Grandma

By Paul Weitz
INT. ELLE’S APARTMENT - DAY 1
An apartment filled with books and art.
ELLE lives here. She is 70 years old, beautiful, and extremely wilful.
There is nothing of the old lady about her. She is selfish and magnetic and smart.
With her this morning is Olivia, an attractive thirty five year old woman who has been Elle’s lover for the last few months.
Olivia is visibly upset. Elle seems much calmer. She moves around her place, neatening up.

OLIVIA:
It’s not that I don’t love you.
Elle puts a teapot into a cupboard. Inside is a cap from an academic’s cap and gown.

ELLE:
What the hell’s this doing in here?

OLIVIA:
These last four months have been the...
Olivia is trying not to cry.
OLIVIA (CONT’D)
The last four months have been some of the best months of my life.

ELLE:
Well. It’s been a short life. Comparatively.

OLIVIA:
I’ve learned - I’ve learned so much from you -

ELLE:
Yes, I’m very wise.
Olivia knuckles her eye.
ELLE (CONT’D)
Very wizened.

OLIVIA:
You’re not wizened.
Elle puts the medieval looking cap into a closet next to a professor’s striped red academic gown.
OLIVIA (CONT’D)
You’re beautiful.

ELLE :
Hah. So what have you learned, exactly? Aside from backgammon?
(re gown)
There’s a rip in this Goddam thing.

OLIVIA :
I’ve learned...not to buy into the system. I’ve learned persistence.
Courage. Dedication to one’s craft. In the face of...

ELLE :
All reason?

OLIVIA :
You’re still a wonderful poet.

ELLE:
(with self-contempt)
I’m not a poet, I’m an academic.
An unemployed one -

OLIVIA :
You should send the new poems to your editor

ELLE :
She has dementia. So she might actually like ‘em. Look, are you breaking up with me or giving me a pep talk here? Stick with the narrative.

OLIVIA :
Please. Elle

ELLE :
We always knew...

OLIVIA :
We always knew what?

ELLE :
I mean, you’re your age, and I’m... rapidly approaching fifty. Olivia smiles.

ELLE (CONT’D)

What was gonna happen here? You don’t need a crystal ball or anything.

OLIVIA :
Do you love me?
(pause)
Are you in love with me?

ELLE :
Christ. Here. Blow your nose. She hands Olivia a tissue. Olivia blows her nose.

OLIVIA :
You’ve never said it.

ELLE :
“It is a tale full of sound and fury, signifying nothing.”

OLIVIA :
What is, love?

ELLE :
...I’m gonna vacuum.

OLIVIA :
Doesn’t love conquer everything?

ELLE :
No.
Ellie involuntarily glances up at a photo on the wall. The photo is of a striking-looking woman (named Violet), taken in the late eighties. The woman looks into the camera, out at Elle.

ELLE (CONT’D)

No. It does not conquer everything.
(pause)
Four months. We were together for four months. Try thirty-eight years. Try being with someone for thirty-eight years.
OLIVIA :
“A footnote?” That’s...that’s a horrible thing to say.

ELLE :
Well. I’m a horrible person.
(pause)
I’m gonna take a shower before I vacuum. You can let yourself out.

OLIVIA :
Okay. I guess that’s it.

ELLE :
Yup. That’s it.
They stand there a moment.
Then Olivia comes over and kisses Elle.

OLIVIA :
Goodbye.
Elle is statue-like. Doesn’t reciprocate.

ELLE :
Leave the key on the coffee table.
Elle goes off.
Olivia stands there a moment, numb.
Then she leaves.

INT. SHOWER - DAY 2
Water goes on.
Water hits Elle’s face.
From behind Elle’s head, we see the top of a large TATTOO on Elle’s back - a COLORFUL DRAGONFLY. Elle’s shoulders begin to SHAKE as she starts to cry.
Her fists clench.
She pounds the wall of the shower.

CUT TO:
She bares her teeth at the mirror.

INT. ELLE’S APARTMENT - DAY 3
Elle is sitting on the floor, wearing her striped academic gown and cap. There are photos spread out on the floor in front of her. A photo of her standing at the podium at a graduation ceremony, in her gown. Photos of her with the woman on the wall, at a poetry event in a cafe, at various stages in life. With a little girl – her daughter.

The DOORBELL rings. She looks up quickly. Her breath catches.

INT. ELLE’S APARTMENT – DAY 4
Elle opens the door. Standing there is a young woman. Age 18. This is her granddaughter, SAGE. She is pretty. Her nails are raggedly bitten.

ELLE :
(surprised)
Sage.
Sage stands in the hallway, shifting on her toes. Nervous.

SAGE :
Hi Grandma.

ELLE :
Hi. Come in.

SAGE:
Thanks.
Sage comes in. Elle glances out into the hall before she closes the door.

ELLE :
What are you doing here?

SAGE :
Thought I’d drop by.

ELLE :
Did you call?

SAGE :
No. I just wanted to see you. Why are you dressed like that?

ELLE :
Oh I’m just sitting here being maudlin. You want some tea?
Sage nods.  
5 INT. KITCHEN - DAY 5  
Elle makes them tea.  

SAGE :  
I need some help, Grandma.  

ELLE :  
Okay.  
Elle looks at Sage, who doesn’t say anything.  
ELLE (CONT’D)  
What’s going on?  
Sage doesn’t say anything.  
ELLE (CONT’D)  
I’m not a mind-reader.  

SAGE :  
I need six-hundred dollars. Six-hundred and thirty.  

ELLE :  
For what?  

SAGE :  
I’m pregnant.  
Elle takes a couple of cups from the cupboard behind Sage.  

ELLE :  
Okay.  

SAGE :  
I don’t want to have a baby.  
(stares into her tea)  
I want to get an abortion. And I’m broke. I have eighteen dollars.  
(pause)  
You think that’s terrible?  

ELLE :  
Which part of it?  

SAGE :  
All of it.
ELLE :
It’s nothing to dance a jig about.
Have you told your mother?

SAGE :
Mom? She’d have a stroke. She’d
start strangling me, and then she’d have a stroke.
She demonstrates this.
She drops her pantomime.

ELLE :
Well, she’d strangle you alright.
The kettle WHISTLES.
5A EXT. ELLE’S TERRACE - DAY 5A
Sage and Elle have tea.

SAGE :
I’m such an idiot. Such an idiot.

ELLE :
So was I, when I was your age.

SAGE :
What am I gonna do? What am I
gonna do?

ELLE :
You already said what you’re gonnnado. Right? I mean you’ve put somethought
into this.
(pause)
Have you?
Sage nods.
ELLE (CONT’D)
Cause this is something you willprobably think about at some momenteach day
for the rest of your life.

SAGE :
Uhm...
(pause)
Do you have it? Do you have money?

ELLE :
Honey, at the moment, I have forty-
three dollars.
SAGE :
Forty-three dollars! You’re joking!

ELLE :
I’m not. That’s what I have until I get a check end of next week.

SAGE :
How do you have so little money?

ELLE :
I got sick of being in debt, so I just paid it all off. Every cent I still owed. Wanted to get that weight off my back. I mean I still had hospital bills from Vi. Twenty-seven thousand dollars worth.

SAGE :
Why didn’t you ask mom to help?

ELLE :
Why don’t you?
Sage doesn’t answer.
ELLE (CONT’D)
I don’t need help. I’m sweeping the decks clean here. Next week I’m supposed to get a check for some guest lectures I gave at Santa Cruz. I had it all planned out.

SAGE :
Well do you have a credit card?

ELLE :
I cut my credit cards into little pieces.
(points)
Look, I made a wind chime out of them.

SAGE :
What?! Why would you do that?

ELLE :
I was transmogrifying my life into art.
SAGE :
What kind of adult doesn’t have a
credit card!

ELLE :
Credit cards infantilize you. They turn you into a pod person. Come
on, you must have a credit card –

SAGE :
Mom confiscated it after I crashed
the car in the garage. Shit!
Shit!

ELLE :
We’re gonna deal with this.

SAGE :
We are?

ELLE:
(beat)
Yes. We are. Where’d you get this
630 dollar number?

SAGE :
I went by a clinic. Called Pine
Rapids.

ELLE :
Christ.

SAGE :
I have an appointment for the procedure.

ELLE :
For when?

SAGE :
Five-forty-five.

ELLE :
Five-forty-five? You mean today?
(Sage nods)
It's 9 o'clock already!

**SAGE** :
They don't have another appointment open this week! And I can't wait.
I feel sick. And every day, everyday that goes by...

**ELLE** :
Okay well, I know a women's health clinic where you can get one for free.

**SAGE** :
You do?

**ELLE** :
Yeah, Vi used to volunteer there.
Let's go.

6 EXT. PARKING AREA - DAY 6
Elle brushes some leaves off the tarp covering a car. She pulls the tarp off, revealing a 1955 Dodge Royal Lancer.

**SAGE** :
You still have Vi's car?

**ELLE** :
Course I still have Vi's car.
Give me a hand, would you?
Sage helps her.
Elle puts the tarp in the trunk.
Elle starts the car. Only it doesn't start.
**ELLE (CONT'D)**
Shit.

**LATER**:
A young man is giving Elle a jump start with some cables from his truck.
**ELLE (CONT'D)**
I didn't wake you up, did I?

**YOUNG MAN** :
(she did)
No.
The young man glances at Sage.

**ELLE** :
She's already pregnant.
SAGE:
Grandma.

ELLE:
I’m just saying. Don’t get any ideas.
The engine turns over. Loud RAP MUSIC blasts for a moment.
Elle turns it down.

ELLE (CONT’D)
Okay. Thanks!
The car pulls out.

7 EXT. CAR - DAY 7
They drive into a mini mall.

8 EXT. CAR - DAY 8
Elle stops the car in the mini mall. She squints out the window.

ELLE:
Where the hell is it?

SAGE:
I don’t know. When’s the last time you were here?

ELLE:
I dunno. 10 years ago? It must have moved.
(points)
I think that was it. It was right in there. Where that coffee place is. Christ. It musta closed down.
(pause)
I could use some coffee.

9 INT. CAFE - DAY 9
They are drinking coffee in a cafe. Elle is at the condiments station putting sugar in her coffee. Sage sits at a table.

SAGE:
(reading)
Women’s Health Action Center. It closed five years ago.

ELLE:
How could they close this place down? Why didn’t they let us know? We could have had a rally!
Course...five years ago, we weren’t
going to any rallies.
(drinks coffee)
This is bilgewater. So where do
you get a reasonably priced abortion? All you can get nowadays is this shitty coffee.

SAGE :
Yeah, Grandma, uh -
Sage is looking nervously at a conservative looking couple at the next table. Elle puts more sugar into her coffee.

ELLE :
How far along are you again?
When was your last period?

SAGE :
Ten weeks ago.
The manager of the coffee bar is looking at Elle.

ELLE :
My last period was twenty five years ago. We did a ceremony for it, Vi and I.
(pause)
600 dollars for an abortion! What the hell! That’s highway robbery!
The manager comes over.

CAFE MANAGER :
I’m sorry, but I’m going to have to ask you to leave.

ELLE :
Excuse me?

CAFE MANAGER :
I’m going have to ask you to leave.

ELLE :
You’re “going to have to?” When are you “going to have to” ask us to leave?

CAFE MANAGER :
I’m going to have to ask you to leave now.

ELLE :
So you mean you are asking us to leave.

**CAFE MANAGER:**
Yes, you’re disturbing the customers.

**ELLE:**
What customers? I’m a customer. Do you know what a customer is?

**CAFE MANAGER:**
I know what a customer is.

**ELLE:**
A customer is someone who pays for your services. So I’m a customer. What other customer are we disturbing? Them? Ozzie and Harriet over here?

**CAFE MANAGER:**
Yes.

**ELLE:**
We’re disturbing you. Isn’t that right?

**CAFE MANAGER:**
Yes. That’s right. You are also disturbing me.

**ELLE:**
Because I’m talking about abortions?

**CAFE MANAGER:**
Yes. That’s right. Now please take your coffee and enjoy it somewhere else.

**ELLE:**
This used to be an abortion clinic, do you know that?

(MORE)

**ELLE (CONT'D):**
Where you are standing right now, there were countless unintended pregnancies terminated.
The nearby woman GASPS.

**CAFE MANAGER :**
Please leave. Leave now.

**ELLE :**
Wait, I’m going to enjoy this threedollar “drip” coffee first! I’ve got news for you – all coffeedrips! So you don’t have to call it “drip” coffee – that’s a redundancy! Hey, look, it’sdripping!
Elle POURES THE REST OF HER COFFEE ON THE FLOOR.
ELLE (CONT’D)
I enjoyed that! That was some gooddrip coffee!

**SAGE :**
(to manager)
I’m sorry!

**ELLE :**
Why should you be sorry? He should be sorry!
They go to the door.

10 EXT. CAFE PARKING LOT - DAY 10
They walk towards the car.

**SAGE :**
French press.

**ELLE :**
What?

**SAGE :**
French press coffee. It doesn’t drip.

**ELLE :**
Well, I guess not. Touche. Can you believe that guy? These bastards think they can turn the clock back fifty years.
(MORE)
(pause)
Crap.
ELLE (CONT’D)
She stops walking.
What?
SAGE:

ELLE:
I really have to use the rest room.

11 INT. CAFE - DAY 11
The manager looks up from where he is mopping up coffee.

ELLE:
Here, lemme help you with that.

CAFE MANAGER:
No, that’s alright ELLE
I insist, I feel terrible.
Elle grabs some napkins and gets down to help him mop the spill.

ELLE (CONT’D)
So, do you need a key to use the bathroom or is it unlocked?
He stares at her.

12 EXT. CAFE - DAY 12
Elle joins Sage outside the cafe.

ELLE:
Okay, everyone’s friends now. So who’s the guy?
Who?

SAGE:

ELLE:
The guy! I assume there was a penis involved. Who is he?
One night stand?

SAGE:
No. He’s kind of my boyfriend.
don’t know.

I:

ELLE:
You don’t know? Well who does know? If you don’t know.

SAGE:
He was supposed to get the money by this morning.
ELLE :
What happened?

SAGE :
He didn’t get it. He told me he would. But he didn’t.

ELLE :
Alright, well. This is his problem too.
(stops)
You understand that, right?
Sage nods.
ELLE (CONT’D)
Do you? Understand that?

SAGE :
Yeah. Of course, he’s not the one who’s pregnant.

ELLE :
Well that’s the fucking problem right? He’s not the one who’s pregnant. He’d be shitting his pants if he were. He’d find the fucking money if he was about to swell up like he swallowed awatermelon.

SAGE :
I guess.

ELLE :
Let’s go talk to him.

SAGE :
Who, Cam? I don’t know if that’s a good idea.

ELLE :
“Cam?” His name is “Cam?”
13 INT. CAM’S HOUSE – DAY 13
A small house.
CAM opens the door. He looks annoyed.
Cam is eighteen. Working on a scruff-beard.
jersey on with a marijuana leaf on it.
He has a hockey

CAM :
What are you doing here?

SAGE :
Are your parents here?
No.

CAM :

SAGE :
So can we come in?

CAM :
Whatever, yeah.
They come in. The house is messy. Cramped.

SAGE :
Umm, you were supposed to get the money.

CAM :
I couldn’t get it. That fuckin
asshole wouldn’t front me the money. I thought he would.

ELLE :
Well you’re gonna have to get it,
Cam. Half. Give us half the money.

CAM :
Who is this?

SAGE :
My grandmother.

CAM :
Grandma? Yo Grandma, what you doing here?

ELLE :
Listen, you have to take responsibility for this.

CAM :
How do I know it was me?

SAGE :
WHAT?
He picks up a hockey stick, starts messing with a piece of balled up tape.

CAM :
You heard me.

SAGE :
I didn’t sleep with anyone else.

CAM :
You slept with Mike.

SAGE :
Last year. He used a condom.

ELLE :
Why didn’t you use a condom?
What’d it, slip off?

CAM :
What? What’d she say?

SAGE :
She didn’t say anything

CAM :
Look, she said it wasn’t her time.

ELLE :
Her time? What are you, a moron?
Are you both morons? Don’t they teach kids sex-ed anymore?
Cam puts down the hockey stick. Points at Elle.

CAM :
Listen Grandma, you better watch yourself.

ELLE :
Look at this loser. You know, some
people shouldn’t grow beards because it makes their face look like an armpit.

**SAGE**:
(laughs involuntarily)
Grandma!

**CAM**:
I’m serious, old lady, don’t fuck with me!

**ELLE**:
Then give us the money!

**CAM**:
I don’t have the money, bitch!

**SAGE**:
Let’s go, Grandma –

**ELLE**:
“Bitch?” Look, you have the money, you little prick –

**CAM**:
What the fuck? Are you bitches crazy?

**ELLE**:
Get the God damn money!

**CAM**:
Get out of my home! I mean it, you old bitch! Get out! Or I’ll fuck you up!

**ELLE**:
You’ll fuck me up?

**SAGE**:
Let’s go!

**CAM**:
I will, I’ll fuck you up.
Instead of going to the door, Elle grabs the hockey stick and hits Cam with it. HARD in the HEAD.
He goes down, CRUMPLING to the ground.
SAGE SCREAMS.
CAM (CONT’D)
(groans)
Uuh -
Elle HITS him again, in the RIBS this time.
CAM (CONT’D)
Oh God, oh God - you hit me

ELLE :
I’ll hit you again, “bitch!”

SAGE :
No!

ELLE :
How much money do you have?

CAM :
I don’t have
She HITS HIM in the LEG.
CAM (CONT’D)
AAA! GOD! FIFTY DOLLARS! LIKE
FIFTY DOLLARS!

ELLE :
Where?!

CAM :
In my sock drawer!
14 INT. ELLE’S CAR - DAY 14
Elle is sitting in her car, smoothing out and countingcrumpled bills.
It’s mostly ones.
Sage is in the passenger seat.

ELLE :
I like your boyfriend. He’s
special. Really charismatic. I
can see how you’d be attracted to him.
Sage doesn’t say anything.
Elle opens a little baggie with some buds of weed in it and a
small pack of rolling papers.
ELLE (CONT’D)
This was in his sock drawer too.
Smells pretty good. Red hairs.
Sage gets out of the car. Starts walking away.

ELLE (CONT’D)
Hey! Where are you going? Hey!
15 EXT. STREET - DAY 15
Elle catches up with Sage.

ELLE :
Where the hell are you going?

SAGE :
Leave me alone! Mom’s right!
You’re crazy!

ELLE :
Why, cause I rapped that littleshit across the knuckles?!

SAGE :
Everyone’s gonna talk about it!

ELLE :
He’s not gonna tell people. What’s he gonna say? “Sage’s grandmother beat me up?”

SAGE :
You could have killed him!

ELLE :
Nah, I hit him in the hard part of his head. Stop! Stop...
Sage walks a few steps more, then leans over and gags, throwing up a little.

ELLE (CONT’D)
Are you okay?

SAGE :
No! I’m not okay! I’m pregnant!
I’m fucking pregnant!
Elle puts her hand on Sage’s back. Sage stands up, wiping her mouth.

SAGE (CONT’D)
You have an anger problem!

ELLE :
No, I have an asshole problem.
When people are assholes, it makes
me angry. Especially if they’re being assholes to my granddaughter. They stand there a moment.

ELLE (CONT’D)
Look. We gotta get going here. We have to get like 550 dollars still.
(pause)
Come on. There’s someone who owes me four hundred bucks. Maybe she has it. Let’s go.
(pause)
Or you could just call your mom and ask her for the money.
Sage thinks about it.
16 EXT. HIGHWAY – DAY 16
They drive.
17 INT. CAR – DAY 17
Elle is pensive.

ELLE :
So your mom says I’m crazy?

SAGE :
You know that. You know mom thinks you’re crazy. She thinks I’m crazy too.

ELLE :
You’re not crazy enough.

SAGE :
What does that mean?

ELLE :
Just an impression.
(pause)
You need to be able to say “screw you” sometimes.

SAGE :
I say “screw you.”

ELLE :
You didn’t say screw you to that little creep back there.

SAGE :
...No, I guess not. didn’t.
I guess I

SAGE (CONT'D)

Mom says you have problems dealing with people. Since Aunt Violet died. She says you’re philanthropic.

ELLE:

“Philanthropic?” What?

SAGE:

No, wait - misanthropic.

ELLE:

Misanthropic.

(pause)

Well.

(pause)

That’s an understatement.

Elle smiles.

18 EXT. TATTOO PARLOR - DAY 18

Elle and Sage walk into a tattoo parlor.

19 INT. TATTOO PARLOR - DAY 19

At the front of the store a man is getting an elaborate tattoo. The tattoo artist is a young woman with a lot of piercings.

ELLE:

(to tattoo artist)

Is Deathy here?

The tattoo artist calls out over her shoulder.

TATTOO ARTIST:

DEATHY!

DEATHY (O.S.)

Hold on!

DEATHY comes out of the back. Deathy is a much-tattooed postoperative trans-gender woman.

DEATHY (CONT’D)

Oh, shit! Elle! It’s Elle!

ELLE:

Hiya Deathy!

Deathy hugs Elle.
DEATHY :
Who’s this?

ELLE :
My granddaughter.

DEATHY :
No! I haven’t seen you since you were a baby!

SAGE :
Really?

DEATHY :
I changed your diapers! Now I feel old.

ELLE :
Hey, could I have that four-hundred dollars?

DEATHY :
Oh God, Elle. Really?

ELLE :
Yeah, I need it. She’s pregnant.

DEATHY :
Oh. She needs a “Bortion,” hunh?

ELLE :
Yeah. She needs a “Bortion.”

SAGE :
Jesus. Stop it.

DEATHY :
We used to have this schtick where this girl needed a “Bortion.” Like she didn’t know it was called “an abortion.” She thinks it’s called “a Bortion.”

SAGE :
A “schtick?” That’s horrible.
ELLE:
It is, kind of. So do you havethat money, honey? Do you?

DEATHY:
Christ, I wish I did. Your Grandma really helped me out, a while ago.
(MORE)
DEATHY (CONT'D)
I had these defective boobs that were leaking, just leaking siliconedown into my knees. It was awful. Elle here came through for me. And now you need me and I’m broke. I’m fucking broke.
(pause)
I can give you a tattoo. That I can do. You want a tattoo, darling?

SAGE:
What? No. Thank you. We have to get going.

ELLE:
How long would it take? For like a little one?

DEATHY:
Oh honey, not long. Fifteen minutes? I’m a quick draw.

ELLE:
Maybe it’d help me collect my thoughts. We gotta strategize here.

LATER:
The needle is BUZZING.
Elle is getting a tattoo, a simple O tattooed on her shoulder.

DEATHY:
Don’t you have any rich friends? What about Deanne and Margot?

ELLE:
I kind of gave them hell last time I saw them. Cause they just disappeared when Vi got ill. Along with everyone else.
DEATHY :
What about all your academic pals?

ELLE :
They’re all broke and stingy. And they’re all in Santa Cruz. We need the money now.

SAGE :
What’s O for?

ELLE :
That’s not an O. It’s a circle.
It was the quickest one.

SAGE :
Looks like an O.

DEATHY :
I thought it was for orgasm.

ELLE :
Yeah, sure, it’s for that.

SAGE :
It’s not for “Olivia?”
Elle’s face tightens.
SAGE (CONT’D)
Isn’t Olivia the name of your girlfriend? Can’t you ask her for money?

ELLE :
I don’t have a girlfriend.

SAGE :
Mom said you did. She said you had a girlfriend called Olivia.

ELLE :
I knew I shouldn’t tell your mother anything.

SAGE :
Why not?

ELLE :
Because she’s so judgemental.
“Judge Judy.”

**SAGE :**
Yeah. “Judge Judy.”
(pause)
You have a violet tattoo, right?
For Aunt Violet?

**ELLE :**
Yes. That I do.

**DEATHY :**
You ever see her dragonfly? I did that!

**SAGE :**
Yeah, it’s badass.
Deathy works.
**SAGE (CONT’D)**
Do you miss her? Violet?

**ELLE :**
I miss her all the time.

**DEATHY :**
That was a great love story, you and Vi. Course she put up with alot.

**ELLE :**
What does that mean?

**DEATHY :**
Nothing, darling, just you’re not the easiest toke. But that’s why I love you. So what is the O for?

**ELLE :**

**DEATHY :**
Cheeri-os.
SAGE:
Olivia.

ELLE:
Whatever. Yeah. As it happens.
Elle purses her lips.

DEATHY:
Done!

LATER:
By the register. Elle is patting her tattoo with some cotton with bacitracin on it.

ELLE:
How much do you think first editions are worth?

DEATHY:
First editions of what? Of your stuff?

ELLE:
My stuff? Those aren’t worth anything.

SAGE:
But you’re famous.

ELLE:
No, I was marginally well-known. Forty years ago. But I have some valuable first editions. Betty Friedan. I got a couple of signed Simone de Beauvoir books. Carla wanted them.

DEATHY:
Who’s Carla?

ELLE:
You know, she owns the Bonobo cafe.
ELLE (CONT’D)
I’m gonna sell my God damned first editions. They’re probably worth a few thousand, but I’ll give her a break. What the hell am I hanging onto them for anyway? See Sage, I told you this’d clear my head.

DEATHY:
(to Sage)
Hey, darling, here’s thirty-five bucks. It all adds up.
(looks over)
And here’s another thirty I’m just gonna borrow from the register.

20 INT. ELLE’S APARTMENT - DAY 20
Back to Elle’s apartment.
Elle and Sage enter. Elle goes to her answering machine. There are two messages.
Elle presses the answering machine button.
ANSWERING MACHINE
You have two messages. First message, sent today at 11:03.
The first message is a hang-up.
ANSWERING MACHINE (CONT’D)
Second message, sent today at 11:
The second message is a hang-up too.
Elle bites her cheek. Stares at the answering machine.
She looks over. Sage is leaning over the sink, retching abit, spitting saliva.

ELLE :
You alright?
Sage looks at her.
ELLE (CONT’D)
You want some ginger ale?

SAGE :
I hate ginger ale.

ELLE :
What? You love ginger ale. We
used to have these little tea parties, only you didn’t like tea, so we’d put ginger ale in the teapot.

**SAGE :**
(pause)
Okay. It’s almost 12:30.

**ELLE :**
It’s gonna be alright.

**SAGE :**
HOW! HOW WILL IT BE ALRIGHT?

**ELLE :**
It will. We’re gonna sell some damn first editions. Here. Check em out. Elle has a shelf of old first editions, along with a number of copies of books of poetry that she wrote.

**ELLE (CONT’D)**
That fuckin’ Carla is gonna go apeshit for them. She was over here for dinner once, she wanted to buy them from me, right then. Elle pulls a few books out.

Sage picks up The Feminine Mystique.

**SAGE :**
What’s this?

**ELLE :**
The Feminine Mystique? What’s The Feminine Mystique?

**SAGE :**
Mystique’s a character in X-Men.

**ELLE :**
What? What the hell are you talking about?

**SAGE :**
Want me to google how much it’s
worth?

ELLE :

SAGE :
I’ll look it up on Ebay.

ELLE :
Ebay, Google, whatever. The Feminine Mystique by Betty Friedan. You know The Wizard of Oz, when the curtain gets pulled aside, and they see the Wizard’s a fake? Cause that dog, Toto pulls the curtain? She was like Toto. (pause) Maybe not a great metaphor.

SAGE:
53.90.

ELLE :
Five thousand three hundred ninety dollars?

SAGE :
No, Fifty-three dollars and ninety cents. There’s one on sale here on Ebay for 53.90.

ELLE :
Fifty-three dollars?! That’s bullshit!

SAGE :
First edition, good condition, fifty-three dollars ninety cents. She shows Elle her phone. Elle squints at it.

ELLE :
How can you read that?

SAGE :
There’s a stain on it. Is this wine?
ELLE:
Yeah, wine. Probably. Shit. Well
I’m just gonna bring all these
things. Look at this. The Prime
of Life by Simone de Beauvoir.
This is her autobiography. Dare I
ask if you know who Simone deBeauvoir is?

SAGE:
No idea. Guess I’m an idiot.

ELLE:
Guess you are.
Sage looks like she’s been slapped.

SAGE:
(mutters)
Screw you.

ELLE:
What? Couldn’t hear you.

SAGE:
SCREW YOU! SCREW YOU, GRANDMA!

ELLE:
Not bad.

SAGE:
You don’t even know who Mystique is.
Elle laughs.

21 EXT. STREET BY CAFE - DAY 21
Elle and Sage get out of Elle’s car, both carrying a few books.
They walk towards a cafe with a Bonobo Ape painted on the window.

SAGE:
So what’s a bonobo?

ELLE:
A very advanced ape. The females
run the show, they masturbate all the time, and they don’t have wars,
unlike chimps and humans.
SAGE :
So you think women are better than men?

ELLE :
Men are okay. My father was a man.

SAGE :
Mine wasn’t. He was a sperm.

ELLE :
Donor. Your mom was busy. You
shouldn’t blame her for that. That
was a valid decision. At least
that sperm wasn’t a drunk. It never blacked your eye cause you talked back.

SAGE :
I just wish she could have gotten the sperm’s name. Only thing I know is he
must have had curly hair.
She holds open the door for Elle.

22 INT. BONOBO CAFE - DAY 22
A feminist-themed coffee shop.
A woman with a white buzz-cut is hanging up a flyer.

ELLE :
Hey.

CARLA :
Hey! Hey stranger!

ELLE :
I brought the books.

CARLA :
What books?

ELLE :
The books you wanted to buy from me.
She puts books on a counter next to soy milk and almond milk thermoses.

CARLA :
Oh. Okay, umm...
Carla glances towards the back of the cafe.
ELLE:
Look. Feminine Mystique. First edition, signed. This wine stain?
Was left by Betty Friedan herself.
Simone de Beauvoir. Germaine Greer! The Female Eunuch! Got some Eileen Myles here, for God’s sake!

CARLA:
Un-hunh, yeah...

ELLE:
My granddaughter here googled them, they’re worth thousands and thousands of dollars.
Sage gives Elle a look.
ELLE (CONT’D)
Right?

SAGE:
(lying)
...Yeah right.

ELLE:
I’ll let you have em for five-hundred and fifteen dollars, but it’s gotta be right now, cash.
Out from the kitchen comes Olivia, Elle’s (now ex) lover, holding a plate with a quesadilla on it for a customer. She has on an apron with a Bonobo ape on it.
She freezes upon seeing Elle.

OLIVIA:
What are you doing here?

ELLE:
What – what are you doing here? You’re not supposed to be working today!

OLIVIA:
Laurel was sick. She asked me to fill in. Jesus, what are you doing here?

ELLE:
I came to sell some stuff. These
books.
Olivia recognizes the books.

**OLIVIA**:
You’re gonna sell these? Why?

**ELLE**:
I need some cash.

**OLIVIA**:
I told you not to cut up your credit card!
A woman sitting at a table pipes up.

**CUSTOMER**:
Is that my quesadilla?

**OLIVIA**:
Yes. Sorry.
Olivia brings the customer her quesadilla.
Elle tries to compose herself.

**ELLE**:
Okay.
(to Carla)
Okay, you want to buy these or what? You said you wanted to buy them.

**CARLA**:
Well, I don’t know. I have to think about it.

**OLIVIA**:
(to customer, distracted)
You want – you want hot sauce?

**CUSTOMER**:
You have Tabasco?

**OLIVIA**:
Tapatio. We have Tapatio.
Olivia is glancing over at Elle.
Sage is watching their interaction.

**ELLE**:
Come on, do you want them or not?

**CARLA:**
I’m thinking.
Olivia takes a deep breath and comes back over.

**OLIVIA:**
Hey.

**ELLE:**
Hey.

**OLIVIA:**
Are you going to introduce me to your granddaughter?

**ELLE:**
Sure.
(turns)
Sage. Olivia.

**SAGE:**
Olivia. Hi.

**OLIVIA:**
I’ve seen pictures of you.

**SAGE:**
Oh. Cool.

**OLIVIA:**
Bit of a... surprise meeting you like this.

**SAGE:**
Yeah...

**OLIVIA:**

**ELLE:**
(to Carla)
Well?

**CARLA:**
Look, I’ll give you sixty dollars for them.

**ELLE:**
All of them?

**OLIVIA:**
So you need money? Because

**ELLE:**
I do not need money from you. Thank you.

**OLIVIA:**
Okay. ‘Cause

**ELLE:**
Are you fucking kidding me? Are you kidding me Olivia? Olivia turns to Carla.

**OLIVIA:**
(to Carla)
These books are worth more than sixty dollars.

**ELLE:**
I can do my own haggling. Jesus, stop being so nice.

**OLIVIA:**
Well stop being so mean! Stop being such a mean asshole! How about that?

**ELLE:**
Me? Mean? I’m not mean, I’m just not a hypocrite!

**OLIVIA:**
So I’m a hypocrite now?!

**ELLE:**
(to Olivia)
Did you call me earlier? Did you call me and hang up? Twice?

**OLIVIA:**
(pause)
...Yes.

ELLE :
Why?

OLIVIA :
I don’t know. I don’t know why.

ELLE :
You just want power. You want to exert your dominance over me! You want to be the Alpha Bonobo!

OLIVIA :
No!

CARLA :
Guys, take it outside.
Elle turns on Carla.

ELLE :
And you! How come you don’t pay adecent wage, you cheap asshole!

CARLA :
What?

ELLE :
You heard me! You call yourself afeminist?! It should be illegal, what you pay these kids!

OLIVIA :
I’m not a kid

ELLE :
It probably is illegal! You’re not a Bonobo, Carla! You’re a gorilla! You’re a Silverback male gorilla!
(MORE)
ELLE (CONT’D)
And she is right! These books are worth way more than sixty dollars!

SAGE :
Grandma, let’s go!

ELLE :
DON’T call me fucking GRANDMA!

SAGE :
(pause)
What should I call you?

ELLE:
(to Olivia)
GO BACK TO SCHOOL. Finish your doctorate. Get your head out of your ass! Stop working at this dump!

CUSTOMER :
Could I get that hot sauce please?

OLIVIA :
What?

CUSTOMER :
Sorry – hot sauce?

OLIVIA :
Here. You want hot sauce? You want hot sauce?!!
She grabs some Tapatio and DUMPS IT ALL OVER THE WOMAN’S QUESADILLA.
OLIVIA (CONT’D)
HOT ENOUGH FOR YOU?

ELLE:
(laughs)
HAH! You’re really off the deep end!

CARLA :
That’s it!
(picks up books)
Take these. I don’t want them.

ELLE :
Great and take your sixty bucks and shove em up your ass. Elle leaves.
SAGE:
I’ll carry them.
Olivia follows.
23 EXT. STREET BY CAFE – DAY 23
Olivia comes out after Elle and yells.

OLIVIA:
Why are you acting like these last four months didn’t mean anything?!
Why?!

ELLE:
Because they didn’t.

OLIVIA:
I HATE you!

ELLE:
Great!

OLIVIA:
I WISH I’D NEVER MET YOU!

ELLE:
You never did!

OLIVIA:
Right, cause you never showed me the real you, right?!

ELLE:
That’s exactly right.

OLIVIA:
WELL I’VE GOT NEWS FOR YOU, I SAW
THE REAL YOU, I SAW IT, YOU SELFISH
ASSHOLE! AND I STILL STUCK AROUND!

ELLE:
Your medal’s in the mail.

OLIVIA:
I’m returning it!

ELLE:
You – you NEOPHYTE! You INGENUE!
OLIVIA:
SOLIPSIST! WRITER-IN-RESIDENCE!!!
Elle walks off.

SAGE:
Uh...nice to meet you...
Sage hurries to the car.
24 INT. CAR - DAY 24
They drive.

SAGE:
You okay to drive?

ELLE:
Fine.
(pause)
You can call me Grandma. That was just

SAGE:
I know.
SAGE (CONT’D)
Why’d she call you “writer in residence?”

ELLE:
...She’s calling me a sellout.
Cause that’s how I used to make bread. You go someplace, a private college, usually, cause they have the money. You do some readings, you teach some seminars, then you leave, cause you don’t have tenure.

SAGE:
How is that selling out?

ELLE:
Well. It’s not “suffering for your art.” But I had a kid.
(pause)
I used to drag your mother along with me when she was little. Spent a lot of time in cars, your mother and me.

SAGE:
Well...I’m learning some new
ELLE:
Well that’s ignorant bullshit.

SAGE:
(pause)
So do you think I’m one? A slut?

ELLE:
(looks at her)
No. And I don’t want to hear you use that word again.
(pause)
You know in the 14th century, Chaucer used the word “sluttish” to refer to an untidy man.

SAGE:
(pause)
What’s that noise?
There’s a noise from the car.

ELLE:
That’s the noise the car makes.
Let’s go buy a few dollars worth of gas.

24A EXT. REAR OF GAS STATION - DAY 24A
Elle comes out from a gas station rest room.

SAGE:
She’s pretty. Olivia.

ELLE:
Yes, she’s pretty. That’s what it means, “Olivia.” It means “most beautiful.” So what was she doing with me? Right?

SAGE:
No.

ELLE:
That’s what you were thinking.

SAGE:
It wasn’t. It wasn’t actually.
ELLE:
She mailed me an essay she wrote about my poetry. Asked if I’d have coffee with her someday.

(MORE)

ELLE (CONT'D)
Because I’m so vain, I said okay.
We met for coffee...she was cute.
And smart. And she just kept after me. I did more writing in the last four months than in the five years before that.

(pause)
Anyway, that’s over.

SAGE:
(pause)
Grandma, you got any other ideas?

ELLE:
...I’m afraid I do.
25 EXT. HOUSE - DAY 25
Elle pulls up outside a house with an old motorcycle in front of it. There’s a metal seesaw in the front lawn.
26 INT. CAR - DAY 26
Elle looks at the house.

SAGE:
What?

ELLE:
Nothing. Wait in the car
(pause)
On second thought, come with me.
The front door of the house opens. KARL steps onto the porch. He’s about 70, muscular, with a pigtail.

KARL:
Elle?
Elle gets out of the car.

ELLE:
Hi there. Hi Karl.

KARL: 
What a surprise to get your call.

ELLE :
Well, it’s been too long.

KARL :
Thirty years, Elle. Been thirty years since we last saw each other.

ELLE :
God, we’re thirty years older.

KARL :
That’s how it works. It don’t go backwards. Who’s the young lady?

ELLE :
This is my granddaughter. Sage.

KARL :
“Sage.” Nice name. Pungent.

SAGE :
Hi.

KARL :
You want some zucchini?

ELLE :
That’s alright.
(to Sage)
Do you?

SAGE :
No thank you.

KARL :
How about some corn. I just boiled some corn. Come on.
He goes into the house. Elle and Sage follow him.

27 INT. KARL’S KITCHEN – DAY 27
Elle is eating some corn, looking at some framed photos on a table. Sage hangs back.

KARL :
(to Sage)
Sure you don’t want some corn?

**SAGE :**
No thanks. I have...a bit of an upset stomach.

**ELLE :**
Who are these people?

**KARL :**
My grandkids.

**ELLE :**
You have grandkids now?

**KARL :**
I do. You’re not the only one allowed to have grandkids.

**ELLE :**
Which wife is this?

**KARL :**
That? Wife number four. Kid number five. Grandkids number 9, 10 and 11.

**ELLE :**
Jesus, you’re a patriarch.

**KARL :**
I am. I’m biblical. How’s the corn?

**ELLE :**
Good.

**KARL :**
Those your own teeth you’re eating with?

**ELLE :**
Yup.

**KARL :**
Good for you. You were always worried about your teeth. You took
good care of them.

SAGE:
She used to tell me - brush your teeth or you’ll lose them.

KARL:
Did she, Sage? You know, the teeth are the only thing we see on a person that’ll look the same when they’re dead. When someone smiles at you, they’re showing you their skeleton.

SAGE:
That’s creepy.

KARL:
It is.

ELLE:
Are you married now?

KARL:
Right now, no. I am currently a man about town.
Elle nods.

ELLE:
Sage, would you let me talk to Karl for a minute? Go look at the flowers out back.

SAGE:
I’ll go look at the flowers.
Sage goes out back.

KARL:
Are you going to make me a marriage proposal? Now that you know I’m available?

ELLE:
I was just wondering if a wife was going to pop out from somewhere all of a sudden. You want to smoke some weed?
Karl laughs.

KARL:
Sure. Why not?
Elle starts to roll a joint from the bag she took from Cam’s sock drawer.
KARL (CONT’D)
You mean business, hunh?
28 EXT. KARL’S HOUSE - DAY 28
Sage walks outside the house. It’s strangely tranquil.
29 INT. KARL’S KITCHEN - DAY 29
Karl opens a beer. Elle lights the joint.

KARL :
Didn’t know I’d be having a party today. Care for a beer?

ELLE :
No thanks.

KARL :
(drinks)
So how’s your partner? Daisy?

ELLE :
Come on. Violet.

KARL :
How’s Violet?

ELLE :
She passed away. Two and a half years ago. She’s dead.

KARL :
I’m sorry. I am.

ELLE :
Thanks. So listen, you told me if I ever needed anything I should come to you.

KARL :
Did I? Yes, I guess I did. About five-hundred years ago.

ELLE :
Well I need to borrow 500 dollars.
Here.
Karl takes the joint. Hits on it, looking at her.
ELLE (CONT’D)
I can pay you back in a couple weeks.

**KARL:**
So you’re not just here to smoke a joint with an old flame?

**ELLE:**
Well sure I’m here for that. But I also need 500 bucks.

**KARL:**
You must not have a lot of friends.
Current friends.

**ELLE:**
Guess not.
He passes her back the joint.
**ELLE (CONT’D)**
Look, you were always good with money, I thought you might be able to help me out.

**KARL:**
What do you need it for?

**ELLE:**
(exhales)
Rent.

**KARL:**
Rent? Why don’t you ask your daughter?

**ELLE:**
We’re not speaking that often.

**KARL:**
That’s too bad.
She passes him back the joint.
**KARL (CONT’D)**
(beat)
It’s painful seeing you, Elle.
Elle opens a beer.

**ELLE:**
What the hell kind of a thing is that to say?
KARL:
I don’t know. Just popped into my head. Maybe I’m getting soft.
Male menopause, maybe.

ELLE:
You’re well past menopause. We both are.

KARL:
It’s painful to see you, because it makes me feel old.

ELLE:
I like being old. Young people are stupid.

KARL:
We sure were. We sure were stupid.

ELLE:
That’s an understatement. Can you loan me money?

KARL:
Sure. I want something in return, though.

ELLE:
What? What do you want?

KARL:
A kiss.

ELLE:
Like a peck?

KARL:
No, like a real kiss.

ELLE:
And then you’ll loan me the money?
Karl nods.
ELLE (CONT’D)
Alright. Let’s get it over with.
She takes the joint from Karl. She takes a hit off it, then she kisses him. It’s not passionate, but it has some affection in it.
ELLE (CONT’D)
There you go. For old times’ sake.

**KARL**:
Now I want you to make love with me, just once. For old times’ sake.

**ELLE**:
Go fuck yourself, Karl.

**KARL**:
Not really interested in fucking myself, Elle. I wish I was.

(MORE)

**KARL (CONT'D)**
I coulda kept out of a lot of trouble over the years.
(pause)
Okay, well. I gotta go fix this miniature jeep.
He goes out of the house.

**ELLE**:
HEY. WE HAD A DEAL!
Elle follows Karl out.
Sage watches her go out.

30 EXT. KARL’S HOUSE – DAY 30
Karl opens up a tool box. There is a kid’s-size purple jeep lying on it’s side by the entrance.

**ELLE**:
Come on, are you out of your mind?
He takes out some tools.

**KARL**:
Why are you here?

**ELLE**:
I told you. I’m here because I need money.
Karl gets down by the jeep.

**KARL**:
You wronged me.

**ELLE**:
This again?
Karl:
You were wrong, how you acted.

Elle:
Forty-nine years ago?

Karl:
(nods)
Forty-nine years ago. You were wrong.

Elle:
Well, I was wrong to be sleeping with you, given that I was a lesbian.

Karl:
You didn’t seem like a lesbian at the time. When we were living on the boat.

Elle:
Well I was. Just a confused one.

Karl:
And that poem you wrote? “The Ogre’s Seed?”

Elle:
That wasn’t about you.

Karl:
You’re sure you’re not here to say you’re sorry? To apologize to me? Finally?

Elle:
No. Afraid not. Man, you have eleven grandkids! You can’t let goof old shit?!

Karl:
I find that, as I get older, old shit just bubbles up. It bubbles up from the tar. Don’t you find that to be the case? (pause)
Look, Elle, I’m not the one who called up from out of nowhere.
You’re the one rattling the skeletons here. So what are you here for? WHAT ARE YOU HERE FOR?

ELLE:
I’M HERE BECAUSE I NEED SOME GODDAM MONEY, BECAUSE I’M THE ONLY IDIOT I KNOW WHO WOULD CUT UP HER GOD DAMN CREDIT CARD TO PROVE A POINT TO HERSELF.
(Pause)
I knew I was dumb to come here, because I knew you’d be the same selfish bastard you always were. (calls out)
SAGE?
Sage comes around the side of the house.
ELLE (CONT’D)
Okay, let’s go.

KARL:

SAGE:
You can?

KARL:
I can help you. If you need help I can help you. For old times sake. Elle stands there.
KARL (CONT’D)
Five-hundred?

ELLE:
...Yes.

KARL:
I have it. Hold on.
Karl goes inside.
Sage and Elle stand there. Inside the house, Karl goes over to a bookcase and pulls out a thick old volume (where he hides his cash).

SAGE:
He’s not...

ELLE:
Your grandfather? No. Your
grandfather was a fling. One nightstand. I have no idea where he is. Karl’s a guy I married.

SAGE:
What?!

ELLE:
Yeah. We lived on a sailboat together for two months. Then I split. In the middle of the night.

SAGE:
This was before Aunt Violet?

ELLE:
Of course it was before Aunt Violet. Karl comes back out. He has some cash in his hand.

KARL:
Hey, so what’s it for? What’s the money for, really?

ELLE:
I told you, it’s for rent.

KARL:
Yeah, you told me that, but you’re a shitty liar.

ELLE:
(pause)
It’s true. I am.

KARL:
So what’s it for?
He turns to Sage.

SAGE:
It’s...

KARL:
Yeah?

ELLE:
She needs to terminate a pregnancy.
She’s gonna have an abortion.
Beat. Karl pockets the money.

KARL :
No. No fuckin’ way.

ELLE :
Karl

KARL :
Are you out of your mind? Are you out of your God damn mind?

ELLE :
Karl, come on

KARL :
WHY ARE YOU HERE?

ELLE :
BECAUSE WE NEED THE MONEY!

KARL :
GO TO HELL!

ELLE :
Alright! Alright, Karl!
(pause)
I’m sorry! Alright? I am sorry.
I am not sorry that I did it. But
I am sorry that I didn’t tell you.
I am sorry I lied to you. That is
all I am sorry for. But I am sorry for that.

KARL :
It was my decision too!

ELLE :
It’s my body. It’s always been my body!

KARL :
And then you go - you fucking go
and have a stranger’s baby? You’re
a psychopath!
ELLE :
Well I wanted a baby. I just didn’t want a God damn husband.

KARL :
Right, so she grew up with no father.

ELLE :
She grew up fine.

KARL :
Which is why you don’t speak to her.
Elle sags a moment.
KARL (CONT’D)
And you!
He points to Sage.
KARL (CONT’D)
Does he know? The father?

SAGE :
Yeah, he knows. He doesn’t want it. He doesn’t care.

KARL :
Okay. Well, at least he knows. At least you had the human decency to tell him. But I’m not paying for it. Karl goes back into his house.
KARL (CONT’D)
I’m not paying for that.
Sage and Elle stand there a moment.

SAGE :
...Grandma?
(pause)
Let’s go.
31 EXT. STREET - DAY 31
They sit on the trunk of Elle’s car. Elle is finishing flossing her teeth.

SAGE :
So you...you had an abortion?
Elle’s face fills with stress.

ELLE :
Yes. In someone’s basement.
SAGE :
Was it a doctor? Who did it?

ELLE :
He claimed to have gone to medical school. I don’t believe he ever did.

SAGE :
...Did it hurt?
Elle doesn’t answer.
SAGE (CONT’D)
So were you... you used to likemen?

ELLE :
I always liked women.
(pause)
I just didn’t like myself.
(pause)
After I had your mom, I knew it was too painful. Life is too painful not to be what you are.
Sage looks down.

SAGE :
I don’t know...

ELLE :
You don’t know what?
(pause)
You having second thoughts?

SAGE :
(pause)
I want to have a family. I want to have a baby someday.
(pause)
But not today. Not now.
(beat)
I want to go to college. I have my GPA up to a B.
(beat)
Some people... some people could maybe do it all. But I can’t.

ELLE :
You know what we have to do, right?
Yes.

SAGE:
Sage tears at a fingernail.

32 EXT. DOWNTOWN - DAY 32
Downtown. Some office buildings.
Elle drives, looking for parking.

33 EXT. DOWNTOWN OFFICE BUILDING - DAY 33
Elle and Sage are outside a tall office building.
different environment than we have been in.
It’s a

SAGE:
I’m scared.

ELLE:
You and me both.

SAGE:
(turns to her)
You’re scared?

ELLE:
I’ve been a little scared of your mom since she was five years old.
Sage laughs.

ELLE (CONT’D)
No, I mean it. The straight A’s.
The incessant violin practice. She
used to take my cigarettes and empty out the tobacco and replace it with
Potpourri that she stole from Vi’s closet. I’d light up and get a lungful of
potpourri.

SAGE:
Why’d she do that?

ELLE:
Cause she wanted me to quit.
(pause)
And she wanted to torture me.
...Ready?
Sage nods.
They go into the building.
34 INT. WAITING ROOM - DAY 34
Sage and Elle sit in the waiting room of some corporate offices. They look out of place. A couple of guys in suits are there, glancing at them occasionally. Elle smiles at them and CLUCKS like a chicken.

ELLE :
BAWK-BAWK-BAWK. BAWK-BAWK-BAWK. The men look away, embarrassed.

SAGE :
Sorry. My grandmother’s a chicken. (pause) BAWK.

IAN, a sharply dressed young man, comes down the corridor.

IAN :
...You must be Elle. I’m Ian. Hi Sage.

SAGE :
Hi.

IAN :
You guys can follow me.

ELLE :
What happened to what’s her name – Tiffany?

IAN :
I don’t know a Tiffany. I replaced Sasha.

ELLE :
Boy, she sure goes through secretaries. You must feel like your head’s on the chopping block. Ian smiles opaquey.

IAN :
So nice to finally meet you...

35 INT. JUDY’S CORPORATE OFFICE - DAY 35
Judy, Elle’s daughter and Sage’s mother, stands up from behind her desk. She’s attractive and formidable. She is typing an email while walking on a treadmill-desk.
JUDY :
Come in!

ELLE :
What’s that?

JUDY :
Treadmill desk. I’ve had it for two years.

ELLE :
Bit small, isn’t it?
(beat)
That was a joke.

JUDY :
That’s debatable. So what is going on?

SAGE :
Umm...

JUDY :
Come on. What’s going on? Spit it out.

ELLE:
Jesus, why do you have to be so bossy?

JUDY :
Because you are making me anxious, extremely anxious showing up like this, the two of you, in the middle of the day.
(to Sage)
What’s going on here? Why aren’t you in school?

SAGE :
Because I’m on break.

JUDY :
Right.
(pause)
Are you pregnant?
Please don’t tell me you’re fucking pregnant.
Sage lowers her head. Starts to cry.

**ELLE :**
She’s pregnant.

**JUDY :**
God damn it. GOD DAMN IT. YOU ASSHOLE. I SHOULD KILL YOU, YOU KNOW THAT? WHAT HAPPENED TO THAT BOX OF CONDOMS I BOUGHT YOU? DID YOU EAT THEM? THERE WERE A HUNDRED CONDOMS IN THERE!
Ian, Judy’s secretary, pops his head in the door.

**IAN :**
Uh, your four-thirty are here.
Should I tell them

**JUDY :**
WHAT?

**IAN :**
Umm – I’ll just tell your four-thirty that

**JUDY :**
I’ll use the little conference room.
(to Elle and Sage)
You two wait here. I’ll be back in fifteen minutes. Do not leave. Do not leave.
She turns back to Ian.
**JUDY (CONT’D)**
Well? Bring them into the little conference room. And then get me an espresso. Espresso first, actually. Then the clients.
Judy and Ian leave.
Sage turns to Elle.

**SAGE :**
Let’s go.

ELLE :
Yeah.
(pause)
Yeah, we better not.

LATER:
Elle and Sage sit on the couch. They straighten up as Judy comes back in.

JUDY :
This is my fault.

SAGE :
It’s not.

JUDY :
Yes it is, because you’ve been left unsupervised, with way too much free time, for far too long.

SAGE :
I don’t need to be supervised.

JUDY :
Clearly you do. I mean, any idiot would realize you need to be supervised, right?
Judy looks at Elle.

ELLE :
Are you saying I’m “any idiot?”

JUDY :
What is your involvement?

ELLE :
My involvement? I’m her grandmother. And your mother.

JUDY :
Yes but what are you doing here?

ELLE :
I’m here for support.
JUDY:
Did you let them use your apartment? For sex?

ELLE:
What? I’m not a pimp.

JUDY:
(to Sage)
How far along are you?

SAGE:
Ten weeks.

JUDY:
Thank God. First trimester. I’m assuming you want to have an abortion.

SAGE:
Yes.

JUDY:
Who is it? That little creep?

SAGE:
Yes.

JUDY:
Uch, really?

SAGE:
Yeah. We’re not a couple anymore. If we ever really were.

JUDY:
I told you that guy was a loser, didn’t I? I told you he was a flat-out loser.

SAGE:
You did. You were right.

JUDY:
I was right.
SAGE:
Yes.

JUDY:
So you don’t have any God damnmoney because you spent all yourmoney on shoes and garbage. So it’s my assumption you went to her (points at Elle)
You went to her to get some money but she doesn’t have any money either so you came here. Am I right?
Sage hangs her head.

ELLE:
You missed a few steps in between, but you’re right.

JUDY:
And what about all those condoms I got you?

SAGE:
We used them.

JUDY:
You and that rodent?

SAGE:
Yes.

JUDY:
You can get more, you know. I didn’t make them by hand. I didn’t knit them.

SAGE:
I know. I know. Stop yelling at me.

JUDY:
This isn’t yelling. I’ll show you yelling. We’re going to have to get you an appointment at a clinic.

SAGE:
I already have one. I made an appointment. At 5:45.

**JUDY:**
That’s in an hour! I can’t take you at 5:

**ELLE:**
I can take her. I can take her.
If you pay for it.

**JUDY:**
How much?

**SAGE:**
We need five hundred dollars more.

**JUDY:**
Christ.
(to Elle)
You don’t have five-hundred dollars?

**ELLE:**
I don’t, at the moment. And I uh... misplaced my credit card.
Which I guess makes me some kind of sub-human.

**JUDY:**
You said it, not me.

**ELLE:**
You know kid, you need a spanking.

**JUDY:**
I’d like to see you try it.
Okay. Let’s go to an ATM.
36 EXT. ATM – DAY 36
They are at an ATM by the building.
Judy puts her card in. Punches in her code.

**JUDY:**
You weren’t going to tell me, were you?
SAGE :
I don’t know.
(pause)
No, I wasn’t.

JUDY :
Why?

SAGE :
I was scared.

JUDY :
Why?

SAGE :
Because you’re scary.
Judy takes out a small stack of money from the machine.

JUDY :
(laughs)
I’m scary?
(nods to Elle)
And she’s not?

ELLE :
I didn’t really come here to take crap from you.

JUDY :
No, you came here for money.

ELLE :
I haven’t asked you for anything in years.

JUDY :
Right. Hooray for you.
(beat)
There were a lot of things I wanted to pay for. Nurses.

ELLE :
It wasn’t my decision. It was hers. You know how private she was.
JUDY:
Really? I just figured it was because you were too proud to ask me for help. Elle doesn’t answer.
Judy turns to Sage.
JUDY (CONT’D)
(to Sage)
I am deeply, deeply disappointed in you, you know that?

SAGE :
(quietly)
I know.

JUDY :
I thought you were doing better. I thought you were becoming more responsible.
Sage is quiet.

ELLE :
...People make mistakes.

JUDY :
I’m aware that people make mistakes. That’s how I make my living, cleaning up after people’s mistakes.
(to Sage)
Here.
She holds out the money. Sage takes it.
JUDY (CONT’D)
Call me when it’s over.

SAGE :
I have to go.
Sage walks off.

JUDY :
Would you have told me?

ELLE :
That’s up to her. To tell you.

JUDY :
You’re awful. You’re an awful mother.

ELLE :
I’m an awful mother?
(pause)
Well, luckily I wasn’t your only mother.

JUDY :
No. Thank God. Thank God for Vi.

ELLE :
Maybe you outta try taking after her more.
(beat)
Anyway I’ll try and be a better grandmother.
She turns and follows Sage. Judy looks after her, thinking.

37 EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY 37
The car speeds down the highway.
38 INT. CAR - DAY 38
They drive. Faces tense.

SAGE :
That went better than I thought it would.

ELLE:
(stewing, angry)
That little brat. God damn little brat. Vi spoiled her. She did.
She wanted to make all the parenting decisions, Vi did.
People thought I was the controlling one. HAH.
The car is making a high pitched whine.

SAGE :
We’re not gonna make it on time.

ELLE :
We’ll make it.
Elle presses the gas pedal to the floor.
ELLE (CONT’D)
We’ll make it if this asshole gets the hell out of the way!
She yells at the car in front of them.
ELLE (CONT’D)
Come on asshole! Move over! Get out of the way!
SAGE:
Calm down -

ELLE:
You wanna get there or not?

SAGE:
Be careful

ELLE:
I am!
Sage starts to cry. The CAR NOISE gets louder.

SAGE:
Am I going to hell?

ELLE:
What?

SAGE:
What if it’s true? What if I’m going to hell?

ELLE:
Along with all the other million sof women and girls who have gotten abortions?

SAGE:
Yeah. Along with them.

ELLE:
I don’t believe in that vengeful God crap. When you’re dead, you’re dead, end of story. It’s blackness. The void. Might as well face it.
(glances over)
(MORE)
ELLE (CONT’D)
STOP CRYING. STOP CRYING YOU LITTLE TWIT! I’M TRYING TO DRIVE HERE!

SAGE:
Don’t yell at me -
ELLE:
I’M NOT YELLING!

SAGE:
YOU’RE JUST LIKE MY MOM! YOU’RE BOTH JERKS!

ELLE:
What? You out of your mind?!
(yells at car ahead of them)
GET OUT OF THE WAY, MORON!
Elle SWERVES THE CAR ONTO THE RIGHT SHOULDER, BOUNCING ALONG,
TRYING TO GET PAST THE TRAFFIC!

SAGE:
WATCH OUT! STOP!
The car BOUNCES on the uneven shoulder. There is a LOUD POP and the car STOPS ACCELERATING.

ELLE:
DAMN IT! DAMN IT!!!!!
Elle manages to steer the car safely off to the side of the road until it comes to a stop.
Elle is trying to start the car. She can’t.
ELLE (CONT’D)
SHIT! SHIT!
She opens the door. Pops the hood. A little smoke comes out.
She kicks the car.
ELLE (CONT’D)
Piece of shit!!!

CUT TO:
39 EXT. HIGHWAY BY BROKEN DOWN CAR - DAY 39
Elle’s car is in the background, covered by its tarp.
68
Elle and Sage hold out their thumbs, trying to hitch a ride.

ELLE:
...sorry.

SAGE:
(looks over)
Excuse me?

**ELLE** :
...I’m sorry.
Sage looks at Elle. Then goes back to trying to thumb a ride.
A grey minivan pulls over.

40 INT. MINIVAN - DAY 40

Elle and Sage, looking rough, sit in the back section of a three-row minivan.
There are a suburban dad and mom in the front seats (dad driving).
In the middle section are three little kids, strapped into car seats.
The kids are zombied out, watching a TV in the ceiling of the minivan, which is playing a kids’ movie.

**DAD** :
Where are you headed again?

**ELLE** :
A medical clinic. My granddaughter needs to get a procedure
Sage starts crying again. The mom looks back.

**MOM** :
It’s gonna be okay, honey.
Sage wipes her eyes.

**DAD** :
What kind of procedure?
Pause.

**ELLE** :
It’s a female thing.

**DAD** :
(squeamish)
Oh. Well, don’t worry, we’ll get you there!

**KID** (AGE 8)
Quiet! I can’t hear the show!

**DAD** :
YOU BE QUIET!

**KID** :
NO YOU BE QUIET!
The dad clenches his teeth and drives.
Elle leans over to Sage.

**ELLE** :
(whispers)
Sure you don’t want a kid?
Sage looks at Elle.

41
**EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY 41**
The minivan pulls into a small commercial complex.

42
**EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY 42**
The van stops and the back hatch opens automatically.
Elle and Sage climb out.

**SAGE** :
Thank you!
The hatchback closes automatically.
The clinic entrance is on the second floor, up a flight of stairs.
There is a woman by the stairs to the clinic. She has a card table with right to life pamphlets on it. Sitting on a folding chair behind the woman is a six or seven year old girl in a pony tail. The van drives off. Sage looks over at the woman nervously.

**ELLE** :
Don’t worry, just ignore her.
The woman picks up a large wooden sign with a horrific image of a decapitated baby on it.

**PROTESTOR** :
Don’t kill your baby!

**SAGE** :
Oh God -

**ELLE** :
Just ignore her.
The little girl sitting near the woman looks over and then goes back to stringing some colored wooden beads.

**PROTESTOR** :
Your baby has fingernails!
ELLE :
Not until 22 weeks, genius!

PROTESTOR :
Baby killing slut!

ELLE :
Jesus - you talk like that in front of that sweet little girl?

PROTESTOR :
You go in there, God’s going to send you to hell! You’re going to hell!

ELLE :
You go on ahead, Sage -

SAGE :
Grandma -

ELLE :
Go on in, I’ll be right there.
Sage starts up the stairs as Elle peels off to talk to the protestor.
ELLE (CONT’D)
What the hell’s wrong with you?
Why are you out here terrorizing these young women? You need help, you know that? And this is a really unhealthy image for this little girl to be seeing.

PROTESTOR :
Back off, Grandma slut!

ELLE :
You should expand your vocabulary a little - Look, why don’t we talk like two human beings -

PROTESTOR :
MURDERING WITCH! BABY KILLER!
HOPE YOU GET CANCER AND ROT IN HELL!

I :
Elle swallows her anger.
ELLE:
You hope I get cancer? Listen,bitch. If you weren’t with this little girl, I’d take that sign andram it where the sun doesn’t shine.
Elle leans over to talk to the little girl.
ELLE (CONT’D)
Listen, sweetheart, there’s a larger world out there, and it doesn’t have to be filled with hatred and narrow-mindedness –
The little girl rears back and PUNCHES ELLE IN THE EYE. wooden beads that were wound around her fist go flying everywhere.
The OWOW!
ELLE (CONT’D)
43 INT. CLINIC, FRONT WAITING ROOM - DAY 43 Elle and Sage approach the front desk. clock. It reads 6:01. They look at the

ELLE:
She has an appointment at 5:45. Sage Warren. We got delayed. Elle’s eye is bruised and red.

SAGE:
My grandmother needs to be looked at.

RECEPTIONIST:
What happened to you?

ELLE:
I was slugged by The Bad Seed. I’m fine. It’s nothing.

MOMENTS LATER:
They are sitting in the waiting room. Elle is holding an ice pack to her eye. A doctor comes out.

DOCTOR:
Sage?

SAGE:
Yes?

**DOCTOR:**
I’m Dr. Ng. I heard there was some
drama outside. Is your grandmother doing alright?

**ELLE:**
Her grandmother is doing fine. Her grandmother isn’t unconscious or anything.

**DOCTOR:**
(to Elle)
Got it. So, I’d like to take a
look at you.

**ELLE:**
The nurse already did.

**DOCTOR:**
I know, I’d like to look at you as well.

**SAGE:**
Can I come?

**DOCTOR:**
Sage, we’re going to have you talk to our counselor for a little bit, just to go over everything.

**SAGE:**
Well can my Grandmother come with me?

**DOCTOR:**
It’s supposed to be private, to make sure you’re fully comfortable and it’s your decision.

**ELLE:**
Whose decision would it be?

**DOCTOR:**
It’s just to make sure she’s not feeling any outside pressure or any fear about the procedure. Our counselor is very well-trained and sensitive.

**ELLE:**
Glad to hear it, but I’m gonna be there. This is my granddaughter.

**SAGE**:
Okay. It’s okay, Grandma.

**ELLE**:
Sage. I’m here.

**SAGE**:
I know. But it’s okay. I’ll be okay.
Sage takes her grandmother’s hand and squeezes it.
**SAGE (CONT’D)**
Thanks.

**ELLE**:
Umm...
For a moment, Elle’s eyes tear up.
**ELLE (CONT’D)**
Okay. Alright. I’ll be right out there. If you need anything. And if anyone’s giving you any shit. They have to deal with me.
Sage nods.

**NURSE**:
Sage?
Sage lets go of Elle’s hand.
**NURSE (CONT’D)**
You want to follow me please?
Sage nods and follows her out of the waiting room.

44 INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY 44
Elle sits on an examining table. The Doctor is shining alight in first one, then the other, of Elle’s eyes.

**DOCTOR**:
You feeling any dizziness?

**ELLE**:
I see a bright light in one eye, then the other eye.

**DOCTOR**:
Ha-ha. No dizziness? Nausea?
ELLE:
I told you I was fine. It wasn’t
Mike Tyson. It was a little girl.
With a nasty right hook. Take care
of my granddaughter. You take care
of her.

DOCTOR:
I will.

ELLE:
You better. If you hurt her, I’m going to come after you. I’m not kidding.

DOCTOR:
I’m not going to hurt her.

ELLE:
You’re going to do a D and C?

DOCTOR:
We don’t do curettage at this stage of pregnancy. Not at this clinic.

ELLE:
What do you do?

DOCTOR:
We do vacuum aspiration.

ELLE:
Okay.

DOCTOR:
It causes less trauma to the
uterus.

ELLE:
Okay.
(pause)
Guess it’s not the dark ages
anymore.

DOCTOR:
ELLE :
How much is it going to hurt her?

DOCTOR :
It’ll be a bit uncomfortable. She may cramp a fair amount afterwards. But the procedure shouldn’t hurt.

ELLE :
...Mine hurt.

(beat)
Mine hurt. It was a nightmare.

DOCTOR :
Well...like you said. This isn’t the dark ages. Not here at least. Okay, I’m going to take you to the Well Woman waiting room.

ELLE :
Catchy name.

45 INT. WELL WOMAN WAITING ROOM - DAY 45
Elle is staring at a bland watercolor print.
She looks up as Judy comes into the waiting room.

ELLE :
What are you doing here?

JUDY :
I cancelled some things.
Judy’s iphone buzzes. She looks at it, puts it back in her purse.
JUDY (CONT’D)
She okay?

ELLE :
She went in about twenty minutes ago.

JUDY :
What happened to your eye?

ELLE :
The usual.
Judy stands there, radiating discomfort.

**JUDY:**
God.
(pause)
You want a coffee? I can get us a coffee.

**ELLE:**
I’m alright.

**JUDY:**
Right. Don’t really need any more caffeine myself.
Judy looks at her watch. Sits.
**JUDY (CONT’D):**
How is she?
(pause)
Scared?

**ELLE:**
Sure.
They wait.

**JUDY:**
Talk about a feeling of powerlessness.
(pause)
Kids.
Elle nods.
**JUDY (CONT’D):**
I miss her. I miss Mama Vi.
Elle looks at her.
**JUDY (CONT’D):**
...Wish I could talk with her about this.

**ELLE:**
She’d have a thing or two to say.

**JUDY:**
I’d like to ask her...what I did wrong.

**ELLE:**
Who says you did something wrong?
JUDY :
Well, we’re here, aren’t we?

ELLE :
(pause)
Better than if we weren’t here.
Judy nods.
They look up as Sage is escorted into the waiting room by the nurse.
Sage is walking a little unsteadily.
She halts when she sees her mother.

JUDY :
Hi, sweetheart.

SAGE :
...Hi. I thought -

JUDY :
I cancelled some stuff.

SAGE :
Sorry.

JUDY :
No...no. I wanted to be here. You just...caught me by surprise.
Elle gets up.

ELLE :
Are you okay?
Sage nods.

NURSE :
She did great.
(to Sage)
Okay, we’ll see you in two weeks.
(MORE)
NURSE (CONT'D)
Remember to take your temperature every day, and call us if it goes above 100.4.

SAGE :
Okay.

NURSE :
We have a nurse available 24 hours a day, in case there’s anything out of the ordinary.

JUDY :
Excellent.

NURSE :
So one of you is driving Sage home?

JUDY :
I am. I’m her mother.

NURSE :
Good. You can pull the car around. Jill and Wendy are gone.

46 EXT. MINI-MALL - BACK STAIRWAY - EVENING 46
Elle helps Sage down the stairs. The Protestor and her daughter are gone.

ELLE :
I wonder if it was Jill or Wendy who slugged me. It felt like a Wendy.
Sage winces.

SAGE :
I’m cramping.

ELLE :
Bad?

SAGE :
They said it’s normal.
Elle nods. She puts the back of her hand up to Sage’s forehead.

ELLE :
You doing okay?

SAGE :
…I’m…a bit overwhelmed. But…
glad it’s over. Glad it’s done.
Some tears come to Sage’s eyes.
SAGE (CONT’D)

Shit - I’m crying again.

ELLE :
Go ahead. Go ahead.
(pause)
If you don’t cry about this...what the hell are you gonna cry about?
Elle strokes Sage’s hair for a moment.
Sage takes a deep breath. Stops crying.

SAGE :
Here she comes.
Judy pulls up towards them in her BMW.
Judy gets out of the car.

JUDY :
Okay, let’s get you home.
Sage looks at her mother.

SAGE :
You were mean to me earlier.

JUDY :
...I know.

SAGE :
I didn’t do this - I didn’t do anything to try and ruin your life.

JUDY :
I know.

SAGE :
I’m not perfect, okay? We’re not all perfect! And you’re not either! You’re not perfect!

JUDY :
I’m aware of that. I am very aware of it.

SAGE :
So don’t be such an asshole to me!

JUDY :
(pause)
I’ll try. I will.
(beat)
And you stop seeing that little creep.

SAGE :
Cam? He makes me puke. I’ll never talk to him again.

JUDY :
That’s a relief.

SAGE :
Grandma beat the shit out of him.
Judy laughs.

ELLE :
I did. She’s not kidding.

JUDY :
Oh.
(pause)
Wish I’d seen that.
(to Elle)
You need a ride?

ELLE :
No, you should get her home. I’ll call a cab.
Sage turns and HUGS Elle.

SAGE :
Thanks Grandma.
Then Sage gets in the car.

JUDY :
I guess I should thank you.
(pause)
She’s right. I’m just...I get so angry. I have so much anger. I don’t know where it comes from.

ELLE :
You don’t?
JUDY:
Well...you gave me good teeth too.

ELLE:
Take care of them, or you’ll losethem.
(pause)
Listen, I’m gonna need to borrow
some money to fix my car. I can
pay you back in a couple months.
Okay.

JUDY:
Guess I’m the bank of Judy.
Guess so.

ELLE:
Judy goes to the car.
ELLE (CONT’D)
I’d like to come check on her.
Tomorrow.

JUDY:
Come by.
(pause)
Stay for dinner, if you want.
order pizza.
I’ll
Judy gets in her car.
47 EXT. HIGHWAY BY BROKEN DOWN CAR – NIGHT 47
The side of the highway.
A tow-truck driver hooks up Elle’s car.
Elle watches as he hoists the car’s front end.

48 INT. GARAGE – NIGHT 48
A mechanic talks to Elle.

MECHANIC:
To replace the camshaft will beexpensive.
Hunh.

ELLE:

MECHANIC:
You been putting oil in itregularly?
Elle doesn’t bother answering.  
MECHANIC (CONT’D)  
(re her face)  
You had that black eye checked out?  
You bang your head on the steeringwheel?

ELLE:
Sure.  
Elle goes to the window and looks out.

MECHANIC:
Got anyone?

ELLE:
What?  
She looks at him.

MECHANIC:
You got anyone? To pick you up?

ELLE:
No.
49 INT. CAB - NIGHT 49  
Elle sits in the back of a cab, her arms crossed. By her feet is the bag of first editions she brought to the Bonobocafe. She looks down at her arm, not the one where she got the O tattoo. She rolls up her sleeve. There is a flower tattooed there. A Violet. Her eyes water up. She kisses the Violet tattoo.

ELLE:
(murmurs)  
Always. You know that. You know that, Vi. Darling. Always. Always and always...
(MORE)
(beat)
Yes. You’re right. I’m crazy. am. You never seemed to mind.  
ELLE (CONT’D)

I:
She exhales, breathing out emotion.
ELLE (CONT’D)
Okay. Alright. I know...
know...

I:
She knocks on the cab partition.
ELLE (CONT’D)
I want to go to a different address.
(pause)
Excuse me. I want to go to a different address.
50 EXT. SMALL APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT 50
The cab pulls up on a residential street.
51 INT. CAB - NIGHT 51
Elle looks out the window.

ELLE:
Wait here for me, please.

CABBIE:
You have to pay me now.

ELLE:
Alright. But wait, okay?

CABBIE:
How long?

ELLE:
I don’t know. Five minutes.
Okay.

CABBIE:
52 EXT. APARTMENT LANDING - NIGHT 52
Elle goes up some stairs, approaches an apartment door.
There are lights on inside, although Elle can’t see in through the curtains.
She rings the doorbell.
Now she can hear a few voices.
She steps back as the door opens, and Olivia is standing there.

OLIVIA:
(surprised)
Elle -
ELLE:
Hi.

OLIVIA:
What happened to you?

ELLE:
Nothing. Some little girl punched me.

OLIVIA:
What?

ELLE:
It was a karma boomerang. Anyway, I’m fine.

OLIVIA:
Well come in.

ELLE:
No, you have company.

OLIVIA:
Come in, let’s get some ice.

ELLE:
It’s okay. I don’t need ice.

OLIVIA:
Come in. Please. Olivia goes into her apartment. After a beat, Elle follows her in.

53 INT. OLIVIA’S APARTMENT – NIGHT 53
Olivia goes towards the kitchen. There is a couple in their fifties inside. They are hippy-ish looking.

OLIVIA:
Elle, these are my parents, Mike and Francesca. Mom, Dad, this is Elle.

ELLE:
(under her breath)
Jesus.

FRANCESCA :
Hello.

ELLE:
(beat)
Hi, I’m...I’m a friend of your daughter.

MIKE :
(strained)
We’ve heard a lot about you.

FRANCESCA :
I enjoy your poetry.

ELLE :
You do. Thank you.

FRANCESCA :
I read it when I was in college.

ELLE :
of course.

FRANCESCA :
I was a Women’s Studies major.

ELLE :
(beat)
Congratulations.

FRANCESCA :
“Dragonfly” was one of my favorite poems. “You bite my wings, attack me, mid-flight...evolution’s knife... held to my throat...”

ELLE :
...Yes, that’s the one that gets anthologized. Not my favorite, honestly. On a technical level.

FRANCESCA :
How come you stopped writing?
ELLE:
Well...cause people stopped reading.
Olivia comes back with a bag of ice.

OLIVIA:
Here.
Olivia puts some ice on Elle’s eye. Elle takes it from her.

ELLE:
Thank you. It’s really...I already put ice on it. But thank you.
Elle steps back.
ELLE (CONT’D)
I’m going to - I’m going to give you all your privacy. I have a cab waiting for me. Sorry to intrude,
I just - I came by to give you these.
She gives Olivia the bag she brought.
Olivia looks. The first edition books are inside it.
ELLE (CONT’D)
They’re first editions.

OLIVIA:
I know what they are.

ELLE:
Of course. Well, goodbye.
Pleasure to meet you.
Elle turns and leaves.
54 EXT. LANDING BY OLIVIA’S APARTMENT - NIGHT 54
Olivia comes out onto the landing by the door.

OLIVIA:
Elle -

ELLE:
Yeah.

OLIVIA:
Where are you going?
Home.

ELLE:
OLIVIA:
So, you just came here for that - just to give me some books.

ELLE:
No, no, that’s not all I came for...

Elle looks at Olivia.

ELLE (CONT’D)
Course it meant something to me. I loved being in love with you. ...I never thought I’d feel thatway again. (pause)
You have a wonderful life ahead of you. And that’s what I want for you...I want you to have what I had. (beat)
It’s been a long day. I’d kind of like to get home and do somewriting. You’d better go back inand see if your parents need somesmelling salts or something.

Olivia laughs. Elle smiles at her.

Elle steps forward and kisses her. They kiss.

ELLE (CONT’D)
Okay, bye.

Okay.

OLIVIA:
Elle turns and goes.

55 EXT. STREET BY OLIVIA’S BUILDING - NIGHT 55

Elle comes out onto the street.

is gone.

She looks for the cab. It

ELLE:
Son of a bitch.

She laughs.

She turns and starts walking off down the street. She walks into the distance, in and out of the streetlights...

FADE TO BLACK. *