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# Girl in Progress

By Hiram Martinez

Okay, class.

Class, it's time for the presentations on personal heroes.

So, you're up, George.

- Class, quiet.

- My inspiration is basketball.

I went to a basketball camp and they made us practice for six hours a day.

This is a picture of Kobe, because I wanna be like him.

Thank you, George.

Okay.

Ansiedad Gutierrez?

Everyone, please reach under your seats and locate your 3D glasses.

Jenna, lights.

And now,

a few words about someone truly inspirational.

My mother.

My mother's Christian name is Altagracia.

The white man can't pronounce that, so she goes by Grace,

which her parents can't pronounce.

This is the menu at her second job.

- She met her last boyfriend there.

- Emile's.

Grace has dated firemen, auto mechanics, bakers, barbers, professional chess players, and the kind of astronauts that never go into space.

Eventually, they break up.

And when they do,

we move to another town.

You know, I think that's enough.

Here are some of

the iconic places we didn't visit while living in these respective cities.

We've been in Seattle almost a year

- and I still haven't seen this place.

- Overrated.

Why? 'Cause she's now

dating a gynecologist,

who, by the way, is married.

Bottom line, she inspires me  
to be nothing like her.  
Oh, yeah, and this question mark right here  
represents my father.  
Jenna, lights.  
Thank you all for coming.  
It's not the first time she's been in here.  
I'm thinking about  
putting her on suspension.  
Suspension?  
Which could put your  
daughter's scholarship at risk.  
No, no, no. I will talk to her.  
I got this, Mr. Principal.  
- Guatterrier.  
- Gualtiery.  
Gualiterry.  
Gualtiery.  
- She's threatening to beat me.  
- Is that true?  
She likes to embellish.  
She swore on her mother.  
See? Embellish.  
She just learned that word on TV.  
So help me, I will set you on fire, girl.  
Please do.  
Why?  
Why now?  
- Why now what?  
- Why now are you being so impossible?  
I'm a teen named Anxiety.  
How many times do  
we have to go through this?  
That was my grandmother's name.  
That's a beautiful name.  
That woman was a saint.  
- Whose car is this anyways?  
- Becky's. And listen.  
I'm not going to take  
anymore crap from you, okay?  
Just so we're clear, for the next two days,  
you bus tables at the Shack.  
- Don't give me that face.  
- Why?

Why? Because I'm an adult.  
And you're a kid,  
and you do as I say, that's why.  
Can we give Tavita a ride?  
Hello, how's my daughter's only friend?  
- Mom.  
- I'm good.  
- I loved our presentation.  
- Can you not smoke?  
It's cancerous.  
I'm sorry your child has no father,  
Mrs. Gutierrez.  
And I'm sorry that you have to  
work two jobs to support her.  
I'm sure if you would have married that chef,  
you guys would have had  
wonderful dinners every night.  
- Thanks for the ride.  
- This is your house?  
It's like a coliseum.  
Go, Tavita. Enjoy your nuclear family.  
- Bye.  
- Bye.  
Now she's adorable, but she  
needs to work on her fashion sense.  
Maybe you can help her with that,  
because that hair band thing...  
Please don't make fun of her. Thank you.  
Lower that, please!  
Some of us are trying  
not to be such immigrants!  
Are some of us trying to do our chores?  
Some of us have homework.  
Excuses, excuses.  
This side or this side?  
I got suspended, Brad.  
How do you feel about that?  
I think that's terrible.  
I think it's weird that  
you're a boy gynecologist.  
You can think that.  
How's the wife?  
How's your father?  
Water the plant, go to bed at some point,

and don't call me,  
if I am running late, I will call you.  
They're beautiful.  
You hate tulips.  
Water. Vase.  
Tick-tock.  
This can't wait.  
Don't wait up.  
Okay, here we go.  
Okay, now the crab vindaloo  
will be another 15 minutes,  
but it's so won'th it.  
Okay? Okay.  
Oh, more mussels. I'm sorry,  
I'll get right on that.  
Two crab balls. One beaver tail.  
Three fatty bays, all the way to stay.  
Where's your little girl?  
Oh, I don't know.  
Welcome to Emile's Crab Shack.  
Something to drink?  
Okay, good.  
But you have to be  
a little bit more energetic.  
You want people to have to  
come into this restaurant  
and request for you to be their waiter.  
- So just be more, you know, upbeat.  
- Okay.  
Hi, welcome to Emile's Crab Shack.  
Something to drink?  
Very good. Okay, good. Okay.  
Now let's move on to the items on the menu.  
Start right here.  
- Soft sell.  
- Soft shell.  
- Soft shell crabs.  
- Yes, good.  
Soft, like your mother.  
Like your mother's kiss.  
I'm learning.  
Ansiedad.  
Tables don't clear themselves.  
I'm teaching Mission Impossible to read.

Hey, I'll do it.

No. No, no, no.

She will do it. She needs to learn.

- I'll teach you when I get back.

- Okay.

Stop calling him that. It's gonna stick.

Hey, Mission Impossible.

I've got a delivery for you.

And clean up before you get there.

Grace, I need to talk to you in the office.

Can you guess what I'm about to say?

No.

Crab Masters.

I've been invited to Crab Fest.

Do you know what that is?

It is the Oscars of crabs.

It is the Wimbledon,

it is the Heavyweight Championship.

And they've invited me.

They have no idea what they're in for.

My King Crab Masala is going to

make the judges crap their pants.

But it occurs to me, out of the three of you,

I don't have a prime candidate

to run my restaurant.

Olga, you're too old.

Screw you.

- Becky, your husband beats you.

- What?

Grace, you're my secret weapon.

But you can be a big flake sometimes.

So here's what we're gonna do.

A contest?

Yeah. To see who's more responsible.

That's inhumane.

How do we even measure that?

Ansiedad, it doesn't matter.

What matters is, I'm going to win it.

You know how Emile's always talking about

if he had somebody to run it,

he'd open up a second place?

Well, that somebody could be me.

Okay, but what about night school?

What about night school?

Remember how you told me  
you were going back to school?  
Web design, working for Bill Gates,  
I mean, isn't that why we moved here?  
Don't you see how  
this is an opportunity for me  
to show some real responsibility?  
Actually, I do.

- Hi.

- Hey.

Would the ladies like a ride?

- Yeah.

- Yeah. Come on.

Okay, where you... Okay.

Okay.

- Really? Hang on. Hang on.

- Hold on. Yeah.

Oh, my goodness.

What are we doing tonight?

Ansiedad, get in the car, right now.

Can anyone tell me what  
a coming of age story is?

Are any of you familiar with that term?

All right. A coming of age story  
is the story of a young person's  
inner change from child to adult,  
and the transformative journey  
that brings about that change.

In other words, think of it as a template  
for leaving your childhood behind.

Think of these stories as a haunted house.

One full of stuff so horrifying,  
that a kid goes in one end

innocent and naive,

and comes out the other side profoundly  
changed from the experience itself.

How?

How do the characters  
leave their childhood behind?

Like, if they hate it? Like, if it sucks?

By taking on the traditional  
challenges of adolescence.

Those challenges are called  
rites of passage.

They're like unwanted,  
but necessary stops on the highway  
to adulthood and independence.  
I want you all to write this down.  
Rites of passage.  
I'm coming of age, Tavita.  
What does that mean?  
It means, being a kid is stupid,  
and I'm moving on.  
But I need your help.  
Film and television have cornered  
the market of coming of age stories.  
There are many varieties,  
but the kind we're concerned with  
employs the "good girl gone bad" model.  
You taking notes?  
- Yes.  
- Here we go.  
First, we establish me  
as a sweet, straight-arrow kid.  
You know, the kind who gets bullied  
in cafeterias and locker rooms  
and hangs out with unpopular girls.  
Okay.  
To reinforce my nerditude,  
I do something geeky,  
like become a cello prodigy.  
- But you don't play cello.  
- Well, then I'll play chess.  
Around this time I get a teacher  
to admire what a good student I am.  
Very nerd.  
I will later disappoint her by losing my way  
once I start hanging with  
the wrong crowd.  
I'll befriend a bad girl.  
And learn from her  
how to become dark and rebellious.  
And do terrible things like cut class, steal,  
and possibly drugs.  
But more importantly,  
because bad girls go to bad girl parties.  
And who else goes to bad girl parties?  
Bad boys.



I don't follow.  
In coming of age stories  
there's always a party.  
The kind with drunkenness,  
where virginitities are lost,  
and that's where I'll lose mine.  
To the baddest,  
most insensitive guy around.  
You're going to have sex?  
Copulation, or sex, as you call it,  
specifically the loss of female virginity  
has been the rite of passage  
for girls turning into women since  
maybe before the beginning of time.  
Metamorphosis, Tavita.  
The point of no return.  
It's how we get our wings.  
I'm hungry.  
So now I'm free to fly.  
And I hop on a bus to Adult-ville.  
My coming of age story is complete.  
Roll end credits. Bring up the house lights.  
I'm not a kid anymore.  
And I leave her behind.  
Which brings us to the last piece.  
The last piece.  
To cement maturity,  
I'll need to experience something tragic,  
like a brush with death.  
Represented here by  
the Greek demon Thanatos,  
who's kind of a jerk.  
What do you mean by death?  
By the way, I'll need to borrow your sister's  
bike to establish my plucky innocence.  
Hello, Mrs. Gilmore.  
Hi. I need a grandma.  
I was thinking someone wheelchair-bound  
that I can share poignant moments with  
and tell secrets to, and someone  
who's a good candidate for dying.  
- You work here, don't you?  
- Yes. So?  
I have a business proposition for you.

Nurse Gilliam.  
I don't do birthdays.  
Which one is she?  
There she is.  
Hi.  
Can you talk?  
Perfect. You don't know me.  
My name is Ansiedad and I'm casting you  
as my sick, dying grandma.  
What's your name?  
Maude. I'm going to call you Maude,  
is that okay, Maude?  
These are for you.  
This is only happening  
because he makes more money than I do.  
How can he get custody of her  
without anyone even talking to me?  
Listen, I got to call you back.  
Students can't just walk in here.  
I know. Sorry.  
I'm just here because I need  
someone to recognize my potential  
and watch helplessly as I throw it all away.  
Welcome to the team!  
Thank you, fellow nerd.  
It's all set.  
Sorry I finished the cereal.  
And the milk.  
The dishes?  
When I get back. But please know,  
I'm gonna start not doing those.  
I'm sorry?  
As a sign.  
We've already established  
that chores are something I do,  
so my not doing them  
will be an early indicator.  
I'd explain, but I'm sure you have to go.  
I know I do.  
So I invited Grace to my chess tournament.  
You think she'll show up?  
Hey.  
Hey.  
Ferguson, this is my friend Ansiedad.

What kinda name is that?  
Can we talk?  
Ferguson?  
We just met. He's all right.  
He's weird.  
He looks like he keeps guns in his locker.  
You're weird.  
Fine. You have my breakdown?  
- Yes.  
- Okay.  
I hacked into  
a popular girl's Facebook page.  
If you wanna get in with the wrong crowd,  
you have to impress Valerie Lipniki. Period!  
But nothing impresses Valerie Lipniki.  
Now look down and to your left.  
That's Trevor Morgan.  
The one with the cast?  
Chick magnet.  
Chews 'em up and spits 'em out.  
That's your bad boy.  
And he goes to every party.  
So he's probably going to this one.  
It's in three weeks,  
and you can't just show up.  
Right.  
So, I need Valerie Lipniki to get me in.  
And Trevor Morgan to deflower me.  
Good work, Tavita.  
- You're the best.  
- Thanks.  
Wait. Where you going?  
To get the bad girl's attention.  
She's acting strange.  
Who?  
Ansiedad.  
You mean stranger?  
Why? You think she's strange?  
No.  
I guess she is a little weird.  
We would've kicked her ass  
in my high school.  
If I would've gone to high school.  
I should be out there getting a degree,

not laying here with some married man.  
Barely married.  
Married enough. Oh, gosh!  
No. No!  
No, why? So your wife can drive up?  
She's not gonna drive up.  
She's running errands.  
Oh, damn it!  
Hurry.  
Okay.  
Hey, you're home early.  
Your son has migraines again.  
Amazingly they haven't gotten better  
by you choosing to ignore them.  
Still here, Grace?  
Oh, yeah. Yes, ma'am.  
Come get me when you're done,  
I'll drive you home, okay?  
Okay.  
How's your little girl?  
Good.  
Not making any trouble?  
No. No.  
She's a good kid.  
It must be hard without a father.  
We won't be needing you  
at the house anymore, Grace.  
I'm paying you an extra day,  
and I can recommend you, but that's it.  
I'm sorry.  
It was Dr. Harford's decision.  
You put this in my locker?  
- That's right.  
- Why?  
Because I wanna be like you.  
One of you guys.  
The note says you can get alcohol.  
You think I can't?  
You chess nerd?  
I wanna be like you.  
That's funny.  
And what? And what?  
You dress like a retard.  
She said you dress like a retard?

Yes! So you can have  
your clothes back now.  
All right. We are on to phase two.  
I'll want a more mature look.  
Something that screams,  
"I wanna belong!"  
Noted here under Slutwear.  
Wait. There's a card missing.  
No.  
Fine.  
Here. It fell.  
Tavita, you can't change how things go.  
I know. I just thought that one was stupid.  
It's not.  
Look, in coming of age stories  
there's times when you have  
to ignore your best friend  
for dangerous new ones.  
We can't be seen in public anymore soon.  
But first,  
I'm gonna need you to approach me when  
I'm near Valerie, so I can ignore you coldly.  
Okay.  
That or I'll make fun of you.  
And then when no one's looking,  
I'll wink to let you know we're okay.  
Like this.  
You know what? You're right.  
This one's stupid.  
We don't have to do this one.  
So, what's next?  
"Steal Money for Makeover. "  
- Hello.  
- Hey, it's me.  
Don't hang up.  
Gracey, please, just talk to me.  
I don't understand...  
I'm sorry, I have to win.  
Checkmate.  
Checkmate.  
Okay, ladies, pay attention!  
Responsibility update.  
If we're going by most tips,  
Grace, you're in the lead.

Congratulations.

Becky, least amount of complaints,  
that's you.

- Really?

- Yeah.

And, Olga, you forfeited everything  
by spitting in a customer's food  
in front of the customer.

I'm sorry, he deserved that.

Now listen, you,

wives have a problem with you.

Just tone it down a little bit.

I'm not saying get rid of it.

Lord knows they're not coming here  
for the food all the time.

All right. Just be mindful.

That's all I'm saying.

Got it, boss.

Mission!

Go empty the trash!

Do to the trash

what your ex-girlfriend did to you.

Dump it!

No.

Thank you. But I already ate.

Burgers and fries, our favorite.

Greasy, extra greasy.

Extra, extra greasy!

Fine!

I'll just eat them all by myself! I can do it.

See if I care!

Oh, God! Doesn't scholarship mean free?

I need six more jobs.

Ansiedad!

Ansiedad!

Why is the door locked?

What are you doing?

Rehearsing for my

blasting death metal phase.

Unless hip-hop freaks you out more.

This freaks me out.

Great.

What happened to your teddies?

I decapitated them.

Grow up.  
I'm trying.  
Mom?  
Yes?  
Did you win that?  
In chess.  
How nerdy.  
I'm happy you have  
something you like to do after school.  
Mom?  
Yes?  
You say you're tired  
as a halfhearted excuse for not noticing.  
I am tired, baby.  
I'm really, really tired.  
Fine.  
Why aren't kids allowed  
to use the school elevator?  
Because kids are animals.  
Now, can we talk about your homework?  
You should be amazed  
I even show up for class.  
My mother never finished high school.  
She keeps saying  
she's gonna go to night school  
but she never will.  
How old is your mother?  
She was 17 when I ruined the party.  
And then she had to leave home  
'cause her mom wouldn't have her around  
with yours truly.  
Your grandma sounds tough.  
I guess.  
Are you trying out a new look?  
You can tell?  
What are you wearing?  
It's Ferguson's.  
We're going out. My mom doesn't know.  
Hey!  
So, some of us are hanging out tonight.  
My mom's away  
and I have keys to her gallery.  
I was thinking that if you're still  
down to help us

with that stuff you said you could get,  
you'd be really hooking us up.  
Are you out of your mind?  
I'm not buying you liquor.  
It's bad enough I let you in here!  
Tell him it's important, Maude.  
Hey, let me be straight with you.  
You're only here seeing your "grandma,"  
because your grandma gets no visits.  
Now, you coming by is doing her good.  
Well, can I have the bottle  
you keep in your back pocket?  
Get out!  
Bye, Maude.  
Mission.  
I need your help.  
Do you know what today is?  
Thursday?  
Actually, it's Friday.  
But it's also my mother's birthday.  
Really?  
You should buy her a present.  
Like what?  
Tequila.  
Which I will hand-deliver  
at just the right surprising moment  
with a bow and a note.  
She's here.  
Oh, my God! You did it!  
Awesome! Thanks.  
I like your cast.  
Thank you.  
It's very clean.  
Yeah. I don't let people write on it.  
I know what you mean.  
Trevor.  
Trevor's here, everyone.  
And the party starts.  
Go play with your fat buddy, little girl.  
Okay.  
I'm sitting here.  
You're so not.  
Hall passes.  
- Oh, my God!



- I got a ton.  
Yeah, right.  
Fine.  
Wait.  
What's your name?  
Anne.  
Where'd you get hall passes, Anne?  
For me to know.  
Okay.  
You can sit here.  
But the hippo's gotta go.  
What the hell are you looking at?  
You got enough chins?  
Do I look like a meal to you?  
Leave her alone.  
I mean,  
look at her,  
she's a fat blob.  
The school has to reinforce her lunch tray.  
And her boyfriend's Ferguson.  
- The flea packer?  
- Yeah.  
And her mom's a big alchie  
who drinks all her father's money.  
And she dresses like a retard,  
because she is a retard.  
Get out of my chair.  
Come sit. We have so much to talk about.  
I absolutely love your hair.  
- I should totally wear it like this sometime.  
- Gorgeous. Yeah.  
I mean, what is this style?  
You want some gum?  
Thanks.  
So, have you heard about  
the blackout party?  
Two crazy crab salads, two crabby chowders  
and one fatty bay all the way to stay.  
Got that, Lo Mein?  
Why not anyone call me chef?  
Just say chef!  
Damn it!  
Hey, you okay?  
Becky just quit.

She had a fight with a flight of stairs.

That leaves you to run the restaurant.

You're not ready.

That means I can't go to Crab Masters.

- I can do it.

- Do what?

I can run this place. I've done it before.

Where?

Memphis. Rib joint. Fifty tables.

I managed lunch.

All me.

Come on. Come on, I got your back.

You go get that Crab Oscar.

Grace, don't make me look like a fool.

I promise.

Mission, come here.

Give me this. Take this.

You're serving tables now.

Look presentable, would you?

Hi!

Welcome to Emile's Crab Shack.

Something to drink?

What happened?

My wife came home and said you quit.

I think about your wife sometimes.

- She made me coffee in that fancy...

- Expobar.

Yeah.

You know, seeing you lying sideways

like that, I'm thinking,

that's something I want

to see every morning.

I'm going to tell her.

I don't believe you.

So don't believe me.

We need to stop.

So we should stop.

You look pretty.

Hey! No, "Good morning"?

No, "What are you making?"

I'm making chilaquiles.

I hate chilaquiles.

Since when?

Since I realized you only make them to

avoid talking about your latest 'tard move.

My latest what?

'Tard move, Grace.

It's when you do something retarded.

Like taking a married man back.

Don't talk to me like that.

I'm out of control. Catch you later.

Hey.

I got invited.

Are you okay?

- Hey, Tee, I don't have all day.

- I'm coming.

What are those?

Nothing.

Skinny pills.

- I'm halfway down my list.

- Hey, Tee.

All I need is a Trevor and it's over.

Wonder what you're gonna do for that.

Too bad you don't have  
another friend to betray.

Let's go!

Epiphany.

It's a literary term for a sudden realization.

An "Oh, my God!"

Revelation where the world  
suddenly crystallizes.

In our protagonist's case,  
it's the moment where she thinks to herself,  
"Wait a minute. "

Nice.

"What have I done? And is it won'th it?"

In Shakespeare,  
some characters are vengeful,  
sad or suicidal  
as a result of their epiphanies.

Excuse me. Where are you going?

The girls' room.

Shouldn't you ask permission?

Can I have permission?

Hey, students in my class raise their hand.

Am I letting you down?

You're letting yourself down.

You're right. Can I go now?

Yeah, don't let me slow you down  
on your way to night school.  
Answer to number one, Friar Laurence.  
Two, the Capulets. Three, Mercutio.  
Let me hear it.  
Close the register every night  
same as always,  
but make each day a separate cash pile.  
Pile each pile in the safe  
and then lock the safe.  
With...  
We're winning Crab Fest, do you know why?  
Because you trust everything back here  
is gonna be just great.  
Yeah, that, too.  
- Later. Expect my call.  
- Yep.  
Did you ever get the tequila?  
- Tequila?  
- Yeah.  
God, I hate tequila. It makes me so sick.  
Okay, let's get to work.  
- Hello?  
- Ms. Gutierrez?  
Gutierrez. Yes?  
I'm from accounting at Bronley.  
Just wanted to make sure you're aware that  
your daughter's tuition is showing unpaid?  
Yes, I'm so sorry.  
I actually just gave her that check.  
Would cash be an inconvenience?  
I mean, I only ask because  
your last two checks gave us some trouble.  
I'm home, chaparrita.  
Ansiedad! I'm missing money from my tin.  
What tin?  
My tin, Ansiedad!  
Where I keep my bill money!  
- It's Anne, Mom.  
- It's what?  
People call me Anne.  
I don't care what people call you!  
I'm missing money!  
Are you saying I took it?

I'm pretty sure you know better.

Well, I do, so I didn't.

So I miscounted?

- You've done it before.

- I know.

By the way, we are also missing shampoo.

- Don't open the curtain!

- Turn around.

- Mom!

- What do you think?

I haven't seen this before.

You forget I gave birth to you.

You would have been a good hairdresser.

I didn't almost make it

through beauty school for nothing, huh?

Hey, how is that little rich friend of yours?

I haven't seen her around.

Her name's Tavita.

Yeah, right.

Hey.

Hey, hey, hey, you okay?

Hey, I didn't expect to hear from you. Yeah.

When?

In the morning? That's refreshing.

Let me call you from my "phone" phone,

'cause I have to save my minutes.

So I guess I just miscounted, you know.

Somewhere along the way, I thought

I had more money than I actually did.

Is there a reason we're meeting here

instead of, you know...

Instead of some place

with a bed and free HBO?

Yes, because I need to talk.

Yeah, but...

Okay.

I'm sorry. Am I wasting

your little window of opportunity

by talking about

my daughter's unpaid tuition bills?

All right.

Maybe you trust your daughter too much.

Maybe she took the missing money.

- No, no.

- Anyway, here.  
Take this.  
Now can we go?  
But I was kidding. I'm kidding.  
I'm kidding.  
- Sit down.  
- It's not funny.  
Sit...  
I've spoken with a lawyer.  
And looks like  
we're gonna have to leave town.  
- You talked to a lawyer?  
- Yeah.  
Being serious right now, right?  
Look at this face.  
- Clean slate.  
- Clean slate.  
Just you and me.  
Just the two of us.  
Just the two of us?  
Yeah.  
The three of us.  
I meant the three of us.  
Where are you going?  
Hey!  
What the hell? How'd you get in my car?  
Girl secret.  
I wanted to know  
if you're going to that party tonight.  
Maybe.  
I understand.  
But if you see me there,  
will you take my virginity?  
What is this? What is this?  
Unless that's not something  
you'd wanna do.  
No, I'll do it.  
I mean, that's what I do anyway.  
Great.  
I have another favor to ask.  
- Anything.  
- Okay.  
I have this list of things I need to do.  
Wanna help?

With what?

A first kiss.

You haven't even had a first kiss?

No.

You want me to be your first kiss?

But it has to be awkward and clumsy  
and I have to hate it.

All right.

You know, if you tell anybody  
that happened,

I'm gonna call you a liar to your face.

You're going to be perfect.

Stop following me!

- Please?

- You're not my girlfriend.

No matter what we do in my basement.

So step off, Shrek.

Hey.

Don't pick on her.

Only you can, right?

I thought so. What do you care anyway?

Shouldn't you be somewhere  
getting your hole punched for your story?

- Tavita.

- He's right!

What do you care?

This is your fault, all of it.

I hate you.

I'm just here to say goodbye, Maude.

It's time for me to go.

I bought this for you with the money I stole.

The big moment's tonight.

I'll be mature after that,

and then I'm gone.

But I wanted to say,

I took death off my list,

so you don't have to die if you don't want to.

Because soon,

I'll experience all the loss I'll need to grow.

It's been really nice to have someone

who cares, Maude.

Thank you for being there for me.

You've been there for me as well.

- Maude, you spoke.

- Excuse me?  
I'm sorry, who are you?  
- Goodbye, Maude!  
- My child!  
What are you doing here? And why  
did you just call my mother Maude?  
Come on, Mom. I'm taking you home.  
Lo Mein, crab appetizers, table eight.  
Grace, phone.  
Crab Shack, Grace.  
Grace, it's me. I'm out front. I messed up.  
Of course Ansiedad is part of the plan.  
It was a slip. Like I miscounted.  
- Stupid.  
- Grace, call.  
Are you listening to me?  
Crab Shack, Grace.  
Grace, it's Emile.  
- Busy tonight?  
- Are you there?  
- Yeah, you have no idea.  
- Grace.  
Can you call me back  
when you actually take me seriously?  
I do take you seriously.  
Oh, no, Emile. I know you do.  
I'm so thankful for you taking me seriously...  
Excuse me. The back toilet is clogged  
and that is disgusting.  
This a restaurant  
and that's not sanitary or hygienic.  
Hello.  
We can work...  
Grace, listen to me.  
Who's this?  
What do you mean I have no...  
Mission, why are you answering the phone?  
Yes.  
It's Emile.  
No, we can't deliver a meal right now,  
we're busy. Thank you.  
Oh, for God's sake.  
Grace, are you there?  
Write a sign that says, "Out of service,"



and tape it to the bathroom.  
Test me.  
What?  
Test me to see if I take you seriously.  
College Terrace.  
What's that?  
That's where we can go for my web design.  
I can go to college there  
and that's where I'll get my certificate.  
Me and you, Ansiedad.  
A beautiful little house!  
Start a new family.  
And Becky knows somebody at Facebook.  
So, it's all set up. You in?  
Of course.  
Palo Alto. Yes.  
I could move my practice there.  
You misspelled "service. "  
Oh, God, do it again with a "C."  
Hey, how about some service, please?  
Oh, man!  
- Grace.  
- Yeah, what?  
I have to ask you one question.  
Does Becky know someone  
at Facebook or on Facebook?  
What?  
I mean, you don't really think you're gonna  
get a job working at Facebook, do you?  
Gracey.  
Go home to Mrs. Harford.  
Goodbye.  
Wanna go home, buddy?  
Yeah? Yeah.  
Let's do that.  
Oh, it's nothing.  
This one needs a hospital.  
It's a little cut.  
That's a little nick, just tough it out.  
Now baby, you clear it with your mouth.  
Come on!  
I pay the mortgage on this place, lady.  
Fire, fire!  
Stop. Stop! Please, Lo Mein. Chef, chef!

You're my only chef tonight!  
Chef!  
Chef, get over here! Chef!  
Chef!  
Everything is under control.  
Okay.  
Mexican jumping shrimps.  
Don't do that.  
Excuse me. What are you talking about?  
And you know, I'm the manager now.  
You can't just come in here  
without knocking.  
And by the way, thank you.  
You saved me.  
I owe you.  
Yes?  
I know how you can repay me.  
Here we are.  
What?  
Nothing.  
Do I look hot?  
Yeah.  
Good. Because I'm doing Trevor tonight.  
Let's get this party started!  
This is my cousin's band.  
Cool.  
- I write many of their songs.  
- Yeah?  
- Yeah.  
- Really?  
He's kidding.  
My aunt, she is not in a costume,  
it's just her dress.  
I don't know  
how to dance to this kind of music.  
I'll teach you.  
Hi.  
Hey.  
This is nice. This is nice. Yeah, I like it.  
It's fun.  
- You live here?  
- Yeah.  
- Yeah?  
- In this couch.

- Oh, you live there.  
- Yeah.  
Well, I have a curtain I can shut. Look.  
This is my Ta Gloria's house.  
She lets me stay here for now.  
Well, until I open my own restaurant.  
I'm seeing a whole new side to you.  
How you doing?  
Please don't be nice to me. Be mean.  
Right.  
Pressure me.  
I'm pressuring you.  
You're really pretty.  
You're being sweet.  
I thought you were a womanizing jerk.  
That's just a facade.  
You know, to piss off my dad.  
I really want to get to know you.  
I don't.  
Now let's get to it.  
Put this on and come right back.  
Okay.  
Mission, you are so determined.  
Yeah. You have plans, man, you have plans.  
My plans, always fail.  
Like right now,  
Ansiedad's school is gonna kick her out  
because I can't pay for her bills.  
They're gonna kick her out  
because I cannot afford to pay.  
And then our "job" job sucks.  
You know, our job at the Shack.  
Emile's so mean,  
he makes us split all our tips.  
He makes you split tips, too, right?  
Okay.  
Come on.  
Oh, no.  
No, no, no.  
No, no, no.  
Shoot.  
This is for my story.  
What are you doing?  
Wait.

Forgot these.

Slut!

- Nothing happened.

- Oh, yeah.

You forgot these.

- Look at that.

- Hey, Trevor.

Yeah, I hit that.

- Yeah!

- Oh, my.

You stole my panties.

You sicko.

Get out of here!

Mommy? Mommy, I'm so stupid.

Mommy.

Why aren't you ever here?

My ticket.

- It's Saturday.

- Please.

- I need to get into my locker.

- Buzz off before I call the cops.

The Shack.

What happened?

Somebody crowbarred the register.

- What?

- And the safe. They don't know who.

All right. We're done with this guy.

Got anybody else?

You can go.

Grace?

Come here.

Come here.

Sit down.

- All right. All right. What about the...

- Put him on copy...

How does this happen on your watch?

This is all I have.

- Have nothing to say?

- No.

Guess you figured out that the second location's not going to happen.

In case anybody cares, came in third.

Lock up, Olga.

Ma'am. Here's my card.

Think of anything, or if you have any questions, you can call me at the station.

- Let's go, partner.

- All right.

Hey! Hey!

Did you do this?

Did you break in? Did you get me drunk and take advantage and help yourself to this?

No. I'm helping you.

You said you needed help with your daughter's school.

I did it for you.

I'm crazy about you.

- Oh, my God.

- Hey, calm down.

- No!

- Calm down!

No calm down. You're an idiot!

What is wrong with you, what makes you think you can just take...

Okay, okay, okay.

- What are you thinking?

- No one's going to know.

- No one's going to know, okay?

- Grace.

I'll give the money back.

Some blonde lady wants to talk to you.

You lock up, I'm leaving.

If this is about tuition payment, I...

No, no. I'm Jill Armstrong,

I'm your daughter's English teacher.

She's been skipping class.

Why hasn't the school called me?

Well, they probably have.

I left you a message

that your daughter erased.

She told me so in a letter that outlines behavior that

you know, frankly,

the State would consider parental neglect.

But I am not going to call the State.

Your daughter,

she thinks she's in a coming of age story.  
She's trying to grow up.  
I think she believes  
experiencing certain things  
will speed that process along. It's like...  
It's like she's name checking  
these hardships  
that she can skip to the point where  
she's matured from experiencing them.  
Oh, God. Look, I didn't go to Harvard, okay?  
I don't have an education.  
But this stuff you're telling me,  
this is something that my mother  
would call tarado.  
Do you know what that means?  
Well, it means stupid.  
You don't have to go to Harvard  
to see a little girl crying out for help.  
- She's trying to outgrow you, Ms. Gutierrez.  
- Have a nice day.  
She's trying to leave home,  
like you left home.  
How dare you.  
I was 17,  
and I had a horror show for a mother.  
So how dare you judge me?  
I was a little kid.  
My mother was never there for me.  
You know what,  
Ansiedad left this letter for me.  
But I'm sorry, I think it's for you.  
Dear Jill.  
I deleted your message to my mom,  
so you'll have to try her again.  
Maybe this time  
mention I've stopped  
going to class altogether.  
You might also tell her that I'm drinking now  
and doing gateway drugs  
as part of my growth.  
Please tell her that I intend to have sex soon  
and become a woman.  
Because that's what she did  
to get away from her mother.

She never talks about it,  
but I know.

Thank you for showing me the way.

Anne.

I'm gonna need you to be  
as specific as possible.

Don't say "long hair" when  
you can say "shoulder length,"  
or "medium height" when  
you can say "4'3," understand?

Yes.

- Hair?

- Long.

- Eyes?

- Brown.

Hi, is my daughter here?

Neither is mine.

Mine left last night.

When did yours leave?

They each got boyfriends now.

Did you know that?

And they're smoking, too.

- You smell your little girl's clothes?

- No.

No, I don't smell her clothes.

The police ask you

where you think she might be?

- Yes. And...

- And?

What time she left this morning,  
and what clothes she was wearing,  
and where she goes and who she goes with.

And I didn't know.

Excuse me.

Hello? This is she.

Where? Is she okay?

What are you doing here?

I need bus money.

I'm leaving Grace.

You can either reach for your wallet  
or we're 30 seconds away from the wife  
wondering what's going on out here.

So, in other words, you're extorting me?

Is that okay?

Listen. When you're older,  
and you think about this, and you will,  
I want you to remember this.  
Nothing is as black and white as it seems,  
and love  
is a lot more complicated and beautiful  
than you'll ever imagine.  
Where's your mother, dear?  
I don't know, ma'am.  
- Dr. Harford.  
- Yeah?  
It's raining.  
Your jacket.  
Your son needs glasses.  
There you go.  
Why are we stopping?  
- Get off me.  
- I am not letting you go.  
- Get away.  
- I am not letting you go.  
Leave me alone.  
That's what you're good at, right?  
Ansiedad, please, please.  
Please, please.  
Thank you. Baby, I'm sorry.  
- Where were you last night?  
- Oh, God. I'm sorry.  
Why aren't you ever there?  
- I don't need this, I'm going back.  
- Baby.  
No, Ansiedad. Please, please.  
Baby, please.  
How did you even find me?  
Your doctor boyfriend call you?  
His wife.  
- That's all over now.  
- Until the next guy.  
And then I don't exist again.  
Baby, you do exist.  
- I'm not your baby.  
- Yes, you are, and I know that now.  
Too late.  
Ansiedad.  
Ansiedad. Stop.



I don't want you out there alone.

I don't want what happened  
to your friend to happen to you.

What friend?

Come here, baby.

What friend, Mom?

What are you talking about?

Tavita.

She took some pills.

- You're lying. No.

- No, she's in bad shape.

- I didn't do that. I didn't do that.

- No, of course you didn't do it.

- I didn't wink.

- Of course you didn't do it.

Oh, you don't know.

- You don't know what I did. You don't know.

- Tell me.

Ansiedad.

Go away.

Ansiedad, stop.

I'm sorry, baby.

Leave me alone.

Ansiedad, please.

You never cared about me.

Baby, I'm sorry.

Baby.

She's going to be okay,  
but make sure she's not left alone.

She needs a lot of care.

I'll be back tomorrow. Bye.

Last assignment of the year.

Two hundred words  
on the nature of child versus adult  
as pertaining to the stories  
that we've discussed.

And are those  
as separate as we've been led to believe?

Now, please avoid making  
overblown closing statements  
or sweeping proclamations about life.

Keep things like unselfishness,  
inevitability...

Glasses don't work

if you don't wear them. There.

...responsibility...

- How's that? Lean back a little bit.

...forgiveness...

Hey, hey, dirty dishes in the sink, Mister.

Not on the counter.

...limited to your own personal experience.

Please include a section discussing growth,  
and is it limited to youth?

Or are we constantly evolving?

- I know that's good!

- Mom!

Can someone argue that life

is a succession of rites of passage,  
a long string of big and small moments,  
where we essentially come of age?

Are we constantly changing  
throughout our lives?

And isn't that a good thing after all?

Thanks.

Well, if I'm right, this is the part  
where you apologize to me.

You're right.

And I'm sorry on my mom's behalf, too.

- She's too proud to thank you.

- You know, you give her no credit.

Maybe she called me yesterday  
to do just that.

Really?

Maybe.

Or maybe that's my addition to your story.

We never talked about the lesson.

I'm sorry?

In coming of age stories,  
there's always a lesson.

The thing you learn  
so mistakes stop repeating.

And did you learn it?

I think so.

I'm sorry.

Do you want to come inside?

I got to go.

My mom's waiting for me.

Okay. Call me.

I will.

- Ready?

- Yeah.

We haven't been to Connecticut yet.

Or parts of Canada.

We could move there.

We're not moving.

We always move.

How about Lancaster, New York?

Baby.

We're not moving.

So can we talk about my name change now?

Oh, brother.

I spoke to the county clerk  
and he'll need your signature  
on a petition I've already filled.

- You have a beautiful name.

- And you changed yours.

Okay, I'll make you a deal.

For now you keep it, and when you turn 18,

- you can change it.

- I can't wait.

I know.

Let's get home.