

Lola Versus

by

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EXT. OCEAN - DAY

LOLA (29), sharp with a tendency towards self-destruction, bobs up and down in the middle of the deep sea. She is surrounded by miles of blue. A gray sky looms overhead.

She frantically searches for someone she cannot find. Suddenly, a MAN'S HEAD breaks through the glassy surface, starts swimming. She dashes, but he's too fast, she cannot reach him.

Magically, he climbs out of the water, and starts walking on top of it. She is dumbfounded.

To her right, a broken, waterlogged RADIO floats by, playing music. It drifts closer to her as she looks on, perplexed. The music gets louder and louder as we cut to...

INT. BEDROOM - NOLITA APARTMENT - MORNING

The same RADIO on a bedside table, blinking green and red. Lola awakens from her dream, turns off the alarm. A MAN lies next to her, their bodies only moments ago heavily entwined.

She gazes at the back of his head longingly, kindly strokes his hair with her hand. He is LUKE (30), confidence either his greatest strength or most fatal flaw.

He grabs his cell phone, checks his e-mail, gets out of bed. Lola studies his back as he walks into the other room.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Music kicks in as Lola fastidiously makes the bed. Intercut with the action are wide shots of concert-size LCD screens flashing the opening credits in vibrant colors.

Lola tucks the sheets tightly and perfectly at the corners, making sure not to leave any loose ends.

INT. BATHROOM - MORNING

Lola brushes her teeth while looking in the mirror. She notices a dirty smudge on the glass, wipes it off with a tissue and water.

Her belly protrudes a bit under her night shirt. She sucks it in. Turns the shower on.

INT. SHOWER - MORNING

Luke and Lola shower together. The space is tiny. He retrieves shampoo for her, as she washes his body with soap. He is artfully tattooed.

LOLA

You gonna cut the toe nails anytime this century?

LUKE

Nah, I'm into the monk look. It makes me feel more spiritually connected.

LOLA

Yep. And there's a reason why Monks never have sex.

LUKE

Oh yeah?

He shoves her head under the shower.

LUKE (CONT'D)

(in wrestler voice)

And the monks dominate!

LOLA

Mercy! Mercy!

He goes to kiss her and she spits a mouthful of water into his face.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Lola, now dressed for the day, munches on a protein bar, pops a BAGEL in the toaster oven and whips up an ESPRESSO for Luke, delivers them both to him at the breakfast table. He is still in his boxers and T-shirt.

He grabs her, kisses her all over.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Luke sips his coffee while reading *The New Yorker*. Lola eats a yogurt while browsing the internet on her laptop. We catch the headline of the BLOG she's reading: THE BURNING BUSH - Celebrities and Their Toxic Undergarments. Are you at risk?

A picture pops up of MATT DAMON. We dive into her mind as quick images flash across the screen of her having a long, fulfilling relationship with him.

They laugh over a candlelit dinner together, get married at a beautiful ceremony, walk on the beach, pack their kids up for school. Then she snaps out of her daydream. Looks up at Luke sitting across from her, wondrously.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREET - MORNING

Luke and Lola walk down the street, hand in hand. New Yorkers fly by on their way to work. A waifish GERMAN DESIGNER draped in some sort of futuristic burlap cape walks past.

LOLA  
Really? That's a look?

LUKE  
We're old. We're not caught up.

LOLA  
We're caught up!

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

They approach the subway, look at a young couple, both wearing Crocs, with a kid, wearing mini crocs.

LOLA  
Oh cute family alert. It's like we time traveled and had us a baby.

LUKE  
Minus the smurf shoes.

LOLA  
I wanna be a hot young mom.

LUKE  
We could probably make that happen.

Lola sidles up to him, sexily.

LOLA  
Yeah?

LUKE  
Just gotta get you a boob job, a dye job, a real job...

LOLA  
I have a real job!

LUKE  
You go to school for a living!

LOLA  
Whatever. One day I'm gonna make a whole buncha money from my bestselling memoir: "Enough About Me, Let's Talk About Me."

Luke laughs.

LUKE  
All right, I gotta get to work. Have a good day.

LOLA  
You, too, Monk.

LUKE  
I will cut you with my toe.

He goes to kiss her on the lips, she pulls away kindly.

LOLA  
Lipstick.

He backs off, unperturbed. She notices his collar is folded wrong. She quickly adjusts it, to his chagrin.

LUKE  
It's fine, don't worry about it.

LOLA  
No, I almost got it, hold on.

He looks embarrassed as people notice walking past. She finishes straightening him out like a school boy.

LOLA (CONT'D)  
Done.

LUKE  
Thanks, bye.

LOLA  
Love you.

LUKE  
Love you.

LOLA  
You look very handsome today.  
(Yelling to the ether) He's mine!

No one's listening. He laughs, heads off.

LOLA (CONT'D)  
Keep your cell on!

But he's already gone.

INT. MEDITATION STUDIO - DAY

Lola sits, legs folded, in a beautiful open space among a number of WOMEN. A MEDITATION INSTRUCTOR leads a class in breathing.

Everyone has their eyes closed except Lola, who is struggling. She keeps opening and closing them until the teacher finally signals for her to keep them shut.

INT. NYU - DEPT. OF COMPARATIVE LITERATURE- AFTERNOON

Lola sits in a classroom among twelve fellow GRADUATE STUDENTS. She is taking meticulous notes as the PROFESSOR opens up a dialogue with the class.

She looks up at the Professor, seeking his validation. He smiles kindly, and nods.

EXT. STREET - EARLY EVENING

Luke waits for Lola outside school. He makes eyes with a few beautiful women as they walk by, ponders an existence outside of his relationship with them. Then, Lola appears, on one arm her book bag, the other, Luke's dry cleaning.

They hug, kiss routinely, walk down the block hand in hand.

INT. BAR - EVENING

Credits and music come to an end.

Luke and Lola drink alone together, talking and laughing, as the night wares on. This is a couple who still knows how to have a good time, and it shows.

LOLA  
And I was thinking it ties in perfectly to my dissertation. What do you think?

LUKE

You can't write that, Alice will kill you.

LOLA

Oh she doesn't care, she wrote on Facebook yesterday she recites her Torah portion during sex.

LUKE

That I didn't need to know.

The bartender delivers a plate of chicken wings. Luke starts eating them.

LUKE (CONT'D)

Oh my word these are good. You know what would make 'em even better? If you ate one with me.

LOLA

That'll be a cold day in hell.

LUKE

Or a hot one. Hot wing day in hell. So hot. Mouth is burning, it's awesome. Okay, I'll stop.

LOLA

How was your meeting at the gallery today?

LUKE

Great. My solo show's set for September. They loved the paintings of the celebrity sex tapes.

LOLA

Amazing. What are you calling it?

He scribbles the title on a napkin, holds it up. It reads: "WHORE MOANS."

LOLA (CONT'D)

You bastard, you stole my idea!

LUKE

Borrowed.

LOLA

So you read it?

LUKE

Just a few pages. It's brilliant.  
Where does it go next?

LOLA

Well, I'm trying to figure out how  
to connect the female moan during  
sex to the way she moans about  
everyday life when something is  
bothering her.

LUKE

I think I know a way to connect the  
two...

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lola moans loudly as Luke makes love to her. They fall back  
onto the bed. Lola kisses him, heads to the bathroom as Luke  
continues to heave.

She comes back into the room in her pajamas, busies herself  
in the corner of the room, digging through what appears to be  
a heaping pile of junk.

LUKE

What are you doing?

LOLA

Honey, what's in this pile?

LUKE

Why must you clean after our  
lovemaking?

LOLA

I feel invigorated.

LUKE

Don't worry about that stuff.

LOLA

I feel like this is the opening  
sequence to an episode of Hoarders.

LUKE

Just come over here.

Lola gives it one more worried look, then slips into bed.  
Luke is fiddling with something under the covers.

LOLA  
Are you trying to masturbate after  
we just had sex?

He takes out a small, black box.

LUKE  
Lola. We've been together for eight  
years now.

LOLA  
Oh my god.

LUKE  
You know I love you very much. I  
can't imagine anything else.

She can't believe it.

LUKE (CONT'D)  
Will you marry me?

He opens the ring box revealing a beautiful, modestly shaped  
diamond. She looks up at him, confused and surprised...

INT. NOLITA APARTMENT - DAY

Lola sits at the kitchen table, going through papers, while  
Luke paces on the phone. New haircuts show the passage of  
time. It's clear they are in a frantic state.

LUKE  
(on phone)  
Yes. Gluten Free Chocolate.

LOLA  
Wait, ask about the icing!

LUKE  
Hold on, Raimundo? The icing is  
rice milk based, right?... No *rice*  
*milk*... NON GMO, NON GMO.

His call waiting beeps.

LUKE (CONT'D)  
Hey, man, I gotta go, other line...  
Yeah Jesus loves you too, brother.  
(To Lola) *It's your mother tell her*  
*we've been planning this thing for*  
*eight months, we've got it under*  
*control.*

She grabs the phone. He runs his hands through his hair, stressed as all hell, starts pacing.

LOLA

Honey, relax, go be with your crystals, I'll take it.

Luke sits on the couch, too overwhelmed to cope, lights up a cigarette. Lola clicks over, starts walking around.

LOLA (CONT'D)

Mom. Hi. No *I know*, but the issue is Grandma's breath, it's nasty. Either isolate her, or get her a mint.

The door buzzes. Luke hops up, walks to the intercom and presses a button.

LOLA (CONT'D)

He's good, but I gotta go, okay, Alice just got here, she's helping with the menu, I'll just see you tomorrow... Well, we don't have the money for a caterer, and besides, it's gonna be fun to make it ourselves, it'll be like a pagan birthing ritual or something.

Lola's best friend, ALICE, 29, walks through the door. She is diminutive, and fashion conscious, sometimes to the point of hilarity. An Olsen twin without the charmed life.

Directly behind her comes Lola's mother, KAREN, 58, a new age ball buster, still talking on her cell phone. This definitely catches Lola by surprise.

Luke quickly puts out the cigarette, runs and hides.

KAREN

(into phone)

Just don't make fish, that's no smell to welcome your husband with on his wedding night.

LOLA

Incidentally, we're standing face to face, so the phone is actually unnecessary.

Karen keeps the phone to her ear, walks towards the bathroom. Alice throws her hands up like "who knows."

LOLA (CONT'D)

Where are you going and WHAT ARE YOU EVEN DOING HERE?? I thought you were just Uptown talking to me!

KAREN

I knew if I told you, you wouldn't let me come over to clean.

LOLA

Mom.

KAREN

Honey, if Aunt Kathy is gonna be staying with you, the toilet bowl has to be spotless, you know her, she's got a thing with the toilet bowls.

LOLA

I HUNG UP!

Karen realizes she can hang up, too.

KAREN

Oh. How do you turn this thing off?

Alice takes the phone from her and presses "End".

KAREN (CONT'D)

Thank you, Alice. (To Lola) You have such good friends.

She shifts gears.

KAREN (CONT'D)

I just want to help you with the wedding. We don't have to agree on everything, but you can't do everything yourself. The amount you pack into a day is unhuman.

Karen sniffs the air.

KAREN (CONT'D)

What is that, burnt toast? Smoke, I smell it. A fire has burned here.

Karen vanishes into the bathroom. Alice shakes her head. Luke pops his head out from behind the door.

LUKE

I'm gonna get some air.

He waves to Alice, she waves back, he slips out.

LOLA  
(to Alice)  
What's up? You look like you've  
seen a ghost.

ALICE  
*Look at this.*

Alice walks up to Lola, carrying a NEWSPAPER, slams it on the table in front of her. Lola looks at the front page, reads aloud.

LOLA  
"Conflict in Senate Could Get  
Messier?"

ALICE  
Oh shit, wrong page.

Alice frantically flips through the pages and then slams the paper down again as she did moments ago. On the VOWS page, a huge picture of a very attractive COUPLE in their late-twenties sits under the headline "Through Sickness and Through Healthcare."

LOLA  
Oh no.

ALICE  
He took that empty vessel of a woman to the mountains and had her dig for crystals until she found... wait for it... A HUGE FRICKIN' DIAMOND.

LOLA  
(Reading)  
*Ms. Franklin, a papier mache instructor for victims of Hurricane Katrina, recalled thinking "Jason was mysterious and sexy".*

ALICE  
Translation: HAD A GIRLFRIEND.

LOLA  
Technically you were on a break.

ALICE  
*Hurricane Katrina?! What does a girl have to do these days?*  
(MORE)

ALICE (CONT'D)

Clearly I should be teaching basket weaving to lepers.

LOLA

Logistically, that feels like a difficult plan.

ALICE

Lola, I'm the last single woman in New York City. Every single one of our friends is either married or in a serious relationship and I can't even get the sex done to me!

LOLA

You're not the last single woman in New York. What about that lady that sells Anti-Semitic conspiracy theory pamphlets on 6th Ave? Never seen her with a guy.

ALICE

I went to volunteer at a Women's Homeless Shelter last week, you know, to put my life in perspective... They all had boyfriends! The Homeless!

LOLA

Why don't you date Henry? He's single.

ALICE

Ew he's your best friend it'd be like fucking you.

LOLA

Beggars can't be bitches.

ALICE

You're so lucky to have Luke. You guys are like perfect and homegrown.

LOLA

He is pretty great. Not sure about the weed reference, but I realize you're trying to kick the habit...

Alice smiles.

LOLA (CONT'D)

Come here. I promise you I'm going to find you a man if it kills me.

(MORE)

LOLA (CONT'D)  
 What's your Match.com login? Is it  
 still LetMeBeYourHole?

We hear a CRASH from the bathroom. Off Lola...

KAREN (O.C.)  
 (yelling)  
 Who organizes your cabinets? The  
 blind?

INT. NOLITA APARTMENT-NIGHT

Lola lays in bed, with reading glasses and a seriously ratty  
 nighttime get up. Luke lays next to her, shirtless.

LOLA  
 I was thinking today: why can't you  
 delete an already sent e-mail or  
 text? You know? Like if it wasn't  
 received yet. Don't you think that  
 would make everyone's life like a  
 hundred times easier? I texted  
 Alice the other day her outfit  
 looked like a tranny who still  
 wasn't convinced herself. Didn't  
 mean it. I was just so pissed after  
 my Urban Yoga 2 class 'cause I  
 couldn't do a headstand.

Luke is staring at the ceiling, not listening.

LOLA (CONT'D)  
 Oh. Shit. I didn't call your Mom  
 back. I really want to help her  
 find a dress. Her hips are  
 disproportionately small.

LUKE  
 I'm scared.

LOLA  
 I know, I'm scared of your mother,  
 too, but I've internalized it.

LUKE  
 No. I'm *scared*.

Lola's taken aback. Turns to Luke.

LOLA  
 ... Of what?

LUKE  
... I don't know.

LOLA  
... Of what?

LUKE  
Just what this all means.

LOLA  
That's totally natural, I get it. Just breathe and put everything into perspective. This is what we want. We're fulfilling a tradition that we'll one day cherish. Putting it together is annoying, but think about how happy it'll make our parents and our kids when they see all the sepia toned pictures.

LUKE  
Yeah. I'm sorry. It's nothing. I love you. That just came out wrong. It's just all a bit overwhelming. That's all.

LOLA  
Yeah. For me too.

He smiles at her. She smiles back.

INT. TAILOR SHOP - THE NEXT DAY

Lola stands in front of a mirror, her wedding dress plastered to her body. It is a vintage dress, chic and hip. All of a sudden, she sees herself pregnant with a bump under the dress.

HENRY (O.S.)  
Can we come in?

Lola snaps out of her fantasy.

LOLA  
Yep.

Alice and HENRY, Lola's male best friend, 28, cute and decidedly menschy, walk in. Alice immediately bursts into tears. Henry looks at Lola, taken with her beauty.

HENRY  
You look...amazing.

Lola, stares at herself in the mirror, beaming with excitement.

LOLA  
(To Henry)  
Don't tell Luke you saw it.

Henry reaches into his pocket for his phone, which is a super old model.

HENRY  
Hold on, lemme tweet him.

LOLA  
You can't even tweet on that phone.

HENRY  
Yeah, but the chicks love it. They think I listen more or something.

ALICE  
To what? Consumer Reports from 1995?

HENRY  
(to Lola)  
Is it weird to you that I'm his best man?

LOLA  
No, why would it be weird? You've become really close with him over the years.

HENRY  
I know, it's just you and I are best friends and we've known each other long before Luke-

ALICE  
Are you trying to take Maid of Honor from me, cause I've already ordered male strippers who get naked exclusively to the soundtrack of High School Musical.

LOLA  
Spoiler alert!

HENRY  
I feel like Rupert Everett.

ALICE

Don't we all.

LOLA

Is there something you wanna tell me?

HENRY

No, I love pussy. I just feel gay being here right now.

EXT. WEST VILLAGE - DAY

Lola hurries down the street with her mother, Karen, and father, LENNY, 60s, who lags behind, face buried in his iPhone.

LENNY

I'm following the dot. The dot is moving all over the place.

LOLA

Dad, it's just on this next corner, you don't have to use your iPhone.

He takes out his iPad, starts navigating with that.

LENNY

The iPad will get us there!

KAREN

He's obsessed. It's a sickness. He does the Scrabble on those damn things now with strangers in Milwaukee, serial killers, probably, he has no idea, but hey, when it's virtual game night why do a background check?

LENNY

I'm a retired man! Let me soar!

LOLA

Okay, here we are.

KAREN

Oh *this* place. This used to be a sex dungeon when we first moved here, remember Len?

LENNY  
 (on iPad)  
 Let me just search that...

Off Lola and Karen rolling their eyes as Lenny clicks away. They enter the doors of an extremely high end FLORIST.

INT. NOLITA APARTMENT- THAT EVENING

Lola enters the apartment with an armful of shopping bags.

LOLA  
 Honey!?

She walks into the living room and finds Luke, sitting stoically on the couch.

LOLA (CONT'D)  
 Hey! We picked out the flowers today. They're gonna look amazing. And I brought you some winter soup. For the harvest!

She scrubs her hands with soap, dries them thoroughly, and starts unloading the groceries, not looking up. She arranges the food items in perfect order, largest to smallest, before placing them in the cabinet.

Luke just stares at her, expressionless.

LOLA (CONT'D)  
 You hungry?

Again, silence.

LOLA (CONT'D)  
 Honey, what's up? You have a stroke?

LUKE  
 I don't think I can do this.

He's completely cut off, his eyes void of emotion. Lola stops what she's doing, looks up in shock.

LOLA  
 What?

He doesn't answer. Another beat.

LOLA (CONT'D)  
 Luke.

Luke starts to cry.

LUKE

I love you, I love you so much, but  
I don't think I can do this  
anymore.

LOLA

What do you mean?

LUKE

We've been together since college.  
It's like... this is crazy.

Lola starts to tear up.

LOLA

No. No, no I know. But we're the  
best. That's why it's been just us.

LUKE

No, we've been coasting-

LOLA

It's just cold feet, you're--  
you're nervous-- this is what you  
wanted, no one forced you-

LUKE

I'm not. It's not...I'm sorry. I  
have to do this for myself. I don't  
know who I am anymore when I'm with  
you. You do everything for me and I  
feel like I need to learn how to do  
shit for myself.

LOLA

But that's a good thing! I help  
you. That's what-

LUKE

We've just become too codependent.  
We only hang out with each other.  
We don't have any other friends.

LOLA

What do you mean? You hang out with  
Henry, your friends from the  
gallery-

LUKE

Henry's *your* best friend.

LOLA  
But you two've grown really  
close.

LUKE  
I love you and I've pictured  
myself spending the rest of  
my life with you, okay,  
that's why I proposed in the  
first place, but it's not the \*  
only reason.

LOLA  
You're the one who comes from  
money, what, what *other reason*?

LUKE  
No--you're misunderstanding me--

LOLA  
Then make yourself clear!

LUKE  
My parents always made me look at  
marriage as a fraudulent  
institution you know, and my whole  
life I've wanted to prove them  
wrong--

LOLA  
You did! We did!

LUKE  
And maybe that's why I feel this  
way. Or maybe I feel bad because I  
know it's what you wanted.

LOLA  
You're marrying me because you feel  
bad for me?

LUKE  
Oh god, I know that sounds  
terrible. I don't know what I'm  
saying.

LOLA  
Just think of all the lonely  
miserable people out there we know.  
They're desperate to have what we  
have.

LUKE  
Lola, that's not what this is  
about.

(MORE)

LUKE (CONT'D)

All of a sudden the marriage made me think about all these other things. We're both still getting our footing, you in particular--

LOLA

I'm a writer, Luke. I'm not getting my footing.

LUKE

You just never seem to be *writing*. You're a perennial PhD, in 29 years you've never not been in school!

LOLA

You're the one who encouraged me to follow my dream!

LUKE

Yeah, it's just you feel stuck, and I don't know how to get you unstuck.

Lola says nothing.

LUKE (CONT'D)

I need to know what it is to be alone. I just need time to think about who I am outside of this relationship.

LOLA

Why are you doing this now? Why not before? You know who you are, you're a great artist--

LUKE

I've defined myself through you, not myself. It's a gut feeling you know, I feel this in my gut... that this isn't something I should do.

LOLA

Woah hold on, just... stop. Can we... just take a moment and really think about this? We can wait another couple months.

LUKE

No, I don't want to go to therapy. It's only going to prolong the inevitable. I know in my heart this is what I need right now.

(MORE)

LUKE (CONT'D)

Let's just take a break. It doesn't  
have to be permanent.

He takes a long moment to think. Then:

LUKE (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry, Lo.

Lola looks at him, aware there's nothing she can say to  
change his mind. A tear rolls down her cheek. She cries  
quietly, never moving from the doorway.

INT. BATHROOM - SECONDS LATER

Lola sits on the bathroom floor, weeping uncontrollably. She  
is a teary, sloppy mess, doubled over in pain.

INT. KAREN AND LENNY'S APARTMENT- DAY

Lola lies on the couch. She hasn't moved in days. She is  
covered in blankets, food surrounds her, as well as a number  
of bottles of KOMBUCHA.

Her mother is on the phone in the kitchen. Lenny sits with  
Lola, strokes her hair.

KAREN

That's not the issue, Martha, the  
issue is forty guests have all  
bought their tickets for a  
destination wedding at a holistic  
retreat in *CHIAPAS* in two weeks, so  
YOU TELL ME who is supposed to pay  
these people back cause I promise  
you it ain't gonna be Lola and it  
ain't gonna be us when your  
heartless SHIT EATING son decided  
to pull the plug and ruin my  
daughter's life!!!

Karen holds her hand over the receiver, whispers to Lola.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Just drink the Kombucha honey, it  
settles the soul. (Into phone) Yes,  
I'm still here Martha...*unlike some  
people.*

LENNY

(whispers)

Fuck the Kombucha, let me buy you something with high fructose corn syrup. You want nasty Cinnamon buns? Let's go to the mall, eat'em nasty. I can pour soda on top. Please, anything, anything.

LOLA

Just hug me.

He does as she says. Karen's phone conversation with Luke's mother fades into the background as the camera moves in on Lola's face as she zones further and further out.

INT. KAREN AND LENNY'S APARTMENT- THE NEXT DAY

Lola sits in the same spot, in the same clothes, a few empty bottles of Kombucha lay at her feet.

After a few moments, Alice walks in the door, sits next to Lola and takes her in her arms, not saying a word. Knowing there are no words to say. She strokes her hair, Lola closes her eyes.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Lola, deeply depressed, wanders around the East Village, aimlessly. She has no where to go, and no where to be. She halfheartedly looks in the windows of a few shops eventually stumbling upon the entrance to the "Russian Baths."

INT. RUSSIAN BATHS - DAY

Lola sits among old RUSSIAN MEN and WOMEN pouring buckets of cold water over their heads in a deathly hot room filled with steam. She looks lost, afraid to make eye contact with any of them.

A THIN SLAVIC MAN approaches her with a large oak leaf called a PLATZA in his right hand. He motions for her to try it. She rejects it, cowering back in her position, but he insists, waves her on.

INT. RUSSIAN BATHS - DAY

The Slavic Man is beating her with the Platza plant in the tradition of the treatment as Lola weeps.

SLAVIC MAN

Release your emotions! Feel the  
healing power of the Platza!

An OLD RUSSIAN WOMAN comes over and dumps a GIANT BUCKET of cold water over her head. She mutters a few Russian blessings. Lola convulses, her body in shock.

EXT. CHINATOWN STREET- MORNING

Lola walks down the street, looking a little worse for the wear. She is on her cellphone.

LOLA

Yeah, I'm actually--

A FIRE TRUCK zooms by, sirens BLARING.

LOLA (CONT'D)

Sorry, hold on one sec, I'm--

She tries to escape the noise but is confronted by a screaming CHILD on the sidewalk as his MOTHER screams back.

LOLA (CONT'D)

(yelling over the noise)  
...just down the block. Is it okay  
if I come up, I need to talk to you  
about something.

She walks out into the crosswalk as a CAR speeds up, nearly hitting her. She gasps. The car slams on the breaks, HONKS loudly. The noise is deafening. Off Lola, clenched jaw...

INT. CHINATOWN APARTMENT- MOMENTS LATER

Lola sits across from a WOMAN in her mid 20s. The apartment behind her is small. Depression era small.

LOLA

The thing is, I realize I subletted  
this place to you sort of  
indefinitely, but um...

WOMAN

I know exactly where this is going,  
and it's perfect because I was just  
gonna call you and see if you could  
find someone else to sublet. My  
boyfriend just proposed.

She flashes a teensy diamond on her finger.

WOMAN (CONT'D)  
We're gonna move in together.

Lola looks heartbroken.

LOLA  
(sadly)  
Congratulations.

INT. LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT

Lola buys a case of wine and a handful of those mini-Vodka bottles, shoves them into her purse.

INT. ALICE'S APARTMENT-NIGHT

Lola sits on Alice's couch drinking out of a wine bottle and eating chips. Alice sits across from her, gorging herself with ice cream.

LOLA  
I haven't lived alone since my  
Sophomore year of college.

ALICE  
That's not true, is it?

LOLA  
Yeah, and even then Luke was coming  
over like every night.

ALICE  
You're going to adjust, you'll see,  
it's going to be invigorating.

LOLA  
You don't have to pity me.  
Seriously. I don't wanna be one of  
those women who gets left and then  
complains all the time and everyone  
hates them for being mopey and  
cynical.

ALICE  
Shit, I better shut up then.

LOLA  
I better shut up. Let's talk about  
something else.

(MORE)

LOLA (CONT'D)

Like why are those Indian babies smoking on Youtube? Are you worried about that? It seems like it's real, I mean the smoke *is* coming out-

ALICE

Lola. Stop.

LOLA

What?

ALICE

Just vent. You're allowed.

LOLA

You sure?

ALICE

Yes. go.

LOLA

Okay. It's just, he's my partner in crime, he's the person I wanna wake up to and go to sleep with, he's the reason I went back to school to get my PhD. He told me to follow my dreams of being a writer. I can't afford it now without splitting the bills.

ALICE

You can still go to school, you'll just go work at your mom's restaurant part-time like you did after we graduated.

LOLA

Yeah, I guess you're right. If I can remember how. I'm so f-ed. My world is shattered. And I'm eating. I'm power eating.

ALICE

I can't believe this is happening. At Bard you and Luke were like whatever a prom king and queen would be at a school that doesn't believe in labels, competition, or deodorant.

LOLA

He was perfect.

ALICE

Luke is *far* from perfect.

LOLA

He's a successful artist, he has a really nice apartment, he's funny, he likes the same things as me--

ALICE

Like what?

LOLA

We both like eating.

ALICE

Well that narrows it down.

LOLA

We both like sex.

ALICE

You don't even like sex, except for when your brain tricks you into thinking it's about love, so your uterus has an orgasm.

LOLA

That's not true.

ALICE

It is.

LOLA

What about our friends? Are we supposed to split them up? We know all the same people. How are we gonna hang out in the same circles?

ALICE

You guys don't have *that* many friends, it's not that bad.

LOLA

That's true. Except Henry. He's our mutual friend.

ALICE

Honestly, this is good, Lo. Like whatever. You do need to be on your own, dating other people again.

LOLA

I'm a 29 year old woman. What I need to be is married.

ALICE

You've never been with anyone else and that's not good for character! Look at me!

Lola looks up at her, sadly.

ALICE (CONT'D)

Being single builds character!

By this point Alice has ice cream all over her face. The door buzzes. Alice gets up and presses "Listen."

INTERCOM

It's Henry!

Alice lets him in. Within seconds HENRY enters.

HENRY

Lo, I'm so sorry. I don't know if you want to see me right now, but I wanted you to know I'm here.

He goes over to her, gives her a hug. She tenses at his touch.

HENRY (CONT'D)

I know it's weird. You're both my best friends.

LOLA

Choose a side.

HENRY

You know I can't do that.

LOLA

You're mine.

HENRY

...You are prettier than him.

She smiles at him, as Alice looks on, still eating ice cream.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Softer skin, which I like. Better at freestyling.

ALICE

She wins.

LOLA

Gimme a beat.

Henry beatboxes as Lola freestyles.

LOLA (CONT'D)

Your hair is funny/my nose is  
runny/every dude wants to get on  
this honey/I eat what I want and I  
say what I say/Lola's gonna get mad  
high today...

INT. BAR - THE NEXT NIGHT

Lola and Alice roll into a small hidden bar full of single MEN and WOMEN. The music thumps. People are dancing, talking loudly, smoking.

Lola coughs as she inhales a big puff of smoke, fighting through the crowd with Alice.

ALICE

(over the music)

Let's get a drink!

Lola nods "yes," frantically, as they push their way to the bar. Various MEN ogle Lola as she cuts through the crowd. One guy puts his HAND on her back. She shrugs it off, uncomfortably, keeps walking.

Her eyes dart around the bar at various singles co-mingling. Overstimulating images of people dancing, bits of conversation, attack her senses like rapid-fire.

She locks eyes with a WALL STREET GUY, 30s, handsome. They stare at each other. We jump inside her imagination and see him having sex with her. She hates it. She snaps out of the fantasy.

She starts to sense a panic attack coming on. She notices it coming, breathes, but can't overcome it. Alice notices something is up.

ALICE (CONT'D)

What's up? Are you okay?

LOLA

No. I have to leave. Something...  
I'm... having... a... panic attack.

ALICE  
 Okay, okay, let's get out of here  
 c'mon.

They push there way back out through the crowd.

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Lola and Alice burst out of the bar, start walking down the sidewalk. Lola is seriously hyperventilating.

ALICE  
 Breathe. It's okay. I'm right here.  
 Everything is okay. Calm down. It's  
 just a bar.

Lola is wheezing uncontrollably.

ALICE (CONT'D)  
 Do I need to call 9-1-1?

Lola shakes her head, "no," calming a bit. She closes her eyes, breathing deep breaths over and over.

LOLA  
 I'm okay, go back inside. I'm gonna  
 head home.

ALICE  
 Are you crazy? I'm not letting you  
 leave alone.

LOLA  
 I'm fine, I promise. Go back inside  
 and find a guy who can trick your  
 brain into having an orgasm. I'm  
 gonna get it on with my vibrator.

ALICE  
 Okay, fine. Let me hail you a cab  
 at least.

Alice flags one down, Lola gets inside.

LOLA  
 Thanks. Love you.

ALICE  
 Love you, too. Go home, take a hot  
 shower and try and find your  
 soulmate on Chat Roulette.

INT. TAXI CAB - NIGHT

Lola drives off in the back of the cab, picks up her cell phone, dials.

LOLA  
Hey, you at home?

INT. HENRY'S APARTMENT - LATER THAT NIGHT

Lola sits on the floor as Henry opens a bottle of wine in the kitchen.

LOLA  
I just don't get it. Was I that much in denial? I mean, there was some love there, right? He did love me a little bit, right?

HENRY  
Yes!! *He* was in denial, don't blame yourself. He should have been telling you how he felt.

LOLA  
I feel like an idiot, like everyone saw it but me.

HENRY  
Nobody saw it. Fucking lightning.

LOLA  
He never told you anything?

HENRY  
Never. All he wanted to do was have fun when we were out, and sometimes act like he wasn't in a relationship. But that's what guys do, doesn't necessarily mean anything.

LOLA  
He didn't-

HENRY  
No. He would never.

Lola knows he's telling the truth.

LOLA

I feel like men are always looking for what's better and women are just looking for what works.

HENRY

I don't feel like that. I wanna meet someone I can hang out with all the time. Eat bologna with. Read shit to me.

Lola turns sad.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Hey, remember when we did mushrooms at your parents country house?

LOLA

Yeah.

HENRY

And you made us go in that swamp full of nasty shit cause you thought we owed it to the plant life?

LOLA

Those plants needed us.

HENRY

You were convinced we would never get out, and I calmed you down by singing a weird slowed down version of Girls Just Wanna Have Fun, and then we went in the house and ate gummy cherries til we weren't high anymore.

LOLA

Yeah. Best/worst night ever. What's your point?

Henry smiles warmly.

HENRY

I get you outta swamps.

INT. CHINATOWN APARTMENT- THE NEXT MORNING

An ALARM blares. Lola wakes up in an empty bed. She reaches her hand into the space next to her, where Luke once slept, but finds she is alone. She feels the weight of his absence.

INT. GYM - LATER

Lola is working out hard on the elliptical machine. She watches the Food Network on her mini TV as she peddles ferociously.

The camera pans down the row to reveal other women simultaneously working out and watching the Food Network like it was porn. Lola talks on her cellphone, breathless.

LOLA

I need you to go get my stuff from his place. I can't do it. Please. It's just... Just bring it to my old apartment in Chinatown, that's where I'm living again. Use the key I gave you...yeah...thanks...I owe you one.

She puts her headphones back in.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - LATER

Lola gets changed at her locker. Semi-naked women of different shapes and sized abound, all at various stages of getting ready. They look each other's bodies, discreetly, trying not to be overt about it.

We see images from Lola's imagination of the various women having sex. One is very loud, one is role playing, another is with an almost elderly man. This freaks Lola out.

The daydream abruptly ends, leaving a disgusted look on her face. She sadly packs her gym clothes into her bag.

INT. CHINATOWN APARTMENT- MOMENTS LATER

Lola sits in her apartment, reading a book. There is a knock on the door. She is startled, calls out.

LOLA

Who is it?

LUKE

It's me.

Lola freezes. We see Luke on the other side of the door.

LUKE (CONT'D)

I brought you halvah from Russ and Daughters. And the Babka that you said could bring about world peace it was so good.

Lola's eyes begin to water. She is paralyzed.

LUKE (CONT'D)

Please, Lola. I know you're in there.

Lola curls into a ball on the couch, clutching a pillow for dear life.

LUKE (CONT'D)

Look. We're going to miss each other. That's totally normal. And obviously we're still going to have feelings for each other, I just want us to push ourselves to try to be alone for the first time in our lives. It's going to be hard. But we have to stick with it. Can you hear me?

She does.

LUKE (CONT'D)

I love you. I think I'm doing what's best for both of us. I just want you to know I'm still here and want you in my life.

Lola quietly weeps.

LUKE (CONT'D)

You're the Whitney to my Bobby.

She smiles through the tears.

LUKE (CONT'D)

I'll just leave the food at the door.

He places the bag gently on the floor, and leaves.

INT. LIBRARY - LATER

Lola sits at a desk, typing on her laptop, surrounded by books.

There are poem collections by Charles Baudelaire and Stephane Mallarme, as well as a variety of contemporary theory compilations about silence.

She is having a difficult time focusing. She taps her desk with a pen. TAP, TAP, TAP, TAP. A GUY across the way makes eyes with her. She stares back.

On her laptop we see her researching vows of silence and landing on a Wikipedia page for the "Trappist Monks." She freezes, hurled into the memory of her jokes not long ago with Luke.

Then her phone rings a POP SONG ring tone. She doesn't answer it, still lost in the memory. Someone else in the library looks over.

WOMAN

Shhhhhhhhhhh.

Lola silences the phone.

INT. CHINATOWN APARTMENT- NIGHT

Lola sits in her tiny, empty apartment, surrounded by boxes. She is at a loss. She picks up her phone, texts Henry.

INT. CHINATOWN APARTMENT- LATER

Henry sits next to Lola on the couch, passing a bottle of whiskey between them as they watch a Hillary Duff movie.

Lola starts laughing at something stupid, then chokes on the whiskey, spitting all over herself. Henry laughs at her hysterically.

INT. CHINATOWN APARTMENT- THE NEXT MORNING

Lola wakes up on the couch in Henry's arms. She's surprised to see herself there, a bit uncomfortable, but strangely soothed. She looks at the clock.

LOLA

Hen. You gotta wake up.

Henry opens his eyes, smiles. Then realizes where he is.

HENRY

Oh, shit.

LOLA  
I could eat a brick.

HENRY  
Breakfast?

LOLA  
Nah, I gotta go to work.

She changes course.

LOLA (CONT'D)  
I had a weird dream that you talked  
to Luke. Has he said anything?

HENRY  
Not really, just that he hates that  
you're completely ignoring him.

LOLA  
He can suffer for the time being.

HENRY  
Cruel. But we live in a cruel  
world.

LOLA  
I want to see him but I know I  
shouldn't. (Gesturing to herself)  
Strong like bull.

HENRY  
You gotta protect yo-self.

INT. RESTAURANT - AFTERNOON

Lola, clad in all black with pen and paper, waits on a table  
of two. The COUPLE stares at their menus for an unimaginably  
long amount of time.

LOLA  
Do you want me to come back?

MAN  
We're almost ready. Just stand  
there.

They continue to take their time. Finally:

WOMAN

Um...I'll have the...Gnocki  
(pronounced "Knock-y"). And a glass  
of the Sangreesha.

LOLA

Oh, you mean *Sangria*? We don't have  
that.

WOMAN

I thought this was an Italian  
restaurant.

LOLA

It is.

MAN

(gruff)  
You have wine, put fruit cocktail  
in it.

LOLA

Okay.

Lola takes their menus, and walks away. She puts their orders into the system but can't remember the code. She frantically presses buttons until she finally gets it right.

Tending bar is RANDY, 29, gay, dry as a desert but loud as hell.

LOLA (CONT'D)

Can you put fruit cocktail in a  
glass of wine for me?

RANDY

Can you put a bullet in a gun for  
me?

He starts searching for fruit cocktail behind the bar. A hot fellow WAITRESS walks by. Randy calls to her.

RANDY (CONT'D)

Who's the hottest woman I've ever  
seen! I will blow you!

HOT WAITRESS

(laughing)  
Hi, Randy.

LOLA

(under her breath)  
Ugh.

She walks to the back room of the restaurant to change into her work gear.

RANDY

If that girl had a dick my life would have purpose.

LOLA

Strange, usually hookers make enough money with their night shifts.

RANDY

Don't hate, she pulls in bigger tips than a Po-lice hotline.

Lola stands there, drinking a club soda. The couple sits at the table, the woman speaking could be heard from the restaurant across the street.

WOMAN

I says to Norma, it's Christmas, who makes Chicken Enchiladas? You remember last Christmas, there were a dozen Chicken Enchiladas like we were lookin' to lay on a beach. You know me and tequila, don't get me near it, you remember Cabo with the Mangetti's, I almost had an affair with an amputee.

KAREN walks in.

KAREN

Hello, everybody.

LOLA

Hey, Mom.

KAREN

Hi, sweetie. You doing okay?

LOLA

Yeah.

KAREN

Good, I want to talk to you about something important.

LOLA

What?

KAREN

I was thinking about this in the cab while I was watching the little TV. You have to freeze.

LOLA

Why?

KAREN

What do you mean why? Do you want to give birth to a devil spawn that's half developed?

LOLA

You're about a hundred steps ahead of me right now. I'm not having children any time soon.

KAREN

Exactly my point. But you will. They don't freeze it with broccoli. They freeze them in a good facility, trust me, my friend Debbie did it, she's got eggs all over the city. Six happy children. One is a giant but very nice.

LOLA

Let me grieve first. Please.

KAREN

I'm just trying to think practically on your behalf, Lord knows we're not getting any younger.

LOLA

Just talk to me about something else please.

KAREN

I got my coot waxed at your place around the corner. She told me she gave a girl pubes in the shape of a flame when she had a date with a fireman. I don't know what they use, but the hair, OFF like a banana peel.

Pause.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Honey not that I don't love having you back, but what? You had a T.A. gig lined up, no?

LOLA

Oh yeah I realized I hate NYU kids. What are you doing today?

KAREN

I have an appointment with a Holographic Repatterning Therapist and then a Ball Rolling workshop.

LOLA

Take a 'me' day.

KAREN

I'm 58 years old. I'm done giving. Give to me. Now is the time to eat. I want food.

Lola grabs the ad hoc "Sangria" Randy just prepared, brings it to the couple over at the table.

LOLA

*Sangreesha*. House specialty.

She hands them a messy pitcher stuffed to the brim with whole apples and a little wine. The couple looks at her in horror.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Lola leaves the restaurant, walks down the sidewalk in a hurry. She carries a THERMOS in a pouch with a long strap over her shoulder and a backpack.

EXT. NYU - DAY

Lola walks up to NYU, sees Luke waiting for her. She looks startled.

LUKE

Hey.

LOLA

Hey.

LUKE

I'm sorry to surprise you like this but you didn't call me back. Can I talk to you for a sec?

LOLA

Um... I'm really late for my prospectus meeting. I don't think I can right now.

LUKE

What's that thing over your shoulder?

LOLA

I'm cleansing. I drink it out of this thing. The potion.

LUKE

Oh.

LOLA

So...

LUKE

I've been thinking about things...

LOLA

Yeah?

Luke struggles to find the right words.

LUKE

I'm confused. I don't know what I'm doing. I might have acted irrationally. I don't know.

LOLA

What, what do you mean?

LUKE

I don't know, I just miss you.

LOLA

You're doing this right before I'm about to go in and defend my thesis? That's rich.

LUKE

I'm sorry, you won't pick up my calls. I know. I'm all over the place, I didn't mean to surprise you, it's just-

LOLA

I gotta go.

LUKE

I was overwhelmed by everything  
that was happening.

LOLA

I want to talk about this, I do, I  
just... not right now.

LUKE

Can I meet you after?

LOLA

Are you saying all this just 'cause  
you're lonely?

LUKE

No. I don't know.

Lola looks at him, pained, and wanting to give in.

LOLA

Luke. I wanted this, it's what I  
asked for, you know? We could have  
given it some time, tried to work  
through it together, but you were  
convinced. It didn't have to be  
that way. But it is what it is. And  
now you've convinced me. So...

Beat.

LOLA (CONT'D)

I really have to go.

She slowly back up from him, confused and fearful. He knows  
he can't stop her.

INT. NYU HALLWAY - DAY

Lola sits outside of a lecture hall going over a binder full  
of notes. People buzz by, she can hardly focus, one  
distraction after another. Her mind races, analyzing the  
moments she spent with Luke not minutes ago.

She takes a couple of deep breaths, preparing herself for the  
worst. She pours herself a drink from her thermos. It tastes  
so gnarly, she has to spit it back inside.

INT. NYU LECTURE HALL - MOMENTS LATER

Lola sits before five professors, all very intimidating. She is in the midst of her PhD dissertation prospectus meeting.

LOLA

Essentially, I'll be investigating the use of silence in 19th Century French Literature.

PROFESSOR #1

Do you still want to use the poetry of Mallarme?

LOLA

Yeah, as you can see in my outline, one of the introductory chapters is heavily focussed on his work. I'd like to look at his obsession with the blank page, really exploring the ways in which his verses engender silence. As opposed to prose, verses in poetry contain these line breaks, requiring silence and pause.

PROFESSOR #2

Perhaps you could devote more than one chapter to Mallarme, as he seems to be central to your defining argument.

LOLA

Absolutely. In addition to his verses, I'd also like to look at silence in media, literature, and various popular culture outlets in contemporary American society. Well, more the lack thereof. In today's world. Just our communal, almost deathly fear of silence.

The professors sit and stare at her. In silence.

INT. LOLA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Lola tries on different outfits for the evening. Through the walls, she can hear her obnoxious neighbor banging on the piano. She turns on her iPod, blasting from her computer speakers.

## INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

She is applying make-up in the mirror. A quick image of her middle-aged flashes in the reflection. Startled, she returns to reality.

A sad love song comes on, and Lola freezes. She can't help but think about Luke. Her eyes well with tears, but she stifles it, quickly changing the song.

## INT. OFF BROADWAY THEATER - NIGHT

An avant-garde stage play adaptation. Most likely some modern variation of Chekhov. The play's handsome lead actor, ROGER, 29, sits at a long wooden table, slumped over.

Alice is a member of the ensemble. She is dressed as a dirty Russian Peasant Woman, and pantomiming near the back of the stage. She is kind of in darkness, but is trying desperately to find her light.

Lola watches from the audience, as does Henry, seated next to her. She puts her head on his shoulder.

## EXT. OFF BROADWAY THEATER - NIGHT

The audience exits. People stand outside, chatting. Lola, thermos over her shoulder, waits with Henry.

LOLA

She just keeps getting cast as those damn peasants.

HENRY

Was that sign language she was doing part of the show or was she translating for someone?

LOLA

She did some sort of dream therapy where she said her character and her melded in a past life as a deaf-mute.

HENRY

What's up with that lead guy Roger? He your friend?

LOLA  
Yeah, didn't it seem like he was  
kind of sleeping through his  
performance?

HENRY  
I actually thought he fell asleep  
on stage.

LOLA  
Alice is obsessed with him.

HENRY  
They're doing it?

LOLA  
Don't say a word.

Out walks Roger, the star of the play, with Alice, following  
quickly behind.

ROGER  
Lola!

LOLA  
Hey! You were great!

ALICE  
Thank you.

LOLA  
You were great, too.

ALICE  
Was I good? Tell me. Really. Could  
you see me?

LOLA  
(smiling)  
Yes, it was very believable.

ALICE  
You're laughing, why are you  
laughing? Was it too much? I can  
bring it down. Less viewpointy,  
more Congo?

LOLA  
What does that even mean?

ALICE

The whole thing's a metaphor for genital mutilation, you didn't get that?

Beat.

LOLA

No, yeah, we did.

HENRY

Totally.

ROGER

The director's a genius.

LOLA

I thought it was amazing. Really brave. And you were wonderful, Roger.

ROGER

I had an off night. I accidentally took an Xanax before the show, I thought it was an Advil.

ALICE

That's insane you're insane you're so talented!

Roger pays her no mind.

HENRY

Really amazing work. You were so alive out there, really present. The theater as an art form is alive and well.

As they dole out small talk, Alice turns into Lola.

ALICE

(quietly)

I got your text about Luke. Tell me.

LOLA

It was so intense. He says he's confused.

ALICE

Don't buy the hype. Set your sights high, you deserve someone who loves you.

Lola looks to Henry. He catches her eye, widens his eyes as if to say 'Save me from this conversation.' Lola turns back, Alice follows.

ROGER

Thank you. The old play as new is truly having a renaissance. You must be Luke, right?

Roger goes to shake his hand. Henry looks put off.

HENRY

Henry.

ROGER

Henry? Oh, Henry, sorry. Roger.

They shake. Lola looks uncomfortable.

ALICE

Should we get a drink??

EXT. STREET- LATER

Henry and Lola walk home, post drinks with Roger and Alice, amid other drunk New Yorkers on a Saturday night.

HENRY

You want me to carry your thermos?

LOLA

That would be awesome.

She hands it to him, he tries not to laugh. She turns sad suddenly.

LOLA (CONT'D)

Do you think you could stay over tonight? Nights are the hardest.

Henry isn't sure.

HENRY

Um....

INT. LOLA'S BEDROOM - LATER

Lola gets into bed, Henry stands at her bedroom door.

HENRY

Good night.

LOLA

What do you mean "Good night,"  
you're not sleeping on the floor.

HENRY

Oh. What's your thread count?

LOLA

Like, 2.

HENRY

Cool.

He disrobes, gets in bed. They both lie there for a moment,  
awkwardly looking around.

LOLA

Thanks for being here.

HENRY

Of course.

They look into each other's eyes. It's hard to tell if it's a  
look of gratitude or something more.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Luke would kill me if he knew I was  
in your bed.

LOLA

I'm pretty sure Luke no longer has  
any jurisdiction over these parts.

HENRY

True.

Lola inches her face closer to his, he slides his body down  
the bed a bit to be next to hers.

They keep looking deep into each other's eyes. Then,  
suddenly, they kiss. It's soft and sweet at first. They laugh  
a little bit, look away. She kisses him again. The intensity  
grows. Henry breaks out of it.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Stop. We can't do this.

LOLA

We can, it's fine.

HENRY

Luke's a good friend.

LOLA  
Yeah, but you're *my* best friend.

HENRY  
All the more reason...I mean I feel like I'm breaking code, I don't know the rules in this situation.

LOLA  
We can make them up as we go.

HENRY  
I'm just a rebound.

LOLA  
No, you're more of a lay up.

He laughs.

HENRY  
You know I've always had feelings for you.

LOLA  
(genuine)  
Honestly, I didn't know that.

She kisses him tenderly, then puts her head on his chest. They lie there pretending to go to sleep, both too giddy to...

INT. CHINATOWN APARTMENT- LATER

Henry sleeps, while Lola still lays there wide awake. No longer giddy, she looks deeply saddened by what she's just done. She gets up and takes her phone into the other room.

LOLA  
(on phone, whispering)  
Luke?

LUKE  
Hi.

LOLA  
...I miss you so much. Can I see you?

EXT. STREET - THE NEXT DAY

Lola nervously walks down the street with Alice, who is even more nervous than Lola.

LOLA

I know I shouldn't be nervous. But it's so much easier to push someone away than to sit with them face to face. I don't know what I'm doing.

Alice reaches into her purse, brings out a tiny spray bottle.

ALICE

Open your mouth.

Lola does it with out question. Alice sprays as many times as she can before Lola swats her hand away.

LOLA

What is that?! I'm gonna throw up.

She spits repeatedly onto the street.

ALICE

Weed in a bottle. Freshens the breath and gets you *fuuuuuucked uuuup*. I got it in Koreatown last time I was in LA. Smuggled it back in my cooch pouch on the plane.

LOLA

I'm gonna kill you.

ALICE

Relax, just put this weed candy under your tongue.

She tries to put something else in Lola's mouth, Lola hits her with her purse.

LOLA

Will you stop! You need help.

ALICE

I don't understand, what is the point of this meeting?

LOLA

I need closure, I guess... Or I'm not really sure what I need. I feel like I'm gonna throw up.

Alice turns serious, takes a moment, then:

ALICE  
Lola. Just think. WWKD.

Lola looks at Alice blankly, then:

LOLA  
What is that?

ALICE  
What. Would. Kim. Do.

LOLA  
Who is Kim.

ALICE  
Kardashian.

LOLA  
Oh my god.

ALICE  
*Tan titties, they break hearts.*  
Recognize.

INT. RESTAURANT BATHROOM - DAY

Lola adjusts her makeup in the mirror. The doorknob JIGGLES.

LOLA  
Woman inside!

Toilet. She grabs a PAPER TOILET SEAT COVER from the dispenser, tries to rip out that damn middle section with out ruining the part for the seat. Failure. Always a failure.

She tries again, places it perfectly on top of the toilet seat when the AUTOMATIC SENSOR goes off, sucking the paper down the toilet. The doorknob jiggles.

LOLA (CONT'D)  
WHAT IS CONFUSING ABOUT A LOCKED  
DOOR?!

INT. RESTAURANT - MOMENTS LATER

Lola stands with Karen and Randy at the bar.

LOLA  
Gimme a drink.

KAREN  
What's going on?

RANDY  
You want, like, a double? Vodka  
tonic?

He looks for a clean glass, they're all dirty.

LOLA  
Bowl. Bowl. Just put it in a bowl.

KAREN  
Oh this isn't healthy.

LOLA  
Mom. I don't want to hear it right  
now. Please don't make a scene.

KAREN  
Is breaking a bottle over his head  
a scene?

She closes her eyes and sings quietly to herself.

LOLA  
Straight up, now tell me do you  
really wanna love me forever/Oh,  
oh, oh/Or am I caught in a hit-and-  
run?

Randy hands her a bowl full of vodka. She drinks it like a  
kid slurps soup, just as LUKE approaches from behind.

LUKE  
Hi.

LOLA  
Hey.

LUKE  
What are you doing?

LOLA  
It's an ancient Japanese tradition.  
I'm also procuring a miniature rock  
garden in my spare time.

LUKE  
You were always worldly.

Karen glares at him. He looks super awkward.

LUKE (CONT'D)  
Hi, Karen.

KAREN  
Hi, Devil.

And with that, she walks away.

LUKE  
Oh man. Should we...

LOLA  
What?

LUKE  
Go somewhere else?

LOLA  
Oh. No. Here's good.

They make their way to a table.

INT. RESTAURANT - SECONDS LATER

Now seated across from one another, Lola arranges the silverware as she speaks.

LOLA  
How was your day?

LUKE  
Not bad. Made a few new pieces,  
nothing I like.

LOLA  
Great.

LUKE  
How's the dissertation coming?

LOLA  
Slowly the silence is killing me.

Hot Waitress approaches.

HOT WAITRESS  
What can I get you guys?

Luke looks over the menu. Just then Alice appears outside the window, wearing big sunglasses, walking strangely slow down the block.

Lola notices, and freezes. Alice pretends to window shop, but she is clearly just staring at a brick wall, gesturing to items that don't exist.

LUKE

Um, I think I'll get the burger.

HOT WAITRESS

And how do you want that cooked?

Lola motions for her to get out of there, but Alice doesn't understand, so she starts crouching down in a sort of Sumo wrestler squat.

LUKE

Medium is good.

HOT WAITRESS

And for you?

LOLA

Lamb. Meatballs.

The Waitress leaves the table. Alice gets the hint, slowly disappears out of the background. Luke turns back to Lola.

LUKE

You didn't have to order, it's fine.

LOLA

I hate the judgment of women in the service industry.

LUKE

I knew that.

They sit, unsure how to proceed.

LUKE (CONT'D)

You look beautiful.

LOLA

Thank you.

LUKE

You're welcome.

LOLA

So...

LUKE

So...

LOLA  
What did you do with the ring?

LUKE  
The ring. Right. I know this is gonna sound weird, but... it's in my fridge.

LOLA  
No, it's not.

LUKE  
Yeah. I just knew I wouldn't lose it that way.

LOLA  
You froze my rock?

LUKE  
It's just chillin'.

LOLA  
The reason I... the reason I haven't been able to see you was because...

She starts to tear up. He waits, patiently.

LOLA (CONT'D)  
...because a) I didn't want you to think I was weak. And needed you.

LUKE  
I totally get that.

LOLA  
And b) I was very angry, and I knew I wouldn't be able to hear anything you wanted to say.

She has to take a moment or she's gonna burst into tears.

LOLA (CONT'D)  
I just wanna know. How long... how long did you know?

LUKE  
Know what?

LOLA  
That you were gonna leave me?

LUKE

Honestly? Not long. I didn't realize until the whole wedding thing started happening.

LOLA

Were you just pretending to love me?

LUKE

Lola. I promise you from the bottom of my heart I was never pretending. I love you so much, I just needed a break. And to make some decisions for myself.

LOLA

It's okay. I realized that we may have been living in denial. It's okay, it's okay for us to need some space...

LUKE

I wanna see you again. I'd like to try to compromise somehow... I miss you so much.

LOLA

I miss you, too.

LUKE

I just want you to know how sorry I am for the way I went about this. It was selfish. And dumb. I just freaked out and didn't know how to tell you. I take full responsibility, even though I blamed some of it on you before. I know you probably don't trust a word that's coming out of my mouth, but it's the truth.

He takes her hand, squeezes it.

INT. NOLITA APARTMENT-LATER

Luke and Lola are in the midst of passionate love making. It is by far the best sex they've ever had but also the most emotional.

Luke looks deeply into her eyes, she looks deeply into his, both overwhelmed by the intensity of it all.

INT. NOLITA APARTMENT- LATER

Luke and Lola lay on the bed together, post-sex. She starts to cry.

LUKE  
Oh, please don't cry.

LOLA  
I don't think I can see you  
anymore.

LUKE  
Why?

LOLA  
It's too painful.

LUKE  
It doesn't have to be.

LOLA  
Luke. You did this for a reason.  
You want space. It's clear. Maybe  
that's what you need before we go  
and live a life together.

LUKE  
I know I sound like a hypocrite,  
but I don't know if this much space  
is what I want anymore.

LOLA  
It's only been a few weeks. You  
said it yourself, it's gonna be  
hard, but we need to try. Who  
knows, maybe I need it, too.

Luke sits, head in hands, frustrated. He gets up, walks to the bathroom, hops in the shower. Lola lies still, then starts getting dressed.

She heads into the kitchen, opens the fridge. A BLACK RING BOX sits on the top shelf. The sight of it sends chills up her spine.

She takes it out, places it on the counter as if it's a highly dangerous weapon. Inspects it for a long while. Eventually, she opens it. A beautiful gold ring with a pear shaped diamond sits inside. It's stunning.

She breathes deep, then snaps it shut, sealing off her pain. Slams the fridge closed.

She walks into the living room, looks around. On the table is Luke's CELL PHONE. A wave of panic comes over her. She impulsively starts checking his text messages.

We see one text from a girl named PEGGY. It reads: "Hey. What r u doing?"

Her cellphone rings, causing her to jump. She puts his phone down, picks hers up.

LOLA (CONT'D)

Hi.

Intercut with Alice, who is on the street.

ALICE

You went AWOL for three hours. I thought he killed you and disappeared into the Catskills.

LOLA

(whispering)  
We just had sex.

ALICE

I saw a 20/20 just like that. Girl who was supposed to be married, head found *severed*-

LOLA

I said we just had sex! Are you listening?!

ALICE

Yes I'm listening! You might as well have no head, though, you certainly aren't using it.

INT. SOUEN RESTAURANT- LATER

Alice and Lola both eat Macro Plates.

LOLA

I was feeling so responsible, like it was my fault, but now I feel better in this way, like a weight has been lifted. What is this, Kukicha? I'm drunk, I love macrobiotic food.

ALICE

Who puts your sentences together? A schizophrenic? You're brain is like a bad DJ.

LOLA

The thing is, I don't trust him. I checked his text messages and saw something from this girl Peggy.

ALICE

Huh. Could just be a friend. Or someone he works with or something.

LOLA

Or a skank that I'm gonna murder. If he really wants to get back together he's gonna have to prove it.

ALICE

At least you've got options. I can't even find someone to love me momentarily at the moment of orgasm which is really an easy moment to love someone fleetingly, no?

LOLA

Don't be upset.

ALICE

I'm not upset, this is me like coasting.

LOLA

Alice, I read people's energies for a living.

ALICE

No, you don't.

LOLA

I know, but I've always wanted to say that.

ALICE

Roger wouldn't have sex with me.

LOLA

Oh boy.

ALICE

Like I was some *refugee*, and then I got drunk by myself unless a bottle of Kahlua counts as a partner and went back and hate fucked him. Twice.

LOLA

Well, why don't you just sit Roger down and be really real with him then? Tell him you love him but you need him to make a commitment.

ALICE

But I don't love him. I don't even like him.

LOLA

Then why are you so upset?

ALICE

Because he's good enough. And I don't want to be alone anymore. Maybe you're right, maybe I should just date Henry.

LOLA

Oh. Um. I have to tell you something.

ALICE

He's gay right? I frickin' knew he was too good to be true.

LOLA

No. Not at all. We've kinda been hooking up.

ALICE

WHAT?! Back up the train. Why didn't you tell me??

LOLA

I didn't want you to judge me.

ALICE

Judge you? I'm gonna buy you a trophy, you whore. This is exactly what you need. It's funtown USA! Ride that roller coaster till you puke up the candy.

LOLA

I feel like he wants to be  
boyfriend girlfriend though and it  
kinda freaks me out.

ALICE

Should I slit my wrists now or wait  
'til after the meal?

LOLA

Oh stop, I bet you'll find someone  
the second you stop looking. How's  
match.com going?

ALICE

So you're saying now.

Lola smiles.

EXT. FERRY - DAY

Lola and Henry stand on the edge of the Ferry boat, looking  
out over the water.

HENRY

Just wait till we get there, it's  
cool as shit.

LOLA

I can't wait.

HENRY

I'm not gonna lie, I did a little  
Wikiped'ing. This Dutch guy bought  
the Island from the Native  
Americans in the 1600s for two ax  
heads, a string of beads, and a  
handful of nails.

LOLA

Sounds fair.

EXT. GOVERNOR'S ISLAND - DAY

They bike around the island and take it all in: the prison,  
the old movie theater, the art installations, mini golf  
course. They have a lot of fun.

As the sun is setting, they lay on the grass, look out over the great Island of Manhattan, imagining what it was 300 years ago. Lola sneaks a glance at Henry, wondering about their relationship...

INT. KAREN AND LENNY'S APARTMENT- DAY

Lola and Lenny sit across the kitchen table, drinking tea. Lenny reads Lola's horoscope aloud.

LENNY

"...with Uranus, the planet of lightning bolt surprises, you really never know which way is up. This is going to be a shitty month."

LOLA

He said "This is going to be a shitty month"?

LENNY

It's *The Voice*. They write what they know.

LOLA

Sucks. My life is over.

LENNY

You know your Mom and I broke up once.

LOLA

You did?

LENNY

Yep. We both dated other people and then realized no one ever really compared.

LOLA

So you think that's gonna happen with me and Luke.

LENNY

No. You'd have to run me down with a tractor before I let you near that pieceoftrashheathen again.

LOLA

Shitty month. I welcome you.

LENNY

You know in the 70's, people your age were with lots of people.

LOLA

Yeah. Poster children for love, freedom, and STD's.

LENNY

It's looked down upon now, especially for a woman, but maybe going against the societal norm is actually what you need for the time being, you know, to realize something about yourself or the men you're dating. Remember: it's not perfect fidelity, it's high fidelity.

LOLA

What kind of new age crap is that?

LENNY

It's not crap, it's wisdom. Fine line.

LOLA

Thank you sage father.

LENNY

A father only wants to be happy for his daughter. What else do I have to look forward to? And I hate seeing you in so much pain.

LOLA

Pain is beauty.

LENNY

Hey. I know having your mom and I as parents has kinda made you a stressed out kid. You put a lot of pressure on yourself. To live out a life that is maybe more conventional than the one you were raised in.

Lola takes this in. Lenny puts his hand on her shoulder.

LENNY (CONT'D)

Sometimes it's good to shake life up a little. Let it slip out of your hands. You'll catch it.

INT. LOLA'S APARTMENT- NIGHT

Lola applies make-up, does a quick shave of the legs and armpits sans shower.

INT. BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

She picks out outfits. She hates all her clothes, throws them on the ground. Through the wall, we hear the piano again. Lola bangs hard on the wall with her fist. It doesn't stop.

She pauses for a second. We slip inside her mind, and watch her destroy the piano next door with a sledgehammer as the whole family watches in horror. Back to reality.

She turns her speakers towards the wall, blasts music.

EXT. SANTO'S PARTY HOUSE-LATER THAT NIGHT

Lola stands outside the club as Alice approaches. Alice's skin is bright orange. She's grinning.

LOLA

What happened to you?

ALICE

I spray tanned what happened to you?

LOLA

I don't see you for a week and your ethnicity is suddenly ambiguous.

ALICE

It's a conversation starter!

LOLA

Yeah, like 'Hey, I'm Alice, I may look like I have Hepatitis B but I swear I'm yellow by choice...'

ALICE

If that was a racist remark, I'm really mad, you know my Nana was Philippino.

LOLA

Your Nana was a maid, she wasn't actually related to you by blood.

ALICE  
Can we go inside? I wanna start  
telling people I was on a vacation.

INT. SANTO'S PARTY HOUSE- MOMENTS LATER

They enter the club, full of grungy hipsters and model types.

ALICE  
Where's Henry?

LOLA  
He's probably backstage.

A HOT GUY passes. Alice speaks to him as he walks away.

ALICE  
Hi, I'm thirty years old and I'm  
looking to have children.

LOLA  
You're twenty nine.

ALICE  
I round up, then I get the Cougar  
advantage.

LOLA  
I was walking down the street the  
other day and I passed a fourteen-  
year-old boy, real scumbag,  
skateboard and everything, and I  
thought it'd be cool if I let him  
get with me.

ALICE  
Yeah. That'd be cool.

LOLA  
You think that'd be nasty or that'd  
be cool?

ALICE  
I think I'll give you a hundred  
dollars if you let that little kid  
finger your poon.

INT. CLUB - LATER

Lola and Alice watch Henry's band play.

ALICE  
Oh shit.

LOLA  
You gotta take a shit?

ALICE  
No. Yeah. Oh no.

Lola turns around to see what Alice is looking at. Luke is making his way over to them.

LOLA  
Oh my god.

LUKE  
Hi Alice. How are you?

ALICE  
Great, I just got back from a vacation.

A leggy WOMAN, unconventionally beautiful and grounded, sidles up next to Luke. Extends her hand to Lola.

WOMAN  
Hi, I'm Peggy.

LOLA  
What?

LUKE  
Excuse us a second.

Luke becomes uncomfortable, takes Lola aside. Alice is left with Peggy.

LUKE (CONT'D)  
What are you doing here? You said you weren't coming.

LOLA  
I wasn't, but then I felt like I should be able to support my friend, we're adults. Who's Peggy?

LUKE  
I'm sorry, I wouldn't have brought her if I knew you were gonna be here. She's just a friend from the gallery.

LOLA

We didn't talk about that.

LUKE

You said you wanted to try taking a real break. I thought that's what that meant.

LOLA

Why would that be what that meant? No, no.

LUKE

There's no rules, how am I supposed to know where to draw the line?

LOLA

So you're dating her.

LUKE

I'm not... I'm... okay, yes, I guess... I am. I'm just seeing where it goes. I don't have any idea if I even like her.

LOLA

I thought you said you wanted to be "alone?"

LUKE

I did. This... it just started to happen.

LOLA

Did you know her when we were together?

LUKE

Yes. But I never cheated on you. I promise. We only recently started hanging out.

LOLA

Yeah, I know, I read your text messages.

LUKE

Are you serious? Why would you do that?

LOLA

Don't ask questions you already know the answers to.

LUKE

I thought we had just started to build trust again.

LOLA

You know Luke, to feel true passion you have to feel *compassion*. Maybe our passion was dead because you lost all compassion. And you turned selfish.

LUKE

Woah, where was *your* compassion? Where *is* your compassion? If there's no room for selfishness in a relationship, that relationship *is* dead. You *have* to act selfishly.

LOLA

I never did. I always put you before me.

LUKE

Maybe that was the problem.

Lola walks back over to Alice, Luke follows.

LOLA

Henry and I are dating, too. That's why I'm here.

ALICE

Tell it, sister.

LUKE

Oh, yeah? Henry? Cool.

LOLA

That doesn't make you feel weird that I'm sleeping with your best friend?

Luke swallows, hard, trying to play it cool.

LUKE

Nah, I'm glad it's him.

ALICE

She's not even into him and look how hot he is but whatevs it's super cazh.

LOLA  
 (very matter of fact)  
 I gotta go throw up, I'll be right  
 back.

ALICE  
 Me too!

They hurry off to the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM- MOMENTS LATER

Lola and Alice stand at the mirror, Lola panicked, Alice  
 excited.

ALICE  
 Are we really throwing up?

LOLA  
 I think I'm having another panic  
 attack.

ALICE  
 Ech, he gives me the heebie jeebs,  
 and by heebie jeebs I mean his  
 scent is like pussy candy.

LOLA  
 Of course he has a date.

ALICE  
 So do you.

We hear the band finish outside. Lola takes a deep breath.

LOLA  
 Arite, let's go. I'm fine.

INT. CLUB- MOMENTS LATER

Henry stands at the bar. Luke stands next to him, awkwardly.  
 Alice and Lola notice as they make their way to the bar.

LOLA  
 Oh no.

ALICE  
 C'mon.

LOLA  
 Maybe they'll be gay together. Then  
 I can kill two birds with one  
 stone.

ALICE  
 (earnest)  
 Was that meant to be homophobic  
 because you know my grandfather was  
 into that shit, right?

Cut to Luke and Henry at the bar.

LUKE  
 (to Henry)  
 When were you gonna tell me?

HENRY  
 I'm sorry, I've been meaning to...

LUKE  
 (repressing anger)  
 No, that's cool, it's only my ex-  
 fiance.

HENRY  
 I'm sorry, dude. I know that's  
 shitty-

LUKE  
 Did you sleep with her?

HENRY  
 Let's go outside and talk about  
 this.

LUKE  
 No, I'm fine right here.

Lola and Alice approach. Lola bounces over to Henry.

LOLA  
 Hey! You were so great.

She kisses him, Henry tries to dodge it. Alice stands next to  
 Peggy, staring up at her.

ALICE  
 How do you get your hair like that?  
 Egg? Egg yolks? To get the shine?

PEGGY

The trick is to only wash your hair like once every two weeks. Natural oils are actually really good for it.

Alice isn't sure how to respond.

LOLA

(to Henry)

You were fabulous tonight.

HENRY

Thanks.

LUKE

Your new "boyfriend" and I were just having a little chat.

LOLA

Oh, cool, was it fun?

Luke burns her with his glare. Lola turns to Henry.

LOLA (CONT'D)

I'm gonna go.

HENRY

Really?

LOLA

Yeah, I just feel a little weird.

She looks to Luke, pointedly. He looks away.

HENRY

You don't have to. I mean, I get it, but-

LOLA

No, I do, I mean, I'm gonna go. I'm sorry. I'll call you tomorrow.

She kisses him, which makes Luke uncomfortable, then whispers to Peggy.

LOLA (CONT'D)

He goes limp when he wears a condom.

And she's out.

INT. COOL CLUB - LATER THAT NIGHT

Lola and Alice dance wildly together on the dance floor. Men watch, but the ladies could care less. They're having the time of their lives.

EXT. WILLIAMSBURG APARTMENT-LATER THAT NIGHT

Lola drunkenly buzzes an apartment incessantly until we hear a surprised Henry through the intercom.

HENRY  
(sleepily)  
Hello?

INT. HENRY'S APARTMENT - EVEN LATER THAT NIGHT

Lola is making out with Henry on his bed. She is sloppy drunk, he is sober.

HENRY  
Don't bother calling.

LOLA  
I wanted to surprise you.

She starts to unbutton his pants. Once they're off, she pushes him back onto the bed.

HENRY  
You're-- hold on. You're drunk.

LOLA  
Shut up. Stop being so controlling.

His boxers come off. The sex is very tame. Henry is a timid but gentle lover. It is clear that Lola is performing her role rather than experiencing it.

LOLA (CONT'D)  
Come on. What's wrong?

HENRY  
Nothing.

He's about to orgasm, she fakes one, but pretty well. They lay next to each other, catching their breath. After a moment:

HENRY (CONT'D)  
(matter of fact)  
So what do you sound like when you  
*really* cum?

Lola is taken aback, embarrassed. She takes a beat to process the question, and replies meekly.

LOLA  
Um. I don't know... I'm quieter. I  
guess.

INT. HENRY'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Lola and Henry are getting dressed, awkwardly.

HENRY  
Will you walk me to work?

LOLA  
Yeah, of course.

INT. STREET- LATER

Lola and Henry walk down the street, holding hands.

LOLA  
Can I ask you a question?

HENRY  
Anything.

LOLA  
Do you think we're moving too fast?

HENRY  
No. I mean, I don't know, do you?

LOLA  
I told Luke you were my boyfriend.

HENRY  
Did you just say that to make him  
mad or because you meant it?

LOLA  
I don't know.

Henry smiles.

LOLA (CONT'D)  
I'm just messed up right now.

They reach his office building, stop walking.

HENRY  
You're not messing anything up.

LOLA  
Okay.

HENRY  
We don't have to label anything.  
Let's just be.

LOLA  
Okay, cool. I just don't wanna  
worry about any rules. Or feel tied  
down or anything.

HENRY  
Yeah, me either. Unless you want to  
tie me up, then we can talk about  
rope selection.

He kisses her, she kind of pulls away but also succumbs.

INT. ACUPUNCTURIST'S OFFICE-DAY

Lola lays on a futon on the ground in a dimly lit room. A female ACUPUNCTURIST in her 40s crouches next to her, holding Lola's wrists, listening to her pulse.

ACUPUNCTURIST  
How are your periods?

LOLA  
Okay. Sort of irregular.

ACUPUNCTURIST  
How old are you now, Lola?

LOLA  
29.

ACUPUNCTURIST  
And you don't have your period now?

LOLA  
No.

ACUPUNCTURIST

Yeah, there's a lot of movement happening hormonally for you. So that's...

LOLA

What?

ACUPUNCTURIST

Totally natural. You know, you're at the age where your body's really gearing up for childbearing... is what's happening. Doesn't mean you have to have one, just means that's the natural order.

LOLA

Like, what, my hormones are getting domesticated, reading Real Simple, making time for hospital dramas?

The Acupuncturist begins to place needles in various spots on Lola's body.

ACUPUNCTURIST

It's funny you know with careers and lifestyles, we keep pushing our bodies to conceive later in life but it's right now that your body instinctively wants to give birth.

LOLA

My body *does not* want to give birth, I can tell you--Ow!

ACUPUNCTURIST

That's the heart meridian.

LOLA

Of course it is.

ACUPUNCTURIST

And with your hormones in constant fluctuation, it's going to get harder for you around 32, 33.

LOLA

To get pregnant?

ACUPUNCTURIST

If that's something you want to do, yeah.

INT. HEALTH FOOD STORE - NIGHT

Health Food. Lots of it. Lola strolls the aisles. She picks up one of those plastic bags from the dispensers. Has a very difficult time finding the opening.

She picks up a Tin of Oysters. Holds it up to one of the employees.

LOLA

Who eats Oysters in a tin?  
Honestly, do these sell?

She puts it back. She spends far too long in this store. It is clearly a ritual of hers.

As she looks at a large variety of Dairy Alternatives, A CUTE GUY (20s) smiles at her, looks away. She notices, continues shopping.

He follows from a cautious distance. She tries to ignore his gaze, but can't help but be drawn back to him. They both end up at the frozen food aisle.

CUTE GUY

Don't do it.

LOLA

Excuse me?

CUTE GUY

Even though it's organic, it's still frozen.

LOLA

Yeah. Too true.

CUTE GUY

High in sodium. Cause it's frozen.  
I'm Nick!

LOLA

Lola.

NICK

You shop here a lot?

LOLA

I'm sorry I can't be picked up right now. I appreciate the interest but I'm in a bad place.

NICK

Gotcha. Well. I'd love to cook you dinner tomorrow night if you're free. Not frozen. Alive. Well, not really alive you know what I mean. Recently killed that's not frozen... Okay, I'm gonna just give you my number now. I'm sure you'll never call it.

He writes down a number on a piece of paper, hands it to her. Walks away. She puts his number in her phone under "NICK OYSTER."

INT. KAREN AND LENNY'S APARTMENT- DAY

Lola eats dinner with her parents.

LOLA

So you think I should?

LENNY

Why don't you have a foursome with all three guys?

KAREN

Lenny!

LENNY

It's the twenty-first century! They're making babies out of clones!

KAREN

Why don't you take a break darling and focus on school work.

LOLA

I can't. I'm so bored of it. I can't focus.

KAREN

Maybe you could meet a nice older man at NYU, date him, someone who is a little more settled than these immature school boys always on their phones, dicks hanging out, no attention span.

LOLA

How old?

LENNY

70, 80.

He starts laughing, Karen shushes him.

KAREN

Just someone who can take care of you, who has a good head on their shoulders, who can *afford* to take you to fancy dinners, you need to be loved.

Karen looks at Lenny.

LENNY

Why are you looking at me? You're saying we don't go out? That Shawarma truck is romantic! (to Lola) If I were you, I would stick with the guy who makes you the happiest in this moment.

LOLA

That would be Don Draper.

LENNY

Mad Men is a television show. Don Draper is a character on a television show. You are a human. Not on a television show.

KAREN

Wow. Who woke Einstein from the grave. (To Lola) Don Draper is a player, not the type you should be seeking. You're asking to get hurt. What about Henry?

LOLA

We've been friends for 10 years, I'm not that turned on by it.

LENNY

Play the field, bunt and run, steal a base, get it done.

LOLA

Are you rapping right now?

KAREN

He's trying to drop an album. (to Lenny) I told you to listen more to 2Pac, you're rhymes are too simplistic.

LENNY

I'm a professor of the verse.

KAREN

Holler at your boy.

INT. NICK'S APARTMENT - THE NEXT NIGHT

We're in a small but charming one bedroom in Hell's Kitchen. Lola and Nick eat a home-made dinner that he has cooked. She stuffs her face with a cheeseburger.

NICK

I was so happy when you told me you'd eat a cheeseburger. I've been dying to make one.

LOLA

Oh I eat cheeseburgers! And lots of butter, too!

NICK

Good. You never know with women.

LOLA

Oh yeah, I'm not one of those insecure women who can't eat any bread or nachos or chicken wings.

NICK

Cause I'm totally Vegan, so didn't want you to think you had to impress me or anything.

He brings out Seitan for himself. Lola looks shocked.

NICK (CONT'D)

Anyway, I never really wanted to be an architect, it just kind of happened.

LOLA

That's awesome. I like to think of myself as an architect of desire.

NICK  
You build people's hopes and  
dreams.

LOLA  
Oh no, mostly like jungle shacks  
for the impoverished.  
Metaphorically speaking.

NICK  
So you're a writer. What do you  
want to write about?

LOLA  
Cats.

NICK  
Cats?

LOLA  
Yeah, like the history of cats.

NICK  
Meow.

LOLA  
No, I think eventually I'd like to  
write novels, but at the moment,  
it's non-fiction.

NICK  
Very sexy. Can I pour you another  
glass of wine?

INT. NICK'S APARTMENT - LATER

Lola and Nick are half-naked. Hardcore make out sesh. He reaches over to his bedside table, turns on his iPod.

He gets on top of her, pulls his boxers down. From the look on Lola's face, we assume he has the biggest penis she has ever seen.

LOLA  
Oh my god, your penis is bigger  
than a baby's arm.

Nick laughs uncomfortably, starts groping her.

LOLA (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry, that just came out.

NICK  
It's okay, I know it's freakishly  
big. I was an incubator baby.

LOLA  
What?

NICK  
The incubator made my penis bigger  
than other kids.

LOLA  
Oh.

NICK  
I'm kidding.

The music kicks in. It is a slow folk song.

NICK (CONT'D)  
Sometimes I have to tie it down  
with a small rope-

LOLA  
Shut up. Wanna get a condom?

NICK  
In a sec.

He keeps the foreplay going. She tries to get into it.

LOLA  
Woah, that just slipped in there.

NICK  
You feel so good. Just for a  
minute.

Lola looks to the iPod dock.

LOLA  
*Is this Ani DiFranco?*

NICK  
(genuine)  
Yes. She's one of my favorite  
lyricists.

Lola looks at him blankly. He begins to sing to her.

NICK (CONT'D)  
*I am watching your chest rise and  
fall, like the tides of my life,  
(MORE)*

NICK (CONT'D)  
*and the rest of it all, and your bones have been my bedframe, and your flesh has been my pillow, I am waiting for sleep, to offer up the deep with both hands-*

LOLA  
 Right. Righteous Babe.

He gets it in a bit. It feels good for both of them. She doesn't want to stop but knows she should.

LOLA (CONT'D)  
 C'mon, put on a condom.

NICK  
 You're not on the pill?

LOLA  
 It doesn't matter.

NICK  
 What are you worried about?

LOLA  
 I don't know if you're clean.

NICK  
 I am. I just got tested. Scout's honor.

LOLA  
 That's supposed to make me feel better? Boy scouts?

NICK  
 I'm actually an Eagle.

He keeps going. Lola's imagination kicks in. Nick is laughing while giving another Eagle Scout a piggy back ride. We cut back to Lola in reality, fighting pleasure, as Ani DiFranco wails in the distance.

INT. NICK'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Lola and Nick gather their things awkwardly, few words being spoken.

NICK  
 You sure you don't wanna grab some breakfast? Fuckin' omelette? I can be a few minutes late to work.

LOLA  
That's okay, thanks.

EXT. BUILDING - MORNING

Lola and Nick walk out of his apartment onto the street. Nick's movement seems odd as Lola walks next to him. As they stroll, the camera pulls out to reveal Nick gliding next to her on a pair rollerblades. Lola walks timidly, weirded out.

NICK  
I had a really nice time with you.

LOLA  
(feigning enthusiasm)  
Yeah.

NICK  
Let me... *roll* you to the subway.

LOLA  
Uh... okay.

They get to the end of the block. Suddenly Lola's expression turns to panic as she looks up to realize they are in front of a building she recognizes.

LOLA (CONT'D)  
Oh shit. This is-

NICK  
What?

LOLA  
Nothing, my friend... actually works here.

NICK  
Cool. Sweet architecture.

They stand at the entrance to the subway.

NICK (CONT'D)  
I'll call you.

Nick rolls forward, kisses her on the lips. Lola cringes, but kisses back. Without Lola noticing, Henry walks out of the subway. He stops, flabbergasted.

LOLA  
Henry.

Henry is clearly seething.

NICK

Hey, I'm Nick. Have a blessed day!

He shakes Henry's hand then gracefully skates away.

LOLA

What...what are you doing here?

HENRY

*I work right here.* What are you doing here?

Lola looks around, trying to get her bearings.

LOLA

Oh...I...um, I didn't even realize where I was, I guess I was in my own world.

HENRY

Yeah, clearly, you are in your own world. Did you just sleep with that dude?

LOLA

...um...

HENRY

Oh my god, I cannot believe you.

LOLA

Henry, I'm sorry, it was just, it was terrible if it's any consolation, his dick was so big it hurt my back.

HENRY

Oh he has a bigger dick than me too? What a consolation! You should get into the greeting card business! "Sorry I cheated on you, P.S. your dick is smaller!"

LOLA

That's not what I meant.

HENRY

I just assumed we were-

LOLA

We are! Ugh! I'm confused...

HENRY

Clearly.

Henry turns around, walks down the block. She follows.

LOLA

I'm easily persuaded these days,  
I'm vulnerable, I'm not myself-

HENRY

So you're saying I *persuaded* you to  
be with me?!

LOLA

No, that was real. If anything I  
persuaded you!

HENRY

Whatever.

LOLA

We're not exclusive or anything, I  
said no rules, I didn't know if  
seeing other people was allowed-

HENRY

It's just common courtesy! It  
doesn't have to be articulated!

LOLA

Henry, I know you're angry, but you  
know what we are.

HENRY

What are we?

Lola doesn't answer.

HENRY (CONT'D)

WHAT ARE WE?!

LOLA

Best friends...with benefits...  
Bestafits?

Henry takes this in, and then turns his back, and walks away.  
Lola stands there, uncertain what to do.

EXT. STREET - LATER

Lola walks aimlessly down the street, giant bag of bulk  
granola in hand.

She shovels handfuls into her mouth as she walks, leaving a trail scattered behind her on the sidewalk. She picks up her cellphone, dials.

LOLA  
Hey, you home?

INT. LUKE'S APARTMENT- LATER

Luke and Lola sit on either ends of his couch.

LOLA  
I just was in the neighborhood.

LUKE  
That's cool.

LOLA  
Do you have any weed?

INT. LUKE'S APARTMENT- LATER

Luke and Lola are blazed out of their minds, hysterically laughing. Even they don't know what exactly they're laughing about, but the release is intoxicating.

INT. RESTAURANT BATHROOM - LATER

Lola takes a pregnancy test in the bathroom of the restaurant. She nervously waits for the result to appear.

Lola stares, then looks away. Her cell-phone vibrates. A few texts from NICK OYSTER. She ignores them.

She brings the test to the light, is it negative?

INT. RESTAURANT- MOMENTS LATER

Lola walks up to Randy, pregnancy test in hand.

LOLA  
Randy--

RANDY  
Ew, are you fucking crazy that thing is like a walking toilet. Violation, violation.

LOLA

I need you to tell me if this is negative.

RANDY

Oh I'm like Ray Charles when it comes to straight people stuff. Retreat.

Tears well in Lola's eyes. Randy concedes.

RANDY (CONT'D)

Okay show me.

Lola hands him the pregnancy test.

RANDY (CONT'D)

*Don't touch me! Show me show me! No touching! Oh my god do I look like a Tampax factory?*

LOLA

Sometimes.

Randy looks at the test.

RANDY

Negative.

Lola breathes a sigh of relief.

LOLA

I don't know why I do this to myself. It's like I'm constantly attracted to men who punish me.

RANDY

Proolly cause you need to be punished. I know a good B.D.S.M. if you want?

LOLA

I don't need to pay someone to torture me. I'm like a Salvation Army for sadists. Come one, come all.

INT. LOLA'S APARTMENT- NIGHT

Lola stands in the bathroom putting on make-up. She can barely bring herself to do it, but knows she has to.

She tries on a lipstick color, then rubs it off, re-applies. The Woman next door plays the piano the whole time...

Her cell-phone vibrates. She has a text from NICK OYSTER.

LOLA

Oh my god, stop texting me!

She ignores, and goes back to primping.

INT. KAREN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Lola sits on the couch with Karen.

KAREN

I'm glad you're staying here for a few days. You need to get away from all that noise out there.

LENNY (O.C.)

Fuck that noise!

Lenny walks out wearing a weirdly patterned shirt.

KAREN

Take that shirt off. What are you going to a Hindu Temple Celebration?

LENNY

I got this in Peru, we bought it at Machu Picchu cause it made me look wise.

KAREN

I didn't say that. I never said that. You were tripping on mountain drugs. This doesn't make you look wise, it makes you look impotent.

LENNY

THIS IS MY PARTY SHIRT. Where are my pants? Did you iron them?

KAREN

You don't iron silk pants. You steam them. Tell him, Lola.

LOLA

I just put 'em in the shower. Where is the Gallery Opening?

KAREN

Where are all openings? Chelsea, honey. Do you want to come? Or do you want to waste your life?

LOLA

I want to lie here and eat food from your fridge. And maybe have a party.

KAREN

Anything to help you find direction. Unwind, take the pressure off. I know how hard it is when you're a slut. Always seeing different men.

Karen laughs, and Lola can't help but join her.

KAREN (CONT'D)

I love you so much. A lot of people do.

LOLA

I know.

Lenny walks over, sits down next to Lola.

LENNY

When you're young everything feels life or death. Then you grow up and you look back on those decisions that caused you endless sleepless nights and you wish you would've slept.

KAREN

You slept through Nixon's resignation! You're practically a narcoleptic!

Karen pulls her close.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Listen to me, you're searching right now, you know. In that in between place. It's scary, but it can also be fun. It's delicious, torment...

LOLA

Yeah...

KAREN

You've got an incredible survival instinct, sweetie, you're a New York kid, makes sense. But sometimes surviving means having the patience to *not* know. And to have fun.

INT. KAREN'S APARTMENT - LATER

A huge party is underway. Twenty-something's abound. Alice stands by Lola's side, texting furiously.

ALICE

Okay, there's at least 4 baby daddies here for you, and I just texted three more, one is a serious Krumper.

LOLA

Great. Let's just set up a gang bang and see who sticks.

Lola checks her phone.

LOLA (CONT'D)

Ugh, that guy Nick won't stop texting me.

ALICE

Monster dick Nick?

LOLA

Yeah, we slept together weeks ago. He thinks we're dating.

ALICE

Invite him to the party!

Alice leans in, conspiratorially.

ALICE (CONT'D)

Hey, remember when you told me how there's that brain chemical that releases when a woman orgasms?

LOLA

Yeah. Oxytocin.

ALICE

*I found it. In a pill.*

LOLA

What?

ALICE

No my friend was telling me he's been taking it, you know like recreationally, which I thought was weird because dudes can get off just by looking at their own reflection, but I took it tonight.

Lola looks at her for a moment. Putting it together. Then:

LOLA

Alice! There is no pill form of Oxytocin. You took Oxy-COTIN.

ALICE

Same thing.

LOLA

No! Different thing. Drug addict thing! Like heroine! That's a really powerful narcotic!

ALICE

Come to think of it, I have been feeling nauseous but often that's the precursor to my orgasm so I was just going with it.

LOLA

Shit, Henry just showed up.

ALICE

You invited him?!

LOLA

I had to. I wanted to see him.

ALICE

And he brought Luke?

LOLA

I invited him, too.

ALICE

And you think *I'm* the drug addict. See you on the other side.

Alice turns around, falls flat on her face. Stands up, laughs hysterically and starts dancing by herself. Lola avoids Luke's gaze, timidly walks over to Henry.

LOLA  
Hey.

HENRY  
Hey.

An awkward beat.

LOLA  
I'm really glad you came.

HENRY  
...Yeah. Me too.

LOLA  
You sure?

HENRY  
Yeah.

LOLA  
I'm sorry. For...

HENRY  
It's all good.

LOLA  
Lack of clarity.

HENRY  
One might argue, pure clarity.

INT. PARTY - LATER

More people have showed up. Everyone is having fun. Alice talks to Henry by the window.

ALICE  
What happened? She was a cutter?

HENRY  
How did you know that?

ALICE  
90210 taught me everything I know about being a woman.

HENRY  
That would explain some things.

ALICE

In every woman, there is a Brenda,  
a Kelly, a Donna, hopefully minus  
the gaping boob hole, and an  
Andrea. Every woman is all of those  
women. Don't you see?

HENRY

What about Emily Valentine?

ALICE

Minus the Top Gun jacket.

Alice looks at Lola, talking to Luke across the room.

ALICE (CONT'D)

She ain't ready, dude, and I don't  
know if that peach'll ever be ripe.

HENRY

Yeah. I don't got much fight left  
in me. Tired of the game.

ALICE

You're preaching to the choir.

He smiles. Alice's eyes widen, suddenly smitten. Across the  
room, Lola is talking to Luke.

LUKE

Sounds like a nice guy.

LOLA

We've only gone out twice but he's  
definitely courting me.

Luke looks uncomfortable. He stands silently for a beat.

LUKE

I don't like him.

LOLA

... Neither do I.

LUKE

So get rid of him.

LOLA

I gotta take what I can get.

LUKE

You can get anyone. You're Lola.



LOLA

I never wanted this for you. I work my whole life - I don't apologize - to take care of my family, and I refused to be a fool, dancing on the string held by all those bigshots. I don't apologize - that's my life - but I thought that, that when it was your time, that you would be the one to hold the string. Well, it wasn't enough time. It wasn't enough time.

Nick stares at her blankly. Then:

NICK

Did you just break up with me as the Godfather?!

Lola pays the bill, starts putting on her jacket.

LOLA

I'm a superstitious man, and if some unlucky accident should befall Michael - if he is to be shot in the head by a police officer, or be found hung dead in a jail cell... or if he should be struck by a bolt of lightning - then I'm going to blame some of the people in this room; and then I do not forgive. But with said, I pledge - on the souls of my grandchildren - that I will not be the one to break the peace that we have made today.

She folds her napkin and walks gracefully out of the restaurant. Nick, furious, yells after her.

NICK

You're out of your mind, you know that?!

He slams his fist on the table. The Woman next to him gets up.

WOMAN

That sucks.

## INT. HYPNOTIST'S OFFICE-DAY

Lola lays in a leather recliner, eyes closed. Her HYPNOTIST, a smooth talking Irish man in his late 40s, sits by her side, his hand on her arm, while speaking melodically in her ear.

HYPNOTIST

What is it you'd like to accomplish today in your trance?

LOLA

...I'd like to find...um...quiet. I just feel like my mind is just in crazy overdrive, and, and, I'm obsessing over everything, food, boys, I'm always distracted and I need to be writing, I'm just... unable to just be in the moment.

HYPNOTIST

Then that's exactly what we'll work on. Being in the moment.

The Hypnotist gets up, turns on a soft, New Age tune. Lola closes her eyes for a few moments. It is truly peaceful, albeit a little cheesy. Just then, Lola's cell phone vibrates.

LOLA

Shit, sorry, lemme shut that off.

In the process of shutting it off, she checks her text messages. The Hypnotist sits and waits, annoyed.

## INT. CAB - NIGHT

Lola and Alice both apply make-up in the backseat. It's hard to see because it's so dark, so they hold their cell-phones up to their faces to make sure they're doing it correctly.

LOLA

Do you have anything I can take that's not liquid weed? I'm a stress case right now.

ALICE

I have Klonopin, Clonazepam, Ativan, Alprazolam, and a Quaalude.

LOLA

*In your purse?*

ALICE

In my pocket. You want what's in my purse?

She reaches into her purse.

LOLA

I'm just all of a sudden insecure about seeing both my ex's living together. It seems like the premise for a bad sitcom.

ALICE

Yeah, let's not go, let's bail, I wanna go see Wicked. I heard it's a musical the whole family can enjoy.

LOLA

No, we're going, I need to overcome my fear of being around them. Plus, I'm not into witches.

INT. LUKE'S APARTMENT-THAT NIGHT

A little housewarming party is under way. Lola and Alice stand at the food table, eating everything in sight. Lola is binging emotionally while Alice is just trying to keep up.

ALICE

Why are we eating so much?

LOLA

I don't know if I can be here.

ALICE

Does it make me look poor if I don't eat the white outside on the brie?

Luke walks over, sidles up next to Lola.

LUKE

Hey, Alice.

ALICE

What up. Where's Henry at?

LUKE

Over there.

ALICE

Gonna go say hi.

Alice walks away. Lola looks on curiously.

LUKE  
You like the cheese.

LOLA  
Yeah.

LUKE  
So does your shirt.

Lola looks down. Her shirt is covered in cheese.

LOLA  
Where's...?

LUKE  
Who?

LOLA  
The leggy thing from the Gallery.

LUKE  
Peggy?

LOLA  
Peggy. Peggy sounds old.

LUKE  
No, she's not old.

LOLA  
You date an old lady named Peggy.

LUKE  
You do!

LOLA  
No, I date an old lady named Ruth.

LUKE  
Ruth, the gay geezer.

LOLA  
At least she's Jewish.

LUKE  
Mine's Quaker, we just raise our  
hands when we want to fuck.

Lola desists, stung.

LUKE (CONT'D)  
You should talk to her. She's cool.

LOLA  
Oh no, I don't speak Na'vi.

Alice comes back to the table with a glass of wine.

ALICE  
Peggy says you've neglected her  
long enough.

LUKE  
She loves you by the way.

LOLA  
You two have met?

Alice doesn't quite know what to say. As though timed, Henry approaches. Flashes Alice a smile.

HENRY  
(to Alice)  
Did you tell her?

Henry knows exactly what he's doing.

ALICE  
I don't know what you're talking  
about, Henry.

Alice glares at him.

ALICE (CONT'D)  
So I was watching Chelsea Lately-

LOLA  
Tell me what.

ALICE  
It's stupid, don't worry about it.

Alice snaps at Henry under her breath.

ALICE (CONT'D)  
*We're not doing this here.*

HENRY  
*Yes we are.*

Lola suddenly looks panicked.

LOLA  
What is going on?

Alice takes a deep breath.

ALICE  
Lo, we need to talk.

LOLA  
(piecing it together)  
No.

ALICE  
It's nothing. I mean it's something, but it hasn't become anything, I mean without me telling you first. Fuck, I'm such an asshole. Um. Shit.

Lola screams a guttural cry. Alice looks frightened. As does Henry. People turn around and stare. Luke walks over to assess the situation.

ALICE (CONT'D)  
Oh my god, Lo, not here. Listen to me. You didn't want him. You said it yourself. And I didn't go after this. It was an accident.

LOLA  
No, no, no, no.

HENRY  
I honestly didn't think you'd react this way, you didn't like me. What do you care who I--

LOLA  
(screaming to Henry)  
It's not about that!

HENRY  
What's it about?!

LOLA  
You said you needed someone less neurotic! Less work! She's a walking psych ward!

HENRY  
I never said that.

ALICE

What?

LOLA

Why didn't you tell me any of this?! What am I the last to know?

ALICE

No, we haven't told anyone-

LOLA

All you had to do was tell me that you had feelings for Henry and we could have talked about it-

LUKE

Lola, can we go outside-

LOLA

Shut up.

ALICE

I wanted to tell you, I was just afraid. I knew you'd react like this.

LOLA

I would've been fine if I wasn't *blindsided*-

ALICE

When do I ever have time to tell you things, you're so wrapped up in your own shit-

LOLA

Oh so you think I'm a narcissist now?! You don't think I listen to all *your* bullshit?!

ALICE

At least I'm aware that I'm not alone in this world!

LOLA

All your shit with that idiot actor Roger!

LOLA (CONT'D)

I *am* alone! You have left me alone!

ALICE

I never left you, I've been standing *beside* you every step of this godforsaken process, *behind* you every step, and the one time I step *in front of* you--

LOLA  
Is that what this is about? You  
being jealous of me?

HENRY  
Hey, hey-

LOLA  
You left me just like she did.

HENRY  
You left *us*!

LOLA  
What?! I *came* to you!

HENRY  
You haven't hung out in years! Your  
relationship has sucked the life  
out of you!

Just then Luke steps in.

LUKE  
*I left you.*

Lola is dumbfounded.

LUKE (CONT'D)  
They didn't leave you, I did.

Lola is without a retort. She walks out, grabbing the brick  
of cheese on the way.

INT. LIQUOR STORE - LATER

Lola walks into a liquor store in a rage. She grabs a bottle  
of Johnny Walker Black. Instead of paying at the register,  
she just throws some cash on the counter, and leaves.

WORKER  
Hey! What the hell are you doing!?  
Get back here!

EXT. STREET - SECONDS LATER

Lola pops the cap off the Johnny Walker bottle and starts  
chugging it. The Worker from the store chases after her.

WORKER

You wanna go to jail, lady! You  
left me five dollars!

He tries to grab her and she swings at him while making scary  
cat noises.

WORKER (CONT'D)

Are you insane?

LOLA

Hisssssssssssssssssss.  
Hisssssssssssssssssss.

She growls a bit more, then runs away.

INT. STRIP CLUB - LATER

Lola sits at the counter of a strip club, completely wasted.  
Old geezers and shady men surround her, as she heckles the  
dancers, while eating a plate of buffalo wings.

LOLA

That's right, girl, work that pole.  
Thrust up on iiiiiiit.

She reaches into her pocket, pulls out a handful of crumpled  
up dollars. The Men look at her like she is nuts.

LOLA (CONT'D)

Do you know how hard...work it is  
to do the pole...dance...like  
these. They're... startsing an  
Olympic events...even... bet you  
didn't know what.

She beckons one of the Strippers over to her, shoves some  
dollars into her Garter Belt. Then, happily helps herself  
onto the stage.

LOLA (CONT'D)

Lemme get the pole.

Just as she walks over to the pole, she whips around, and  
grabs her plate of wings. She brings it to the stripper.

LOLA (CONT'D)

Here. Eat.

The stripper declines, Lola continues to eat while she lazily  
touches the pole with her leg.

LOLA (CONT'D)

Why did Jesse Spano do it, you know? Like what a great girl she was before she got hooked on the caffeine pills.

OLD MAN

Get off the stage, bitch.

LOLA

Yeah, you like it dirty don't you, you piece of shit. Don't you, you disgusting pig? You don't know the first thing about a woman's needs.

An OLDER MAN walks up to the stage to give her money.

OLDER MAN

Can I pay you to demean me, please?

The Manager of the club comes on stage and carries her off. She doesn't go without a fight, her legs gripping hard to the pole as he pulls her upper body.

EXT. STREET - LATER

Lola stumbles down the street, extremely drunk. We see a mash up of all her fantasy sequences race through her mind. She grasps for a railing to catch her balance, but instead pukes on the ground. She hobbles a little further along, then collapses against a wall.

A tear rolls down her face as she sits slumped over, unable to stand.

INT. LOLA'S APARTMENT- MORNING

Lola lies on the floor, her face buried in a pillow, a package of frozen squash on her head, while Alice sits on the couch. She is clearly in a state of misery. They sit in silence for a while.

ALICE

Do you want me to get you anything?

She doesn't respond. Then, after a moment:

LOLA

Chips.

Alice smiles, gets up, goes to the kitchen, finds a bag of chips, and brings them back to her. Lola takes them, nestles them under a pillow. Her face is still buried out of view, but it seems she is feeding herself chips under there.

Alice looks around the room, desperate for a conversation that isn't looking likely. Finally, Lola gestures with her hand to come over to her.

Alice goes and sits on the floor. Lola puts her arm around her. They lie there together for a while.

INT. RESTAURANT- DAY

Lola sits behind the counter with Karen as Randy tends bar. A BABY screams in a stroller.

KAREN

I think that baby speaks for all of us.

The Mother pushes the baby stroller out of the restaurant.

LOLA

(laughing)

I can't believe a year ago I was thinking about starting a family.

KAREN

Never too late to adopt an ethnic baby.

LOLA

I need help.

KAREN

No, you don't, you just need time.

LOLA

I don't have time. I'm an adult, I'm supposed to have things figured out by now.

KAREN

You know before I had you I felt the same way. There's this assumption that as a kid you have questions, as a grown up you have answers. But it's not true.

LOLA

How is that not true?

KAREN

There's a certainty in innocence that gets lost as you mature. The real beauty of children is that they're not embarrassed of *not knowing*.

LOLA

So I should just succumb to the possibility of failure? Give up on love?

KAREN

No. Just stop wookin' for wuv in all the wong pwaces.

LOLA

Sadly, I think that means stop wooking for wuv at all.

KAREN

Maybe. Maybe stop looking. For now. Let it find you.

MONTAGE: Lola walking through Central Park. Lola laying on the grass. Lola working out. Lola hanging with Henry. Lola reading. Lola getting acupuncture, and actually enjoying it.

INT. LOLA'S APARTMENT- NIGHT

Lola sits at her computer, staring at a blank page. Only the title is written: "Silence: Vocal Minorities and the Spiral of Isolation".

All of a sudden, she starts rapidly typing. Ideas start pouring out of her. She doesn't stop until she has almost 20 pages written. She sits back, excited by her progress.

INT. CLASSROOM - NYU - DAY

Lola's Professors sit before her as she reads from her dissertation.

LOLA

In his final poem, *A Throw of the Dice Will Never Abolish Chance*, Mallarme writes of shipwreck, "that of the man without a vessel." The typography of the page, clusters of words scattered among large expanses of white, mimic the lost soul of whom he speaks: "a solitary plume overwhelmed, untouched." In these white expanses, he creates space for silence, a breath to process the pain of the crisis. For in this world of shipwreck, there is hope in an uncertainty of outcomes. "Nothing of the memorable crisis where the event matured," Mallarme writes, "will have taken place...in this region of waves in which all reality dissolves."

INT. LUKE'S APARTMENT- NIGHT

Henry, Alice, and Lola sit at her dining room table, eating pasta.

ALICE

Since when do you eat carbs? I love it.

LOLA

It was my reward for finishing the first draft of my thesis.

HENRY

Congrats.

LOLA

I'm a carbo loading dock. But you know what I learned, a little of what you don't want can actually be good for you.

Just then, Luke walks in with Peggy. Alice looks to make sure Lola is cool.

LUKE

Oh, hey. Didn't realize there was a party going on, sorry.

ALICE  
 Don't worry about it, we're just  
 bro'ing out over a little pasta.

Lola and Luke's eyes meet. They are both surprised to see each other.

LOLA  
 Hey.

LUKE  
 Hey, Lo.

She stands up, extends her hand to Peggy.

LOLA  
 Hey Peggy, I'm Lola.

PEGGY  
 (genuine)  
 Hi. I've heard a lot about you.

LOLA  
 (smiling)  
 Uh oh.

PEGGY  
 All good.

LOLA  
 That's awesome. Do you wanna join  
 us for dinner?

PEGGY  
 Sure, that would be great.

EXT. FIRE ESCAPE- LATER

Post-dinner. Alice and Lola stand on her roof, smoking a joint together. They stare at the night sky.

LOLA  
 I'm happy for you and Henry, I  
 really am.

ALICE  
 I'm so sorry I--

LOLA  
 No, no. It's fine. Don't be sorry.  
 I love you.

(MORE)

LOLA (CONT'D)

And I really want to thank you for being such a loyal friend to me. I know I don't always show it, but I just want you to know how much I appreciate our friendship. Sometimes we take it for granted and I want you to know that I don't anymore.

They hug, tears in their eyes.

ALICE

I love you, too. And if I wasn't so stoned I'd try to match you but I'm just gonna say ditto.

They laugh.

ALICE (CONT'D)

The weird thing is, I feel like it took me meeting someone else to really see who I was.

LOLA

You knew who you were before you met Henry.

ALICE

No, I know that's not what I meant.

LOLA

You know, everyone always said before you can love someone else, you have to learn to love yourself... And after all this time... I don't think that's true... I think to love yourself you have to learn to love other people.

INT. HUDSON RIVER PARK - AFTERNOON

A giant outdoor picnic is underway on a great lawn in Battery Park City.

Alice and Henry are setting up food on a blanket, Karen and Randy are smoking a joint together by a bush, laughing about god knows what. There must be twenty or so people milling about.

The camera swoops around to Lola, who is telling a funny story to five or six friends. She looks radiant as ever.

Luke approaches her with a wrapped gift. She excuses herself from the group, meets him halfway.

LUKE  
Happy Birthday.

He extends the gift to her. She takes it, unwraps it giddily. Inside is a little black box. She looks up at Luke. He smiles warmly. She opens the box. Inside is her wedding ring.

LUKE (CONT'D)  
They were out of Justin Bieber party hats so I figured this was the next best thing.

LOLA  
I can't take this.

LUKE  
It's yours. It'll always be yours.

Lola looks at him, serenely. A smile creeps up on her. He smiles too.

LUKE (CONT'D)  
Keepsakes are meant for keeping.

LOLA  
Your fridge is gonna be so pissed at me.

LUKE  
I've got lo mein in there from 1998, so it's already pretty pissed in general.

Lola laughs, then:

LUKE (CONT'D)  
Hey, better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all, right?

Lola grins, mischievously.

LOLA  
We didn't lose.

Just then, Alice walks towards Lola, carrying a cake with 30 candles. They're some janky ass candles, all blowing out, but nobody cares.

Lola swings around, smiling ear to ear. People form a big circle around her. The cake says, "Happy 6th" on it.

EVERYONE

Happy birthday to you, happy  
birthday to you, happy birthday  
dear Lola, happy birthday to you!!!

She laughs, and blows out the half-lit candles. Everyone claps and cheers as she blushes with embarrassment. She takes a moment to gather herself, as she looks around at all of the people she loves.

LOLA

I just want to say thank you to everyone for coming out and for making me feel so special on what could have been a disastrously scary 30th birth date. So... have fun and please keep talking to me through my senility.

Everyone laughs, claps again.

LOLA (CONT'D)

Now let's eat this mothertruckin' cake!

People grab plates, and start cutting the cake. We hear a lot of chattering, laughing, the noise of a party.

Lola steps back, observes the group from a distance for a moment. Then slowly tiptoes backwards, careful not to be seen, and dips out of sight behind a tree.

We follow her as she walks past a cluster of trees, past the running path, and out onto an old, wooden pier. As she does, the sounds around her begin to fade.

She walks to the far end. No one is around. She takes the wedding ring out from her pocket, rubs it between her fingers. Studies it, curiously. A slight smile crosses her face, a decision being made in her mind.

She looks out over the Hudson. The sun is shining brightly, the wind is blowing up the river, and finally, for the first time in as long as she can remember, it is silent.

THE END.

End credits appear on the same giant concert size LCD screens as the opening credits. The entire cast and crew comes on stage and bows as their credit appears behind them.