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Mistress America

By Noah Baumbach

INT. DORM ROOM. DAY

A dark room. We hear movement from outside. A key in the lock. The door opens, light from the hallway silhouettes Tracy as she hauls in a bag on wheels. She feels for a light on the wall and hits the switch. The lights come on.

VOICE :

I was sleeping! Turn that off!

Tracy shuts the light.

TRACY :

Sorry.

(pause)

I'm your roommate.

LAURA (V.O.)

My name is Laura...

INT. DORM COMMON ROOM. DAY

A group of ten freshmen sit around in a circle. One girl, Laura, holds a flashlight and says:

LAURA :

...and I'm going on safari and I'm bringing with me a ROLLING PIN for Ruth, a CAR for Carrie...

(everyone laughs)

A JAR for Juman and a... a... shit.

She stares at Tracy, unable to get her name. Tracy pipes up:

TRACY :

A TRACKING DEVICE for Tracy...

LAURA :

...Right a TRACKING DEVICE for Tracy and a...LIGHTER for me, Laura.

She passes the flashlight.

2.

INT. DORM ROOM. EARLY EVENING

Tracy sits in her new dorm-room with her roommate, a girl with mousy hair and a hoodie. She watches Tracy unpack, from her bed.

TRACY :

Aren't you coming to convocation?

RUTH :

You're going to that shit?

TRACY :

Yeah... isn't everyone?

RUTH :

I don't think anyone is going.
Except rapists.

TRACY :

What? Why rapists?

RUTH :

Or Christians and home-schooled
kids. Nobody really goes.

TRACY :

I think it's just a candle lighting
ceremony.

(pause)

How do you already know all this stuff? School hasn't even started
yet.

Ruth doesn't answer.

EXT. COLLEGE CHAPEL. EVENING

Tracy lingers outside the building. Kids are going inside.
She hesitates then decides to bag it.

EXT. BROADWAY, UPPER WEST SIDE. NIGHT

Tracy walks aimlessly.

INT. DINING HALL. DAY

Tracy gets a personal sized pizza and a bowl of cereal. She
picks up and inspects different items on the dessert tray,
doesn't take any.

INT. CLASSROOM. DAY

In class. Gets a paper back. She gets a B.
3.

PROFESSOR :

This is a starting point - this is what college is for, we're going to teach
you how to write and think.

TRACY :

(frowns, to the person next to her.)

A "B." That's so annoying.

INT. CAFETERIA. EVE

Tracy eats by herself.

INT. MENTAL HEALTH OFFICE. DAY

Tracy sits in front of a counselor.

TRACY :

Um, I have trouble withprocrastinating.

COUNSELOR :

Did you ever think of just gettingyour work in on time?

TRACY:

(hesitates)

Yes, I have thought of that. I
have trouble doing it.

COUNSELOR :

Maybe you want to try a littleharder?

TRACY :

OK, thanks. Harder? I'll trythat.

EXT. RIVERSIDE PARK. DAY

Tracy walks alone.

INT. ENGLISH CLASS. DAY

PROFESSOR (V.O.)

What comes to mind when you thinkof the Renaissance?

INT. CLASSROOM. DAY

Tracy takes notes while a Southern girl talks:

4.

SOUTHERN GIRL :

I think of the Renaissance as beingvery plush, like a lot of velvetinlaid
with jewels, brocades, thatkind of thing.

PROFESSOR :

Thank you... I was actually askingabout literature, but that was verynice.

Tracy bursts out laughing.

INT. DORM HALLWAY. NIGHT

Tracy is kind of "dressed" for a party. There are a bunch of
drunk teenagers around. She sees a Friendly Looking Girl:

TRACY :

Is the party at the end of the
hall?

FRIENDLY LOOKING GIRL

Did you get an invitation?

TRACY :

No...

FRIENDLY LOOKING GIRL

Then no.

OTHER GIRL :

She's being a bitch. Yes, it's down the hall.

The Friendly Looking Girl hits the Other Girl and they runaway, laughing.

Tracy leaves the way she came.

EXT. CAMPUS/INT. JERSEY HOUSE. NIGHT INTERCUT

Tracy sits on steps. She's on the phone with her Mom.

TRACY :

I could be anywhere. It doesn't

even feel like New York. And by trying to participate I'm somehow fitting in even less.

Her Mom moves through the kitchen, cleaning, putting things away.

MOM :

Aren't you meeting friends in classes?

5.

TRACY :

Mom, nobody meets friends in classes.

MOM :

Oh, okay. I didn't know.

TRACY :

You know the feeling of being at a party where you don't know anybody?

It's like that the whole time.

MOM :

That sounds uncomfortable.

TRACY :

And I can't go to bars.

MOM :

Don't go to bars. Oh, did you get my email with the reading - do you like it?

TRACY :

I liked it. I think there is a darker element to what Shakespeare was saying but I liked it.

MOM :

Good. Your brother is going to be playing guitar with you while you do it - is that okay?

TRACY :

I like David's guitar playing.

MOM:

(happily)

He's gotten good, right? I'm so excited! It's Thanksgiving weekend so we'll have a built-in rehearsal dinner on Thursday at the house. It'll be the first time the two families are all in the same room. Randy, Jim's sister -

TRACY :

Right.

MOM :

She's going to make a fig and there's a fish...and it's on cracker. That's one thing.
6.

TRACY:

Mmm.

MOM :

We're going to move all the furniture out of the living room and we changed the lyrics to Finiculi Finicula. We did the same thing at Izzy's 60th but Izzy won't be there so it'll feel fresh.
(exhaling, playful)
Oh, Trace...

TRACY :

(playful back)
Oh, Stevie.

MOM :

You know, I was very unhappy for a very long time. But I'm so glad your Dad and I stayed together until you and your brother were out of school.

TRACY :

I was NOT out of school. You broke up when I was a junior in high school.

MOM :

On your way out of the home...

TRACY :

I love you Mom, don't be worried.

MOM :

I know, honey. So after you do that, Brooke will read a poem she's written. I don't think her brother is doing anything - which hurts my feelings, but I'm trying to be okay with it.

(has an idea)

You should call Brooke. She's in New York, you know.

TRACY :

I'm so bad at calling people I don't know.

MOM :

I hear she's fun.

7.

TRACY:

She's like thirty living in New York with a life, she doesn't need to hear from an eighteen year old she's tenuously connected to. I'd be like why do I want to hang out with you?

MOM:

She's going to be your sister, that doesn't sound tenuous to me. And you have plenty to talk about - you're both doing readings at our wedding.

TRACY :

Aces.

MOM:

You aren't sarcastic don't pretend
to be.

TRACY :

Okay.

INT. CLASSROOM. DAY

We hear a student, Nicolette, making a point:

NICOLETTE:

Nothing is higher than the law.

That's the whole point - Antigone
thinks she's above the law but
she's not - like a celebrity in a
car crash or something.

Tracy is asleep at the seminar table. Her head hangs heavily to one side.

VOICE :

Psst. Hey.

Tracy's head jerks up and she opens her sleepy eyes. A boy,
Tony leans over from two chairs away.

TONY :

You were asleep.

TRACY :

(wiping drool from her
chin)

Oh...thanks.

8.
Tracy sits up straighter. She tries to focus on the
discussion. Her eyes fall heavy and shut. She's asleep again.

INT. HALLWAY. AFTER CLASS

Tony carries a briefcase. Tracy, deciding to make her fate better, walks up
to him.

TRACY :

That was really nice of you...
waking me up.

TONY:

(smiling)

It takes a lot of moxie to fall asleep in a twelve person class.

TRACY :

Thanks. I like moxie.

TONY :

I get it. It's like I'm so grateful to be here, but why are my parents taking out loans for me to listen to that 18-year-old asshole talk?

Tracy laughs.

TRACY :

Loans everywhere.

TONY :

I was going to get frozen yogurt, want to come?

TRACY :

Yes but... well, I have to get somewhere by five.

TONY :

Where?

TRACY :

Um, it's embarrassing.

TONY :

What is it?

TRACY :

I'm submitting a story to the Mobius Literary Society. I have to print it.

(MORE)

9.

TRACY (CONT'D)

They only take hard copies which is a kind of pretension I can get behind.

TONY :

GET OUT OF TOWN SISTER! I already gave mine! Do you know how you find out if you're in it?

TRACY :

They said they'd post a list -

TONY :

No. The only people who check the list are people who didn't get in - they come wake us up at night in our rooms and put pie in our face and then bring us out into the quad and make us sing and stuff.

TRACY :

(smiling at the thought)

Yeah.

INT. SOME HALLWAY. DAY

Tracy walks down to a door with Mobius on the glass. There's a box outside with Submissions written underneath it. A guy in a sweater vest sitting cross legged on the ground playing jacks stares at her. She fishes into her messenger bag and puts a story in the box. She hurries away.

INT. TRACY'S DORM ROOM. NIGHT

Tracy lies awake in bed. We hear yelling in the hallway outside her door. Footsteps come close to her door. A

shadow underneath. She tenses in great anticipation.

The footsteps and chatter continue down the hall.

Tracy gets up and opens her door.

INT. DORM HALLWAY. NIGHT

The hall is empty. Bits of pie and crust on the floor.

Another door opens at the end of the hall. A Tiny Girl looks out.

She and Tracy meet eyes.

TINY GIRL :

FUCK.

The Tiny Girl retreats into her room. Tracy does the same.

10.

INT. TONY'S ROOM. DAY

Tony sits on his bed and Tracy sits on the floor. They both drink screwdrivers.

TONY :

They're self-elected douche bags.

TRACY :

I know, but I wanted to be one of them. I could die then.

TONY :

Yeah, me too. Both I wanted to be in and I could also then die.

TRACY :

I heard they serve wine and cheese and they all carry briefcases.

TONY :

I know, when I had my tour here,
the guide was one of them and that's why I wanted to come here.

TRACY :

I heard the pie stuff all night.

TONY :

They got the guy next door. He
doesn't even look like a writer.
Tony indicates a briefcase from the floor. Tracy sees this.

TRACY :

I'm so sorry.

TONY :

Do you want to trade stories?

TRACY :

Sure.

TIME CUT:

They both silently read each other's stories. They steal glances at one another.

TIME CUT:

TONY :

I liked it!

11.

TRACY :

Thanks - I liked yours too.

TONY :

So do you want notes?

TRACY :

Oh, are we - sure...

TONY :

Okay, I thought the middle partsounded really fake.

TRACY :

Okay.

TONY :

It's just my impression.

TRACY :

I'll work on that.

TONY :

Do you have any notes for me?

TRACY :

Um... no.

TONY :

Great.

(thinks for a second)

I have a car.

INT. CAR. DUSK

Tracy and Tony drive in the car.

TRACY :

Let's go to the beach.

TONY :

I don't want to leave Manhattan.

TRACY :

Oh, why are we in your car then?

EXT. UPPER MANHATTAN, BY THE HUDSON RIVER. NIGHT

Tracy and Tony try to burn his briefcase but it won't catch fire.

They chuck it in the water.

They smoke a joint and sit on the roof of a car.

12.

TRACY :

We look like we're in a song.

INT. CLASSROOM. DAY

Tracy raises her hand.

TRACY :

I think the way Aristotle writes about ethics and morality is much closer to how most people think about it. Less like math, more like a story.

INT. DORM ROOM. DAY

Tracy, feeling better about herself, cleans the room and talks to her roommate.

TRACY :

I think we should set up a recycling system for our trash. A lot of what we're throwing out can be recycled.

She trips over something on the floor but recovers quickly.

TRACY :

And Ruth, I think that fan can go in the closet now, it's 60 degrees out-

INT. STUDY ABROAD OFFICE. DAY

Tracy is filing with some exuberance.

STUDY ABROAD WOMAN

You seem happy today.

TRACY :

I love filing! It's satisfying.

EXT. QUAD. EVE

Tracy is running to get somewhere.

TONY (O.S.)

Slow down, T!

Tracy hits the breaks. It's Tony. She laughs. But he's holding Nicolette's hand (She's the girl from their class).

TRACY :

Hey.

13.

TONY :

Hey.

NICOLETTE :

Hey.

INT. JJ'S DINER. NIGHT

Tracy sits in a booth by herself eating mozzarella sticks.

She looks at her phone. Makes a call. Her mother's voice mail. She hangs up.

She scrolls to:

BROOKE CARDINAS :

She quickly presses that name...

FEMALE VOICE MESSAGE

You've reached Brooke Cardinas.

Leave your name and number and I will get back to you at my earliest convenience.

Tracy hangs up on the beep. She dips a mozzarella stick in the red sauce and shoves it into her mouth. Her phone rings.

She's startled.

TRACY :

Hello?

BROOKE :

Hi, this Brooke Cardinas. I just got a missed call from this number.

TRACY :

Oh...sorry. Hi... this is Tracy Fishko, um, my mom is marrying your dad?

BROOKE :

You're reading the sonnet.

TRACY :

Right! We're doing Thanksgiving and then wedding together... Um, I go to college in the city. My mom said I should call you.

BROOKE :

Have you eaten? Do you want to hang out?

14.

TRACY :

(looks at her near-finished plate)

No, I haven't. OK.

BROOKE :

Well, do you know where Times Square is?

EXT. TIMES SQUARE. NIGHT

Tracy crosses the crowded street.

Brooke is at the top of the TKTS steps. She attempts to walk elegantly down the steps. It's an entrance.

BROOKE :

(awkwardly grand)

Welcome to the Great White Way.

She still hasn't finished walking the steps. It takes a second. Tracy holds a smile. Finally, Brooke is there:

TRACY :

Times Square is so crazy.

BROOKE :

Isn't it?

TRACY :

I don't know anyone who lives here.

BROOKE :

Yours truly. I got off the bus from Jersey I thought this was the cool place to live. It's mother fucking Times Square.

INT. TAXI. LATER

Brooke lights a cigarette, takes a long drag, passes it to Tracy.

BROOKE :

Why do you live in New York again?

TRACY :

College - I go to Barnard - it's all women uptown - well, "historically" and kind of actually. But there are boys in my classes and stuff. From Columbia.

15.

BROOKE :

You gay?

TRACY :

No. The Columbia girls do their best to make us feel inferior. Which it's like "I already do."

BROOKE :

That's stupid. Don't feel inferior.

TRACY :

You're right, that is stupid.

It's the best someone has made her feel in a long time or maybe ever.

INT. BACKSTAGE AT A MUSIC CLUB. NIGHT

Brooke, wearing an orange VIP sticker on her suede jacket, affixes an identical sticker to Tracy's shirt.

BROOKE :

I didn't go to college.

TRACY :

Oh. OK.

BROOKE :

I'm an autodidact. Do you know what that means?

TRACY :

Yes.

BROOKE :

That word is one of the things I self-taught myself.

CUT TO:

she doesn't want to and then does it. When she dances while she sings it's a person who is pretending to be free.

EXT. BAR. NIGHT

Brooke, Tracy and members of the band enter one of those secret bars, through the back of a pizza shop.

INT. SECRET BAR. NIGHT

Tracy drinks a fancy cocktail.

16.

TRACY :

It has mint!

CUT TO:

BROOKE :

(dancing)

What's going on at college?

TRACY:

(also dancing)

I don't know, everyone's really excited about the frozen yogurt machine in the student center.

BROOKE :

I watched my mother die.

TRACY :

What?

BROOKE :

I was with my mother while she died.

TRACY :

I don't know any dead people.

BROOKE :

That's cool about the frozen yogurt machine. Everyone I love dies.

INT. WILLIAMSBURG PARTY. NIGHT

Brooke and Tracy enter some party in Williamsburg. The hostess hugs Brooke.

WOMAN :

I heard you're opening a restaurant!? WTF?!

INT. WILLIAMSBURG BEDROOM. NIGHT

Brooke and Tracy are in a closet - Brooke is going through it while Tracy watches her.

BROOKE :

This bitch stole my favorite pants - they're in here somewhere - she thinks I don't know but I know everything. They're red.

17.

TRACY :

(vaguely)

I'll look here.

Tracy starts going through the closet.

BROOKE :

People are always taking my shit. My ex-friend and nemesis, Mamie-Claire, stole my ideas AND my fiancée.

TRACY :

Shit.

BROOKE :

She took this T-shirt idea that I had, started a company fucking sold it to J. Crew so there is that. She's one of those people who doesn't have any good ideas for her own life so she just steals all of mine. And then she LITERALLY stole my cats.

TRACY :

What were the T-shirts?

BROOKE :

Just really hard looking flowers.

TRACY :

Oh my God! I bought one of those T-shirts!

BROOKE :

Yeah, flowers with like skulls and shit. Daggers.

TRACY :

That's a great one.

BROOKE :

My fiancée, Dylan, was super sexy. And so rich. But I wasn't going to marry him.

TRACY :

So...wait, you broke up with Dylan? I thought she stole him?

BROOKE :

And I never looked back. He cried so hard. Like, whiney.

18.

She does an impression:

BROOKE :

"Where are you going?"

(back to herself)

I was being real, but Mamie-Claire then goes and marries him. They live in Greenwich, Connecticut in some big gross house. Do you know that place?

TRACY :

Yeah, Greenwich, grossville.

BROOKE :

Right? Living off of his riches and my T-shirt idea.

TRACY :

(instant disciple)

I hate them.

BROOKE :

I actually pity them. They have no more dreams.

Tracy holds up a pair of red pants, triumphant.

TRACY :

These?!

BROOKE :

I want to MARRY you!

She grabs the pants, stuffs them in her purse and then gets out of the closet.

INT. WILLIAMSBURG PARTY. NIGHT

Brooke makes out with Nate, the singer. Tracy is trying not to watch. Another band member takes a picture on his iPhone.

BROOKE :

Must we all document ourselves all the time? MUST WE?!

INT. VESELKA. LATE NIGHT

Tracy and Brooke eat pierogis in the mostly empty diner.

TRACY :

Is he your boyfriend? The bassist?

19.

BROOKE :

Nate? No! My beau, Stavros, is in Greece right now. Betting against the country or something gross.

Don't tell anyone that.

TRACY :

(dead serious)

I won't.

secrets.

I'm good at keeping You'll learn that about

me.

BROOKE:

He's one of those people I hate except I'm in love with him. I've been to a Greek Orthodox Easter and I could totally see myself getting married in that kind of church. She knocks her head for wood.

BROOKE :

You got a honey?

TRACY :

Nah, there's this one guy, we got rejected together...but he's got a girlfriend.

BROOKE :

They all have girlfriends.

TRACY :

Actually I think he met me and then he got a girlfriend.

(pause)

This summer, at my job, one guy just sucked on my boobs all night.

BROOKE:

(thinking aloud)

My restaurant should do a pierogi.

Fusion pierogi. You like yours?

TRACY :

(nods, stuffing a pierogi in her mouth)

This is my second dinner.

Brooke takes out her phone and types something.

BROOKE :

(putting her phone back)

Just a quick tweet on Twitter.

(MORE)

20.

BROOKE (CONT'D)

I am VERY into social media. You

have to market yourself. If you don't know what you're selling, no one will know how to buy it.

TRACY :

What are you selling?

BROOKE :

So many things. I don't tweet all of it. Like here are two ideas that are not on the internet. If I did a cabaret, it would be called "High Standards" and I'd sing all the standards.

TRACY :

Would you sing them in a higher pitch?

BROOKE :

No, it wouldn't be about - it's about principles, those kinds of high standards - like one of those "string of pearls that's why I'm a single gal" kind of show.

TRACY :

That's clever.

BROOKE :

The second idea is a television show, which I've read is the new novel, about a woman who is a government worker by day and a self-invented super hero by night, but like the essence of AMERICA. It'll be it's own mythology. I think maybe it'll be called Mistress America.

TRACY :

That sounds like she's America's girl on the side.

BROOKE :

Hey, I don't know, okay, I'm not positive, these are just some ideas.

TRACY :

Me too! I'm sorry, I don't know anything, I was just throwing something out there.

21.

They both laugh.

BROOKE :

(an idea)

We need a sleep-over party.

INT. BROOKE'S APARTMENT. NIGHT

Books piled on the floor. Lots of drawings pinned to the wall. One framed piece of real art.

BROOKE :

This apartment is technically zoned commercial but that's fake.

TRACY :

It's so stylish.

BROOKE :

Fuck, I know, I freelance as an interior decorator. You know the Bowery Hotel?

TRACY :

Oh my God, yeah.

BROOKE :

Well, if you walk about a block south. There's a laser hair removal center that's very hip. I did the waiting room.

TRACY :

Cool.

BROOKE :

I know.

BROOKE :

I'm leaving here in January anyway, moving to the East side if you can believe it. That's where Stavros lives. I'm going to redo his place too. Brooke flops on her bed. Tracy lies on the couch.

TRACY :

I want to write short stories.

BROOKE :

Oh, me too! Not short stories, though.

22.

TRACY :

But I got rejected by the Lit Society. I'm so suggestible, like because I got

rejected I think I can't be a writer.

BROOKE :

Why don't you make your own LitSociety?

TRACY :

I wish. Mobius is a big deal at school.

BROOKE :

You've got other stories.

TRACY:

(smiling)

Maybe I'll write something else and resubmit.

(falling asleep, eyes
closed)

That was really funny when we were doctors.

BROOKE :

Yeah, I need to cut all the negative people out of my life. I just wasn't brought up that way.

TRACY :

Thank you Brooke.

BROOKE :

You're welcome Baby Tracy.

INT. BROOKE'S APARTMENT. NEXT MORNING

Brooke is on the phone with Stavros:

BROOKE :

My sweetheart I miss you so much -

I can't wait for you to see the chairs I've picked out - we start renovation Monday! It's so

exciting. I've been going there just to sit in the mess I love it so much.

Tracy wakes up a little with the noise.

23.

BROOKE :

Right. Did you see the lease it was 400 pages! I wish you would just come home already so I can suck your dick in our new restaurant!

She pads into the kitchen.

BROOKE :

(to Tracy)

Can you start the coffee, please?

TRACY :

(looking at the coffeemaker)

I don't know how...

BROOKE:

(a little sharply)

Yes, you do. Don't be incompetent.

If you spent two seconds with a coffee maker you'd figure it out.

You just aren't trying hard enough.

Brooke retreats into the hall, still talking to her boyfriend.

TRACY :

Um, where are you going.

BROOKE :

DUH COMMUNAL BATHROOM DO YOU WANT
TO WATCH?

(to the phone)

Are you still there?

TRACY :

Sorry. Are you... mad at me?

BROOKE (O.S.)

NO!

CUT TO:

BROOKE :

We have four investors including

me. I'm what you call a principal investor. Stavros is putting in my share -
but I insisted that it be

my assets on the line because I want him to know I have skin in the
game. I'll pay him back of course once we start making a profit.

24.

TRACY :

We never went to restaurants

growing up - it wasn't part of our lives.

BROOKE :

(immediately offended)

That's a shitty thing to say to me.

TRACY :

I didn't mean - I know people will come to yours.

(trying to contextualize)

It's so weird to think that every restaurant I see is the result of some person going "I think I want to start a restaurant."

BROOKE :

That's not weird. That's everything.

Tracy starts to write something down in a notebook. Brooke

is curious:

BROOKE :

What are you doing?

TRACY :

I'm actually... it's embarrassing.

BROOKE :

What?

TRACY :

I'm writing down what I said.

BROOKE :

You are noting yourself?

TRACY :

Yeah... I guess so.

BROOKE :

I've noticed something about myself that would make a good character in a story.

TRACY :

Oh yeah?

25.

BROOKE :

But I'm going to save it in case I want to use it in something I write.

EXT. TIMES SQUARE. MORNING

The commercial streets have that peculiar weekend morningvibe. Tracy is in her outfit from the night before. Brooke is in full workout clothes.

BROOKE :

High five, sister. That was an AMAZING night.

TRACY :

Yeah, it was...
(blurts it out)
The best of my life.

BROOKE :

(looking at her phone)
I gotta go.

Brooke abruptly hugs her and leaves. Tracy watches her go for one second and then also turns to go. She's disappointed but she doesn't know why.

INT. TRACY'S DORM ROOM. MORNING

Tracy enters and goes right to her computer.

Tracy is typing very quickly, still in her jacket, her bag still on her shoulder.

She hesitates, trying to remember something.

TRACY :

What did she...say?
Talking while she types.

TRACY :

Right! "He's one of those people that I hate except I'm in love with him."

RUTH :

(still sleeping)
Shut up please.

CUT TO:

26.

TRACY (V.O.)

Meadow DeRiggi lived exactly how a young woman should live who wants to spend her youth well.

CUT TO:

Random photos of Brooke.

TRACY (V.O.)

She did everything and nothing and spent time like I always mean to - purposefully.

CLOSE on Tracy's short story.

CLOSE on a Society page photo.

CLOSE on Brooke's Soul Cycle Teacher bio.

EXT./INT. PIZZA PARLOR. NIGHT

Tracy tries to go to the secret bar, can't get in.

TRACY (V.O.)

Her beauty was that rare kind that made you want to look more like yourself not like her.

EXT./INT. MUSIC CLUB. NIGHT

Tracy gets in, but it's not a good band and there aren't a lot of people there.

TRACY (V.O.)

She sang with the band and knew everyone and didn't owe anyone anything and couldn't pay up even if she did.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET. NIGHT

Tracy sees a blonde in red pants. She brightens. As she gets closer, it's not Brooke.

TRACY (V.O.)

Being around Meadow was like being in New York City - it made you want to find life, not hide from it.

TRACY :

(embarrassed)

Sorry.

27.

WOMAN IN RED PANTS

That's OK.

INT. COLLEGE LIBRARY. DAY

Tony and Nicolette and Tracy sit at a study table.

TONY :

Where were you last night, did you get my texts?

NICOLETTE :

You text her? You texted her?

TONY :

About work.

TRACY :

I went to check out this downtown band at this downtown bar.

Two freshmen girls approach.

GIRL #1

Do you guys know how long you'll need this table?

TRACY :

A long time, dude.

GIRL #2

(sighs)

Fine.

They leave.

TONY :

Who were you with?

TRACY :

Myself.

NICOLETTE:

(to Tony)

When you said you were checking the scores, were you texting her? Are you sexting?

TRACY :

It's a place my sister showed me.

TONY :

You don't have a sister.

28.

TRACY :

I do. Or I will. When my mom gets married at Thanksgiving.

NICOLETTE :

Why don't you just text her a picture of your balls.

TONY :

Nicolette!

Tracy smooths over some stapled pages from her bag. We see

the title:

TONY :

What's that?

TRACY :

It's a new story I wrote. I'm going to resubmit to the LitSociety.

TONY :

Wait, you wrote another one already? You printed it on onionskin?

TRACY :

You can read it if you want. Here-
She hands him a copy - he looks at it.

TONY :

(to Nicolette)
Tracy writes about fighter pilots.

TRACY :

I'm past that stuff now. This one is more autobiographical documentary.

TONY :

OK. I'd totally give you notes.

TRACY :

No, I don't want notes -- but I thought about it and I actually do have notes for you.

TONY :

Oh...sure.
29.

TRACY :

You write like you are imitating someone who is free and wild and it is so WEIRD because you aren't at all and it made me uncomfortable and I think it would make EVERYONE uncomfortable. And also, stop trying to be funny because you aren't funny so it just adds to the awkwardness. And it could be 30% shorter, easy.

TONY :

(unsure)
OK. Thanks.
Tracy gets up and leaves. Passes the freshmen girls.

TRACY :

It's open, bitches. They don't need it anymore.

INT. SOME HALLWAY. DAY

Tracy returns to the door with Mobius on the glass. The same guy in a sweater vest is whittling a piece of wood. He blows on it as he whittles. Tracy places her story in the Submissions box. She hurries away.

INT. SOUL CYCLE STUDIO. DAY

Brooke is in the front of the classroom, on a bike with a headphone and a bandana.

Tracy enters, wearing jeans and a button down. Brooke smiles.

BROOKE :

(too loudly)

Hey Baby Tracy!

Brooke indicates a bike with a nod of her head. Tracy shakes her head emphatically: No. Brooke nods, Yes.

CUT TO:

BROOKE:

(to her cycling class)

HOW YOU DO ANYTHING IS HOW YOU DO

EVERYTHING AM I RIGHT?!

(and now in a low voice)

I know not enough people have told you that you're amazing. I know that that's true.

30.

Everyone loves her, she's sort of great as a cycling instructor.

INT. CYCLING STUDIO. AFTERWARDS

Tracy is really sweaty, still.

BROOKE :

You did great!

TRACY :

I feel like I just went swimming in my clothes.

BROOKE :

I'm glad you came.

TRACY :

You are?!

BROOKE :

Shit, I have to shower and change,
I'm late for an appointment.

INT. SALON. DAY

Brooke gets her hair blown out - Tracy sits beside her and looks at Brooke in the mirror.

TRACY :

This air conditioning is making me freezing.

EXT. MIDTOWN STREET. DAY

Brooke, in a conservative blouse and suit, pearl earrings, heels, holding a briefcase walks with Tracy in her jeans. She towers over her. (Midnight Cowboy shot.)

EXT/INT. MIDTOWN RESTAURANT. DAY

They stop outside the restaurant. Brooke is suddenly very nervous. She smooths down her blouse, her hair.

BROOKE :

(pulling down the sides of
her skirt)

God, I'm packed into this pencil skirt. How do I look?

TRACY :

You look beautiful.

31.

BROOKE :

But do I look professional?

(pause)

I get really nervous with the investors. I'm usually fine with wealthy people, it's just when I need something from them.

TRACY :

No, it's the opposite - they need you and your restaurant.

BROOKE :

Stavros usually does this stuff.

Maybe I shouldn't do it. I'm not good at it.

TRACY :

(sincerely)

I think you can do anything.

Everything.

Brooke nods.

BROOKE :

Right. Kind and fearless.
She goes inside.

CUT TO:

amongst three men in suits and another powerful looking woman in a suit. She makes them laugh.

CUT TO:

BROOKE :

It's amazing how much of business is just stating the same thing over and over again.

TRACY :

Your body language looked very self-confident.

BROOKE :

Thanks. You make me feel really...
Smart.
Tracy beams.

BROOKE :

Wanna see it?
32.

INT. EMPTY RESTAURANT SPACE, BROOKLYN. DAY

Brooke shows Tracy the space. During the scene, Brooke is changing out of her "lawyer outfit" into her "tutoring outfit" - skinny jeans, T-shirt and Converse.

BROOKE:

(gesturing)

The front part would be like a shop during the day - like a general store or a really nice bodega -
candy from Europe - on Monday we start demo and we open in April.
She knocks her head for "wood." She leads Tracy through the back -

BROOKE :

We'd also have cooking classes.
Maybe cut hair. It would be like a
community center and restaurant and store all in one. It would be the

place that you would, like, LOVE to be. I wish I had something like this when I was growing up.

TRACY :

Yeah, suburban New Jersey isn't great with this kind of stuff.

BROOKE :

Each plate would be different. Let me show you.

TRACY :

Can I be a waitress here?

Brooke opens a box.

BROOKE :

See! Look at all these plates!

TRACY :

(taking in the whole thing)

Holy shit you have a lot of plates.

BROOKE :

I started collecting them so long ago - I didn't know why and now I have a why!

Tracy's been touching all of them.

33.

TRACY:

This is going to be a great restaurant.

BROOKE :

I know!

TRACY :

Are you going to cook, too?

BROOKE:

(shakes her head)

I'll help create the menu and pitch

in when needed. I'm not trained,

but I'm an enthusiastic home cook.

I always used to cook with my Mom.

That's the name of the restaurant.

Mom's. Possessive.

TRACY:

(trying it out)

"Let's go to Mom's for dinner."

Yeah, it totally works.

(tries again)

Can I be a waitress here?

BROOKE:

I want the whole deal - I want the dead-on-my-feet-wake-up-and-I'm forty. I've spent my whole life chasing after things and knocking at doors and I'm tired of running towards people. I want to be the place that people COME to. I want to make a home for all the knockers and runners - I'm good at that.

I'm happy with that. I keep the hearth. That's a word, right?

Hearth?

EXT. BROOKLYN APARTMENT. LATER

Brooke is going in to tutor. The final thing she does is put on her fake glasses.

BROOKE:

Don't I look like a cute smart graduate student?

TRACY :

Yeah!

34.

BROOKE :

I tutor junior high because I didn't get high enough SAT score to do SAT tutoring, but you make way more money doing SAT. So, I'm taking the SAT's AGAIN so I can make inroads into that racket.

TRACY :

I've always been a good test taker.

BROOKE :

None of this will be necessary when the restaurant is up and running,

but I'm good that way, curating my employment.
Brooke is rifling through her purse.

TRACY :

So, um, should I - just wait here
or...

BROOKE :

Oh! I thought you had to go back to school.

TRACY :

Right. I should....

BROOKE :

Do you want to stay?

TRACY :

I mean, if you don't mind...

BROOKE :

Yeah, I'd invite you in but Peggy's Mom just got institutionalized
for bi-polar disorder and shit's pretty real upstairs. Tutoring is like 60%
middle school math and 40% I
know too much about them.

TRACY :

That's okay, then, I'll just go -
Brooke hands her keys, not listening to her.

BROOKE :

You remember where my apartment is,
go there.
35.

TRACY :

(thrilled)
Seriously?

BROOKE :

And pick up some pasta, I'll cook.

TRACY :

What kind of -
But Brooke is ringing the bell.

INT. SUBWAY. DAY

Tracy excitedly looks at the keys in her hand, smiles.

TRACY (V.O.)

(into answering machine)

Mom - hey - are you there? SHIT.

INT. GROCERY STORE. DAY

Tracy stands in the pasta aisle, looking at all the different brands of pastas. She picks one up and then another. She's on the phone.

TRACY:

(leaving message)

I just wanted to know - what kind of pasta would you buy if you wanted to buy a nice pasta? - Like the brand? If you get this can you call me back right away?

She hangs up.

CUT TO:

TRACY :

This one is like bowties? Get that?

CUT TO:

angry.

TONY :

(on the phone)

Do they have regular spaghetti?

TRACY :

Is that pasta the same way as the others?
36.

NICOLETTE :

(to Tony)

Is this some sex game?

TONY:

(covering the phone)

No! We're actually talking about pasta.

TRACY :

Hello?

TONY :

Yes.

NICOLETTE:

(sullen)

Why don't you just put pasta up herpussy?

TONY :

Nicolette! Seriously!

CUT TO:

TRACY :

I'll get that and I'll get the
bowties. And there's shells-

INT. BROOKLYN APARTMENT. SAME TIME

Brooke is sitting with a thirteen year old girl, working on a set of
pre-algebra problems.

BROOKE :

X can be anything, any number, that's what's CRAZY about X.

PEGGY :

Then why isn't it just a number.

BROOKE :

Because X doesn't roll like that,
because X can't be pinned down! It
can be ANYTHING and we have to
figure out what it is - crazybastard.
Peggy giggles and starts writing.

PEGGY :

Maybe you could spend the night?
37.

BROOKE :

Oh, honey, I'm sorry. I'm math
only.

INT. BROOKE'S APARTMENT. LATE AFTERNOON

Tracy unpacks an enormous amount of pasta onto the counter.

TRACY (V.O.)

I remembered looking across the river at the unblinking lights of Manhattan
apartments, wondering who lived there.

She touches items, looks at things, takes notes. Takes a tiny airplane and puts it in her pocket. Flips through some SAT prep books.

TRACY (V.O.)

I was part of it now, on the fifth floor, in a temporary commercial apartment. There was our castle.

Our fortress. Yes! This is how I imagined it would be: college, New York, my whole entire life.

Brooke cooks while Tracy watches her and hands her things.

TRACY (V.O.)

But outside the windows I could hear the hot sound of jackhammer taking the city apart.

Brooke and Tracy eat spaghetti carbonara.

TRACY (V.O.)

In New York neighborhoods change as quickly as the weather.

Or maybe it's the other way around.

EXT. TIMES SQUARE. NIGHT

Tracy and Brooke walk together arm and arm.

TRACY (V.O.)

But I couldn't warn Meadow. By the time I noticed it, it was already too late.

38.

INT. BAR. NIGHT

It's a bar bar, they're there to get drunk. Or at least Brooke is. Brooke looks at something on her phone. Laughs. Holds it out for Tracy.

BROOKE :

Nate dropped a gram on Instagram.

That means a picture.

Tracy smiles but less assuredly.

TRACY :

It's you guys kissing.

BROOKE :

It's already got eighty likes. All his other recent pictures have like fifty likes. The extra thirty must be because of me.

TRACY :

It looks like a really stylish breathmint ad.

BROOKE :

I know! Bob's a real shutterbug.

He made his own app.
(to the bartender)
Put it on...
(very considered)
...this card.

TRACY:

(to the bartender)
Did these two drinks earn me
another free hot dog?
The Bartender nods, hands her a hotdog.

BROOKE:

(re:

Drop it in the glass and chug it.
I'd love to get into the appbusiness. I think my Dad met yourMom on the
internet.

TRACY :

Yeah, on a free dating website.
They didn't even pay.

BROOKE :

Gross. But also I guess it's proforma now?
(MORE)

BROOKE (CONT'D)

(Tracy nods)
My Dad's so strange. I'm sure he's
making her convert to Catholicism,
right?

TRACY :

Yeah! What's that about?

BROOKE :

He's real Catholic now. It's so
boring, but it happened when my momgot sick. She was never that into
it. He's a geologist.

TRACY :

I know. I had never met a
geologist before.

BROOKE :

It's weird that someone who studies rocks can be really into Jesus.

TRACY :

What did your Mom do?

BROOKE :

She was a special education teacher.

TRACY :

That's so nice.

BROOKE :

She was really good at it. I still don't like retarded jokes. Wanna see a picture of her?
She hands Tracy her phone. Tracy smiles.

TRACY :

She doesn't look like you but she has your expression, you know?
A woman around Brooke's age approaches:

ANNA :

Hi -

BROOKE :

(looking up)
Hello.
39.
40.

ANNA :

Hi, I don't know if you remember me, we went to high school together? Anna Wheeler.

BROOKE :

Oh YEAH!

ANNA :

I was in the chorus of Anything Goes.

BROOKE :

Holy SHIT! Yeah! What are you doing in the city? You live here?

ANNA :

No, I'm in Tenafly. My fiance and I went to go see a show.

BROOKE :

Which one?

ANNA :

Other Desert Cities.

BROOKE :

Oh, that's a piece of shit. And
the girl who replaced the lead is AWFUL.

(to Tracy)

I used to run around with her.

Well, she was older, is older.

ANNA :

We loved it.

BROOKE :

Let me buy you guys a drink what are you drinking?

ANNA :

You know, that's okay -

(gathering herself)

I just wanted to tell you because I never had the courage to do it when I was
actually in high school - you really hurt my feelings.

BROOKE :

(laughs)

What?

41.

ANNA :

You don't remember?

BROOKE :

No! What did I do?

ANNA :

That thing:

BROOKE :

(still genial)

I don't know what the FUCK you're talking about! I always liked you.

ANNA :

You and your friend Abe -

BROOKE :

ABE!

Tracy horks her hot dog.

ANNA :

You guys used to do this thing where you'd walk up to me and touch my skin and then like taste it and think for a minute and then say "yep, bitter." And then laugh.

BROOKE :

Right! We did do that, didn't we?

We were weird.

ANNA :

I was standing right there, every single time you did it. It was really mean, and I just wanted to say - fuck you.

BROOKE :

Whoa. WHOA.

ANNA :

The way you treated me really messed me up for a long time.

BROOKE :

Everyone is an asshole in high school!

ANNA :

You made a lot of people feel bad.

Not just me.

42.

BROOKE :

I feel sorry for the thirteen year old girl that was you but I'm not sorry for you now.

ANNA :

We were seventeen.

BROOKE :

If I was thirteen I'd apologize to you but seeing as both of us are...in our twenties. I don't see the need.

ANNA :

I just turned thirty.

BROOKE :

Happy birthday.

ANNA :

Thank you.

BROOKE :

You're welcome.

ANNA :

You're a bitch.

BROOKE :

Why?! You're the one who hung onto a grudge for this fucking long! Do you know I didn't even recognize you? I don't say that to be mean, that's the way it should be.

ANNA :

(tearing up)

You are the same. Malevolent.

BROOKE :

You WERE bitter. That's probably why it hurt you so much. Because it was true.

ANNA :

(now crying)

I wish all bad things on you.

BROOKE:

(calling after)

I don't love you because I don't CARE! And neither should you!
43.

EXT. THEATER DISTRICT. LATER

Brooke and Tracy are wandering home. Tracy looks really drunk. Brooke is still furious at the woman. It has turned cold - in the time they were in the bar their coats suddenly became not enough.

BROOKE :

That's so dramatic! What a drama queen.

(scoffs)

I can't believe she lives in fucking Tenafly. What is she rich now? How dare she talk to me that way and be rich?

TRACY :

When I was in junior high, this girl Tara Podwoski used to pull my hair and call me a cunt hunter.

BROOKE :

I didn't do what that girl said. I just wasn't brought up that way. I should call Abe and see if he remembers.

Brooke pulls out her phone.

TRACY :

Maybe do it later?

BROOKE :

(nods, puts the phone away)

Yeah. I was so popular in high school but I didn't try AT ALL. People just wanted to be friends with me. I didn't even care about that stuff. When someone told me I was popular I was like "Really? Weird."

TRACY :

That's why you were popular. The popular kids never care. I cared too much. Like if you want to know all the popular kids' business, ask an unpopular kid. They always know everything. Because they are the ones who really pay attention.

44.

BROOKE :

I'm going to shorten that, punch it up, and turn it into a tweet.
Tracy throws up. Brooke immediately holds her hair back and comforts her.

BROOKE :

Oh no! Did I feed you too much liquor?

TRACY :

I'll be okay.

BROOKE :

We should get you a cab.

TRACY :

Can I...would it be OK if I slept over again?

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY. LATER

Tracy leans against the door-jam while Brooke tries to open the apartment door.

TRACY :

I'm pretty sure college is supposed to be more fun than I'm having.

BROOKE :

Damn it...

TRACY :

I'm kind of attractive.

BROOKE :

Argh...

TRACY :

I might be up for another drink.

Is that crazy?

BROOKE :

Fuck ME!

TRACY :

What?

BROOKE :

GOD DAMN IT.

TRACY :

What's happening?

45.

BROOKE :

I FUCKING DON'T BELIEVE THIS SHIT

MOTHER FUCKING SHIT.

She kicks the door and screams.

BROOKE :

THE GODDAMN LOCKS ARE CHANGED!

CUT TO:

CUT TO:

A handsome African American answers. Nods hello.

BROOKE :

Hey, Kareem, can we use your fireescape?

EXT. FIRE ESCAPE. NIGHT

Brooke climbs up to her apartment window in bare-feet. Tracy looks up from below, holding Brooke's shoes.

BROOKE :

Shit. I thought I left this window open.

TRACY :

I might have closed it.

BROOKE :

Why?!

TRACY :

I didn't want you to get robbed.

INT. KAREEM'S APARTMENT. NIGHT

Tracy and Kareem sit on a couch waiting. Outside on the fire escape Brooke is yelling on her phone.

TRACY :

Stavros saw a picture of her kissing a musician.

(pause)

Stavros is her boyfriend. He told
the super that Brooke was living in a commercial space. Is your place zoned
commercial?

KAREEM :

Yeah.

46.

TRACY :

I hope he doesn't rat on you.

They hear louder shouting from the fire escape. The window
opens. Brooke steps inside. Her make up is smeared. She's
been crying.

BROOKE :

He's pulling out of the restaurant.

INT. TRACY'S DORM ROOM. NIGHT

Tracy is on the bed, Brooke is on the floor in a makeshift bed. Tracy's
roommate, Ruth, looks annoyed and impressed.

It's dark.

TRACY :

I hope Stavros doesn't rat out Kareem.

BROOKE :

If I don't have this money... my partners will bail, they're in because
Stavros was in. And they can go after my savings,
everything... Rich people will take any excuse not to spend money -
you can just see it in their eyes that they don't really want to share life
with you.

TRACY :

Rich people always give out bad Halloween candy.

BROOKE :

The contractors need 20 thousand on
Monday. And then there's the key fee, that's fifty - and then there are all
these industrial
refrigerators coming for another fifteen... I need whatever that
equals by Monday. He was in for
200 thousand. Oh my fucking god.

TRACY :

Isn't there someone else you can ask to invest?

BROOKE :

I already hit up every rich person I knew the first time around. This was well thought through, Tracy.
47.

TRACY :

I don't know, it's such a good investment. I'd put money in if I had it.

BROOKE :

(suspicious)
Do you secretly have money?

TRACY :

No. My mom never worked and I think my Dad was always kind of mad at her for that... but my parents divorce was way easier than this.

BROOKE:

(viciously)
That's because they stopped caring about life just entirely, it's not the same thing. My Mom died so don't even fucking start with me about your pain.

Ruth pipes up:

RUTH :

My uncle died.

BROOKE :

Shut up, RUTH.
Brooke sits up.

BROOKE :

I need some answers.

TRACY :

(immediately)
I'm coming.

INT. WAITING AREA. NIGHT

Brooke and Tracy are waiting on a couch in an apartment.

BROOKE :

I'm going to be worse off now than I was before I started trying to achieve stuff.

TRACY :

I know what it is to want things.

48.

BROOKE :

No, you don't. You can't really know what it is to want things until you're at least thirty. And

then with each passing year it gets more because the want is bigger and the possibility is less. Like how

each passing year of your life feels faster because it is a smaller portion of your total life.

Like that but in reverse.

Everything becomes pure want.

PSYCHIC (O.S.)

OK, Brooke, I'm ready...

CUT TO:

apartment. Tracy is next to Brooke looking at a chart.

PSYCHIC :

Spirit says seek out an old friend.

BROOKE :

Who?

PSYCHIC :

Someone who hurt you.

BROOKE :

Just tell me exactly what to do.

PSYCHIC :

Spirit says something about fabric.

TRACY:

(suddenly)

It's your friend - Mamie-Claire?

The fabric is the T-shirts!

Brooke shoots Tracy a look.

PSYCHIC :

And, I see flowers.

TRACY :

Hard looking flowers!

BROOKE :

Please, Tracy.

(to the psychic)

Mamie-Claire is my enemy.

49.

PSYCHIC :

Yes, Spirit says you have unfinished business with this woman.

BROOKE :

No, no, it's finished. Tell Spirit it's finished.

PSYCHIC :

What happened with Mamie-Claire?

TRACY :

She totally screwed Brooke over.

She married her fiance and stole

her idea.

BROOKE :

TRACY! Shut up.

(to the Psychic)

I never looked back.

PSYCHIC :

I am seeing this, yes. I am

seeing... trees...

TRACY :

You said she lives in Connecticut!

There are trees in Connecticut.

The Psychic looks at Brooke for affirmation.

BROOKE :

Well, to be fair, there are trees pretty much everywhere.

TRACY :

You have to listen to Spirit!

Mamie-Claire can give you the money! Hi-ho Greenwich!

BROOKE:

(to the Psychic)

Really? Can we get confirmation?

Is Spirit sure of this?

PSYCHIC :

The young one is right.

BROOKE:

(re:

She's not that young. Ten...ten to
twelve years younger, we are contemporaries, okay?
50.

PSYCHIC :

You must seek out Mamie-Claire.

BROOKE :

I'm so annoyed with Spirit.

PSYCHIC :

The path isn't against you it's just the path.

BROOKE :

Right. I don't want to be petty...
I just wasn't brought up that way.
She's my nemesis, but she does owe
me.

PSYCHIC :

This has been a heavy weight on
you. Sometimes you have to go back to go front.

BROOKE :

Fuck this parade. I'm going to Greenwich.

TRACY :

We're going.

BROOKE :

You ready for this, squirt? It's
going to get ugly.

TRACY :

(smiling)

I'm ready.

BROOKE :

Great. How are we going to get there?

INT. TONY'S CAR. DAY

Brooke sits in the back seat with Nicolette. Tracy looks at her phone and gives directions to Tony in the front.

TONY :

I really don't like to leave
Manhattan.

TRACY:

(to Tony)

You're going to want to take the Merrit Parkway.
51.

BROOKE :

I'll bet Dylan is still in love with me. Marrying Mamie-Claire is like buying
a cashmere sweater from Old Navy.
Tony looks confused.

TRACY :

Even if he's not, this is a great investment. And don't forget she still owes
you.

BROOKE :

It's win win. Because I'm sure he
still loves me.

TONY:

(annoyed)

I'm not driving you to Connecticut to break up a marriage. I should
be in my room reading Nichomachean Ethics.

BROOKE :

Calm down rich boy.

TONY :

I'm not rich.

BROOKE :

Yes you are you have a car.

TONY :

No, I'm not - my dad is a mechanic.
He and my uncle have a body shop.
I have this car because it was
something that he could give me.

BROOKE:

(to Tracy)
Sorry, I think I offended your boyfriend.

NICOLETTE :

He's not her boyfriend, he's mine.`

BROOKE :

(to Nicolette)
Why are you here?

NICOLETTE :

Because Tracy made Tony drive you.
52.

BROOKE :

But why did you come?

NICOLETTE :

I... I had a bad experience with adultery before. My last boyfriend committed adultery while we were together and I just don't like to let my boyfriends get too far.

BROOKE :

ADULTERY? Why the fuck does it matter? You are all eighteen!
Where is this old-person morality coming from? There is no
"cheating" when you're eighteen.
You should all be touching each other all the time.

CUT TO:

TRACY :

Do you ever get that feeling when you are on a car trip that you never want to get where you're going. That you never want it to end.
Everyone is silent, thinking about it. Nicolette reaches out to playfully touch Tony's hair. Tony freaks.

TONY :

Nicolette! You SCARED THE FUCKING
SHIT OUT OF ME!
Nicolette sits back, pissed.

TONY:

(trying to make it up)
Sweetie, it's...nice, it's just I'm driving.

EXT. GAS STATION. DAY

Tony fills the tank while Nicolette gives him a back rub.
Tracy stretches her legs. Brooke comes out of the store
eating a Slim Jim.

BROOKE:

(passing Tracy)
You should be with him, not that goth housewife.
53.

TRACY :

No, he knew me, he chose her.

BROOKE :

Only because you let him. You have
to chase down the things you want.

TRACY :

(shrugs)
I was just going to let it go.

BROOKE:

(considering her)
Sometimes I don't know if you are a zen master or a sociopath.

TRACY :

I'm just normal!
(taking the bait)
I'll give him a back rub he won't soon forget.
Brooke gives her a half hug/squeeze, jokingly.

BROOKE :

You don't give shit, do you? I'm
so glad you're on my team.
Brooke wanders from the car and stretches. Tracy watches.

Tracy watches Brooke, bent over, brushing out her hair from the bottom, fixing her makeup.

TRACY (V.O.)

But the very things that had worked so well for Meadow up until then had started turning and fading.

She had no other skills, no other way of dealing with the world. In one instant her behaviors turned

from charming to borderline hysteric. People could feel her failure coming. She smelled of

something rotten. Her youth had died and she was dragging around the decaying carcass.

CUT TO:

bigger and bigger. More elegant. This is the wealthy.

TRACY (V.O.)

I had somehow become the pallbearer.

54.

TRACY :

I'm trying to find Mamie-Claire's address. Does she have a different last name?

BROOKE :

I have a visual memory of it. It's kind of photographic.

TRACY :

Oh you've been here?

BROOKE :

Well, I kind of stalked them once.

I was so pissed.

EXT. GREENWICH, CT. DAY

They all get out of the car. Brooke squints.

BROOKE :

Yep, this is it.

She starts to walk up to the house. Everyone follows her.

BROOKE :

Oh we're all going? Okay, we look crazy, but maybe that's good.

The four of them walk up to the house and ring the doorbell.

Wait. A man answers, forties.

40'S MAN

Can I help you?

BROOKE :

Hi, yes, I was wondering - is Mamie-Claire or Dylan in... I'm an oldfriend.

40'S MAN

Wrong house.

BROOKE :

Oh, which is their house? I never come here! I live in New York.

40'S MAN

I'll take you there.

The 40's Man leading the way, the four of them troop over to another house, across the big lawn and through some bushes and trees.

55.

He walks up to the door, rings the bell.

Brooke, Tracy, Tony and Nicolette stand just behind him, out of sight.

A woman opens the door. It's Mamie-Claire.

MAMIE-CLAIRE

Harold.

40'S MAN

What do you think I was doing last night?

MAMIE-CLAIRE

I don't know Harold, watching kiddie porn?

40'S MAN

NO! Listening to you and your husband shouting and not sleeping.

MAMIE-CLAIRE

So sorry we interfered with your kiddie-porn.

40'S MAN

I am a PEDIATRICIAN.

MAMIE-CLAIRE

Obviously!

40'S MAN

Next time I hear decibel levels like I did I'm calling the cops.

That is a promise.

He stalks off.

40'S MAN

(annoyed, to Brooke)

This is the house.

Brooke jumps out.

BROOKE :

Hello!

MAMIE-CLAIRE

What - what are you doing here?

Who are these people?

56.

BROOKE :

(presenting everyone one
by one)

Tracy's Mom is marrying my Dad.

Tony drove. Nicolette is jealous.

Then a lot of unnecessary hand shaking takes place.

TRACY :

Hi, I'm Tracy.

MAMIE-CLAIRE

I'm Mamie-Claire.

They shake.

NICOLETTE :

Nicolette.

MAMIE-CLAIRE

Mamie-Claire.

They shake.

TONY :

Tony - and wait, no don't tell me -
Mamie-Claire?

Mamie-Claire ignores the joke, turns back to Brooke.

MAMIE-CLAIRE

I thought we weren't speaking.

BROOKE :

Right, I want to change that... And I have something I really need to talk to
you and Dylan about...

MAMIE-CLAIRE

Dylan isn't here.

BROOKE :

Where is he?

MAMIE-CLAIRE

(hesitates)

He volunteers at a retirement community. I'm in the middle of...

(hesitates again)

It's a thing we do. It's like a party.

BROOKE :

That's okay.

57.

MAMIE-CLAIRE

No... it's not...

(getting flustered, then clarifying firmly)

It's not for you to say okay, it's for me to say okay.

BROOKE :

We'll wait in the car.

MAMIE-CLAIRE

No, that's weird.

BROOKE :

People wait in cars.

MAMIE-CLAIRE

(sighs)

You and your... "posse" can hangout in the kitchen.

INT. LIVING ROOM. DAY

Mamie-Claire leads them past pregnant and just-pregnant women who discuss Faulkner's "The Hamlet."

PREGNANT WOMAN #1

I think the way Faulkner uses language is akin to the way the modernist painters were using paint

-exploring the reality of words or paint itself -

PREGNANT WOMAN #2

Only Faulkner was interested in how that happens while characters are ACTUALLY trying to communicate, not just drawing attention to the constructedness of the novel.

TONY:

(to himself)

Holy shit those pregnant women are super-smart.

Everyone is impressed.

INT. MAMIE-CLAIRE'S KITCHEN. DAY

Mamie-Claire puts down snacks for the "posse."

MAMIE-CLAIRE

I don't know if you're hungry, but this is for if you're hungry.
58.

TRACY :

This place is amazing.

MAMIE-CLAIRE

Thank you.

Brooke frowns, looking around.

BROOKE :

It's really fucking nice.

MAMIE-CLAIRE

Thank you.

TONY :

Would it be OK if we sat in on your discussion?

MAMIE-CLAIRE

(confused)

Yeah, I guess. This week's book is

Faulkner's "The Hamlet." Followed

by a kind of junky biography of Derrida, but it's fun.

TONY :

Tight.

He and Nicolette follow Mamie-Claire back into the living
room.

Tracy looks at a picture of Mamie-Claire on a boat, Brooke leans down and
whispers to her:

BROOKE :

Apparently, she got recruited by Tufts for crew and went but then
NEVER did it. I mean, that's the kind of person she is, just sly and shitty.

TRACY :

I would do that if I could. I
wasn't good at sports.

BROOKE :

Yeah, I would too, but it wouldn't be like my CHARACTER. It would
just be something I did.

TRACY :

When does that become the same

thing?

59.

BROOKE :

I don't know!

CUT TO:

snacks. They're bored. Brooke looks at her phone.

BROOKE :

I didn't know you could change the font setting - I hate Helvetica. Mamie-Claire enters and places plates in the sink. Brooke stands immediately.

BROOKE :

You look amazing.

MAMIE-CLAIRE

Why are all these kids with you?

BROOKE :

They aren't "kids." If they're kids, we are.

TRACY :

(piping up, to Mamie-Claire)

I'm an associate and her almost-sister.

BROOKE :

I really need to talk to you...

MAMIE-CLAIRE

Okay, how long do you think you'll need with me, because -

BROOKE :

How long will Dylan be "giving back" at the old folks home? I'd also like to talk to him.

MAMIE-CLAIRE

We're both very busy, I have an appointment after this...

BROOKE :

Oh, come on, Mamie-Claire, that's stupid, you aren't REALLY busy.

MAMIE-CLAIRE

Yes! I am!

60.

BROOKE:

(to Tracy)

Remember this truth: It's only people who don't have jobs and don't have anything to do that are always fucking BUSY. Like what are you DOING?!

MAMIE-CLAIRE

We started a community farm. We have goats.

NICOLETTE:

(wandering in)

Goats are more sustainable.

They're smaller.

Tony behind her.

BROOKE :

Than what?

TONY :

Cows.

PREGNANT WOMAN #2

(pokes her head into the kitchen)

Um, Mamie-Claire?

MAMIE-CLAIRE

Excuse me, I have to see my guests out.

Tony and Nicolette follow Mamie-Claire to the kitchen door:

TONY :

I want to say goodbye to Karen.

NICOLETTE :

Do you have a crush on Karen now?

TONY :

She's seven months pregnant!

NICOLETTE :

Why do you know that?

LIVING ROOM:

Nicolette and Tony are looking at a chess set. Pregnant women are leaving. Mamie-Claire is seeing her guests out.

61.

TONY:

(to Mamie-Claire)

Mamie-Claire, can me and Nicolette play with your chess set?

MAMIE-CLAIRE

(confused by who he even is)

Yes.

A pregnant woman sits by the door with her bag in her lap.

TONY :

Everything OK, Karen?

KAREN :

Yes, I'm just waiting for my husband. He's late to pick me up.

TONY :

You want to play chess with us?

NICOLETTE :

(to Tony, wanting
attention)

You have to teach me.

KAREN :

No, he'll be here any minute.

She checks her phone. Clearly nothing.

KITCHEN:

Mamie-Claire comes back into the kitchen cleaning up.

BROOKE :

Sorry, I got started on the wrong foot there - I meant to say, I've been missing you as a friend and...

MAMIE-CLAIRE

And?

TRACY :

She has a very exciting business opportunity for you.

BROOKE :

And I wanted to bring it to you and Dylan as a peace offering.

I really think you're going to want to hear about this...

62.

MAMIE-CLAIRE

The last time I saw you you were hiding in the bushes and then you started incoherently yelling at me and my husband about how we had ruined your life and the time before that you were throwing up at my wedding.

BROOKE :

Which is why I am bringing you this exciting business opportunity! Mamie-Claire goes into the dining room. Tracy nods at her, like "keep going!" They follow Mamie-Claire.

BROOKE :

I would like to offer you a share in a restaurant I'm starting.

MAMIE-CLAIRE

Why?

BROOKE :

Because it is all set up and ready to go and I already have the ability to draw a crowd and it'll just be... perfect. You'll love it. So will Dylan.

TRACY :

There are lots of other investors.

BROOKE :

But not so many that it would dilute your investment.

MAMIE-CLAIRE

So why are you here?

BROOKE :

Well, there was a slight snafu with one of our people which allowed a very coveted spot to open up, which I am offering only to you guys...

Mamie-Claire considers.

MAMIE-CLAIRE

It's not really a good time for me to get involved with a business...

BROOKE :

Why?

63.

MAMIE-CLAIRE

We're trying to have a baby...

KAREN :

You'll never regret it.

MAMIE-CLAIRE

Thanks, Karen.

BROOKE :

It's just money, you don't have to do any of the work, you just get the glory and the profit and the satisfaction of being involved with something awesome.

MAMIE-CLAIRE

I don't think Dylan would buy into it. We recently lost money purchasing taxi cab medallions.

BROOKE :

I don't want to overstep my bounds here but I think you might be wrong - when is he coming back?

MAMIE-CLAIRE

I really need to focus on having children - this isn't part of what I need to focus on. No, just...

Can I just say no?

Brooke gets furious.

BROOKE :

No, you cannot "just say no." Why not?

MAMIE-CLAIRE

I don't need a why.

BROOKE :

The money means NOTHING to you!

Look at all this shit, this house that patio furniture. You can spare it, you wouldn't even miss it!

TRACY :

And it really would make a profit!

MAMIE-CLAIRE

No. You can't make me.

64.

BROOKE :

Yes, I can because you OWE me.

TRACY :

(trying to stop her)

Um, Brooke...

MAMIE-CLAIRE

(evenly)

I don't owe you.

BROOKE :

For Dylan because that was justskanky but really for the T-shirts - you stole my T-shirt idea and youknow it.

MAMIE-CLAIRE

I did not steal your idea. It was my idea and you were there when I had it.

BROOKE :

No! That's so wrong - I rememberlike the minute I said "what if this flower was, like, TOUGH." And then we started riffing but I SAIDIT FIRST.

MAMIE-CLAIRE

(calmly)

No, you didn't.

Brooke screams.

BROOKE :

You are so annoying when you getcalm voice!

Brooke storms off into the backyard. Stops short when shesees two cats.

BROOKE :

Are these my fucking cats?!

MAMIE-CLAIRE

They're mine. I paid for their catsurgery so they're mine.

BROOKE :

Did my cats die and you didn't tellme? Are these replacement cats?
65.

MAMIE-CLAIRE

No! They are the same goddamn cats!

Brooke stares at the cats hard and then stomps outside.

Tracy wants to go after her but follows Mamie-Claire into theliving room. Tony and Nicolette play chess. The pregnant woman still sitsby the door checking her phone periodically. Tony thinkshard before a move. He moves his rook-

KAREN :

If you do that, your knight is vulnerable.

TONY :

What? Oh...thanks.

NICOLETTE :

You took your finger off it, you made the move.
Mamie-Claire enters. Tracy behind her.

TONY :

"I took my finger off it?" Who am
I playing here Deep Blue?
He looks at Karen for a laugh. Doesn't get it.

MAMIE-CLAIRE

Karen, come inside, have a glass of wine.

KAREN :

Oh, no, I'm fine. He'll be here.

TRACY :

(indignant to Mamie-
Claire)

So you deny it? That you profited from her idea that you stole?

MAMIE-CLAIRE

No, I don't deny it. She's right.
The T-shirts were her idea.

TRACY :

Then why did you just say that?!

MAMIE-CLAIRE

I like making her mad. It's so
easy.
66.

TRACY :

You took her idea. That's not
just, Mamie-Claire.

MAMIE-CLAIRE

No, I tried to include her. I set
up a meeting with people and she never showed up. And then she
stopped speaking to me when me and Dylan got married so I figured I could
just go do it.

TRACY :

So it's her fault.

MAMIE-CLAIRE

No... She is right that I stole a lot of her life ideas. I really am not as
creative as she is. But she
never would have used them. She
has no follow through.

TRACY :

So it's... no one's fault.

MAMIE-CLAIRE

Obviously. That's always true.

TRACY :

You know the restaurant is going to be really great. She's following through with that. If she's allowed to.

Tracy leaves to go find Brooke. At the chess table:

NICOLETTE :

Check.

TONY :

Wait, what? No it isn't.

NICOLETTE :

(smiling)

Check.

Tony stands, pretends he's being rational.

TONY :

I don't want to play anymore.

NICOLETTE :

Oh come on!

67.

TONY :

I don't feel like playing right now.

NICOLETTE :

You can't quit right before I'm going to win-

TONY :

I'm just not in the mood. People can be not in the mood. Mamie-Claire stares at them.

MAMIE-CLAIRE

I couldn't be your mother, thank god.

TONY :

What are you, thirty?
eighteen. You could.
olds can have kids.
We're
Twelve year
MAMIE-CLAIRE
Fuck you.

KAREN :

Mamie-Claire!
MAMIE-CLAIRE
Sorry, Karen.

EXT. BACKYARD. DAY

Brooke, still worked up, marches across the lawn. Her phone vibrates.

BROOKE :

Hey Dad - what's up? I can't
really talk right now.

DAD :

Brooke...

BROOKE :

I'll call you tomorrow, I'm in the middle of something.

DAD :

I know you probably don't care --

BROOKE :

-- I care about things!
68.

DAD :

But I'm not getting married.

BROOKE :

Oh, really?

DAD :

No... We called it off last night.
It's for the best. I don't really know her.

BROOKE :

Yeah.

DAD :

She wasn't committed to the church,
either. I think that was all
forced.

BROOKE :

Sure, sure.

DAD :

Are you okay?

BROOKE :

Yes, I just... You're really not doing it? I thought you guys were really
sympiotic. Wasn't it a web
algorithm that got you together?
She seems amazing.

DAD :

You never even met Stevie.

BROOKE :

Through you, I met her. I don't
know, Dad. Come on...
Tears run down Brooke's face.

BROOKE :

Don't just bail. That's what the
Cardinases always do, move on to something else. Hang in there.

DAD :

Frankly I'm surprised you're so invested in this. Believe me, it's for the
best.

BROOKE :

(wiping her face)

I have to go.

(MORE)

69.

BROOKE (CONT'D)

I have a really important business meeting. I love you.

DAD :

We can do Thanksgiving at my house if you want - since there won't be a wedding.

BROOKE :

Nah, I'll probably just end up doing something depressing but young.

DAD :

Home is only a bus ride away.

BROOKE :

Is it? Just kidding, it is.

There is a silence between them for a second.

BROOKE :

So what does this make me and Tracy?

DAD :

Who's Tracy?

BROOKE :

Never mind.

DAD :

Oh, oh, right, her daughter - nothing, I guess.

INT. MAMIE-CLAIRE'S DEN. DAY

Tracy is looking through an old datebook in the den. She picks up a 1970's subway token and puts it in her pocket.

TRACY :

(startles)

Hello.

TONY :

Sorry, I didn't mean to sneak.

TRACY :

(saucily)

Are you stalking me?

TONY :

I left my backpack in here. I need

my migrane pills.

70.

He goes to his backpack and gets out an pill bottle. He fixes himself a scotch and then downs a pill.

TRACY :

Let me have a sip.

She takes the glass from him. He looks at her.

TONY :

How much longer do you think we'llbe here?

TRACY :

I don't know, however long ittakes. After Dylan comes homemaybe.

TONY :

What are you really trying toaccomplish here?

TRACY:

(looking around the room)

I'm enjoying this really stylishhouse. When you live in suburbiayou have to really like being inyour house.

TONY :

That's not what I - what are youdoing with this whole thing?

Nicolette appears in the doorway for a second and thenretreats, listening.

TRACY :

I want Brooke to get herrestaurant. I'm helping out.

Tony goes to his backpack, which was thrown on the couch.

Opens it and retrieves the pages she had given him.

TONY :

I read your story, by the way.

(he holds up the pages)

Brooke is the woman in your piece.

You're collecting material.

TRACY :

Did you like it?

71.

TONY:

(evasive)

That's not what we're talking about.

TRACY :

Why are you here?

TONY :

(vaguely)

You needed a ride. You forced me.

Tracy quickly walks over to Tony.

TRACY :

How does it feel to be forced?

TONY :

It feels...uncomfortable.

Tracy puts her face close to his. She removes his glasses.

TRACY :

And how do you feel now?

TONY :

Still uncomfortable.

Tracy kisses Tony passionately on the mouth. Nicolette reacts.

TONY :

(pushing her off)

That's not what I want!

TRACY :

It is what you want, but it makes you feel like a bad person to want it.

TONY:

(wiping his mouth)

You're acting really crazy. I don't like this.

He puts the story back into his backpack.

TRACY :

Why can't you say you liked my story?

72.

TONY:

(upset)

I don't know! I'm jealous! It's better than mine! Sheesh!

TRACY :

You want other people to do the things that you can't so you can blame them.

TONY :

You used to be so nice.

TRACY :

I'm the same. I'm just the same in another direction now.

Tony and Tracy leave. Nicolette enters, goes to Tony's backpack and takes out the story.

MAMIE-CLAIRE (O.S.)

YOU'RE HOME!

INT. MAMIE-CLAIRE'S HOUSE. DAY

Dylan, a round annoyed-looking blonde man, is fixing a drink and doing dishes and Mamie Claire is trying to really hug him with her face in his neck.

DYLAN :

I don't like it when you try to force affection onto me.

MAMIE-CLAIRE

I'm just trying to hug you.

DYLAN :

Do you have to put your face so close to mine?

MAMIE-CLAIRE

It's nice....

DYLAN :

You know how upset I get when I visit the home...

MAMIE-CLAIRE

I want you to share it with me.

DYLAN :

Rosella and Lorene may not even be ALIVE next time I'm there, okay?

(MORE)

73.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

Just keep your face a little away while I process that.

MAMIE-CLAIRE

(pouting)

Fine.

Dylan looks up -- he clocks Tony, Tracy and Karen, the abandoned Pregnant Woman, at the top of the stairs.

DYLAN :

Who are all these people?! MC, why do you never tell me who is in the house?

KAREN :

I wondered if I could have some water.

MAMIE-CLAIRE

Of course, Karen.

She goes to retrieve a glass.

DYLAN :

Oh, hi Karen, I don't mean you.

TONY :

(reaching out his hand)

Tony, nice to meet you. Beautiful house sir.

DYLAN :

(confused)

Thank you.

TONY :

Have you seen a girl about this high -

(demonstrates with his hand)

-that's my girlfriend.

DYLAN :

No, uh, there's more of you?

Tracy steps in a little:

TRACY :

I'm Tracy.

DYLAN :

(pointing at himself)

Dylan. Tracy is a tight name.

(MORE)

74.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

It's a name that totally is a namebut I don't know anyone actuallynamed
Tracy, you know?

TRACY :

I am actually named Tracy.

BROOKE (O.S.)

Tracy-

TRACY :

(turning)

Yeah?

Brooke enters. Dylan sees Brooke.

DYLAN :

Brooke.

Brooke now notices Dylan.

BROOKE :

Hey Dylan.

They stand apart almost shyly.

MAMIE-CLAIRE

Brooke's here with some
kindergartners.

TRACY :

(to Brooke)

What were you going to say?

BROOKE :

(smiling at Dylan)

In a minute.

TONY :

Has anyone seen Nicolette?

TRACY :

Forget about Nicolette for asecond.

TONY :

Stop trying to seduce me!

Mamie-Claire hands Karen her water.

KAREN :

Thanks, I got a little parched. I

think I'm sitting by a heatingduct.

75.

MAMIE-CLAIRE

(shoves a stool in her direction)

Stay here. Have a glass of wine.

KAREN :

No. Ted really should be here

soon.

MAMIE-CLAIRE

Karen!

Karen sits on the stool. Tony looks distraught.

TONY :

Can I have a snack? Stress makes

me hungry.

Mamie-Claire gestures to the refrigerator. Tony opens the freezer and fridge stands in front of it. Dylan considers Brooke. Mamie-Claire watches.

DYLAN :

Brooke -- I haven't seen you in a second.

BROOKE :

I know, right?

DYLAN :

What brings you to the burbs?

BROOKE :

We were-

MAMIE-CLAIRE

Brooke needs money.

BROOKE :

No, I don't "need money" - I come to you with an opportunity.

MAMIE-CLAIRE

I told her about the taxi

medallions.

DYLAN :

Let me make you a drink. What's

the opportunity?

BROOKE :

(coyly)

It's a good one.

76.

MAMIE-CLAIRE

We're having dinner at the Baskins.

I'm sorry to say it but you guys will have to leave now.

Tony holds up a Chipwich.

TONY :

Can I have this?

MAMIE-CLAIRE

YES!

He leaves, eating the Chipwich.

DYLAN :

Marty and Jiselle can wait.

MAMIE-CLAIRE

Didn't you guys park over at

Harold's?

DYLAN:

(confused)

You guys know Harold? How do you know Harold?

MAMIE-CLAIRE

They don't!

DYLAN :

She's an old friend, she can stayover if she wants. We have the room for her and her students.

MAMIE-CLAIRE

They're not her students. It's much weirder than that.

(definitively)

I'll walk you out.

Mamie-Claire leaves through the door toward the living room.

No one follows.

BROOKE :

They're my friends.

DYLAN :

Always running with a young crowd.

TRACY :

She's starting a restaurant.

77.

BROOKE :

I can't wait to tell you about it.

Mamie-Claire reenters, realizing no one followed.

MAMIE-CLAIRE

Dylan, let's not do this. She
already lost her shit once.

DYLAN :

What's the restaurant?

Dylan starts doing the dishes/loading the dishwasher.

MAMIE-CLAIRE

Brooke, this is uncomfortable.

Dylan doesn't want to do this.

DYLAN:

(to Mamie-Claire)

You don't know what I want. I know

you see me a certain way, but I'mnot just some square. I saw
Nirvana live and this was waybefore Nevermind.

TRACY :

(piping in)

You seem really cool to me.

DYLAN :

I DJed at my college radio station,
the 2AM slot. We played Mudhoney,
Superchunk, Trip Shakespeare, I
mean...

MAMIE-CLAIRE

No one wants to hear about yourglory days in college radio, Dylan,
OK.

TRACY/BROOKEI do./I do.

DYLAN:

(back to Mamie-Claire)

I play this part for you. I playthis guy wearing a fleece, but I'mnot just
some asshole bankrollingyour fitness goals.

MAMIE-CLAIRE

I've gotten really intotriathalons.

78.

TRACY :

Brooke teaches cycling.

DYLAN :

So cool.

MAMIE-CLAIRE

No, I only like cycling when it's combined with running and swimming.

DYLAN :

(to Brooke)

Why did you think of us?

MAMIE-CLAIRE

Because we "owe" her!

BROOKE :

Because you're into cool things.

DYLAN :

We are! You guys want to smoke some weed?

He opens the freezer.

DYLAN :

I have some frozen weed. MC,
where's that weed Jason gave us?

MAMIE-CLAIRE

You've just said "weed" like fifteen times.

DYLAN :

(head in the freezer)

MC??? Did that kid take my weed!?

MAMIE-CLAIRE

NO! No one has touched it. It
should be next to the Chipwiches.

CUT TO:

eating a Chipwich.

TONY :

Are you sick?

NICOLETTE (O.S.)

No, I'm healthy.

TONY :

Don't shut me out! You know how hard that is for me!

79.

NICOLETTE (O.S.)

You sound like you're eatingsomething.

TONY :

I have a Chipwich for you.

NICOLETTE (O.S.)

(softening)

You brought me a Chipwich?

TONY :

I can get you another one.

BATHROOM:

NICOLETTE :

LEAVE ME ALONE!

Nicolette reads the story on the sink counter.

TRACY (V.O.)

It was clear that the thing thatMeadow wanted most in the world - the thing that she wanted to defineher, to absolve her from thestruggle of explaining herself, to give her a place to put her timeand talents - her everything - therestaurant.

Tony pounds on the door.

TRACY (V.O.)

It was clear that it would never happen. The most surprising thingwas that Meadow was actuallysurprised by it. She could see the whole world with painful accuracybut couldn't see herself or her fate.

TONY (O.S.)

Baby, come out!

KITCHEN:

Brooke finds herself standing next to Karen.

TRACY (V.O.)

The most surprising thing was thatMeadow was actually surprised byit.

(MORE)

80.

TRACY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And because I was in love with her,

I decided I couldn't see it either.
The conversations overlap.

BROOKE :

I'm starting a restaurant.

KAREN :

Oh...I'm an attorney.

BROOKE :

That's awesome for you. I never
went to college.

KAREN :

That doesn't have to be a permanentstate. You aren't an amputee.

BROOKE :

I know that.

KAREN :

You can still go to college.

DYLAN :

(head still in the
freezer)

We'll get lifted and you'll tell usabout this venture.
Dylan reemerges holding a Chipwich.

DYLAN :

Do any of you kids know how to makean apple bong?

MAMIE-CLAIRE

(nearly apoplectic)

Nobody knows how to make an applebong!

Tony comes back:

TONY :

I do.

DYLAN :

(suspicious)

Did you take my herb?

TONY :

No.

81.

DYLAN :

I'll get you an apple.

TRACY :

Why don't we all sit down somewhere comfortable and listen to what Brooke has to say...

DYLAN :

Yes. You'll pitch us.

BROOKE :

What?

DYLAN :

That's what you do. If someone wants something. They pitch. Come pitch us on our media stage!
Dylan, Tracy, Tony and Brooke all troupe down the hall.
Mamie-Claire hurries behind:

DYLAN :

We just ran Apocalypto on Blu Ray.
Stunning. Stunning. I've gotten very into vinyl.

TRACY :

I'm into compressed MP3's. Just joking.

DYLAN :

I have a great early Mother LoveBone EP that would be perfect for this occasion.

BROOKE :

Records are so warm.
Brooke is suddenly yanked out of the line of people, by Mamie-Claire who stands in the dark in the guest bathroom:

MAMIE-CLAIRE

(intense whisper)

I want you to know that I really love Dylan. I love his blonde hair and his beard. I know you only loved him for his money but I love him as a person and I also love him for his money but not in that order. I'm committed

to being a happier person. Do you understand?
She releases Brooke back out into the hallway.

82.

LIVING ROOM:

Dylan, Mamie-Claire, Tony, Karen and Tracy sit on the couch in front of an elevated stage which is usually used to project movies.

Brooke stands behind a curtain. Tracy presses a button and the curtain slowly opens.

Brooke appears before them. Brooke backs up and kind of gets a little presentational about the whole thing.

BROOKE :

Umm, well...it's a restaurant, but also like where you cut hair...

(hesitates)

Can I start over?

DYLAN :

Of course. We're old friends.

Murmurs of "yes, of course."

BROOKE :

Okay, great.

She does a weird "rewinding" type action. Everyone stares.

BROOKE :

I was, that was pretend rewind.

Like...

Then she does it again.

BROOKE:

(breath)

So...it would have big heavy wooden tables and chairs and...

Suddenly a projection of the red FBI warning from a DVD appears across Brooke's body. She hesitates.

Dylan pulls the remote control from under his body.

DYLAN :

Sorry.

He shuts off the image.

BROOKE :

Umm... It would feel like the home

everyone wishes they had been raised in. It...it...it...it.

83.

Brooke is struggling. Tracy can't help but pipe in from the couch.

TRACY :

No one who comes there will want to take out their cell phones because it won't feel that way. It would be like taking out your cell phone in the woods - totally wrong.

DYLAN :

It's so rude. I concur.

TRACY :

Yeah. It will always feel like fall inside - even on hot summer nights with all the windows open.

BROOKE :

Loaves of bread that people tear off pieces. It would be the kind of place where at 2AM the chef and the wait-staff would come out and eat something simple they fixed themselves with the remaining guests and open a bottle of good wine.

TRACY :

(standing up)

It would be the best of capitalism.

What politicians pretend they mean when they say "small business."

BROOKE :

We would resist doing too many pieces in the Times and stuff because we'd want it to stay honest. They would want us to expand and open another one and maybe we eventually would but we wouldn't try to re-create the first one, it would be a totally new thing. And if I ever had kids they would walk there after school and do their homework in a corner table. They'd grow up around all these wonderful adults -

TRACY :

Chefs and actors who are waiters -

it would be a big funny family and they'd never be lonely.

84.

BROOKE :

This could all be something you guys share in - you'd be their auntie and uncle - part of the life and food. And eventually I'd train someone younger than myself to run the day to day so I could go up to Maine with my family in

the summersand have the kids dive for lobsters
and everyone would be so warm andhappy inside knowing that in theirlife
they had participated insomething that was only good.
Silence. Tracy is kind of emotional. Everyone applauds.
Karen is sobbing.

TONY :

Wow.

Dylan walks up to Brooke, kissing her on each cheek,
pretending to be speechless.

DYLAN:

(to the group)

You know, I lived in the City for
many years. Before I started at
Goldman, I was teaching at Baruchand I lived in an East Village walk-
up. I was the people people maketelevision shows about.

(to Tracy)

I was quite beautiful.

He takes Brooke's hand. Mamie-Claire reacts. Takes his
other hand. They are all holding hands.

DYLAN :

This is very fucking interesting.

BROOKE :

Really?

DYLAN :

(re:

So, are you both doing it?

TRACY :

No, but we're sisters and I'm-

BROOKE :

Tracy is spiritual guidance andwaitress.

85.

TRACY:

(thrilled)

Really? I wasn't sure you hadheard me those times.

BROOKE :

I hear everything.

DYLAN :

How much do you need?

BROOKE :

It's 200 total but I calculated we need forty-two point five on Monday.

TRACY :

For refrigeration.

DYLAN :

Forty-two point five stacks, huh?

TONY :

What are stacks?

KAREN :

A thousand?

MAMIE-CLAIRE

I thought "stacks" meant a hundred.

DYLAN :

I'm pretty sure a stack is a thousand.

BROOKE :

I think a dime is a thousand.

(cutting to the chase)

Nevermind, you'd do that?

DYLAN :

I want to help you.

The door bell rings. Karen springs off her stool.

KAREN :

That's Ted! Bye everyone.

EVERYONE :

Bye.

KAREN :

(to Brooke)

Good luck with your restaurant!

86.

She hurries out.

MAMIE-CLAIRE

Dylan, this is really something forus to talk about privately.

DYLAN :

We need fresh drinks.

He starts for the kitchen. Brooke follows.

KAREN (O.S.)

Umm, Mamie-Claire! Can you comehere please?

MAMIE-CLAIRE

Can it wait, Karen?

KAREN (O.S.)

No!

Mamie-Claire hesitates, torn between keeping an eye of Dylanand going to Karen, and then runs to Karen.

CUT TO:

KAREN :

It's not Ted.

MAMIE-CLAIRE

Harold-

HAROLD :

I am calling the cops. You were warned.

DYLAN (O.S.)

Could the weed be in the garagefreezer?

MAMIE-CLAIRE

I don't know!

DYLAN (O.S.)

Can you check?

MAMIE-CLAIRE

(yelling)

I'm blowing Harold so he doesn'tcall the cops. JK. I'm probablyjust going to have to go look atthis boat collection.

87.

HAROLD:

(stepping inside)

I can't remember the last time I was over here.

MAMIE-CLAIRE

I don't think you've ever been overhere, Harold.

HAROLD :

No, when you first moved here, I came for a stilted barbecue.

MAMIE-CLAIRE

That's when we made an effort.

HAROLD :

Well, invite me in now. I want a house tour.

LIVING ROOM:

Tony is working on the apple bong with his all-purpose tool, Tracy watches him.

TRACY :

You are such a Swiss Army knifekind of guy.

TONY :

I have to be a better loser. I really love Nicolette.

TRACY :

She's angry about the chess game?

TONY :

Yeah, I think so. I'm mostly into touch with my feminine side but then I guess not though because I don't understand her right now.

TRACY :

Did you... did you want to be with me ever?

TONY :

I don't want to get into this...

TRACY :

No, I'm not going to kiss you. Just a question.

Tony considers:

88.

TONY :

Yeah, I liked you, but I love Nicolette and honestly... I just never saw you that way.

TRACY :

Why?

TONY :

You seemed... I need someone I can love, not keep up with.

TRACY:

(nodding)

Sometimes I really think I'm just smarter and better than everyone else. Not necessarily with math or science or whether something is east or west but pretty much with everything else. And if I could just figure out my look I'd be the most beautiful woman in the world too.

TONY :

Sometimes I think I'm a genius and I wish I could just fast-forward my life to the part where everyone knows it.

Tony holds up the completed apple bong. It's beautiful.

KITCHEN:

Brooke has followed Dylan into the kitchen, he's fixing a drink.

DYLAN :

I have to say, I'm impressed Brooke. It takes a lot of moxie to start a restaurant.

BROOKE :

Thanks.

DYLAN :

You're doing it, babe. You're out there, doing something besides amassing and hoarding money.

BROOKE :

If I could figure out how to amass and hoard money, I'd do it.
89.

DYLAN :

You could have married me or a dozen other guys but you wanted to be your own person.

BROOKE :

Yeah, no, I'm over that now.
Dylan laughs. He moves toward her. She moves in.

DYLAN :

You're funny because you don't know you're funny.

BROOKE :

I know I'm funny. There's nothing I don't know about myself. That's why I can't do therapy.
They're close now. He pushes a strand out of her face and behind her ear. Brooke is going with it.

DYLAN :

MC and I see a woman in New Haven.

BROOKE :

Oh...you guys see a therapist?
Like a tune up?

DYLAN :

More like a death watch. She's totally on my side. She basically thinks Mamie-Claire is holding me back and I should just leave her.

BROOKE :

Your couple's therapist said that?

DYLAN :

In so many words. Yeah, we're done.

BROOKE :

(sadly)
Mamie-Claire said you were trying to have kids.

DYLAN :

We've talked about it but we've also talked about breaking up.

BROOKE :

Oh no, I'm sorry-
90.

DYLAN :

No, it's liberating. I feel great.

BROOKE :

(freaked out)

Yay...

DYLAN :

I miss New York, man. I miss you.

I look you up periodically on the internet. You look hot as hell in those party pictures.

Brooke takes a step back.

BROOKE :

Oh...do I? Which party? Sometimes

I look like I have fat arms.

He takes another step forward.

DYLAN :

I like fat arms. I'm going to help you.

BROOKE :

(tearful)

Thank you.

She hugs him. He holds the hug too long. She has to yank herself free.

DYLAN :

Here's what I'm going to do for

you. We'll take my forty-threestacks or dimes and pay back the other investors, whatever they're in for thus far. You got a space already? A lease?

Brooke, realizing, nods.

DYLAN :

We'll put it up for rent immediately, cool neighborhood?

BROOKE :

(almost inaudible)

Williamsburg.

DYLAN :

Oh, come on! The coolest. Yeah, we'll turn it over no problem.

(MORE)

91.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

Because let's face it having a restaurant is like having a kid with a drug problem.

It's...just...it's really draining.

BROOKE:

(crushed)

You're giving me money to not start a restaurant?

DYLAN :

First of all - I'm saving you. If

you started the restaurant, you'd be back here in a year asking for five times this.

BROOKE :

Not if it was successful --

DYLAN :

What are the odds?

He pushes a hair away from her face. He's close to her now.

DYLAN :

You're as beautiful as ever.

Whatever you're doing it's working.

BROOKE :

No. No, it isn't.

Brooke hesitates. Dylan grins.

Tracy enters.

TRACY :

Did you ever find the pot? Tony just made a beautiful apple bong.

DYLAN :

We'll have to, because some celebrating is in order.

(putting his arm around Brooke)

I think we may have reached a deal.

BROOKE :

(shaking off her disappointment)

Yes... Dylan made a proposition.

DYLAN :

I'm going to give her money
immediately.
92.

TRACY :

Yay!
MAMIE-CLAIRE (O.S.)
You're giving her money?
Mamie-Claire enters. Dylan takes his arm off of Brooke.

DYLAN :

Who was at the door?
MAMIE-CLAIRE
Harold. He's giving himself a tour of the house.

DYLAN :

Where's Karen?
MAMIE-CLAIRE
I don't fucking know. You're
giving her money??? This is our
decision. Not yours.

DYLAN :

I'm not giving her 200 grand, don't worry, I'm just bailing her out of her
current situation.
Tracy looks at Brooke.

TRACY :

And then for the whole restaurant?

BROOKE :

(trying to be brave)
No... I won't do the restaurant
now. It's just gotten too crazy.

TRACY :

Oh.

DYLAN:

(to Tracy)
You believe in her, don't you?
Tracy nods. Brooke watches her.

DYLAN :

This is a good result, this is even better than getting the restaurant.
Less financial uncertainty.
93.

BROOKE :

He's right. I think I even feel a little relieved.

TRACY :

"Mom's" wasn't about money.

DYLAN :

Well, I don't think anyone starts anything with the dream of NOT making money.

TRACY :

Do they not?

MAMIE-CLAIRE

Why would you give her money?

DYLAN :

It's my money. I make it. I can do what I want with it. Just like, you have your T-shirt money, you can do what you want with that.

MAMIE-CLAIRE

But I... we're married. This is our life.

Brooke looks at Tracy.

BROOKE :

You know what, I appreciate it, Dylan, Mamie-Claire, but I'm not going to take the money. I'll figure something else out.

DYLAN :

Why?

Brooke looks at Mamie-Claire.

BROOKE :

I just wasn't brought up that way.

Mamie-Claire smiles at her. An unspoken "Thanks." Tracy comes over to Brooke.

TRACY :

What will you do?

BROOKE :

I'll figure it out. I always do.

94.

TRACY :

I'm so impressed by you and worried for you at the same time.
She hugs Brooke.

TRACY :

I'm so glad you're my sister.

Brooke is about to say something when they HEAR SHOUTING.

INT. MAMIE-CLAIRE'S LIVING ROOM. IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWING

Dylan, Mamie-Claire, Brooke and Tracy enter. Nicolette and
Tony are arguing.

TONY :

I love YOU!

NICOLETTE :

Don't lie to my face and stab me in the back butter boy!

TONY :

Hey, that's mean...

She sees Tracy.

NICOLETTE :

You're stealing my boyfriend!

You're cuckholding me!

She starts hitting Tracy. Harold and Karen enter.

NICOLETTE :

You bitch whore!

BROOKE :

Guys!

TONY :

(to Brooke)

She just started attacking her!

HAROLD:

(walking in)

What IS it about this house?

Everyone screams.

MAMIE-CLAIRE

Please stop it!

Brooke helps Mamie-Claire pull Nicolette off Tracy.

95.

NICOLETTE :

(still struggling)

She's stealing my boyfriend!

TRACY :

I am not!

TONY :

I resisted! I resisted!

BROOKE :

Chill the fuck out.

DYLAN :

Ladies, ladies.

KAREN:

(re:

I don't like shouting around the baby.

MAMIE-CLAIRE

(to Karen)

Is that a real thing?

TONY :

I'm right here, she's not stealing anything...

NICOLETTE :

It's NOT just that! There's also

THIS!

The pulls a wrinkled stack of papers out of her pants.

BROOKE :

What the fuck is that?

KAREN :

Or cursing.

NICOLETTE :

Tracy knows what it is. I'll give you a hint: it's onion skin.
CLOSE on Tracy. Nicolette points at her.

NICOLETTE:

(pointing her finger)

She's a HOMEWRECKER and a bad
person.

96.

TRACY:

(to Brooke)

It's not you... It's just inspired.
You make me want to write.

MAMIE-CLAIRE

This is so nerdy.

DYLAN :

Who wouldn't want to write a story
about Brooke?

MAMIE-CLAIRE

(raising her hand)

Me. I wouldn't.

TONY :

(to Nicolette)

Baby, I resisted.

HAROLD :

(settling in, taking a seat)

Can I get a drink?

PREGNANT WOMAN #3

Here, have mine.

(giving him her wine)

They keep handing me alcohol.

BROOKE :

(to Tracy)

You wrote a story about me?

NICOLETTE:

(to Brooke)

She hates you - she wrote meanthings about you.

TRACY :

No I didn't!

BROOKE :

I'd like to read it. If it's about me.

DYLAN :

I'd like to, too.

MAMIE-CLAIRE

(to Dylan)

You don't read fiction.

97.

DYLAN :

When it's about my friends I do.

TRACY:

(to Brooke)

Oh, it's not really you, but it's very funny, the character that Nicolette and Tony misconstrued as you is a very funny character.

BROOKE :

(not thrilled with this)

Funny? What does it say?

TRACY :

It's not funny. It's just...it's not you.

NICOLETTE:

(to Brooke)

Do you live in an apartment that's zoned commercial?

Brooke hesitates.

BROOKE :

Gimme that story.

She snatches it out of Nicolette's hands.

CUT TO:

reading over her shoulder. Tony and Nicolette also hover in the background, reading here and there. Tracy watches nervously from across the room.

Brooke starts to turn the page. Everyone indicates they're not finished with that page yet.

CUT TO:

She is FURIOUS.

TRACY :

It wasn't meant to be hurtful - I didn't mean to hurt you, Brooke.

BROOKE:

(shaking with fury)

You don't get to decide what's hurtful and not hurtful.

TRACY :

I can only tell you my intention.
98.

BROOKE :

You wrote this after ONE night with me? ONE?!

TRACY :

I guess so, yeah, it felt longer.

BROOKE :

You think I'm a rotting carcass?
That I'm doomed to failure???

TRACY :

No! It's fiction that's why it's fiction...

BROOKE :

So much of this "fiction" did NOT happen this way. Karen, you're a lawyer. I'm going to sue you until you have NOTHING.

TRACY :

I'm just writing from my life...

BROOKE :

No, this isn't your life!

TRACY :

But I was there that night.

BROOKE :

NO! I was going to have that night anyway, you never were!

TRACY :

But I did have it though.

BROOKE :

You joined my life - you needed a place to go and I invited you in and then you stole my life. You're a LEECH. A BLOODSUCKER.

TRACY :

You loved being admired by me, you loved it, you loved having lessons to impart...

BROOKE :

I DIDN'T ASK FOR YOU.

Tracy looks for support from Tony and Nicolette.

99.

TRACY :

Brooke, you know great plays, right? - how would it have been if Tennessee Williams hadn't used people he knew, there wouldn't be any plays, there wouldn't

BROOKE :

I DON'T GIVE A SHIT BECAUSE I AM NOT A FRIEND OF TENNESSEE WILLIAMS.

TRACY :

You took something I said and made a tweet about it! What about that?

BROOKE :

That's different! You were right there! You knew I was Twittering, it wasn't some sneaky shitty thing - do you want me to credit you? Or no I'll just delete it.

TRACY :

That's not the point I'm asking you to empathize.

BROOKE :

It's my least popular tweet anyway!

TRACY :

Stop talking about Twitter, it's so awkward!

BROOKE :

You are much more of an asshole than you initially appear.

NICOLETTE :

I agree.

BROOKE :

(looking again at the story)

And...you think I haven't dealt with the pain of my mother's death? I deal with it all the time, I talk about it all the time.

TRACY :

You talk about it all the time, but you never talk about HER. You just throw out that she died and that shuts everyone up.

(MORE)

100.

TRACY (CONT'D)

Your tragedy is your armor in which nothing is ever your fault. Brooke looks around, desperately wild eyed, looking for support.

BROOKE :

PLEASE! PLEASE FRIENDS! SOMEONE DEFEND ME AGAINST THIS MONSTER!

Everyone jumps on Tracy, agreeing with Brooke, says she's a dick.

KAREN :

It's like your whole generation, it's all pastiche.

Mamie-Claire has been writing. She finishes and calmly joins the discussion.

MAMIE-CLAIRE

The emotional betrayal I can't speak to -

TRACY :

I didn't "betray" her -

MAMIE-CLAIRE

But I can say that you portray women terribly. And because of that.

Mamie-Claire refers to her piece of neatly folded paper.

MAMIE-CLAIRE

I've prepared some questions I'd like you to think about.

TRACY :

Are you fucking kidding me?

MAMIE-CLAIRE

And I want you to answer these questions, not for our satisfaction, but for your own.

(gazing at her paper)

One:

TRACY :

Yes, what does that -

MAMIE-CLAIRE

Excuse me, I'm not done.

101.

BROOKE :

She's not done, bitch!

MAMIE-CLAIRE

Brooke, please. Two: What do you think someone who bombs abortion clinics would think of your story?

TRACY :

There isn't even an abortion in this story!

BROOKE :

No you just portray women as crazy desperate gold diggers!

TRACY:

(to Brooke)

You seemed so cool so totally amazing I didn't think it would be possible to hurt you...

BROOKE :

Of COURSE it's possible, I am the MOST sensitive person...

MAMIE-CLAIRE

To your own feelings.

BROOKE :

(wailing)

Mamie-Claire!

MAMIE-CLAIRE

Sorry, I don't really think that,
it's just something I would have said at one time.

KAREN :

I have to say, what you did to Brooke is f-ed up.

TRACY :

Karen, you don't see my side?

KAREN :

No, sweetheart.

HAROLD :

You don't have a side you're just
wrong.

102.

MAMIE-CLAIRE

You must call the Lit Society and tell them you're withdrawing your
essay-

TRACY :

It's not an essay, it's a short story.

MAMIE-CLAIRE

This cannot appear in print or online. Karen, will you represent Brooke?

KAREN :

I'm a tax attorney, but OK.

MAMIE-CLAIRE

Will you draw up a contract,
please?

KAREN :

Yes, and in the meantime, I'm going to ask you to rewrite the story and give
Brooke the rewritten story.

I'll give you my email and you can BCC me.

NICOLETTE :

She could just CC you.

TONY :

Nic's right, because we'd already know that you're getting it...

KAREN :

Sure, CC me.

HAROLD :

(sympathetically)

Technology can be complicated.

DYLAN :

I know! I just learned what "casesensitive" meant seriously yesterday.

TRACY :

I'm not going to do any of this stuff. You're my sister and I love you but I stand by what I did.

103.

BROOKE :

Guess what, bitch? My dad isn't going to marry your slutty atheist mother so we're not sisters. We

never will be. We're nothing to each other.

Mamie-Claire tucks her folded paper into Tracy's pocket.

MAMIE-CLAIRE

There are ten questions there. All equally important for you to answer.

TRACY :

Brooke...

But Brooke won't look at her.

EXT. MAMIE-CLAIRE'S HOUSE. EVE

Tracy sits alone. She smokes from the apple bong.

INT. TRAIN. MORNING

Tracy rides on the train. She opens Mamie-Claire's questions. She reads them to herself.

INT. DORM HALLWAY. EARLY MORNING

Tracy opens the door to her room. Her mom is sitting on the bed. She looks like she's been crying.

TRACY :

Mom?

MOM :

Oh, honey! Ruth signed me in.

CUT TO:

MOM :

The Catholicism thing has been kind of crazy and he kind of -- I just saw a side of him that I didn't know before. It's strange to not really know someone...

TRACY :

Oh...

104.

MOM :

I'm sorry, I know you liked Brooke. He told me that she worships you, she kept talking about how smart you are, how interesting... Tracy starts crying.

MOM :

Oh, honey, don't cry, you can still be friends...

TRACY :

I went -- I went through a breakup too.

MOM :

You didn't tell me you were dating anyone.

TRACY :

I know.

She cries harder.

MOM :

Oh my sweet girl. Do you want to talk about it?

TRACY :

No, it's too late now anyway.

Mom rubs Tracy's back.

MOM :

I know this is crappy timing, but I need to take a vacation, and I got the deposit back for the flowers and Colleen told me to come with her family to the Caribbean over Thanksgiving, and Trace, I need it.

TRACY :

Yeah, that sounds nice, Stevie.

MOM :

So you're okay, for Thanksgiving,
not coming home? I'm sure your father would love to have you...

TRACY :

Oh, I didn't put that together -
yes, I'm fine. I'll be fine. Are
you okay?
105.

MOM :

I'm sad. I'm very sad. But I'll
be okay.

TRACY :

I wish it had worked, even though I didn't really know him.

MOM :

Me too, Baby Tracy.

INT. DORM ROOM. NIGHT

Tracy's sleeping. She looks peaceful. We HEAR a door open,
footsteps and suddenly a pie is jammed in her face.

Tracy screams. And screams. And screams.

The members of the Mobius Lit Club all stop in their tracks.

The boy in the sweater vest says:

SWEATER VEST:

You're in.

EXT. CAMPUS QUAD. DAY

Tracy walks with the Sweater Vest Boy. She holds a
briefcase. She sees Tony and Nicolette across the path.

They see her and then look away.

INT. LIBRARY. DAY

CLOSE on The Mobius Literary Journal. Tracy opens it up to

her story:

She reads it again in the magazine.

EXT. CAMPUS. NIGHT

Tree lighting ceremony. Tracy walks under the lit trees.

INT. PSYCHIC WAITING AREA. DAY

Tracy waits.

INT. PSYCHIC'S APARTMENT. DAY
Tracy sits across from the Psychic.

TRACY :
Sometimes I worry that I'm a bad
person. That I'm one of those
people who essentially has noconscience.
106.

PSYCHIC :
Spirit says that you need to findyour home in yourself.
The Psychic suddenly takes her hand:

PSYCHIC :
Spirit says that you haven'tdropped into your body yet.

TRACY :
If I'm not in my body, where am I?

PSYCHIC :
Five feet to the left and unhappy.
EXT. HUDSON RIVER. DAY
Tracy hurls her briefcase into the water.
INT. OFFICE. DAY
Tracy sits in front of the Advisor.

TRACY :
If a person wanted to start theirown club, how would a person goabout it?

ADVISOR :
Well, I think it's pretty much donefor this semester, but you couldput in
an application for fundingfor next semester...

INT. TONY'S DORM ROOM. DAY
A knock on the door. Tony answers it.

TRACY :
Hey, can I come in?

TONY :
OK.
Tracy sits on the floor.

TRACY :
You going home for Thanksgiving?

TONY :

No, going to Baltimore with Nicolette.
107.

TRACY :

Oh...nice.

TONY :

Her dad fries a turkey apparently.
You?

TRACY :

Nah.
She hands Tony a couple of pieces of paper.

TRACY :

It's an application. Two.

TONY :

I don't want to join Mobius. I've
had enough rejection.

TRACY :

It's not for Mobius. I quit the briefcase club. You were right,
they're self-appointed douche bags.
I'm starting my own zine and I'm not saying you're in, but I am saying I'd be
very interested in getting your and Nicolette's application.
Tony stands, he thinks about this for a moment.

TONY :

I'll fix us some screwdrivers.

TRACY :

OK.

CUT TO:

Tracy goes by the restaurant. For Let.
Tracy goes to Soul Cycle, a different instructor.
Thanksgiving Day parade.
Tracy watches the floats alone.
INT. BROOKE'S APARTMENT BUILDING. HALLWAY. AFTERNOON
Tracy knocks on a door. Kareem, in a tie, answers.

KAREEM :

Hello.

108.

TRACY :

Hi - I'm sorry to bother you on Thanksgiving, but I met you once - I went through your window? It was in the middle of the night...

KAREEM :

Yeah...

TRACY :

I was with Brooke.

KAREEM :

You're her sister, right?

TRACY :

Well, I was going to be. Do you have a number for her? The old one isn't working...

KAREEM :

I don't-

TRACY :

Anyway - I was going to ask you: do you know where she went? Kareem indicates for Tracy to follow him. She passes through a cozy apartment. The table is set for the holiday. A couple of kids run through.

KAREEM :

Her front door is still bolted shut.

They reach the window. Kareem opens it.

KAREEM :

She's upstairs.

EXT. FIRE ESCAPE. DAY

Tracy climbs the fire escape. She gets to the top window and looks through the glass.

The place is mostly empty save for stacked boxes and suitcases.

Brooke walks into the room and places some books into a box.

She wears her red pants. Tracy knocks. Brooke looks up and comes to the

window.

She and Tracy stare at each other through the glass.

109.

TRACY :

(through the glass)

Hi.

BROOKE :

Hi.

TRACY :

Can I come in?

CUT TO:

TRACY :

You're leaving?

BROOKE :

In a couple of hours. I'm going to try my luck out west.

TRACY :

You're going today? On

Thanksgiving?

BROOKE :

New York isn't the New York I used

to know. There's too much

construction. Maybe LA is my lady.

In LA I qualify as well-read.

TRACY :

I wanted to say-

BROOKE :

I know you're sorry.

TRACY :

I'm not really that sorry.

BROOKE :

You're not?

TRACY :

No.

BROOKE :

Oh then fuck this.

Brooke opens the window again.

TRACY :

No, no wait...

(pause)

I looked for you.

110.

BROOKE :

I've been around.

TRACY :

Are you OK? Like, financially?

BROOKE:

Yeah. Mamie-Claire gave me what would have been my share of our T-shirt profits. It was just enough to pay off my debts and get out of town.

TRACY :

What will you do in LA?

BROOKE:

I don't know. I think I'm sick. And I don't know if my ailment has a name - it's just me sitting and staring at the internet or the television for long periods of time interspersed by trying to not do that and then lying about what I've been doing. Then I'll get so excited about something that the excitement overwhelms me and I can't sleep or do anything - and then I just am in love with everything but can't figure out how to make myself work in the world.

TRACY :

I think I have that too.

BROOKE:

I wish we lived in feudal times
when your position in the world
couldn't change. If you were a
king or a peasant you had to just
be happy with who you were.

(pause)

But...wait!

Brooke looks inside an open box. She finds a piece of paper and hands it to
Tracy.

CLOSE:

TRACY :

You can tutor SAT's now.

111.

BROOKE :

Well, I thought I might actually go to college. I'm not an amputee.

TRACY :

(confused)

Right.

BROOKE :

I filled out a couple of applications. I wrote my college essay all about
you.

TRACY :

(apprehensive)

Really?

BROOKE :

Oh snap! No. It's about my mom.

But I had you there.

TRACY :

Yeah.

Brooke goes into the other room to retrieve more books.

BROOKE (O.S.)

I let Mamie-Claire and Dylan keep the cats. It's like, I gave them a chance for a better life, better than I could have provided for them.

TRACY :

The cats went from stolen to given because you changed your mind.

BROOKE (O.S.)

Don't put that in a story. Not because I care but because it's not a very good observation.

Tracy sees the Mobius Literary Journal (the one with her story) inside an open box. She's about to say something, but thinks better of it. Brooke reenters and tosses books into the box.

TRACY :

You know what's funny... I'm not even done with my first semester of college.
112.

BROOKE :

This won't even be your big "college story."

TRACY :

I think it'll always be pretty big. Brooke hesitates, emotional for a second. She musses Tracy's hair like a kid.

BROOKE :

Well, thanks for stopping by, but I have more packing to do before Kareem and I break down the front door.

TRACY :

It'll be hard for me not to look at New York and think of you somewhere in it. Brooke shrugs.

BROOKE :

Yeah. Tracy moves toward the window. She looks back at her friend.

TRACY :

Hey Brooke...

Brooke turns around.

TRACY :

It's not going to be as great as what my mom and your dad were planning, but... Do you want to have Thanksgiving with me?

EXT/INT. VESELKA. DAY

We watch Brooke and Tracy through the window eating pierogis for Thanksgiving.

TRACY (V.O.)

Meadow had made rich fat women less fat and rich stupid kids less stupid and lame rich men less lame. And she wanted so badly to be on the other side - to be fat and stupid and lame and rich.

(MORE)

113.

TRACY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

But what she couldn't see most of all, more than she couldn't see that she was never going to get the restaurant, was that those people were nothing compared to her. They were matches to her bonfire. She was the last cowboy - all romance and failure. The world was changing and her kind didn't have anywhere to go. Being a beacon of hope for lesser people is a lonely business.

And as Brooke and Tracy talk and reminisce and laugh, we CUT TO BLACK.