just don't have any.  
- Can you look in the back?  
I did a full inventory  
right before I had my coffee.  
I don't care  
if you had your coffee,



okay? That's irrelevant.

Okay. I understand.

I'm sorry.

It's okay, it's okay. Um...

Look,

I heard that they have books  
in Wenatchee,  
so you might want to try there.

- Thank you. Okay.

- Good luck.

Call Vizey burns Steiner,  
mobile.

Ohhh! So chilly.

Is this okay with Julie?

Yeah.

I mean, I don't know.

But I don't care.

What did you say to her?

That we don't have to do  
everything together.

I made these for us.

- What is it?

- Grown-up drinks.

Watch this.

Really?

Yeah, I know,  
it's kind of stupid.

- Do you feel anything?

- I don't feel anything.

Maybe a little.

Oh, shit!

I should change.

Want to watch me?

Um... yeah.

Okay. You go behind  
the curtain.

Um... you guys?

You guys!

Okay,

here's the performance.

Whooo!

Whooo!

Oh.

This is for you.

Yo, mommy, you gots to stick it.  
Yo, mommy, you gots to stick it.  
Hello!  
Hey, sweetie.  
Is ambrosia ready?  
Um... not yet.  
She and Clark  
shut themselves in my room.  
Excuse me?  
Rawr!  
What in god's name  
is happening here?  
Nothing. Sorry.  
Hello! Look who's here!  
Hey, what's up, everybody?  
What? How're you here?  
What's up, uncle mack?  
Happy birthday!  
- Thank you!  
- How you been?  
- I've been good. How you?  
- Well, good.  
I'm all right.  
What's up, Clark?

**Gina:**

- Thought it was worth  
the drive to um...  
Surprise you guys.  
Um...  
What's wrong?  
Um... if there's a problem,  
I could step outside real fast.  
Actually, William, Clark's  
bedroom is right upstairs.  
Can you go up, please?  
- No problem.  
- Thank you.  
- Thank you. See ya in a minute.  
- All right.  
I was behind her curtains,  
so we wouldn't see each other.  
It was an accident.  
Grabbing at a girl's naked torso

is something, Clark.  
You're too young.  
I didn't mean it!  
A physical relationship  
is to be considered  
very carefully.  
Well, sorry!  
You know, I have to say  
I am not sure she's the  
right friend for you anyway.  
You've never even met her.  
Well, think about the girls  
that you knew in New York.  
Would any of them  
behave that way?  
I can think of a few.  
Okay.  
It's hard, you know?  
Ambrosia's family  
is probably struggling.  
And they probably don't have the same  
background or education that we do.  
So...  
Are you calling them dumb?  
It's about access  
and opportunities.  
You sure  
you want to go there, g?  
All I'm saying is  
that ambrosia's parents  
may not be able to help her  
make the greatest choices.  
Like smoking?  
That's a terrible choice!  
That's not entirely fair,  
cl... I'm really trying.  
But he does have a point, baby.  
Thank you.  
Mack, thanks a lot.  
No party at Julie's.  
That's not fair!  
This is my first party.  
That's it!  
Here, I did get you this.

They had plenty in Seattle.

So.

Oh.

Okay.

You really want to call me  
classist right in front of him?

We can eat at any time.

- Did you cook?

- Take-out.

Dude, so what happened?

I got caught with a girl.

- Your girlfriend?

- Yeah.

They got black people here?

She's white.

Another black man succumbs.

So am I gonna meet her?

There's a party tomorrow,  
but I'm not allowed to go.

You know, you still could go.

Especially if it's the whole  
Romeo and Juliet thing.

Then you have to go!

Look, man,

chicks, they dig intrigue.

If it's boring, they out.

**Gina:**

Boys! Let's eat!

But you won't do that, right,  
Clark Kent?

You're too good.

So should we say grace?

That would be lovely,

William. Yeah.

Nobody here believes in god.

Enough, Clark.

Heavenly father,

thank you for this food,

for the superiority of

the west coast,

and for this lovely family,

that always does right

by one another.

- Amen.

- **Mack:**

Happy birthday.

Thank you.

Hello, boys!

- What's up?

- Hi.

- Welcome in.

- Thank you!

Hey, dude, where is she?

Think she's ignoring you?

Maybe she's feeling shy or mad?

No, I just don't see her yet.

Nah, she ignoring you.

I know this may sound

counterintuitive,

but you got to ignore her

even meaner or harder

than she's ignoring you.

Really?

Yeah, they go nutty for it.

Wow, son, you were right.

It is white out here.

- Hey, Clark.

- What's up?

Who's your friend?

- I'm William.

- None of your business.

Let's go.

Dude, what are you doing?

Looking for ambrosia.

Clarky!

Clark?

Hey, yo! What's up?

Stop! I don't want to

look at her,

because she might look at me.

Dude, what you talking about?

Why you acting so crazy

and nervous today?

Actin' cool, she's coming.

Hey, I thought

you might be grounded.

Uh... hey.

I don't think we've been  
formally introduced.

Uh... hi.

I'm William, Clark's cousin.

Clark,

what's wrong with you?

Why aren't you talking to me?

Dude, you gonna say something?

- Clark!

- Mom!

Wow, guys, so, uh...

Here we are at the pool party.

Honestly, it's my fault,

aunt Gina.

I just wanted to meet ambrosia.

Oh.

Hi, um...

You're ambrosia.

Okay. I've been  
wanting to meet you.

I'm Clark's mom, Gina.

What?

Ambrosia!

What's going on, you all right?

You know how love is.

Ambrosia,

I didn't mean to ignore you.

That was so dumb.

Why didn't you tell me?

Tell you what?

Your mom is white!

I had already  
told people about...

You're not even...

You acted like you were...

You lied!

Clark.

Hey, stop!

Ambrosia hates me now!

Because of you!

Clark, please!

It's your fault!

Just leave me alone!

Clark!

- Can we talk about this?

- No!

G, I got this. Okay?

You all right, aunt Gina?

Oh, yeah. I'm okay.

I just got the timing wrong.

But I get it.

You know I get it, right?

Yeah, it'll be all right.

Y'all'll work it out.

Oh, okay.

Let's get you to your bus.

I don't like white people!

There are good white people.

- Maybe in New York.

- Your mother!

- Not here!

- That's a generalization.

People generalize about me.

It doesn't matter, Clarky.

You can't treat people

like they're groups.

You have to treat people

like they're individuals.

We've talked about this.

I know we talked about this,

over and over!

And we're gonna talk about it

over and over and over again.

That's not the way

it actually works!

**Joan:**

Wait here, wait here!

Oh, oh, ow!

Mom what happened?

Oh, oh. Be careful, there's glass.

There's lots of glass here.

Hi, Joan.

What's the matter?

You want to come in?

What happened?

Mr. burns, last night your son

put a huge rock  
through my front window.  
It sliced my foot.  
He hasn't left here.  
He's asleep.  
I don't believe he's asleep,  
Mr. burns.  
Okay, just... um...  
Clark, we need you right now.  
You saw him?  
I did.  
He has never done anything  
like this ever in his life.  
Clark,  
Mrs. Reid says you put  
a rock through her window.  
Shattered it.  
And it'll be at least  
\$200 to replace.  
Is this true?  
No.  
Clarky.  
No. I was in bed, dad.  
I believe that's  
a lie right there!  
- Wait a minute.  
- That is a lie!  
Let's be reasonable here.  
Clark,  
just look at me, okay.  
You can tell us.  
Did you do this?  
No.  
I saw him!  
You saw him?  
Wasn't it dark?  
Or is it just  
easy to imagine that he did it?  
Okay, I think, Clark, I think you  
should wait upstairs. Just...  
Mr. burns, I think  
you find me to be ignorant.  
I think you find me  
to be a racist.



I didn't say that, Joan.  
You think I assume  
your son is delinquent  
because he's African American?  
Um... yes.  
I found him practically naked  
with my daughter,  
and now he destroyed  
my property!  
I think that's a good reason  
to call the police!  
- Which I plan to do!  
- Are you crazy?  
Is something wrong with you?  
He's an 11-year-old child.  
You want to call  
the police on him? For what?  
- Okay. -Are you trying  
to ruin my son's life?  
Okay, I think  
we should just stop.  
Just stop.  
Should we have some coffee?  
Can you come in?  
No, I will not come in.  
No, let her go.  
You know I have credit towards  
a master's degree,  
and I raised two children  
by myself!  
- We did, we did not mean...  
- Uh... just stop!  
You can't do that.  
What did I do?  
This is our new community.  
Y-you have to engage.  
Just try.  
Oh, I'm trying.  
By destroying our kitchen?  
By making strangers cry?  
Did you not just witness  
what happened?  
She profiled our son.  
He didn't break her window.

And then she was  
about to call the police!  
We don't know  
if he broke the window.  
And she,  
she didn't call the police.  
There's no need to malign her.  
Her!  
Not everyone is a racist, mack!  
Where have you been, Gina?  
- Oh, that's how you think  
I see things?  
- I, I see the gray, okay. -I'll tell  
you how I think you see things.  
I'm not an idiot.  
Pretty much  
whatever concerns you!  
- You know... -And if it  
makes you look bad...  
- It's not that easy!  
- What's not that easy, Gina?  
Being the very pale third  
wheel between the two of you.  
You try going through  
our bullshit.  
Absolutely alone.  
Alone?  
Yes!  
Are you kidding me?  
Fuck.  
Mold removal.  
- What are you doing?  
- I'm packing us up.  
- Where are we going?  
- C'mon! C'mon!  
You all about ready  
for me, then?  
I'm sorry, yes.  
Can you start in the kitchen?  
Clark, throw your stuff in here.  
Where the hell  
are we going, Gina?  
Gina! Where we going?  
You sure that you want to

drive on the highway?  
Yep.  
Gina?  
Yeah.  
You're driving really,  
really fast.  
Well, I'm in a big rush.  
Where are we going?  
We're going to New York.  
Baby, come on!  
I should never have done this.  
I should, I should never have  
brought us all here.  
I just... I'm...  
I shouldn't have.  
It was such a mistake!  
I ruined everything!  
I ruined everything forever.  
Gina, you didn't ruin anything.  
And this is not forever.  
This is just a chapter.  
Now, please, pull over!  
Come on, baby!  
I broke the window.  
- What?  
- What?  
I'm sorry. I didn't mean to.  
I was mad.  
What the hell?  
Oh, my god.  
You call and call and call.  
I come, and I cannot access  
the interior.  
- So I unload it. -But it,  
it needs to go inside.  
That's it.  
I'm done with this family.  
You are bad people.  
- What?  
- Can he do that?  
I guess, I mean...  
He did it.  
We're not bad people.  
I said we're not bad people!

We're not bad people!  
Are you okay?  
Just breathe, Clark.  
I'm going to buy a new window.  
Good!  
Because it's  
the right thing to do.  
Oh, let's go in! I need to  
lie down for a minute.  
Uh... folks,  
three hours till I can  
get you back inside.  
Oh, Jesus, really?  
Best I can do.  
Okay.  
Ugh.  
Okay.  
Cooper'll help you bag.  
- Thank you.  
- No problem.  
Hey, babe, can you come check?  
Like this or smaller?  
- It's perfect.  
- Oh! Thank you.

**Gina:**

dinner's in an hour.  
Hi.  
Why were you so mean  
to me at the party?  
I'm sorry.  
Yeah?  
And I'm not going to say it.  
- See ya tomorrow.  
- Yeah.

**Gina:**

the syllabus,  
"the female gaze,  
"gender and visuality in  
contemporary art photography,"  
professor McNulty.

**Mack:**

a picture for mommy?

- No.

- Yes, come on!

And you better smile.

Come here.

Have fun.

Be curious,

and be yourself.

- Okay?

- 'Kay.

- I love you.

- Love you too.

All right. Now go have fun.

- I know! Bye, dad.

- Bye.

Okay, so in chapter one

of your textbooks,

there is a series

of photographs,

they start on page 10.

I'm gonna give you all

a second to find that,

and then we'll start discussing.

Okay, has everyone found it?

Great!

**Teacher:**

to sixth grade everyone!

My name's Mrs. Howell.

And let's just start

by taking attendance.

- Wyatt Anderson.

- Here.

- Olivia Baker.

- Here.

- Clark burns.

- Here.