

GRANDMA

Written by

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An apartment filled with books and art.

ELLE lives here. She is 70 years old, beautiful, and extremely wilful.

There is nothing of the old lady about her. She is selfish and magnetic and smart.

With her this morning is Olivia, an attractive thirty five year old woman who has been Elle's lover for the last few months.

Olivia is visibly upset. Elle seems much calmer. She moves around her place, neatening up.

OLIVIA

It's not that I don't love you.

Elle puts a teapot into a cupboard. Inside is a cap from an academic's cap and gown.

ELLE

What the hell's this doing in here?

OLIVIA

These last four months have been the...

Olivia is trying not to cry.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

The last four months have been some of the best months of my life.

ELLE

Well. It's been a short life. Comparatively.

OLIVIA

I've learned - I've learned so much from you -

ELLE

Yes, I'm very wise.

Olivia knuckles her eye.

ELLE (CONT'D)

Very wizened.

OLIVIA

You're not wizened.

Elle puts the medieval looking cap into a closet next to a professor's striped red academic gown.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)  
You're beautiful.

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

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

ELLE  
All reason?

OLIVIA  
You're still a wonderful poet.

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

OLIVIA  
You should send the new poems to  
your editor -

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

OLIVIA  
Please. Elle -

ELLE  
We always knew...

OLIVIA  
We always knew what?

ELLE  
I mean, you're your age, and I'm...  
rapidly approaching fifty.

Olivia smiles.

ELLE (CONT'D)

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

OLIVIA

Do you love me?

(pause)

Are you in love with me?

ELLE

Christ. Here. Blow your nose.

She hands Olivia a tissue. Olivia blows her nose.

OLIVIA

You've never said it.

ELLE

"It is a tale full of sound and fury, signifying nothing."

OLIVIA

What is, love?

ELLE

...I'm gonna vacuum.

OLIVIA

Doesn't love conquer everything?

ELLE

No.

Elle involuntarily glances up at a photo on the wall.

The photo is of a striking-looking woman (named Violet), taken in the late eighties.

The woman looks into the camera, out at Elle.

ELLE (CONT'D)

No. It does not conquer everything.

(pause)

Four months. We were together for four months. Try thirty-eight years. Try being with someone for thirty-eight years.

(pause)

You're a footnote.

OLIVIA  
 "A footnote?" That's...that's a  
 horrible thing to say.

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

OLIVIA  
 Okay. I guess that's it.

ELLE  
 Yup. That's it.

They stand there a moment.

Then Olivia comes over and kisses Elle.

OLIVIA  
 Goodbye.

Elle is statue-like. Doesn't reciprocate.

ELLE  
 Leave the key on the coffee table.

Elle goes off.

Olivia stands there a moment, numb.

Then she leaves.

2 INT. SHOWER - DAY

2

Water goes on.

Water hits Elle's face.

From behind Elle's head, we see the top of a large TATTOO on  
 Elle's back - a COLORFUL DRAGONFLY. Elle's shoulders begin  
 to SHAKE as she starts to cry.

Her fists clench.

She pounds the wall of the shower.

CUT TO: Elle is at the sink, brushing her teeth vigorously.  
 She bares her teeth at the mirror.

3 INT. ELLE'S APARTMENT - DAY 3

Elle is sitting on the floor, wearing her striped academic gown and cap.

There are photos spread out on the floor in front of her. A photo of her standing at the podium at a graduation ceremony, in her gown. Photos of her with the woman on the wall, at a poetry event in a cafe, at various stages in life. With a little girl - her daughter.

The DOORBELL rings.

She looks up quickly. Her breath catches.

4 INT. ELLE'S APARTMENT - DAY 4

Elle opens the door.

Standing there is a young woman. Age 18.

This is her granddaughter, SAGE.

She is pretty. Her nails are raggedly bitten.

ELLE  
(surprised)  
Sage.

Sage stands in the hallway, shifting on her toes. Nervous.

SAGE  
Hi Grandma.

ELLE  
Hi. Come in.

SAGE  
Thanks.

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

ELLE  
What are you doing here?

SAGE  
Thought I'd drop by.

ELLE  
Did you call?

SAGE

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

ELLE

Oh I'm just sitting here being maudlin. You want some tea?

Sage nods.

5

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

5

Elle makes them tea.

SAGE

I need some help, Grandma.

ELLE

Okay.

Elle looks at Sage, who doesn't say anything.

ELLE (CONT'D)

What's going on?

Sage doesn't say anything.

ELLE (CONT'D)

I'm not a mind-reader.

SAGE

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

ELLE

For what?

SAGE

I'm pregnant.

Elle takes a couple of cups from the cupboard behind Sage.

ELLE

Okay.

SAGE

I don't want to have a baby.

(stares into her tea)

I want to get an abortion. And I'm broke. I have eighteen dollars.

(pause)

You think that's terrible?

ELLE  
Which part of it?

SAGE  
All of it.

ELLE  
It's nothing to dance a jig about.  
Have you told your mother?

SAGE  
Mom? She'd have a stroke. She'd  
start strangling me, and then she'd  
have a stroke.

She demonstrates this.

She drops her pantomime.

ELLE  
Well, she'd strangle you alright.

The kettle WHISTLES.

5A EXT. ELLE'S TERRACE - DAY

5A

Sage and Elle have tea.

SAGE  
I'm such an idiot. Such an idiot.

ELLE  
So was I, when I was your age.

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

ELLE  
You already said what you're gonna  
do. Right? I mean you've put some  
thought into this.  
(pause)  
Have you?

Sage nods.

ELLE (CONT'D)  
Cause this is something you will  
probably think about at some moment  
each day for the rest of your life.



SAGE

Uhm...

(pause)

Do you have it? Do you have money?

ELLE

Honey, at the moment, I have forty-three dollars.

SAGE

Forty-three dollars! You're joking!

ELLE

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

SAGE

How do you have so little money?

ELLE

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

SAGE

Why didn't you ask mom to help?

ELLE

Why don't you?

Sage doesn't answer.

ELLE (CONT'D)

I don't need help. I'm sweeping the decks clean here. Next week I'm supposed to get a check for some guest lectures I gave at Santa Cruz. I had it all planned out.

SAGE

Well do you have a credit card?

ELLE

I cut my credit cards into little pieces.

(points)

Look, I made a wind chime out of them.

SAGE

What?! Why would you do that?

ELLE

I was transmogrifying my life into art.

SAGE

What kind of adult doesn't have a credit card!

ELLE

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

SAGE

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

ELLE

Alright. Alright. Calm down. We're gonna deal with this.

SAGE

We are?

ELLE

(beat)

Yes. We are. Where'd you get this 630 dollar number?

SAGE

I went by a clinic. Called Pine Rapids.

ELLE

Christ.

SAGE

I have an appointment for the procedure.

ELLE

For when?

SAGE

Five-forty-five.

ELLE

Five-forty-five? You mean today?

(Sage nods)

It's 9 o'clock already!

SAGE

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

ELLE

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

SAGE

You do?

ELLE

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

6 EXT. PARKING AREA - DAY

6

Elle brushes some leaves off the tarp covering a car. She pulls the tarp off, revealing a 1955 Dodge Royal Lancer.

SAGE

You still have Vi's car?

ELLE

Course I still have Vi's car. Give me a hand, would you?

Sage helps her.

Elle puts the tarp in the trunk.

Elle starts the car. Only it doesn't start.

ELLE (CONT'D)

Shit.

LATER

A young man is giving Elle a jump start with some cables from his truck.

ELLE (CONT'D)

I didn't wake you up, did I?

YOUNG MAN

(she did)

No.

The young man glances at Sage.

ELLE  
She's already pregnant.

SAGE  
**Grandma.**

ELLE  
I'm just saying. Don't get any  
ideas.

The engine turns over. Loud RAP MUSIC blasts for a moment.  
Elle turns it down.

ELLE (CONT'D)  
Okay. Thanks!

The car pulls out.

7 EXT. CAR - DAY 7

They drive into a mini mall.

8 EXT. CAR - DAY 8

Elle stops the car in the mini mall. She squints out the  
window.

ELLE  
Where the hell is it?

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

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

9 INT. CAFE - DAY 9

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

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

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

SAGE  
 Yeah, Grandma, uh -

Sage is looking nervously at a conservative looking couple at  
 the next table. Elle puts more sugar into her coffee.

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

SAGE  
 Ten weeks ago.

The manager of the coffee bar is looking at Elle.

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

The manager comes over.

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

ELLE  
 Excuse me?

CAFE MANAGER  
 I'm going have to ask you to leave.

ELLE

You're "going to have to?" When are you "going to have to" ask us to leave?

CAFE MANAGER

I'm going to have to ask you to leave now.

ELLE

So you mean you are asking us to leave.

CAFE MANAGER

Yes, you're disturbing the customers.

ELLE

What customers? I'm a customer. Do you know what a customer is?

CAFE MANAGER

I know what a customer is.

ELLE

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

CAFE MANAGER

Yes.

ELLE

We're disturbing you. Isn't that right?

CAFE MANAGER

Yes. That's right. You are also disturbing me.

ELLE

Because I'm talking about abortions?

CAFE MANAGER

Yes. That's right. Now please take your coffee and enjoy it somewhere else.

ELLE

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

(MORE)

ELLE (CONT'D)

Where you are standing right now,  
there were countless unintended  
pregnancies terminated.

The nearby woman GASPS.

CAFE MANAGER

Please leave. Leave now.

ELLE

Wait, I'm going to enjoy this three  
dollar "drip" coffee first! I've  
got news for you - all coffee  
drips! So you don't have to call  
it "drip" coffee - that's a  
redundancy! Hey, look, it's  
dripping!

Elle POURS THE REST OF HER COFFEE ON THE FLOOR.

ELLE (CONT'D)

I enjoyed that! That was some good  
drip coffee!

SAGE

(to manager)

I'm sorry!

ELLE

Why should you be sorry? He should  
be sorry!

They go to the door.

10 EXT. CAFE PARKING LOT - DAY

10

They walk towards the car.

SAGE

French press.

ELLE

What?

SAGE

French press coffee. It doesn't  
drip.

ELLE

Well, I guess not. Touche. Can  
you believe that guy? These  
bastards think they can turn the  
clock back fifty years.

(MORE)

ELLE (CONT'D)

(pause)

Crap.

She stops walking.

SAGE

What?

ELLE

I really have to use the rest room.

11 INT. CAFE - DAY

11

The manager looks up from where he is mopping up coffee.

ELLE

Here, lemme help you with that.

CAFE MANAGER

No, that's alright -

ELLE

I insist, I feel terrible.

Elle grabs some napkins and gets down to help him mop the spill.

ELLE (CONT'D)

So, do you need a key to use the bathroom or is it unlocked?

He stares at her.

12 EXT. CAFE - DAY

12

Elle joins Sage outside the cafe.

ELLE

Okay, everyone's friends now. So who's the guy?

SAGE

Who?

ELLE

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

SAGE

No. He's kind of my boyfriend. I don't know.



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

SAGE  
He was supposed to get the money by  
this morning.

ELLE  
What happened?

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

ELLE  
Alright, well. This is his problem  
too.  
(stops)  
You understand that, right?

Sage nods.

ELLE (CONT'D)  
Do you? Understand that?

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

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

SAGE  
I guess.

ELLE  
Let's go talk to him.

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

ELLE  
"Cam?" His name is "Cam?"

13 INT. CAM'S HOUSE - DAY

13

A small house.

CAM opens the door. He looks annoyed.

Cam is eighteen. Working on a scruff-beard. He has a hockey jersey on with a marijuana leaf on it.

CAM

What are you doing here?

SAGE

Are your parents here?

CAM

No.

SAGE

So can we come in?

CAM

Whatever, yeah.

They come in. The house is messy. Cramped.

SAGE

Umm, you were supposed to get the money.

CAM

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

ELLE

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

CAM

Who is this?

SAGE

My grandmother.

CAM

Grandma? Yo Grandma, what you doing here?

ELLE

Listen, you have to take responsibility for this.

CAM  
How do I know it was me?

SAGE  
WHAT?

He picks up a hockey stick, starts messing with a piece of balled up tape.

CAM  
You heard me.

SAGE  
I didn't sleep with anyone else.

CAM  
You slept with Mike.

SAGE  
Last year. He used a condom.

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

CAM  
What? What'd she say?

SAGE  
She didn't say anything -

CAM  
Look, she said it wasn't her time.

ELLE  
Her time? What are you, a moron?  
Are you both morons? Don't they  
teach kids sex-ed anymore?

Cam puts down the hockey stick. Points at Elle.

CAM  
Listen Grandma, you better watch  
yourself.

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

SAGE  
(laughs involuntarily)  
Grandma!

CAM  
I'm serious, old lady, don't fuck  
with me!

ELLE  
Then give us the money!

CAM  
I don't have the money, bitch!

SAGE  
Let's go, Grandma -

ELLE  
"Bitch?" Look, you have the money,  
you little prick -

CAM  
What the fuck? Are you bitches  
crazy?

ELLE  
Get the God damn money!

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

ELLE  
You'll fuck me up?

SAGE  
Let's go!

CAM  
I will, I'll fuck you up.

Instead of going to the door, Elle grabs the hockey stick and  
HITS Cam with it. HARD in the HEAD.

He goes down, CRUMPLING to the ground.

SAGE SCREAMS.

CAM (CONT'D)  
(groans)  
Uuh -

Elle HITS him again, in the RIBS this time.

CAM (CONT'D)  
Oh God, oh God - you hit me -

ELLE  
I'll hit you again, "bitch!"

SAGE  
No!

ELLE  
How much money do you have?

CAM  
I don't have -

She HITS HIM in the LEG.

CAM (CONT'D)  
AAA! GOD! FIFTY DOLLARS! LIKE  
FIFTY DOLLARS!

ELLE  
Where?!

CAM  
In my sock drawer!

14 INT. ELLE'S CAR - DAY

14

Elle is sitting in her car, smoothing out and counting crumpled bills.

It's mostly ones.

Sage is in the passenger seat.

ELLE  
I like your boyfriend. He's  
special. Really charismatic. I  
can see how you'd be attracted to  
him.

Sage doesn't say anything.

Elle opens a little baggie with some buds of weed in it and a small pack of rolling papers.

ELLE (CONT'D)  
This was in his sock drawer too.  
Smells pretty good. Red hairs.

Sage gets out of the car. Starts walking away.

ELLE (CONT'D)  
Hey! Where are you going? Hey!

15 EXT. STREET - DAY

15

Elle catches up with Sage.

ELLE  
Where the hell are you going?

SAGE  
Leave me alone! Mom's right!  
You're crazy!

ELLE  
Why, cause I rapped that little  
shit across the knuckles?!

SAGE  
Everyone's gonna talk about it!

ELLE  
He's not gonna tell people. What's  
he gonna say? "Sage's grandmother  
beat me up?"

SAGE  
You could have killed him!

ELLE  
Nah, I hit him in the hard part of  
his head. Stop! Stop...

Sage walks a few steps more, then leans over and gags,  
throwing up a little.

ELLE (CONT'D)  
Are you okay?

SAGE  
No! I'm not okay! I'm pregnant!  
I'm fucking pregnant!

Elle puts her hand on Sage's back. Sage stands up, wiping  
her mouth.

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

ELLE  
No, I have an asshole problem.  
When people are assholes, it makes  
me angry. Especially if they're  
being assholes to my granddaughter.

They stand there a moment.

ELLE (CONT'D)

Look. We gotta get going here. We have to get like 550 dollars still.

(pause)

Come on. There's someone who owes me four hundred bucks. Maybe she has it. Let's go.

(pause)

Or you could just call your mom and ask her for the money.

Sage thinks about it.

16 EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

16

They drive.

17 INT. CAR - DAY

17

Elle is pensive.

ELLE

So your mom says I'm crazy?

SAGE

You know that. You know mom thinks you're crazy. She thinks I'm crazy too.

ELLE

You're not crazy enough.

SAGE

What does that mean?

ELLE

Just an impression.

(pause)

You need to be able to say "screw you" sometimes.

SAGE

I say "screw you."

ELLE

You didn't say screw you to that little creep back there.

SAGE

...No, I guess not. I guess I didn't.

(pause)

(MORE)

SAGE (CONT'D)  
 Mom says you have problems dealing  
 with people. Since Aunt Violet  
 died. She says you're  
 philanthropic.

ELLE  
 "Philanthropic?" What?

SAGE  
 No, wait - misanthropic.

ELLE  
 Misanthropic.  
 (pause)  
 Well.  
 (pause)  
 That's an understatement.

Elle smiles.

18 EXT. TATTOO PARLOR - DAY 18

Elle and Sage walk into a tattoo parlor.

19 INT. TATTOO PARLOR - DAY 19

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

ELLE  
 (to tattoo artist)  
 Is Deathy here?

The tattoo artist calls out over her shoulder.

TATTOO ARTIST  
 DEATHY!

DEATHY (O.S.)  
 Hold on!

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

DEATHY (CONT'D)  
 Oh, shit! Elle! It's Elle!

ELLE  
 Hiya Deathy!

Deathy hugs Elle.



DEATHY

Who's this?

ELLE

My granddaughter.

DEATHY

No! I haven't seen you since you were a baby!

SAGE

Really?

DEATHY

I changed your diapers! Now I feel old.

ELLE

Hey, could I have that four-hundred dollars?

DEATHY

Oh God, Elle. Really?

ELLE

Yeah, I need it. She's pregnant.

DEATHY

Oh. She needs a "Bortion," hunh?

ELLE

Yeah. She needs a "Bortion."

SAGE

Jesus. Stop it.

DEATHY

We used to have this schtick where this girl needed a "Bortion." Like she didn't know it was called "an abortion." She thinks it's called "a Bortion."

SAGE

A "schtick?" That's horrible.

ELLE

It is, kind of. So do you have that money, honey? Do you?

DEATHY

Christ, I wish I did. Your Grandma really helped me out, a while ago.

(MORE)

DEATHY (CONT'D)

I had these defective boobs that were leaking, just leaking silicone down into my knees. It was awful. Elle here came through for me. And now you need me and I'm broke. I'm fucking broke.

(pause)

I can give you a tattoo. That I can do. You want a tattoo, darling?

SAGE

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

ELLE

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

DEATHY

Oh honey, not long. Fifteen minutes? I'm a quick draw.

ELLE

Maybe it'd help me collect my thoughts. We gotta strategize here.

LATER

The needle is BUZZING.

Elle is getting a tattoo, a simple O tattooed on her shoulder.

DEATHY

Don't you have any rich friends? What about Deanne and Margot?

ELLE

I kind of gave them hell last time I saw them. Cause they just disappeared when Vi got ill. Along with everyone else.

DEATHY

What about all your academic pals?

ELLE

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

SAGE  
What's O for?

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

SAGE  
Looks like an O.

DEATHY  
I thought it was for orgasm.

ELLE  
Yeah, sure, it's for that.

SAGE  
It's not for "Olivia?"

Elle's face tightens.

SAGE (CONT'D)  
Isn't Olivia the name of your  
girlfriend? Can't you ask her for  
money?

ELLE  
I don't have a girlfriend.

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

ELLE  
I knew I shouldn't tell your mother  
anything.

SAGE  
Why not?

ELLE  
Because she's so judgemental.  
"Judge Judy."

SAGE  
Yeah. "Judge Judy."  
(pause)  
You have a violet tattoo, right?  
For Aunt Violet?

ELLE  
Yes. That I do.

DEATHY

You ever see her dragonfly? I did that!

SAGE

Yeah, it's badass.

Deathy works.

SAGE (CONT'D)

Do you miss her? Violet?

ELLE

I miss her all the time.

DEATHY

That was a great love story, you and Vi. Course she put up with a lot.

ELLE

What does that mean?

DEATHY

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

ELLE

O's a big letter for women. You got "Ovaries." Origami. Openness. Orifice.

DEATHY

Cheeri-os.

ELLE

Oven. Old. Odd. Ossuary. Out.

SAGE

Olivia.

ELLE

Whatever. Yeah. As it happens.

Elle purses her lips.

DEATHY

Done!

LATER

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

ELLE

How much do you think first editions are worth?

DEATHY

First editions of what? Of your stuff?

ELLE

My stuff? Those aren't worth anything.

SAGE

But you're famous.

ELLE

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

DEATHY

Who's Carla?

ELLE

You know, she owns the Bonobo cafe.

ELLE (CONT'D)

I'm gonna sell my God damned first editions. They're probably worth a few thousand, but I'll give her a break. What the hell am I hanging onto them for anyway? See Sage, I told you this'd clear my head.

DEATHY

(to Sage)

Hey, darling, here's thirty-five bucks. It all adds up.

(looks over)

And here's another thirty I'm just gonna borrow from the register.

20

INT. ELLE'S APARTMENT - DAY

20

Back to Elle's apartment.

Elle and Sage enter. Elle goes to her answering machine. There are two messages.

Elle presses the answering machine button.

ANSWERING MACHINE  
 You have two messages. First  
 message, sent today at 11:03.

The first message is a hang-up.

ANSWERING MACHINE (CONT'D)  
 Second message, sent today at  
 11:04.

The second message is a hang-up too.

Elle bites her cheek. Stares at the answering machine.

She looks over. Sage is leaning over the sink, retching a  
 bit, spitting saliva.

ELLE  
 You alright?

Sage looks at her.

ELLE (CONT'D)  
 You want some ginger ale?

SAGE  
 I hate ginger ale.

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

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

ELLE  
 It's gonna be alright.

SAGE  
 HOW! HOW WILL IT BE ALRIGHT?

ELLE  
 It will. We're gonna sell some  
 damn first editions. Here. Check  
 em out.

Elle has a shelf of old first editions, along with a number  
 of copies of books of poetry that she wrote.

ELLE (CONT'D)

That fuckin' Carla is gonna go apeshit for them. She was over here for dinner once, she wanted to buy them from me, right then.

Elle pulls a few books out.

Sage picks up The Feminine Mystique.

SAGE

What's this?

ELLE

The Feminine Mystique? What's The Feminine Mystique?

SAGE

Mystique's a character in X-Men.

ELLE

What? What the hell are you talking about?

SAGE

Want me to google how much it's worth?

ELLE

Yeah. Go ahead. Signed first edition.

SAGE

I'll look it up on Ebay.

ELLE

Ebay, Google, whatever. The Feminine Mystique by Betty Friedan. You know The Wizard of Oz, when the curtain gets pulled aside, and they see the Wizard's a fake? Cause that dog, Toto pulls the curtain? She was like Toto.

(pause)

Maybe not a great metaphor.

SAGE

53.90.

ELLE

Five thousand three hundred ninety dollars?

SAGE

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

ELLE

Fifty-three dollars?! That's bullshit!

SAGE

First edition, good condition, fifty-three dollars ninety cents.

She shows Elle her phone. Elle squints at it.

ELLE

How can you read that?

SAGE

There's a stain on it. Is this wine?

ELLE

Yeah, wine. Probably. Shit. Well I'm just gonna bring all these things. Look at this. The Prime of Life by Simone de Beauvoir. This is her autobiography. Dare I ask if you know who Simone de Beauvoir is?

SAGE

No idea. Guess I'm an idiot.

ELLE

Guess you are.

Sage looks like she's been slapped.

SAGE

(mutters)  
Screw you.

ELLE

What? Couldn't hear you.

SAGE

SCREW YOU! SCREW YOU, GRANDMA!

ELLE

Not bad.



SAGE  
 You don't even know who Mystique  
 is.

Elle laughs.

21 EXT. STREET BY CAFE - DAY

21

Elle and Sage get out of Elle's car, both carrying a few books.

They walk towards a cafe with a Bonobo Ape painted on the window.

SAGE  
 So what's a bonobo?

ELLE  
 A very advanced ape. The females run the show, they masturbate all the time, and they don't have wars, unlike chimps and humans.

SAGE  
 So you think women are better than men?

ELLE  
 Men are okay. My father was a man.

SAGE  
 Mine wasn't. He was a sperm.

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

SAGE  
 I just wish she could have gotten the sperm's name. Only thing I know is he must have had curly hair.

She holds open the door for Elle.

22 INT. BONOBO CAFE - DAY

22

A feminist-themed coffee shop.

A woman with a white buzz-cut is hanging up a flyer.

ELLE

Hey.

CARLA

Hey! Hey stranger!

ELLE

I brought the books.

CARLA

What books?

ELLE

The books you wanted to buy from me.

She puts books on a counter next to soy milk and almond milk thermoses.

CARLA

Oh. Okay, umm...

Carla glances towards the back of the cafe.

ELLE

Look. Feminine Mystique. First edition, signed. This wine stain? Was left by Betty Friedan herself. Simone de Beauvoir. Germaine Greer! The Female Eunuch! Got some Eileen Myles here, for God's sake!

CARLA

Un-hunh, yeah...

ELLE

My granddaughter here googled them, they're worth thousands and thousands of dollars.

Sage gives Elle a look.

ELLE (CONT'D)

Right?

SAGE

(lying)  
...Yeah right.

ELLE

I'll let you have em for five-hundred and fifteen dollars, but it's gottta be right now, cash.

Out from the kitchen comes Olivia, Elle's (now ex) lover, holding a plate with a quesadilla on it for a customer. She has on an apron with a Bonobo ape on it.

She freezes upon seeing Elle.

OLIVIA

What are you doing here?

ELLE

What - what are you doing here? You're not supposed to be working today!

OLIVIA

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

ELLE

I came to sell some stuff. These books.

Olivia recognizes the books.

OLIVIA

You're gonna sell these? Why?

ELLE

I need some cash.

OLIVIA

I told you not to cut up your credit card!

A woman sitting at a table pipes up.

CUSTOMER

Is that my quesadilla?

OLIVIA

Yes. Sorry.

Olivia brings the customer her quesadilla.

Elle tries to compose herself.

ELLE

Okay.

(to Carla)

Okay, you want to buy these or what? You said you wanted to buy them.

CARLA

Well, I don't know. I have to think about it.

OLIVIA

(to customer, distracted)

You want - you want hot sauce?

CUSTOMER

You have Tabasco?

OLIVIA

Tapatio. We have Tapatio.

Olivia is glancing over at Elle.

Sage is watching their interaction.

ELLE

Come on, do you want them or not?

CARLA

I'm thinking.

Olivia takes a deep breath and comes back over.

OLIVIA

Hey.

ELLE

Hey.

OLIVIA

Are you going to introduce me to your granddaughter?

ELLE

Sure.

(turns)

Sage. Olivia.

SAGE

Olivia. Hi.

OLIVIA

I've seen pictures of you.

SAGE

Oh. Cool.

OLIVIA

Bit of a...surprise meeting you like this.

SAGE

Yeah...

OLIVIA

Okay. Wow. Well. Fuck.

ELLE

(to Carla)

Well?

CARLA

Look, I'll give you sixty dollars for them.

ELLE

All of them?

OLIVIA

So you need money? Because -

ELLE

I do not need money from you. Thank you.

OLIVIA

Okay. 'Cause -

ELLE

Are you fucking kidding me? Are you kidding me Olivia?

Olivia turns to Carla.

OLIVIA

(to Carla)

These books are worth more than sixty dollars.

ELLE

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

OLIVIA

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

ELLE

Me? Mean? I'm not mean, I'm just not a hypocrite!

OLIVIA

So I'm a hypocrite now?!

ELLE

(to Olivia)

Did you call me earlier? Did you call me and hang up? Twice?

OLIVIA

(pause)

...Yes.

ELLE

Why?

OLIVIA

I don't know. I don't know why.

ELLE

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

OLIVIA

No!

CARLA

Guys, take it outside.

Elle turns on Carla.

ELLE

And you! How come you don't pay a decent wage, you cheap asshole!

CARLA

What?

ELLE

You heard me! You call yourself a feminist?! It should be illegal, what you pay these kids!

OLIVIA

I'm not a kid -

ELLE

It probably is illegal! You're not a Bonobo, Carla! You're a gorilla! You're a Silverback male gorilla!

(MORE)

ELLE (CONT'D)

And she is right! These books are worth way more than sixty dollars!

SAGE

Grandma, let's go!

ELLE

**DON'T** call me fucking **GRANDMA!**

SAGE

(pause)

What should I call you?

ELLE

(to Olivia)

GO BACK TO SCHOOL. Finish your doctorate. Get your head out of your ass! Stop working at this dump!

CUSTOMER

Could I get that hot sauce please?

OLIVIA

What?

CUSTOMER

Sorry - hot sauce?

OLIVIA

Here. You want hot sauce? You want hot sauce?!!

She grabs some Tapatio and DUMPS IT ALL OVER THE WOMAN'S QUESADILLA.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

HOT ENOUGH FOR YOU?

ELLE

(laughs)

HAH! You're really off the deep end!

CARLA

That's it!

(picks up books)

Take these. I don't want them.

ELLE

Great and take your sixty bucks and shove em up your ass.

Elle leaves.

SAGE  
I'll carry them.

Olivia follows.

23 EXT. STREET BY CAFE - DAY

23

Olivia comes out after Elle and yells.

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

ELLE  
Because they didn't.

OLIVIA  
I HATE you!

ELLE  
Great!

OLIVIA  
I WISH I'D NEVER MET YOU!

ELLE  
You never did!

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

ELLE  
That's exactly right.

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

ELLE  
Your medal's in the mail.

OLIVIA  
I'm returning it!

ELLE  
You - you NEOPHYTE! You INGENUE!

OLIVIA  
SOLIPSIST! WRITER-IN-RESIDENCE!!!



Elle walks off.

SAGE  
Uh...nice to meet you...

Sage hurries to the car.

24 INT. CAR - DAY

24

They drive.

SAGE  
You okay to drive?

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

SAGE  
I know.

SAGE (CONT'D)  
Why'd she call you "writer in  
residence?"

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

SAGE  
How is that selling out?

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

SAGE  
Well...I'm learning some new  
insults. My friends pretty much  
just call each other "bitch" or  
"ho." "Slut."

ELLE

Well that's ignorant bullshit.

SAGE

(pause)

So do you think I'm one? A slut?

ELLE

(looks at her)

No. And I don't want to hear you use that word again.

(pause)

You know in the 14th century, Chaucer used the word "sluttish" to refer to an untidy man -

SAGE

(pause)

What's that noise?

There's a noise from the car.

ELLE

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

24A EXT. REAR OF GAS STATION - DAY

24A

Elle comes out from a gas station rest room.

SAGE

She's pretty. Olivia.

ELLE

Yes, she's pretty. That's what it means, "Olivia." It means "most beautiful." So what was she doing with me? Right?

SAGE

No.

ELLE

That's what you were thinking.

SAGE

It wasn't. It wasn't actually.

ELLE

She mailed me an essay she wrote about my poetry. Asked if I'd have coffee with her someday.

(MORE)

ELLE (CONT'D)

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

(pause)

Anyway, that's over.

SAGE

(pause)

Grandma, you got any other ideas?

ELLE

...I'm afraid I do.

25 EXT. HOUSE - DAY

25

Elle pulls up outside a house with an old motorcycle in front  
of it. There's a metal seesaw in the front lawn.

26 INT. CAR - DAY

26

Elle looks at the house.

SAGE

What?

ELLE

Nothing. Wait in the car

(pause)

On second thought, come with me.

The front door of the house opens. KARL steps onto the  
porch. He's about 70, muscular, with a pigtail.

KARL

Elle?

Elle gets out of the car.

ELLE

Hi there. Hi Karl.

KARL

What a surprise to get your call.

ELLE

Well, it's been too long.

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

ELLE  
 God, we're thirty years older.

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

ELLE  
 This is my granddaughter. Sage.

KARL  
 "Sage." Nice name. Pungent.

SAGE  
 Hi.

KARL  
 You want some zucchini?

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

SAGE  
 No thank you.

KARL  
 How about some corn. I just boiled  
 some corn. Come on.

He goes into the house. Elle and Sage follow him.

27 INT. KARL'S KITCHEN - DAY

27

Elle is eating some corn, looking at some framed photos on a  
 table. Sage hangs back.

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

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

ELLE  
 Who are these people?

KARL  
My grandkids.

ELLE  
You have grandkids now?

KARL  
I do. You're not the only one  
allowed to have grandkids.

ELLE  
Which wife is this?

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

ELLE  
Jesus, you're a patriarch.

KARL  
I am. I'm biblical. How's the  
corn?

ELLE  
Good.

KARL  
Those your own teeth you're eating  
with?

ELLE  
Yup.

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

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

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

SAGE  
That's creepy.

KARL

It is.

ELLE

Are you married now?

KARL

Right now, no. I am currently a man about town.

Elle nods.

ELLE

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

SAGE

I'll go look at the flowers.

Sage goes out back.

KARL

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

ELLE

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

Karl laughs.

KARL

Sure. Why not?

Elle starts to roll a joint from the bag she took from Cam's sock drawer.

KARL (CONT'D)

You mean business, hunh?

28 EXT. KARL'S HOUSE - DAY 28

Sage walks outside the house. It's strangely tranquil.

29 INT. KARL'S KITCHEN - DAY 29

Karl opens a beer. Elle lights the joint.

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

ELLE  
No thanks.

KARL  
(drinks)  
So how's your partner? Daisy?

ELLE  
Come on. Violet.

KARL  
How's Violet?

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

KARL  
I'm sorry. I am.

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

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

ELLE  
Well I need to borrow 500 dollars.  
Here.

Karl takes the joint. Hits on it, looking at her.

ELLE (CONT'D)  
I can pay you back in a couple  
weeks.

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

ELLE  
Well sure I'm here for that. But I  
also need 500 bucks.

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

ELLE

Guess not.

He passes her back the joint.

ELLE (CONT'D)

Look, you were always good with money, I thought you might be able to help me out.

KARL

What do you need it for?

ELLE

(exhales)

Rent.

KARL

Rent? Why don't you ask your daughter?

ELLE

We're not speaking that often.

KARL

That's too bad.

She passes him back the joint.

KARL (CONT'D)

(beat)

It's painful seeing you, Elle.

Elle opens a beer.

ELLE

What the hell kind of a thing is that to say?

KARL

I don't know. Just popped into my head. Maybe I'm getting soft. Male menopause, maybe.

ELLE

You're well past menopause. We both are.

KARL

It's painful to see you, because it makes me feel old.



ELLE  
I like being old. Young people are stupid.

KARL  
We sure were. We sure were stupid.

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

KARL  
Sure. I want something in return, though.

ELLE  
What? What do you want?

KARL  
A kiss.

ELLE  
Like a peck?

KARL  
No, like a real kiss.

ELLE  
And then you'll loan me the money?

Karl nods.

ELLE (CONT'D)  
Alright. Let's get it over with.

She takes the joint from Karl. She takes a hit off it, then she kisses him. It's not passionate, but it has some affection in it.

ELLE (CONT'D)  
There you go. For old times' sake.

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

ELLE  
Go fuck yourself, Karl.

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

(MORE)

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

He goes out of the house.

ELLE  
 HEY. WE HAD A DEAL!

Elle follows Karl out.

Sage watches her go out.

30 EXT. KARL'S HOUSE - DAY

30

Karl opens up a tool box. There is a kid's-size purple jeep  
 lying on it's side by the entrance.

ELLE  
 Come on, are you out of your mind?

He takes out some tools.

KARL  
 Why are you here?

ELLE  
 I told you. I'm here because I  
 need money.

Karl gets down by the jeep.

KARL  
 You wronged me.

ELLE  
 This again?

KARL  
 You were wrong, how you acted.

ELLE  
 Forty-nine years ago?

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

ELLE

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

KARL

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

ELLE

Well I was. Just a confused one.

KARL

And that poem you wrote? "The Ogre's Seed?"

ELLE

That wasn't about you.

KARL

You're sure you're not here to say you're sorry? To apologize to me? Finally?

ELLE

No. Afraid not. Man, you have eleven grandkids! You can't let go of old shit?!

KARL

I find that, as I get older, old shit just bubbles up. It bubbles up from the tar. Don't you find that to be the case?

(pause)

Look, Elle, I'm not the one who called up from out of nowhere. You're the one rattling the skeletons here. So what are you here for? WHAT ARE YOU HERE FOR?

ELLE

I'M HERE BECAUSE I NEED SOME GODDAM MONEY, BECAUSE I'M THE ONLY IDIOT I KNOW WHO WOULD CUT UP HER GOD DAMN CREDIT CARD TO PROVE A POINT TO HERSELF.

(Pause)

I knew I was dumb to come here, because I knew you'd be the same selfish bastard you always were.

(calls out)

SAGE?

Sage comes around the side of the house.

ELLE (CONT'D)  
Okay, let's go.

KARL  
Wait! Wait - okay. Okay. I can help you.

SAGE  
You can?

KARL  
I can help you. If you need help I can help you. For old times sake.

Elle stands there.

KARL (CONT'D)  
Five-hundred?

ELLE  
...Yes.

KARL  
I have it. Hold on.

Karl goes inside.

Sage and Elle stand there. Inside the house, Karl goes over to a bookcase and pulls out a thick old volume (where he hides his cash).

SAGE  
He's not...

ELLE  
Your grandfather? No. Your grandfather was a fling. One night stand. I have no idea where he is. Karl's a guy I married.

SAGE  
What?!

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

SAGE  
This was before Aunt Violet?

ELLE  
Of course it was before Aunt  
Violet.

Karl comes back out. He has some cash in his hand.

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

ELLE  
I told you, it's for rent.

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

ELLE  
(pause)  
It's true. I am.

KARL  
So what's it for?

He turns to Sage.

SAGE  
It's...

KARL  
Yeah?

ELLE  
She needs to terminate a pregnancy.  
She's gonna have an abortion.

Beat. Karl pockets the money.

KARL  
No. No fuckin' way.

ELLE  
Karl -

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

ELLE  
Karl, come on -

KARL  
WHY ARE YOU HERE?

ELLE  
BECAUSE WE NEED THE MONEY!

KARL  
GO TO HELL!

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

KARL  
It was my decision too!

ELLE  
It's my body. It's always been my  
body!

KARL  
And then you go - you fucking go  
and have a stranger's baby? You're  
a psychopath!

ELLE  
Well I wanted a baby. I just  
didn't want a God damn husband.

KARL  
Right, so she grew up with no  
father.

ELLE  
She grew up fine.

KARL  
Which is why you don't speak to  
her.

Elle sags a moment.

KARL (CONT'D)  
And you!

He points to Sage.

KARL (CONT'D)  
Does he know? The father?

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

KARL  
Okay. Well, at least he knows. At  
least you had the human decency to  
tell him. But I'm not paying for  
it.

Karl goes back into his house.

KARL (CONT'D)  
I'm not paying for that.

Sage and Elle stand there a moment.

SAGE  
...Grandma?  
(pause)  
Let's go.

31 EXT. STREET - DAY

31

They sit on the trunk of Elle's car. Elle is finishing  
flossing her teeth.

SAGE  
So you...you had an abortion?

Elle's face fills with stress.

ELLE  
Yes. In someone's basement.

SAGE  
Was it a doctor? Who did it?

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

SAGE  
...Did it hurt?

Elle doesn't answer.

SAGE (CONT'D)  
So were you... you used to like  
men?

ELLE

I always liked women.

(pause)

I just didn't like myself.

(pause)

After I had your mom, I knew it was too painful. Life is too painful not to be what you are.

Sage looks down.

SAGE

I don't know...

ELLE

You don't know what?

(pause)

You having second thoughts?

SAGE

(pause)

I want to have a family. I want to have a baby someday.

(pause)

But not today. Not now.

(beat)

I want to go to college. I have my GPA up to a B.

(beat)

Some people...some people could maybe do it all. But I can't.

ELLE

(pause)

You know what we have to do, right?

SAGE

Yes.

Sage tears at a fingernail.

32 EXT. DOWNTOWN - DAY 32

Downtown. Some office buildings.

Elle drives, looking for parking.

33 EXT. DOWNTOWN OFFICE BUILDING - DAY 33

Elle and Sage are outside a tall office building. It's a different environment than we have been in.



SAGE  
I'm scared.

ELLE  
You and me both.

SAGE  
(turns to her)  
You're scared?

ELLE  
I've been a little scared of your  
mom since she was five years old.

Sage laughs.

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

SAGE  
Why'd she do that?

ELLE  
Cause she wanted me to quit.  
(pause)  
And she wanted to torture me.  
...Ready?

Sage nods.

They go into the building.

34 INT. WAITING ROOM - DAY

34

Sage and Elle sit in the waiting room of some corporate  
offices.

They look out of place.

A couple of guys in suits are there, glancing at them  
occasionally.

Elle smiles at them and CLUCKS like a chicken.

ELLE  
BAWK-BAWK-BAWK. BAWK-BAWK-BAWK.

The men look away, embarrassed.

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

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

IAN  
 ...You must be Elle. I'm Ian. Hi  
 Sage.

SAGE  
 Hi.

IAN  
 You guys can follow me.

ELLE  
 What happened to what's her name -  
 Tiffany?

IAN  
 I don't know a Tiffany. I replaced  
 Sasha.

ELLE  
 Boy, she sure goes through  
 secretaries. You must feel like  
 your head's on the chopping block.

Ian smiles opaquely.

IAN  
 So nice to finally meet you...

35 INT. JUDY'S CORPORATE OFFICE - DAY

35

Judy, Elle's daughter and Sage's mother, stands up from behind her desk. She's attractive and formidable. She is typing an email while walking on a treadmill-desk.

JUDY  
 Come in!

ELLE  
 What's that?

JUDY  
 Treadmill desk. I've had it for  
 two years.

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

JUDY  
 That's debatable. So what is going on?

SAGE  
 Umm...

JUDY  
 Come on. What's going on? Spit it out.

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

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

SAGE  
 Because I'm on break.

JUDY  
 Right.  
 (pause)  
 Are you pregnant?  
 (pause)  
 Please don't tell me you're fucking pregnant.

Sage lowers her head. Starts to cry.

ELLE  
 She's pregnant.

JUDY  
 God damn it. GOD DAMN IT. YOU ASSHOLE. I SHOULD KILL YOU, YOU KNOW THAT? WHAT HAPPENED TO THAT BOX OF CONDOMS I BOUGHT YOU? DID YOU EAT THEM? THERE WERE A HUNDRED CONDOMS IN THERE!

Ian, Judy 's secretary, pops his head in the door.

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

JUDY  
 WHAT?

IAN  
 Umm - I'll just tell your four-  
 thirty that -

JUDY  
 I'll use the little conference  
 room.  
 (to Elle and Sage)  
 You two wait here. I'll be back in  
 fifteen minutes. Do not leave. Do  
 not leave.

She turns back to Ian.

JUDY (CONT'D)  
 Well? Bring them into the little  
 conference room. And then get me  
 an espresso. Espresso first,  
 actually. Then the clients.

Judy and Ian leave.

Sage turns to Elle.

SAGE  
 Let's go.

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

LATER

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

JUDY  
 This is my fault.

SAGE  
 It's not.

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

SAGE  
I don't need to be supervised.

JUDY  
Clearly you do. I mean, any idiot  
would realize you need to be  
supervised, right?

Judy looks at Elle.

ELLE  
Are you saying I'm "any idiot?"

JUDY  
What is your involvement?

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

JUDY  
Yes but what are you doing here?

ELLE  
I'm here for support.

JUDY  
Did you let them use your  
apartment? For sex?

ELLE  
What? I'm not a pimp.

JUDY  
(to Sage)  
How far along are you?

SAGE  
Ten weeks.

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

SAGE  
Yes.

JUDY  
Who is it? That little creep?

SAGE  
Yes.

JUDY  
Uch, really?

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

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

SAGE  
You did. You were right.

JUDY  
I was right.

SAGE  
Yes.

JUDY  
So you don't have any God damn  
money because you spent all your  
money on shoes and garbage. So  
it's my assumption you went to her -  
(points at Elle)  
You went to her to get some money  
but she doesn't have any money  
either so you came here. Am I  
right?

Sage hangs her head.

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

JUDY  
And what about all those condoms I  
got you?

SAGE  
We used them.

JUDY  
You and that rodent?

SAGE  
Yes.

JUDY

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

SAGE

I know. I know. Stop yelling at me.

JUDY

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

SAGE

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

JUDY

That's in an hour! I can't take you at 5:45.

ELLE

I can take her. I can take her. If you pay for it.

JUDY

How much?

SAGE

We need five hundred dollars more.

JUDY

Christ.

(to Elle)

You don't have five-hundred dollars?

ELLE

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

JUDY

You said it, not me.

ELLE

You know kid, you need a spanking.

JUDY

I'd like to see you try it. Okay. Let's go to an ATM.

36

EXT. ATM - DAY

36

They are at an ATM by the building.

Judy puts her card in. Punches in her code.

JUDY

You weren't going to tell me, were you?

SAGE

I don't know.

(pause)

No, I wasn't.

JUDY

Why?

SAGE

I was scared.

JUDY

Why?

SAGE

Because you're scary.

Judy takes out a small stack of money from the machine.

JUDY

(laughs)

I'm scary?

(nods to Elle)

And she's not?

ELLE

I didn't really come here to take crap from you.

JUDY

No, you came here for money.

ELLE

I haven't asked you for anything in years.

JUDY

Right. Hooray for you.

(beat)

There were a lot of things I wanted to pay for. Nurses.



ELLE

It wasn't my decision. It was hers. You know how private she was.

JUDY

Really? I just figured it was because you were too proud to ask me for help.

Elle doesn't answer.

Judy turns to Sage.

JUDY (CONT'D)

(to Sage)

I am deeply, deeply disappointed in you, you know that?

SAGE

(quietly)

I know.

JUDY

I thought you were doing better. I thought you were becoming more responsible.

Sage is quiet.

ELLE

...People make mistakes.

JUDY

I'm aware that people make mistakes. That's how I make my living, cleaning up after people's mistakes.

(to Sage)

Here.

She holds out the money. Sage takes it.

JUDY (CONT'D)

Call me when it's over.

SAGE

I have to go.

Sage walks off.

JUDY

Would you have told me?

ELLE  
That's up to her. To tell you.

JUDY  
You're awful. You're an awful  
mother.

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

JUDY  
No. Thank God. Thank God for Vi.

ELLE  
Maybe you outta try taking after  
her more.  
(beat)  
Anyway I'll try and be a better  
grandmother.

She turns and follows Sage. Judy looks after her, thinking.

37 EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY 37

The car speeds down the highway.

38 INT. CAR - DAY 38

They drive. Faces tense.

SAGE  
That went better than I thought it  
would.

ELLE  
(stewing, angry)  
That little brat. God damn little  
brat. Vi spoiled her. She did.  
She wanted to make all the  
parenting decisions, Vi did.  
People thought I was the  
controlling one. HAH.

The car is making a high pitched whine.

SAGE  
We're not gonna make it on time.

ELLE  
We'll make it.

Elle presses the gas pedal to the floor.

ELLE (CONT'D)  
We'll make it if this asshole gets  
the hell out of the way!

She yells at the car in front of them.

ELLE (CONT'D)  
Come on asshole! Move over! Get  
out of the way!

SAGE  
Calm down -

ELLE  
You wanna get there or not?

SAGE  
Be careful -

ELLE  
I am!

Sage starts to cry. The CAR NOISE gets louder.

SAGE  
Am I going to hell?

ELLE  
What?

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

ELLE  
Along with all the other millions  
of women and girls who have gotten  
abortions?

SAGE  
Yeah. Along with them.

ELLE  
I don't believe in that vengeful  
God crap. When you're dead, you're  
dead, end of story. It's  
blackness. The void. Might as  
well face it.  
(glances over)  
(MORE)

ELLE (CONT'D)  
 STOP CRYING. STOP CRYING YOU  
 LITTLE TWIT! I'M TRYING TO DRIVE  
 HERE!

SAGE  
 Don't yell at me -

ELLE  
**I'M NOT YELLING!**

SAGE  
 YOU'RE JUST LIKE MY MOM! YOU'RE  
 BOTH JERKS!

ELLE  
 What? You out of your mind?!  
 (yells at car ahead of  
 them)  
 GET OUT OF THE WAY, MORON!

Elle SWERVES THE CAR ONTO THE RIGHT SHOULDER, BOUNCING ALONG,  
 TRYING TO GET PAST THE TRAFFIC!

SAGE  
 WATCH OUT! STOP!

The car BOUNCES on the uneven shoulder. There is a LOUD POP  
 and the car STOPS ACCELERATING.

ELLE  
 DAMN IT! DAMN IT!!!!

Elle manages to steer the car safely off to the side of the  
 road until it comes to a stop.

Elle is trying to start the car. She can't.

ELLE (CONT'D)  
 SHIT! SHIT!

She opens the door. Pops the hood. A little smoke comes  
 out.

She kicks the car.

ELLE (CONT'D)  
 Piece of shit!!!

CUT TO:

Elle and Sage hold out their thumbs, trying to hitch a ride.

ELLE  
...sorry.

SAGE  
(looks over)  
Excuse me?

ELLE  
...I'm sorry.

Sage looks at Elle. Then goes back to trying to thumb a ride.

A grey minivan pulls over.

40

INT. MINIVAN - DAY

40

Elle and Sage, looking rough, sit in the back section of a three-row minivan.

There are a suburban dad and mom in the front seats (dad driving).

In the middle section are three little kids, strapped into car seats.

The kids are zombied out, watching a TV in the ceiling of the minivan, which is playing a kids' movie.

DAD  
Where are you headed again?

ELLE  
A medical clinic. My granddaughter  
needs to get a procedure

Sage starts crying again. The mom looks back.

MOM  
It's gonna be okay, honey.

Sage wipes her eyes.

DAD  
What kind of procedure?

Pause.

ELLE  
It's a female thing.

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

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

DAD  
 YOU BE QUIET!

KID  
 NO YOU BE QUIET!

The dad clenches his teeth and drives.

Elle leans over to Sage.

ELLE  
 (whispers)  
 Sure you don't want a kid?

Sage looks at Elle.

41 EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY 41

The minivan pulls into a small commercial complex.

42 EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY 42

The van stops and the back hatch opens automatically.

Elle and Sage climb out.

SAGE  
 Thank you!

The hatchback closes automatically.

The clinic entrance is on the second floor, up a flight of  
 stairs.

There is a woman by the stairs to the clinic. She has a card  
 table with right to life pamphlets on it.

Sitting on a folding chair behind the woman is a six or seven  
 year old girl in a pony tail.

The van drives off. Sage looks over at the woman nervously.

ELLE  
 Don't worry, just ignore her.

The woman picks up a large wooden sign with a horrific image of a decapitated baby on it.

PROTESTOR  
Don't kill your baby!

SAGE  
Oh God -

ELLE  
Just ignore her.

The little girl sitting near the woman looks over and then goes back to stringing some colored wooden beads.

PROTESTOR  
Your baby has fingernails!

ELLE  
Not until 22 weeks, genius!

PROTESTOR  
Baby killing slut!

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

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

ELLE  
You go on ahead, Sage -

SAGE  
Grandma -

ELLE  
Go on in, I'll be right there.

Sage starts up the stairs as Elle peels off to talk to the protestor.

ELLE (CONT'D)  
What the hell's wrong with you? Why are you out here terrorizing these young women? You need help, you know that? And this is a really unhealthy image for this little girl to be seeing.

PROTESTOR  
Back off, Grandma slut!

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

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

Elle swallows her anger.

ELLE  
You hope I get cancer? Listen, bitch. If you weren't with this little girl, I'd take that sign and ram it where the sun doesn't shine.

Elle leans over to talk to the little girl.

ELLE (CONT'D)  
Listen, sweetheart, there's a larger world out there, and it doesn't have to be filled with hatred and narrow-mindedness -

The little girl rears back and PUNCHES ELLE IN THE EYE. The wooden beads that were wound around her fist go flying everywhere.

ELLE (CONT'D)  
OWW!

43 INT. CLINIC, FRONT WAITING ROOM - DAY

43

Elle and Sage approach the front desk. They look at the clock. It reads 6:01.

ELLE  
She has an appointment at 5:45. Sage Warren. We got delayed.

Elle's eye is bruised and red.

SAGE  
My grandmother needs to be looked at.

RECEPTIONIST  
What happened to you?



ELLE

I was slugged by The Bad Seed.  
I'm fine. It's nothing.

MOMENTS LATER

They are sitting in the waiting room.

Elle is holding an ice pack to her eye.

A doctor comes out.

DOCTOR

Sage?

SAGE

Yes?

DOCTOR

I'm Dr. Ng. I heard there was some  
drama outside. Is your grandmother  
doing alright?

ELLE

Her grandmother is doing fine. Her  
grandmother isn't unconscious or  
anything.

DOCTOR

(to Elle)

Got it. So, I'd like to take a  
look at you.

ELLE

The nurse already did.

DOCTOR

I know, I'd like to look at you as  
well.

SAGE

Can I come?

DOCTOR

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

SAGE

Well can my Grandmother come with  
me?

DOCTOR

It's supposed to be private, to make sure you're fully comfortable and it's your decision.

ELLE

Whose decision would it be?

DOCTOR

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

ELLE

Glad to hear it, but I'm gonna be there. This is my granddaughter.

SAGE

Okay. It's okay, Grandma.

ELLE

Sage. I'm here.

SAGE

I know. But it's okay. I'll be okay.

Sage takes her grandmother's hand and squeezes it.

SAGE (CONT'D)

Thanks.

ELLE

Umm...

For a moment, Elle's eyes tear up.

ELLE (CONT'D)

Okay. Alright. I'll be right out here. If you need anything. And if anyone's giving you any shit. They have to deal with me.

Sage nods.

NURSE

Sage?

Sage lets go of Elle's hand.

NURSE (CONT'D)

You want to follow me please?

Sage nods and follows her out of the waiting room.

44

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

44

Elle sits on an examining table. The Doctor is shining a light in first one, then the other, of Elle's eyes.

DOCTOR

You feeling any dizziness?

ELLE

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

DOCTOR

Ha-ha. No dizziness? Nausea?

ELLE

I told you I was fine. It wasn't  
Mike Tyson. It was a little girl.  
With a nasty right hook. Take care  
of my granddaughter. You take care  
of her.

DOCTOR

I will.

ELLE

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

DOCTOR

I'm not going to hurt her.

ELLE

You're going to do a D and C?

DOCTOR

We don't do curettage at this stage  
of pregnancy. Not at this clinic.

ELLE

What do you do?

DOCTOR

We do vacuum aspiration.

ELLE

Okay.

DOCTOR  
It causes less trauma to the  
uterus.

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

DOCTOR  
No.

ELLE  
How much is it going to hurt her?

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

ELLE  
...Mine hurt.  
(beat)  
Mine hurt. It was a nightmare.

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

ELLE  
Catchy name.

45 INT. WELL WOMAN WAITING ROOM - DAY

45

Elle is staring at a bland watercolor print.  
She looks up as Judy comes into the waiting room.

ELLE  
What are you doing here?

JUDY  
I cancelled some things.

Judy's iphone buzzes. She looks at it, puts it back in her  
purse.

JUDY (CONT'D)  
She okay?

ELLE

She went in about twenty minutes ago.

JUDY

What happened to your eye?

ELLE

The usual.

Judy stands there, radiating discomfort.

JUDY

God.

(pause)

You want a coffee? I can get us a coffee.

ELLE

I'm alright.

JUDY

Right. Don't really need any more caffeine myself.

Judy looks at her watch. Sits.

JUDY (CONT'D)

How is she?

(pause)

Scared?

ELLE

Sure.

They wait.

JUDY

Talk about a feeling of powerlessness.

(pause)

Kids.

Elle nods.

JUDY (CONT'D)

I miss her. I miss Mama Vi.

Elle looks at her.

JUDY (CONT'D)

...Wish I could talk with her about this.

ELLE

She'd have a thing or two to say.

JUDY

I'd like to ask her...what I did wrong.

ELLE

Who says you did something wrong?

JUDY

Well, we're here, aren't we?

ELLE

(pause)

Better than if we weren't here.

Judy nods.

They look up as Sage is escorted into the waiting room by the nurse.

Sage is walking a little unsteadily.

She halts when she sees her mother.

JUDY

Hi, sweetheart.

SAGE

...Hi. I thought -

JUDY

I cancelled some stuff.

SAGE

Sorry.

JUDY

No...no. I wanted to be here. You just...caught me by surprise.

Elle gets up.

ELLE

Are you okay?

Sage nods.

NURSE

She did great.

(to Sage)

Okay, we'll see you in two weeks.

(MORE)

NURSE (CONT'D)

Remember to take your temperature every day, and call us if it goes above 100.4.

SAGE

Okay.

NURSE

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

JUDY

Excellent.

NURSE

So one of you is driving Sage home?

JUDY

I am. I'm her mother.

NURSE

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

46 EXT. MINI-MALL - BACK STAIRWAY - EVENING

46

Elle helps Sage down the stairs. The Protestor and her daughter are gone.

ELLE

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

Sage winces.

SAGE

I'm cramping.

ELLE

Bad?

SAGE

They said it's normal.

Elle nods. She puts the back of her hand up to Sage's forehead.

ELLE

You doing okay?

SAGE  
...I'm...a bit overwhelmed. But...  
glad it's over. Glad it's done.

Some tears come to Sage's eyes.

SAGE (CONT'D)  
Shit - I'm crying again.

ELLE  
Go ahead. Go ahead.  
(pause)  
If you don't cry about this...what  
the hell are you gonna cry about?

Elle strokes Sage's hair for a moment.

Sage takes a deep breath. Stops crying.

SAGE  
Here she comes.

Judy pulls up towards them in her BMW.

Judy gets out of the car.

JUDY  
Okay, let's get you home.

Sage looks at her mother.

SAGE  
You were mean to me earlier.

JUDY  
...I know.

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

JUDY  
I know.

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

JUDY  
I'm aware of that. I am very aware  
of it.



SAGE  
So don't be such an asshole to me!

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

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

JUDY  
That's a relief.

SAGE  
Grandma beat the shit out of him.

Judy laughs.

ELLE  
I did. She's not kidding.

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

ELLE  
No, you should get her home. I'll  
call a cab.

Sage turns and HUGS Elle.

SAGE  
Thanks Grandma.

Then Sage gets in the car.

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

ELLE  
You don't?

JUDY

Well...you gave me good teeth too.

ELLE

Take care of them, or you'll lose them.

(pause)

Listen, I'm gonna need to borrow some money to fix my car. I can pay you back in a couple months.

JUDY

Okay. Guess I'm the bank of Judy.

ELLE

Guess so.

Judy goes to the car.

ELLE (CONT'D)

I'd like to come check on her. Tomorrow.

JUDY

Come by.

(pause)

Stay for dinner, if you want. I'll order pizza.

Judy gets in her car.

47 EXT. HIGHWAY BY BROKEN DOWN CAR - NIGHT

47

The side of the highway.

A tow-truck driver hooks up Elle's car.

Elle watches as he hoists the car's front end.

48 INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

48

A mechanic talks to Elle.

MECHANIC

To replace the camshaft will be expensive.

ELLE

Hunh.

MECHANIC  
 You been putting oil in it  
 regularly?

Elle doesn't bother answering.

MECHANIC (CONT'D)  
 (re her face)  
 You had that black eye checked out?  
 You bang your head on the steering  
 wheel?

ELLE  
 Sure.

Elle goes to the window and looks out.

MECHANIC  
 Got anyone?

ELLE  
 What?

She looks at him.

MECHANIC  
 You got anyone? To pick you up?

ELLE  
 No.

49 INT. CAB - NIGHT

49

Elle sits in the back of a cab, her arms crossed. By her feet is the bag of first editions she brought to the Bonobo cafe.

She looks down at her arm, not the one where she got the O tattoo.

She rolls up her sleeve.

There is a flower tattooed there. A Violet.

Her eyes water up.

She kisses the Violet tattoo.

ELLE  
 (murmurs)  
 Always. You know that. You know  
 that, Vi. Darling. Always.  
 Always and always...  
 (MORE)

ELLE (CONT'D)

(beat)

Yes. You're right. I'm crazy. I  
am. You never seemed to mind.

She exhales, breathing out emotion.

ELLE (CONT'D)

Okay. Alright. I know... I  
know...

She knocks on the cab partition.

ELLE (CONT'D)

I want to go to a different  
address.

(pause)

Excuse me. I want to go to a  
different address.

50 EXT. SMALL APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT 50

The cab pulls up on a residential street.

51 INT. CAB - NIGHT 51

Elle looks out the window.

ELLE

Wait here for me, please.

CABBIE

You have to pay me now.

ELLE

Alright. But wait, okay?

CABBIE

How long?

ELLE

I don't know. Five minutes.

CABBIE

Okay.

52 EXT. APARTMENT LANDING - NIGHT 52

Elle goes up some stairs, approaches an apartment door.  
There are lights on inside, although Elle can't see in  
through the curtains.

She rings the doorbell.

Now she can hear a few voices.

She steps back as the door opens, and Olivia is standing there.

OLIVIA  
(surprised)  
Elle -

ELLE  
Hi.

OLIVIA  
What happened to you?

ELLE  
Nothing. Some little girl punched me.

OLIVIA  
What?

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

OLIVIA  
Well come in.

ELLE  
No, you have company.

OLIVIA  
Come in, let's get some ice.

ELLE  
It's okay. I don't need ice.

OLIVIA  
Come in. Please.

Olivia goes into her apartment.

After a beat, Elle follows her in.

53 INT. OLIVIA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

53

Olivia goes towards the kitchen.

There is a couple in their fifties inside.

They are hippy-ish looking.

OLIVIA

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

ELLE

(under her breath)  
*Jesus.*

FRANCESCA

Hello.

ELLE

(beat)  
Hi, I'm...I'm a friend of your daughter.

MIKE

(strained)  
We've heard a lot about you.

FRANCESCA

I enjoy your poetry.

ELLE

You do. Thank you.

FRANCESCA

I read it when I was in college.

ELLE

Of course.

FRANCESCA

I was a Women's Studies major.

ELLE

(beat)  
Congratulations.

FRANCESCA

"Dragonfly" was one of my favorite poems. *"You bite my wings, attack me, mid-flight...evolution's knife... held to my throat..."*

ELLE

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

FRANCESCA  
How come you stopped writing?

ELLE  
Well...cause people stopped  
reading.

Olivia comes back with a bag of ice.

OLIVIA  
Here.

Olivia puts some ice on Elle's eye. Elle takes it from her.

ELLE  
Thank you. It's really...I already  
put ice on it. But thank you.

Elle steps back.

ELLE (CONT'D)  
I'm going to - I'm going to give  
you all your privacy. I have a cab  
waiting for me. Sorry to intrude,  
I just - I came by to give you  
these.

She gives Olivia the bag she brought.

Olivia looks. The first edition books are inside it.

ELLE (CONT'D)  
They're first editions.

OLIVIA  
I know what they are.

ELLE  
Of course. Well, goodbye.  
Pleasure to meet you.

Elle turns and leaves.

54 EXT. LANDING BY OLIVIA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

54

Olivia comes out onto the landing by the door.

OLIVIA  
Elle -

ELLE  
Yeah.

OLIVIA  
Where are you going?

ELLE  
Home.

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

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

Elle looks at Olivia.

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

Olivia laughs. Elle smiles at her.

Elle steps forward and kisses her. They kiss.

ELLE (CONT'D)  
Okay, bye.

OLIVIA  
Okay.

Elle turns and goes.

55

EXT. STREET BY OLIVIA'S BUILDING - NIGHT

55

Elle comes out onto the street. She looks for the cab. It  
is gone.

ELLE  
Son of a bitch.



She laughs.

She turns and starts walking off down the street.

She walks into the distance, in and out of the  
streetlights...

FADE TO BLACK.

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