

MISTRESS AMERICA

Written by  
Noah Baumbach and Greta Gerwig

BLACK

TRACY (V.O.)

She would say things like: "Isn't every story a story of betrayal?" No, that's not true, I thought. But I could never say that, I could only agree with her. It was too much fun to agree with her.

INT. DORM ROOM. DAY

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

VOICE

I was sleeping! Turn that off!

Tracy shuts the light.

TRACY

Sorry.  
(pause)  
I'm your roommate.

LAURA (V.O.)

My name is Laura...

INT. DORM COMMON ROOM. DAY

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

LAURA

...and I'm going on safari and I'm bringing with me a ROLLING PIN for Ruth, a CAR for Carrie...  
(everyone laughs)  
A JAR for Juman and a... a... shit.

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

TRACY

A TRACKING DEVICE for Tracy...

LAURA

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

She passes the flashlight.

INT. DORM ROOM. EARLY EVENING

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

TRACY

Aren't you coming to convocation?

RUTH

You're going to that shit?

TRACY

Yeah... isn't everyone?

RUTH

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

TRACY

What? Why rapists?

RUTH

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

TRACY

I think it's just a candle lighting  
ceremony.

(pause)

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

Ruth doesn't answer.

EXT. COLLEGE CHAPEL. EVENING

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

EXT. BROADWAY, UPPER WEST SIDE. NIGHT

Tracy walks aimlessly.

INT. DINING HALL. DAY

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

INT. CLASSROOM. DAY

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

PROFESSOR

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

TRACY

(frowns, to the person next to her.)

A "B." That's so annoying.

INT. CAFETERIA. EVE

Tracy eats by herself.

INT. MENTAL HEALTH OFFICE. DAY

Tracy sits in front of a counselor.

TRACY

Um, I have trouble with procrastinating.

COUNSELOR

Did you ever think of just getting your work in on time?

TRACY

(hesitates)

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

COUNSELOR

Maybe you want to try a little harder?

TRACY

OK, thanks. Harder? I'll try that.

EXT. RIVERSIDE PARK. DAY

Tracy walks alone.

INT. ENGLISH CLASS. DAY

PROFESSOR (V.O.)

What comes to mind when you think of the Renaissance?

INT. CLASSROOM. DAY

Tracy takes notes while a Southern girl talks:

## SOUTHERN GIRL

I think of the Renaissance as being very plush, like a lot of velvet inlaid with jewels, brocades, that kind of thing.

## PROFESSOR

Thank you... I was actually asking about literature, but that was very nice.

Tracy bursts out laughing.

INT. DORM HALLWAY. NIGHT

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

## TRACY

Is the party at the end of the hall?

## FRIENDLY LOOKING GIRL

Did you get an invitation?

## TRACY

No...

## FRIENDLY LOOKING GIRL

Then no.

## OTHER GIRL

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

The Friendly Looking Girl hits the Other Girl and they run away, laughing. Tracy leaves the way she came.

EXT. CAMPUS/INT. JERSEY HOUSE. NIGHT INTERCUT

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

## TRACY

I could be anywhere. It doesn't even feel like New York. And by trying to participate I'm somehow fitting in even less.

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

## MOM

Aren't you meeting friends in classes?

TRACY

Mom, nobody meets friends in classes.

MOM

Oh, okay. I didn't know.

TRACY

You know the feeling of being at a party where you don't know anybody? It's like that the whole time.

MOM

That sounds uncomfortable.

TRACY

And I can't go to bars.

MOM

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

TRACY

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

MOM

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

TRACY

I like David's guitar playing.

MOM

(happily)

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

TRACY

Right.

MOM

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

TRACY

Mmm.

MOM

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

(exhaling, playful)

Oh, Trace...

TRACY

(playful back)

Oh, Stevie.

MOM

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

TRACY

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

MOM

On your way out of the home...

TRACY

I love you Mom, don't be worried.

MOM

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

(has an idea)

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

TRACY

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

MOM

I hear she's fun.

TRACY

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

MOM

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

TRACY

Aces.

MOM

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

TRACY

Okay.

INT. CLASSROOM. DAY

We hear a student, Nicolette, making a point:

NICOLETTE

Nothing is higher than the law. That's the whole point - Antigone thinks she's above the law but she's not - like a celebrity in a car crash or something.

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

VOICE

Psst. Hey.

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

TONY

You were asleep.

TRACY

(wiping drool from her chin)  
Oh...thanks.



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

INT. HALLWAY. AFTER CLASS

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

TRACY

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

TONY

(smiling)

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

TRACY

Thanks. I like moxie.

TONY

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

Tracy laughs.

TRACY

Loans everywhere.

TONY

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

TRACY

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

TONY

Where?

TRACY

Um, it's embarrassing.

TONY

What is it?

TRACY

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

(MORE)

TRACY (CONT'D)

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

TONY

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

TRACY

They said they'd post a list -

TONY

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

TRACY

(smiling at the thought)  
Yeah.

INT. SOME HALLWAY. DAY

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

INT. TRACY'S DORM ROOM. NIGHT

Tracy lies awake in bed. We hear yelling in the hallway outside her door. Footsteps come close to her door. A shadow underneath. She tenses in great anticipation.

The footsteps and chatter continue down the hall.

Tracy gets up and opens her door.

INT. DORM HALLWAY. NIGHT

The hall is empty. Bits of pie and crust on the floor. Another door opens at the end of the hall. A Tiny Girl looks out.

She and Tracy meet eyes.

TINY GIRL

FUCK.

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

INT. TONY'S ROOM. DAY

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

TONY

They're self-elected douche bags.

TRACY

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

TONY

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

TRACY

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

TONY

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

TRACY

I heard the pie stuff all night.

TONY

They got the guy next door. He doesn't even look like a writer.

Tony indicates a breifcase from the floor. Tracy sees this.

TRACY

I'm so sorry.

TONY

Do you want to trade stories?

TRACY

Sure.

TIME CUT

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

TIME CUT

TONY

I liked it!

TRACY  
Thanks - I liked yours too.

TONY  
So do you want notes?

TRACY  
Oh, are we - sure...

TONY  
Okay, I thought the middle part  
sounded really fake.

TRACY  
Okay.

TONY  
It's just my impression.

TRACY  
I'll work on that.

TONY  
Do you have any notes for me?

TRACY  
Um... no.

TONY  
Great.  
(thinks for a second)  
I have a car.

INT. CAR. DUSK

Tracy and Tony drive in the car.

TRACY  
Let's go to the beach.

TONY  
I don't want to leave Manhattan.

TRACY  
Oh, why are we in your car then?

EXT. UPPER MANHATTAN, BY THE HUDSON RIVER. NIGHT

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

They chuck it in the water.

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

TRACY

We look like we're in a song.

INT. CLASSROOM. DAY

Tracy raises her hand.

TRACY

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

INT. DORM ROOM. DAY

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

TRACY

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

She trips over something on the floor but recovers quickly.

TRACY

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

INT. STUDY ABROAD OFFICE. DAY

Tracy is filing with some exuberance.

STUDY ABROAD WOMAN

You seem happy today.

TRACY

I love filing! It's satisfying.

EXT. QUAD. EVE

Tracy is running to get somewhere.

TONY (O.S.)

Slow down, T!

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

TRACY

Hey.

TONY

Hey.

NICOLETTE

Hey.

INT. JJ'S DINER. NIGHT

Tracy sits in a booth by herself eating mozzarella sticks. She looks at her phone. Makes a call. Her mother's voice mail. She hangs up.

She scrolls to:

BROOKE CARDINAS

She quickly presses that name...

FEMALE VOICE MESSAGE

You've reached Brooke Cardinas.  
Leave your name and number and I  
will get back to you at my earliest  
convenience.

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

TRACY

Hello?

BROOKE

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

TRACY

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

BROOKE

You're reading the sonnet.

TRACY

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

BROOKE

Have you eaten? Do you want to  
hang out?

TRACY  
 (looks at her near-  
 finished plate)  
 No, I haven't. OK.

BROOKE  
 Well, do you know where Times  
 Square is?

EXT. TIMES SQUARE. NIGHT

Tracy crosses the crowded street.

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

BROOKE  
 (awkwardly grand)  
 Welcome to the Great White Way.

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

TRACY  
 Times Square is so crazy.

BROOKE  
 Isn't it?

TRACY  
 I don't know anyone who lives here.

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

INT. TAXI. LATER

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

BROOKE  
 Why do you live in New York again?

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

BROOKE

You gay?

TRACY

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

BROOKE

That's stupid. Don't feel inferior.

TRACY

You're right, that is stupid.

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

INT. BACKSTAGE AT A MUSIC CLUB. NIGHT

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

BROOKE

I didn't go to college.

TRACY

Oh. OK.

BROOKE

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

TRACY

Yes.

BROOKE

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

CUT TO: Brooke is pulled up onstage to sing, she tries to act like she doesn't want to and then does it. When she dances while she sings it's a person who is pretending to be free.

EXT. BAR. NIGHT

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

INT. SECRET BAR. NIGHT

Tracy drinks a fancy cocktail.



TRACY  
It has mint!

CUT TO: Brooke and Tracy dance with the guys.

BROOKE  
(dancing)  
What's going on at college?

TRACY  
(also dancing)  
I don't know, everyone's really  
excited about the frozen yogurt  
machine in the student center.

BROOKE  
I watched my mother die.

TRACY  
What?

BROOKE  
I was with my mother while she  
died.

TRACY  
I don't know any dead people.

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

INT. WILLIAMSBURG PARTY. NIGHT

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

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

INT. WILLIAMSBURG BEDROOM. NIGHT

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

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

TRACY  
(vaguely)  
I'll look here.

Tracy starts going through the closet.

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

TRACY  
Shit.

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

TRACY  
What were the T-shirts?

BROOKE  
Just really hard looking flowers.

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

BROOKE  
Yeah, flowers with like skulls and  
shit. Daggers.

TRACY  
That's a great one.

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

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

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

She does an impression:

BROOKE

"Where are you going?"

(back to herself)

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

TRACY

Yeah, Greenwich, grossville.

BROOKE

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

TRACY

(instant disciple)

I hate them.

BROOKE

I actually pity them. They have no more dreams.

Tracy holds up a pair of red pants, triumphant.

TRACY

These?!

BROOKE

I want to MARRY you!

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

INT. WILLIAMSBURG PARTY. NIGHT

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

BROOKE

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

INT. VESELKA. LATE NIGHT

Tracy and Brooke eat pierogis in the mostly empty diner.

TRACY

Is he your boyfriend? The bassist?

BROOKE

Nate? No! My beau, Stavros, is in Greece right now. Betting against the country or something gross. Don't tell anyone that.

TRACY

(dead serious)

I won't. I'm good at keeping secrets. You'll learn that about me.

BROOKE

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

She knocks her head for wood.

BROOKE

You got a honey?

TRACY

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

BROOKE

They all have girlfriends.

TRACY

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

(pause)

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

BROOKE

(thinking aloud)

My restaurant should do a pierogi. Fusion pierogi. You like yours?

TRACY

(nods, stuffing a pierogi in her mouth)

This is my second dinner.

Brooke takes out her phone and types something.

BROOKE

(putting her phone back)

Just a quick tweet on Twitter.

(MORE)

BROOKE (CONT'D)

I am VERY into social media. You have to market yourself. If you don't know what you're selling, no one will know how to buy it.

TRACY

What are you selling?

BROOKE

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

TRACY

Would you sing them in a higher pitch?

BROOKE

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

TRACY

That's clever.

BROOKE

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

TRACY

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

BROOKE

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

TRACY

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

They both laugh.

BROOKE  
(an idea)  
We need a sleep-over party.

INT. BROOKE'S APARTMENT. NIGHT

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

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

TRACY  
It's so stylish.

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

TRACY  
Oh my God, yeah.

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

TRACY  
Cool.

BROOKE  
I know.

BROOKE  
I'm leaving here in January anyway, moving to the East side if you can believe it. That's where Stavros lives. I'm going to redo his place too.

Brooke flops on her bed. Tracy lies on the couch.

TRACY  
I want to write short stories.

BROOKE  
Oh, me too! Not short stories, though.

TRACY

But I got rejected by the Lit Society. I'm so suggestible, like because I got rejected I think I can't be a writer.

BROOKE

Why don't you make your own Lit Society?

TRACY

I wish. Mobius is a big deal at school.

BROOKE

You've got other stories.

TRACY

(smiling)

Maybe I'll write something else and resubmit.

(falling asleep, eyes closed)

That was really funny when we were doctors.

BROOKE

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

TRACY

Thank you Brooke.

BROOKE

You're welcome Baby Tracy.

INT. BROOKE'S APARTMENT. NEXT MORNING

Brooke is on the phone with Stavros:

BROOKE

My sweetheart I miss you so much - I can't wait for you to see the chairs I've picked out - we start renovation Monday! It's so exciting. I've been going there just to sit in the mess I love it so much.

Tracy wakes up a little with the noise.

BROOKE

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

She pads into the kitchen.

BROOKE

(to Tracy)

Can you start the coffee, please?

TRACY

(looking at the coffee maker)

I don't know how...

BROOKE

(a little sharply)

Yes, you do. Don't be incompetent. If you spent two seconds with a coffee maker you'd figure it out. You just aren't trying hard enough.

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

TRACY

Um, where are you going.

BROOKE

DUH COMMUNAL BATHROOM DO YOU WANT TO WATCH?

(to the phone)

Are you still there?

TRACY

Sorry. Are you... mad at me?

BROOKE (O.S.)

NO!

CUT TO: Tracy and Brooke drink coffee at her table/desk.

BROOKE

We have four investors including me. I'm what you call a principal investor. Stavros is putting in my share - but I insisted that it be my assets on the line because I want him to know I have skin in the game. I'll pay him back of course once we start making a profit.



TRACY

We never went to restaurants  
growing up - it wasn't part of our  
lives.

BROOKE

(immediately offended)

That's a shitty thing to say to me.

TRACY

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

(trying to contextualize)

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

BROOKE

That's not weird. That's  
everything.

Tracy starts to write something down in a notebook. Brooke  
is curious:

BROOKE

What are you doing?

TRACY

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

BROOKE

What?

TRACY

I'm writing down what I said.

BROOKE

You are noting yourself?

TRACY

Yeah... I guess so.

BROOKE

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

TRACY

Oh yeah?

BROOKE

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

EXT. TIMES SQUARE. MORNING

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

BROOKE

High five, sister. That was an  
AMAZING night.

TRACY

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

BROOKE

(looking at her phone)  
I gotta go.

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

INT. TRACY'S DORM ROOM. MORNING

Tracy enters and goes right to her computer.

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

She hesitates, trying to remember something.

TRACY

What did she...say?

Talking while she types.

TRACY

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

RUTH

(still sleeping)  
Shut up please.

CUT TO: Brooke Cardinas being typed into a Google search.

TRACY (V.O.)  
Meadow DeRiggi lived exactly how a  
young woman should live who wants  
to spend her youth well.

CUT TO: Brooke's Twitter page.

Random photos of Brooke.

TRACY (V.O.)  
She did everything and nothing and  
spent time like I always mean to -  
purposefully.

CLOSE on Tracy's short story.

CLOSE on a Society page photo.

CLOSE on Brooke's Soul Cycle Teacher bio.

EXT./INT. PIZZA PARLOR. NIGHT

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

TRACY (V.O.)  
Her beauty was that rare kind that  
made you want to look more like  
yourself not like her.

EXT./INT. MUSIC CLUB. NIGHT

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

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

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET. NIGHT

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

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

TRACY  
(embarrassed)  
Sorry.

WOMAN IN RED PANTS

That's OK.

INT. COLLEGE LIBRARY. DAY

Tony and Nicolette and Tracy sit at a study table.

TONY

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

NICOLETTE

You text her? You texted her?

TONY

About work.

TRACY

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

Two freshmen girls approach.

GIRL #1

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

TRACY

A long time, dude.

GIRL #2

(sighs)

Fine.

They leave.

TONY

Who were you with?

TRACY

Myself.

NICOLETTE

(to Tony)

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

TRACY

It's a place my sister showed me.

TONY

You don't have a sister.

TRACY

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

NICOLETTE

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

TONY

Nicolette!

Tracy smooths over some stapled pages from her bag. We see the title: Mistress America.

TONY

What's that?

TRACY

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

TONY

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

TRACY

You can read it if you want. Here--

She hands him a copy - he looks at it.

TONY

(to Nicolette)

Tracy writes about fighter pilots.

TRACY

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

TONY

OK. I'd totally give you notes.

TRACY

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

TONY

Oh...sure.

TRACY

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

TONY

(unsure)  
OK. Thanks.

Tracy gets up and leaves. Passes the freshmen girls.

TRACY

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

INT. SOME HALLWAY. DAY

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

INT. SOUL CYCLE STUDIO. DAY

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

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

BROOKE

(too loudly)  
Hey Baby Tracy!

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

CUT TO: Tracy is on a bike sweating an uncomfortable amount.

BROOKE

(to her cycling class)  
HOW YOU DO ANYTHING IS HOW YOU DO EVERYTHING AM I RIGHT?!  
(and now in a low voice)  
I know not enough people have told you that you're amazing. I know that that's true.

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

INT. CYCLING STUDIO. AFTERWARDS

Tracy is really sweaty, still.

BROOKE  
You did great!

TRACY  
I feel like I just went swimming in my clothes.

BROOKE  
I'm glad you came.

TRACY  
You are?!

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

INT. SALON. DAY

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

TRACY  
This air conditioning is making me freezing.

EXT. MIDTOWN STREET. DAY

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

EXT/INT. MIDTOWN RESTAURANT. DAY

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

BROOKE  
(pulling down the sides of her skirt)  
God, I'm packed into this pencil skirt. How do I look?

TRACY  
You look beautiful.

BROOKE

But do I look professional?

(pause)

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

TRACY

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

BROOKE

Stavros usually does this stuff. Maybe I shouldn't do it. I'm not good at it.

TRACY

(sincerely)

I think you can do anything. Everything.

Brooke nods.

BROOKE

Right. Kind and fearless.

She goes inside.

CUT TO: Tracy watches through the window. Brooke sits amongst three men in suits and another powerful looking woman in a suit. She makes them laugh.

CUT TO: Brooke meets Tracy outside. Brooke looks relieved.

BROOKE

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

TRACY

Your body language looked very self-confident.

BROOKE

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

Tracy beams.

BROOKE

Wanna see it?



INT. EMPTY RESTAURANT SPACE, BROOKLYN. DAY

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

BROOKE

(gesturing)

The front part would be like a shop during the day - like a general store or a really nice bodega - candy from Europe - on Monday we start demo and we open in April.

She knocks her head for "wood." She leads Tracy through the back -

BROOKE

We'd also have cooking classes. Maybe cut hair. It would be like a community center and restaurant and store all in one. It would be the place that you would, like, LOVE to be. I wish I had something like this when I was growing up.

TRACY

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

BROOKE

Each plate would be different. Let me show you.

TRACY

Can I be a waitress here?

Brooke opens a box.

BROOKE

See! Look at all these plates!

TRACY

(taking in the whole thing)

Holy shit you have a lot of plates.

BROOKE

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

Tracy's been touching all of them.

TRACY

This is going to be a great restaurant.

BROOKE

I know!

TRACY

Are you going to cook, too?

BROOKE

(shakes her head)

I'll help create the menu and pitch in when needed. I'm not trained, but I'm an enthusiastic home cook. I always used to cook with my Mom. That's the name of the restaurant. Mom's. Possessive.

TRACY

(trying it out)

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

Yeah, it totally works.

(tries again)

Can I be a waitress here?

BROOKE

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

EXT. BROOKLYN APARTMENT. LATER

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

BROOKE

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

TRACY

Yeah!

BROOKE

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

TRACY

I've always been a good test taker.

BROOKE

None of this will be necessary when the restaurant is up and running, but I'm good that way, curating my employment.

Brooke is rifling through her purse.

TRACY

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

BROOKE

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

TRACY

Right. I should....

BROOKE

Do you want to stay?

TRACY

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

BROOKE

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

TRACY

That's okay, then, I'll just go -

Brooke hands her keys, not listening to her.

BROOKE

You remember where my apartment is, go there.

TRACY  
(thrilled)  
Seriously?

BROOKE  
And pick up some pasta, I'll cook.

TRACY  
What kind of--

But Brooke is ringing the bell.

INT. SUBWAY. DAY

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

TRACY (V.O.)  
(into answering machine)  
Mom - hey - are you there? SHIT.

INT. GROCERY STORE. DAY

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

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

She hangs ups.

CUT TO: Tracy is on the phone with Tony, scanning the brands.

TRACY  
This one is like bowties? Get that?

CUT TO: Tony and Nicolette together in his bed. Nicolette is angry.

TONY  
(on the phone)  
Do they have regular spaghetti?

TRACY  
Is that pasta the same way as the others?

NICOLETTE

(to Tony)

Is this some sex game?

TONY

(covering the phone)

No! We're actually talking about pasta.

TRACY

Hello?

TONY

Yes.

NICOLETTE

(sullen)

Why don't you just put pasta up her pussy?

TONY

Nicolette! Seriously!

CUT TO: Tracy still in the store.

TRACY

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

INT. BROOKLYN APARTMENT. SAME TIME

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

BROOKE

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

PEGGY

Then why isn't it just a number.

BROOKE

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

Peggy giggles and starts writing.

PEGGY

Maybe you could spend the night?

BROOKE

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

INT. BROOKE'S APARTMENT. LATE AFTERNOON

Tracy unpacks an enormous amount of pasta onto the counter.

TRACY (V.O.)

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

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

TRACY (V.O.)

I was part of it now, on the fifth floor, in a temporary commercial apartment. There was our castle. Our fortress. Yes! This is how I imagined it would be: college, New York, my whole entire life.

Brooke cooks while Tracy watches her and hands her things.

TRACY (V.O.)

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

Brooke and Tracy eat spaghetti carbonara.

TRACY (V.O.)

In New York neighborhoods change as quickly as the weather. Or maybe it's the other way around.

EXT. TIMES SQUARE. NIGHT

Tracy and Brooke walk together arm and arm.

TRACY (V.O.)

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

INT. BAR. NIGHT

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

BROOKE

Nate dropped a gram on Instagram.  
That means a picture.

Tracy smiles but less assuredly.

TRACY

It's you guys kissing.

BROOKE

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

TRACY

It looks like a really stylish  
breathmint ad.

BROOKE

I know! Bob's a real shutterbug.  
He made his own app.  
(to the bartender)  
Put it on...  
(very considered)  
...this card.

TRACY

(to the bartender)  
Did these two drinks earn me  
another free hot dog?

The Bartender nods, hands her a hotdog.

BROOKE

(re: the drinks)  
Drop it in the glass and chug it.  
I'd love to get into the app  
business. I think my Dad met your  
Mom on the internet.

TRACY

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

BROOKE

Gross. But also I guess it's pro  
forma now?

(MORE)

BROOKE (CONT'D)

(Tracy nods)

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

TRACY

Yeah! What's that about?

BROOKE

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

TRACY

I know. I had never met a geologist before.

BROOKE

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

TRACY

What did your Mom do?

BROOKE

She was a special education teacher.

TRACY

That's so nice.

BROOKE

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

She hands Tracy her phone. Tracy smiles.

TRACY

She doesn't look like you but she has your expression, you know?

A woman around Brooke's age approaches:

ANNA

Hi -

BROOKE

(looking up)

Hello.



ANNA

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

BROOKE

Oh YEAH!

ANNA

I was in the chorus of Anything Goes.

BROOKE

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

ANNA

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

BROOKE

Which one?

ANNA

Other Desert Cities.

BROOKE

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

(to Tracy)

I used to run around with her. Well, she was older, is older.

ANNA

We loved it.

BROOKE

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

ANNA

You know, that's okay -  
(gathering herself)

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

BROOKE

(laughs)  
What?

ANNA  
You don't remember?

BROOKE  
No! What did I do?

ANNA  
That thing: "yep, bitter"?

BROOKE  
(still genial)  
I don't know what the FUCK you're  
talking about! I always liked you.

ANNA  
You and your friend Abe -

BROOKE  
ABE!

Tracy horks her hot dog.

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

BROOKE  
Right! We did do that, didn't we?  
We were weird.

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

BROOKE  
Whoa. WHOA.

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

BROOKE  
Everyone is an asshole in high  
school!

ANNA  
You made a lot of people feel bad.  
Not just me.

BROOKE

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

ANNA

We were seventeen.

BROOKE

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

ANNA

I just turned thirty.

BROOKE

Happy birthday.

ANNA

Thank you.

BROOKE

You're welcome.

ANNA

You're a bitch.

BROOKE

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

ANNA

(tearing up)

You are the same. Malevolent.

BROOKE

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

ANNA

(now crying)

I wish all bad things on you.

BROOKE

(calling after)

I don't on you because I don't CARE! And neither should you!

EXT. THEATER DISTRICT. LATER

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

BROOKE

That's so dramatic! What a drama queen.

(scoffs)

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

TRACY

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

BROOKE

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

Brooke pulls out her phone.

TRACY

Maybe do it later?

BROOKE

(nods, puts the phone away)

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

TRACY

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

BROOKE

I'm going to shorten that, punch it up, and turn it into a tweet.

Tracy throws up. Brooke immediately holds her hair back and comforts her.

BROOKE

Oh no! Did I feed you too much liquor?

TRACY

I'll be okay.

BROOKE

We should get you a cab.

TRACY

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

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY. LATER

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

TRACY

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

BROOKE

Damn it...

TRACY

I'm kind of attractive.

BROOKE

Argh...

TRACY

I might be up for another drink. Is that crazy?

BROOKE

Fuck ME!

TRACY

What?

BROOKE

GOD DAMN IT.

TRACY

What's happening?

BROOKE  
I FUCKING DON'T BELIEVE THIS SHIT  
MOTHER FUCKING SHIT.

She kicks the door and screams.

BROOKE  
THE GODDAMN LOCKS ARE CHANGED!

CUT TO: Brooke and Tracy head down a flight of stairs.

CUT TO: Brooke rings a buzzer.

A handsome African American answers. Nods hello.

BROOKE  
Hey, Kareem, can we use your fire  
escape?

EXT. FIRE ESCAPE. NIGHT

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

BROOKE  
Shit. I thought I left this window  
open.

TRACY  
I might have closed it.

BROOKE  
Why?!

TRACY  
I didn't want you to get robbed.

INT. KAREEM'S APARTMENT. NIGHT

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

TRACY  
Stavros saw a picture of her  
kissing a musician.  
(pause)  
Stavros is her boyfriend. He told  
the super that Brooke was living in  
a commercial space. Is your place  
zoned commercial?

KAREEM  
Yeah.

TRACY

I hope he doesn't rat on you.

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

BROOKE

He's pulling out of the restaurant.

INT. TRACY'S DORM ROOM. NIGHT

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

TRACY

I hope Stavros doesn't rat out Kareem.

BROOKE

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

TRACY

Rich people always give out bad Halloween candy.

BROOKE

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

TRACY

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

BROOKE

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

TRACY

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

BROOKE

(suspicious)

Do you secretly have money?

TRACY

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

BROOKE

(viciously)

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

Ruth pipes up:

RUTH

My uncle died.

BROOKE

Shut up, RUTH.

Brooke sits up.

BROOKE

I need some answers.

TRACY

(immediately)

I'm coming.

INT. WAITING AREA. NIGHT

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

BROOKE

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

TRACY

I know what it is to want things.



BROOKE

No, you don't. You can't really know what it is to want things until you're at least thirty. And then with each passing year it gets more because the want is bigger and the possibility is less. Like how each passing year of your life feels faster because it is a smaller portion of your total life. Like that but in reverse. Everything becomes pure want.

PSYCHIC (O.S.)

OK, Brooke, I'm ready...

CUT TO: Brooke sits in front of a man, 40's, in his apartment. Tracy is next to Brooke looking at a chart.

PSYCHIC

Spirit says seek out an old friend.

BROOKE

Who?

PSYCHIC

Someone who hurt you.

BROOKE

Just tell me exactly what to do.

PSYCHIC

Spirit says something about fabric.

TRACY

(suddenly)

It's your friend - Mamie-Claire?  
The fabric is the T-shirts!

Brooke shoots Tracy a look.

PSYCHIC

And, I see flowers.

TRACY

Hard looking flowers!

BROOKE

Please, Tracy.  
(to the psychic)  
Mamie-Claire is my enemy.

PSYCHIC

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

BROOKE

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

PSYCHIC

What happened with Mamie-Claire?

TRACY

She totally screwed Brooke over. She married her fiance and stole her idea.

BROOKE

TRACY! Shut up.  
(to the Psychic)  
I never looked back.

PSYCHIC

I am seeing this, yes. I am seeing... trees...

TRACY

You said she lives in Connecticut! There are trees in Connecticut.

The Psychic looks at Brooke for affirmation.

BROOKE

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

TRACY

You have to listen to Spirit! Mamie-Claire can give you the money! Hi-ho Greenwich!

BROOKE

(to the Psychic)  
Really? Can we get confirmation? Is Spirit sure of this?

PSYCHIC

The young one is right.

BROOKE

(re: Tracy)  
She's not that young. Ten...ten to twelve years younger, we are contemporaries, okay?

PSYCHIC

You must seek out Mamie-Claire.

BROOKE

I'm so annoyed with Spirit.

PSYCHIC

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

BROOKE

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

PSYCHIC

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

BROOKE

Fuck this parade. I'm going to Greenwich.

TRACY

We're going.

BROOKE

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

TRACY

(smiling)

I'm ready.

BROOKE

Great. How are we going to get there?

INT. TONY'S CAR. DAY

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

TONY

I really don't like to leave Manhattan.

TRACY

(to Tony)

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

BROOKE

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

Tony looks confused.

TRACY

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

BROOKE

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

TONY

(annoyed)

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

BROOKE

Calm down rich boy.

TONY

I'm not rich.

BROOKE

Yes you are you have a car.

TONY

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

BROOKE

(to Tracy)

Sorry, I think I offended your boyfriend.

NICOLETTE

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

BROOKE

(to Nicolette)

Why are you here?

NICOLETTE

Because Tracy made Tony drive you.

BROOKE

But why did you come?

NICOLETTE

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

BROOKE

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

CUT TO: Tracy zones out.

TRACY

Do you ever get that feeling when you are on a car trip that you never want to get where you're going. That you never want it to end.

Everyone is silent, thinking about it. Nicolette reaches out to playfully touch Tony's hair. Tony freaks.

TONY

Nicolette! You SCARED THE FUCKING SHIT OUT OF ME!

Nicolette sits back, pissed.

TONY

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

EXT. GAS STATION. DAY

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

BROOKE

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

TRACY

No, he knew me, he chose her.

BROOKE

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

TRACY

(shrugs)

I was just going to let it go.

BROOKE

(considering her)

Sometimes I don't know if you are a zen master or a sociopath.

TRACY

I'm just normal!

(taking the bait)

I'll give him a back rub he won't soon forget.

Brooke gives her a half hug/squeeze, jokingly.

BROOKE

You don't give shit, do you? I'm so glad you're on my team.

Brooke wanders from the car and stretches. Tracy watches.

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

TRACY (V.O.)

But the very things that had worked so well for Meadow up until then had started turning and fading. She had no other skills, no other way of dealing with the world. In one instant her behaviors turned from charming to borderline hysteric. People could feel her failure coming. She smelled of something rotten. Her youth had died and she was dragging around the decaying carcass.

CUT TO: Entering Greenwich, Connecticut. The houses flying by become bigger and bigger. More elegant. This is the wealthy.

TRACY (V.O.)

I had somehow become the pallbearer.

TRACY

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

BROOKE

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

TRACY

Oh you've been here?

BROOKE

Well, I kind of stalked them once. I was so pissed.

EXT. GREENWICH, CT. DAY

They all get out of the car. Brooke squints.

BROOKE

Yep, this is it.

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

BROOKE

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

The four of them walk up to the house and ring the doorbell. Wait. A man answers, forties.

40'S MAN

Can I help you?

BROOKE

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

40'S MAN

Wrong house.

BROOKE

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

40'S MAN

I'll take you there.

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

He walks up to the door, rings the bell.

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

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

MAMIE-CLAIRE

Harold.

40'S MAN

What do you think I was doing last night?

MAMIE-CLAIRE

I don't know Harold, watching kiddie porn?

40'S MAN

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

MAMIE-CLAIRE

So sorry we interfered with your kiddie-porn.

40'S MAN

I am a PEDIATRICIAN.

MAMIE-CLAIRE

Obviously!

40'S MAN

Next time I hear decibel levels like I did I'm calling the cops. That is a promise.

He stalks off.

40'S MAN

(annoyed, to Brooke)  
This is the house.

Brooke jumps out.

BROOKE

Hello!

MAMIE-CLAIRE

What - what are you doing here?  
Who are these people?



BROOKE  
 (presenting everyone one  
 by one)  
 Tracy's Mom is marrying my Dad.  
 Tony drove. Nicolette is jealous.

Then a lot of unnecessary hand shaking takes place.

TRACY  
 Hi, I'm Tracy.

MAMIE-CLAIRE  
 I'm Mamie-Claire.

They shake.

NICOLETTE  
 Nicolette.

MAMIE-CLAIRE  
 Mamie-Claire.

They shake.

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

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

MAMIE-CLAIRE  
 I thought we weren't speaking.

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

MAMIE-CLAIRE  
 Dylan isn't here.

BROOKE  
 Where is he?

MAMIE-CLAIRE  
 (hesitates)  
 He volunteers at a retirement  
 community. I'm in the middle of...  
 (hesitates again)  
 It's a thing we do. It's like a  
 party.

BROOKE  
 That's okay.

MAMIE-CLAIRE

No... it's not...

(getting flustered, then  
clarifying firmly)

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

BROOKE

We'll wait in the car.

MAMIE-CLAIRE

No, that's weird.

BROOKE

People wait in cars.

MAMIE-CLAIRE

(sighs)

You and your... "posse" can hang  
out in the kitchen.

INT. LIVING ROOM. DAY

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

PREGNANT WOMAN #1

I think the way Faulkner uses  
language is akin to the way the  
modernist painters were using paint  
- exploring the reality of words or  
paint itself -

PREGNANT WOMAN #2

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

TONY

(to himself)

Holy shit those pregnant women are  
super-smart.

Everyone is impressed.

INT. MAMIE-CLAIRE'S KITCHEN. DAY

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

MAMIE-CLAIRE

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

TRACY

This place is amazing.

MAMIE-CLAIRE

Thank you.

Brooke frowns, looking around.

BROOKE

It's really fucking nice.

MAMIE-CLAIRE

Thank you.

TONY

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

MAMIE-CLAIRE

(confused)

Yeah, I guess. This week's book is Faulkner's "The Hamlet." Followed by a kind of junky biography of Derrida, but it's fun.

TONY

Tight.

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

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

BROOKE

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

TRACY

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

BROOKE

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

TRACY

When does that become the same thing?

BROOKE

I don't know!

CUT TO: Brooke and Tracy wait in the kitchen. They've eaten all the snacks. They're bored. Brooke looks at her phone.

BROOKE

I didn't know you could change the font setting - I hate Helvetica.

Mamie-Claire enters and places plates in the sink. Brooke stands immediately.

BROOKE

You look amazing.

MAMIE-CLAIRE

Why are all these kids with you?

BROOKE

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

TRACY

(piping up, to Mamie-Claire)

I'm an associate and her almost-sister.

BROOKE

I really need to talk to you...

MAMIE-CLAIRE

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

BROOKE

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

MAMIE-CLAIRE

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

BROOKE

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

MAMIE-CLAIRE

Yes! I am!

BROOKE

(to Tracy)

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

MAMIE-CLAIRE

We started a community farm. We have goats.

NICOLETTE

(wandering in)

Goats are more sustainable. They're smaller.

Tony behind her.

BROOKE

Than what?

TONY

Cows.

PREGNANT WOMAN #2

(pokes her head into the kitchen)

Um, Mamie-Claire?

MAMIE-CLAIRE

Excuse me, I have to see my guests out.

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

TONY

I want to say goodbye to Karen.

NICOLETTE

Do you have a crush on Karen now?

TONY

She's seven months pregnant!

NICOLETTE

Why do you know that?

LIVING ROOM

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

TONY  
 (to Mamie-Claire)  
 Mamie-Claire, can me and Nicolette  
 play with your chess set?

MAMIE-CLAIRE  
 (confused by who he even  
 is)  
 Yes.

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

TONY  
 Everything OK, Karen?

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

TONY  
 You want to play chess with us?

NICOLETTE  
 (to Tony, wanting  
 attention)  
 You have to teach me.

KAREN  
 No, he'll be here any minute.

She checks her phone. Clearly nothing.

KITCHEN

Mamie-Claire comes back into the kitchen cleaning up.

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

MAMIE-CLAIRE  
 And?

TRACY  
 She has a very exciting business  
 opportunity for you.

BROOKE  
 And I wanted to bring it to you and  
 Dylan as a peace offering.  
 I really think you're going to want  
 to hear about this...

MAMIE-CLAIRE

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

BROOKE

Which is why I am bringing you this exciting business opportunity!

Mamie-Claire goes into the dining room. Tracy nods at her, like "keep going!" They follow Mamie-Claire.

BROOKE

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

MAMIE-CLAIRE

Why?

BROOKE

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

TRACY

There are lots of other investors.

BROOKE

But not so many that it would dilute your investment.

MAMIE-CLAIRE

So why are you here?

BROOKE

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

Mamie-Claire considers.

MAMIE-CLAIRE

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

BROOKE

Why?

MAMIE-CLAIRE  
We're trying to have a baby...

KAREN  
You'll never regret it.

MAMIE-CLAIRE  
Thanks, Karen.

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

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

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

MAMIE-CLAIRE  
I really need to focus on having children - this isn't part of what I need to focus on. No, just... Can I just say no?

Brooke gets furious.

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

MAMIE-CLAIRE  
I don't need a why.

BROOKE  
The money means NOTHING to you! Look at all this shit, this house that patio furniture. You can spare it, you wouldn't even miss it!

TRACY  
And it really would make a profit!

MAMIE-CLAIRE  
No. You can't make me.



BROOKE

Yes, I can because you OWE me.

TRACY

(trying to stop her)

Um, Brooke...

MAMIE-CLAIRE

(evenly)

I don't owe you.

BROOKE

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

MAMIE-CLAIRE

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

BROOKE

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

MAMIE-CLAIRE

(calmly)

No, you didn't.

Brooke screams.

BROOKE

You are so annoying when you get calm voice!

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

BROOKE

Are these my fucking cats?!

MAMIE-CLAIRE

They're mine. I paid for their cat surgery so they're mine.

BROOKE

Did my cats die and you didn't tell me? Are these replacement cats?

MAMIE-CLAIRE

No! They are the same goddamn cats!

Brooke stares at the cats hard and then stomps outside. Tracy wants to go after her but follows Mamie-Claire into the living room.

Tony and Nicolette play chess. The pregnant woman still sits by the door checking her phone periodically. Tony thinks hard before a move. He moves his rook--

KAREN

If you do that, your knight is vulnerable.

TONY

What? Oh...thanks.

NICOLETTE

You took your finger off it, you made the move.

Mamie-Claire enters. Tracy behind her.

TONY

"I took my finger off it?" Who am I playing here Deep Blue?

He looks at Karen for a laugh. Doesn't get it.

MAMIE-CLAIRE

Karen, come inside, have a glass of wine.

KAREN

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

TRACY

(indignant to Mamie-Claire)

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

MAMIE-CLAIRE

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

TRACY

Then why did you just say that?!

MAMIE-CLAIRE

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

TRACY

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

MAMIE-CLAIRE

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

TRACY

So it's her fault.

MAMIE-CLAIRE

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

TRACY

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

MAMIE-CLAIRE

Obviously. That's always true.

TRACY

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

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

NICOLETTE

Check.

TONY

Wait, what? No it isn't.

NICOLETTE

(smiling)

Check.

Tony stands, pretends he's being rational.

TONY

I don't want to play anymore.

NICOLETTE

Oh come on!

TONY

I don't feel like playing right now.

NICOLETTE

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

TONY

I'm just not in the mood. People can be not in the mood.

Mamie-Claire stares at them.

MAMIE-CLAIRE

I couldn't be your mother, thank god.

TONY

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

MAMIE-CLAIRE

Fuck you.

KAREN

Mamie-Claire!

MAMIE-CLAIRE

Sorry, Karen.

EXT. BACKYARD. DAY

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

BROOKE

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

DAD

Brooke...

BROOKE

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

DAD

I know you probably don't care --

BROOKE

-- I care about things!

DAD

But I'm not getting married.

BROOKE

Oh, really?

DAD

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

BROOKE

Yeah.

DAD

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

BROOKE

Sure, sure.

DAD

Are you okay?

BROOKE

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

DAD

You never even met Stevie.

BROOKE

Through you, I met her. I don't  
know, Dad. Come on...

Tears run down Brooke's face.

BROOKE

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

DAD

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

BROOKE

(wiping her face)  
I have to go.

(MORE)

BROOKE (CONT'D)

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

DAD

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

BROOKE

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

DAD

Home is only a bus ride away.

BROOKE

Is it? Just kidding, it is.

There is a silence between them for a second.

BROOKE

So what does this make me and Tracy?

DAD

Who's Tracy?

BROOKE

Never mind.

DAD

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

INT. MAMIE-CLAIRE'S DEN. DAY

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

TRACY

(startles)  
Hello.

TONY

Sorry, I didn't mean to sneak.

TRACY

(saucily)  
Are you stalking me?

TONY

I left my backpack in here. I need my migraine pills.

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

TRACY

Let me have a sip.

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

TONY

How much longer do you think we'll be here?

TRACY

I don't know, however long it takes. After Dylan comes home maybe.

TONY

What are you really trying to accomplish here?

TRACY

(looking around the room)  
I'm enjoying this really stylish house. When you live in suburbia you have to really like being in your house.

TONY

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

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

TRACY

I want Brooke to get her restaurant. I'm helping out.

Tony goes to his backpack, which was thrown on the couch. Opens it and retrieves the pages she had given him.

TONY

I read your story, by the way.  
(he holds up the pages)  
Brooke is the woman in your piece.  
You're collecting material.

TRACY

Did you like it?

TONY  
(evasive)  
That's not what we're talking  
about.

TRACY  
Why are you here?

TONY  
(vaguely)  
You needed a ride. You forced me.

Tracy quickly walks over to Tony.

TRACY  
How does it feel to be forced?

TONY  
It feels...uncomfortable.

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

TRACY  
And how do you feel now?

TONY  
Still uncomfortable.

Tracy kisses Tony passionately on the mouth. Nicolette reacts.

TONY  
(pushing her off)  
That's not what I want!

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

TONY  
(wiping his mouth)  
You're acting really crazy. I  
don't like this.

He puts the story back into his backpack.

TRACY  
Why can't you say you liked my  
story?



TONY

(upset)

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

TRACY

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

TONY

You used to be so nice.

TRACY

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

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

MAMIE-CLAIRE (O.S.)

YOU'RE HOME!

INT. MAMIE-CLAIRE'S HOUSE. DAY

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

DYLAN

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

MAMIE-CLAIRE

I'm just trying to hug you.

DYLAN

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

MAMIE-CLAIRE

It's nice....

DYLAN

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

MAMIE-CLAIRE

I want you to share it with me.

DYLAN

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

(MORE)

DYLAN (CONT'D)  
 Just keep your face a little away  
 while I process that.

MAMIE-CLAIRE  
 (pouting)  
 Fine.

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

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

KAREN  
 I wondered if I could have some  
 water.

MAMIE-CLAIRE  
 Of course, Karen.

She goes to retrieve a glass.

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

TONY  
 (reaching out his hand)  
 Tony, nice to meet you. Beautiful  
 house sir.

DYLAN  
 (confused)  
 Thank you.

TONY  
 Have you seen a girl about this  
 high -  
 (demonstrates with his  
 hand)  
 - that's my girlfriend.

DYLAN  
 No, uh, there's more of you?

Tracy steps in a little:

TRACY  
 I'm Tracy.

DYLAN  
 (pointing at himself)  
 Dylan. Tracy is a tight name.  
 (MORE)

DYLAN (CONT'D)  
 It's a name that totally is a name  
 but I don't know anyone actually  
 named Tracy, you know?

TRACY  
 I am actually named Tracy.

BROOKE (O.S.)  
 Tracy--

TRACY  
 (turning)  
 Yeah?

Brooke enters. Dylan sees Brooke.

DYLAN  
 Brooke.

Brooke now notices Dylan.

BROOKE  
 Hey Dylan.

They stand apart almost shyly.

MAMIE-CLAIRE  
 Brooke's here with some  
 kindergartners.

TRACY  
 (to Brooke)  
 What were you going to say?

BROOKE  
 (smiling at Dylan)  
 In a minute.

TONY  
 Has anyone seen Nicolette?

TRACY  
 Forget about Nicolette for a  
 second.

TONY  
 Stop trying to seduce me!

Mamie-Claire hands Karen her water.

KAREN  
 Thanks, I got a little parched. I  
 think I'm sitting by a heating  
 duct.

MAMIE-CLAIRE  
(shoves a stool in her  
direction)  
Stay here. Have a glass of wine.

KAREN  
No. Ted really should be here  
soon.

MAMIE-CLAIRE  
Karen!

Karen sits on the stool. Tony looks distraught.

TONY  
Can I have a snack? Stress makes  
me hungry.

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

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

BROOKE  
I know, right?

DYLAN  
What brings you to the burbs?

BROOKE  
We were--

MAMIE-CLAIRE  
Brooke needs money.

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

MAMIE-CLAIRE  
I told her about the taxi  
medallions.

DYLAN  
Let me make you a drink. What's  
the opportunity?

BROOKE  
(coyly)  
It's a good one.

MAMIE-CLAIRE  
We're having dinner at the Baskins.  
I'm sorry to say it but you guys  
will have to leave now.

Tony holds up a Chipwich.

TONY  
Can I have this?

MAMIE-CLAIRE  
YES!

He leaves, eating the Chipwich.

DYLAN  
Marty and Jiselle can wait.

MAMIE-CLAIRE  
Didn't you guys park over at  
Harold's?

DYLAN  
(confused)  
You guys know Harold? How do you  
know Harold?

MAMIE-CLAIRE  
They don't!

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

MAMIE-CLAIRE  
They're not her students. It's  
much weirder than that.  
(definitively)  
I'll walk you out.

Mamie-Claire leaves through the door toward the living room.  
No one follows.

BROOKE  
They're my friends.

DYLAN  
Always running with a young crowd.

TRACY  
She's starting a restaurant.

BROOKE

I can't wait to tell you about it.

Mamie-Claire reenters, realizing no one followed.

MAMIE-CLAIRE

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

DYLAN

What's the restaurant?

Dylan starts doing the dishes/loading the dishwasher.

MAMIE-CLAIRE

Brooke, this is uncomfortable.  
Dylan doesn't want to do this.

DYLAN

(to Mamie-Claire)

You don't know what I want. I know  
you see me a certain way, but I'm  
not just some square. I saw  
Nirvana live and this was way  
before Nevermind.

TRACY

(piping in)

You seem really cool to me.

DYLAN

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

MAMIE-CLAIRE

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

TRACY/BROOKE

I do./I do.

DYLAN

(back to Mamie-Claire)

I play this part for you. I play  
this guy wearing a fleece, but I'm  
not just some asshole bankrolling  
your fitness goals.

MAMIE-CLAIRE

I've gotten really into  
triathalons.

TRACY  
Brooke teaches cycling.

DYLAN  
So cool.

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

DYLAN  
(to Brooke)  
Why did you think of us?

MAMIE-CLAIRE  
Because we "owe" her!

BROOKE  
Because you're into cool things.

DYLAN  
We are! You guys want to smoke  
some weed?

He opens the freezer.

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

MAMIE-CLAIRE  
You've just said "weed" like  
fifteen times.

DYLAN  
(head in the freezer)  
MC??? Did that kid take my weed!?

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

CUT TO: Tony knocks on the upstairs bathroom door. He's  
eating a Chipwich.

TONY  
Are you sick?

NICOLETTE (O.S.)  
No, I'm healthy.

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

NICOLETTE (O.S.)  
 You sound like you're eating  
 something.

TONY  
 I have a Chipwich for you.

NICOLETTE (O.S.)  
 (softening)  
 You brought me a Chipwich?

TONY  
 I can get you another one.

BATHROOM

NICOLETTE  
 LEAVE ME ALONE!

Nicolette reads the story on the sink counter.

TRACY (V.O.)  
 It was clear that the thing that  
 Meadow wanted most in the world -  
 the thing that she wanted to define  
 her, to absolve her from the  
 struggle of explaining herself,  
 to give her a place to put her time  
 and talents - her everything - the  
 restaurant.

Tony pounds on the door.

TRACY (V.O.)  
 It was clear that it would never  
 happen. The most surprising thing  
 was that Meadow was actually  
 surprised by it. She could see the  
 whole world with painful accuracy  
 but couldn't see herself or her  
 fate.

TONY (O.S.)  
 Baby, come out!

KITCHEN

Brooke finds herself standing next to Karen.

TRACY (V.O.)  
 The most surprising thing was that  
 Meadow was actually surprised by  
 it.

(MORE)



TRACY (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 And because I was in love with her,  
 I decided I couldn't see it either.

The conversations overlap.

BROOKE  
 I'm starting a restaurant.

KAREN  
 Oh...I'm an attorney.

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

KAREN  
 That doesn't have to be a permanent  
 state. You aren't an amputee.

BROOKE  
 I know that.

KAREN  
 You can still go to college.

DYLAN  
 (head still in the  
 freezer)  
 We'll get lifted and you'll tell us  
 about this venture.

Dylan reemerges holding a Chipwich.

DYLAN  
 Do any of you kids know how to make  
 an apple bong?

MAMIE-CLAIRE  
 (nearly apoplectic)  
 Nobody knows how to make an apple  
 bong!

Tony comes back:

TONY  
 I do.

DYLAN  
 (suspicious)  
 Did you take my herb?

TONY  
 No.

DYLAN  
I'll get you an apple.

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

DYLAN  
Yes. You'll pitch us.

BROOKE  
What?

DYLAN  
That's what you do. If someone wants something. They pitch. Come pitch us on our media stage!

Dylan, Tracy, Tony and Brooke all troupe down the hall. Mamie-Claire hurries behind:

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

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

DYLAN  
I have a great early Mother Love Bone EP that would be perfect for this occasion.

BROOKE  
Records are so warm.

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

MAMIE-CLAIRE  
(intense whisper)  
I want you to know that I really love Dylan. I love his blonde hair and his beard. I know you only loved him for his money but I love him as a person and I also love him for his money but not in that order. I'm committed to being a happier person. Do you understand?

She releases Brooke back out into the hallway.

## LIVING ROOM

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

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

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

BROOKE

Umm, well...it's a restaurant, but  
also like where you cut hair...  
(hesitates)  
Can I start over?

DYLAN

Of course. We're old friends.

Murmurs of "yes, of course."

BROOKE

Okay, great.

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

BROOKE

I was, that was pretend rewind.  
Like...

Then she does it again.

BROOKE

(breath)  
So...it would have big heavy wooden  
tables and chairs and...

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

Dylan pulls the remote control from under his body.

DYLAN

Sorry.

He shuts off the image.

BROOKE

Umm... It would feel like the home  
everyone wishes they had been  
raised in. It...it...it...it.

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

TRACY

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

DYLAN

It's so rude. I concur.

TRACY

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

BROOKE

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

TRACY

(standing up)

It would be the best of capitalism. What politicians pretend they mean when they say "small business."

BROOKE

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

TRACY

Chefs and actors who are waiters - it would be a big funny family and they'd never be lonely.

BROOKE

This could all be something you guys share in - you'd be their auntie and uncle - part of the life and food. And eventually I'd train someone younger than myself to run the day to day so I could go up to Maine with my family in the summers and have the kids dive for lobsters and everyone would be so warm and happy inside knowing that in their life they had participated in something that was only good.

Silence. Tracy is kind of emotional. Everyone applauds. Karen is sobbing.

TONY

Wow.

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

DYLAN

(to the group)

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

(to Tracy)

I was quite beautiful.

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

DYLAN

This is very fucking interesting.

BROOKE

Really?

DYLAN

(re: Tracy and Brooke)

So, are you both doing it?

TRACY

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

BROOKE

Tracy is spiritual guidance and waitress.

TRACY  
(thrilled)  
Really? I wasn't sure you had  
heard me those times.

BROOKE  
I hear everything.

DYLAN  
How much do you need?

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

TRACY  
For refrigeration.

DYLAN  
Forty-two point five stacks, huh?

TONY  
What are stacks?

KAREN  
A thousand?

MAMIE-CLAIRE  
I thought "stacks" meant a hundred.

DYLAN  
I'm pretty sure a stack is a  
thousand.

BROOKE  
I think a dime is a thousand.  
(cutting to the chase)  
Nevermind, you'd do that?

DYLAN  
I want to help you.

The door bell rings. Karen springs off her stool.

KAREN  
That's Ted! Bye everyone.

EVERYONE  
Bye.

KAREN  
(to Brooke)  
Good luck with your restaurant!

She hurries out.

MAMIE-CLAIRE

Dylan, this is really something for us to talk about privately.

DYLAN

We need fresh drinks.

He starts for the kitchen. Brooke follows.

KAREN (O.S.)

Umm, Mamie-Claire! Can you come here please?

MAMIE-CLAIRE

Can it wait, Karen?

KAREN (O.S.)

No!

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

CUT TO: Harold is at the door. Karen stands there, confused.

KAREN

It's not Ted.

MAMIE-CLAIRE

Harold--

HAROLD

I am calling the cops. You were warned.

DYLAN (O.S.)

Could the weed be in the garage freezer?

MAMIE-CLAIRE

I don't know!

DYLAN (O.S.)

Can you check?

MAMIE-CLAIRE

(yelling)

I'm blowing Harold so he doesn't call the cops. JK. I'm probably just going to have to go look at his boat collection.

HAROLD  
 (stepping inside)  
 I can't remember the last time I  
 was over here.

MAMIE-CLAIRE  
 I don't think you've ever been over  
 here, Harold.

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

MAMIE-CLAIRE  
 That's when we made an effort.

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

LIVING ROOM

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

TRACY  
 You are such a Swiss Army knife  
 kind of guy.

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

TRACY  
 She's angry about the chess game?

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

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

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

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

Tony considers:



TONY

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

TRACY

Why?

TONY

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

TRACY

(nodding)

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

TONY

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

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

KITCHEN

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

DYLAN

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

BROOKE

Thanks.

DYLAN

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

BROOKE

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

DYLAN

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

BROOKE

Yeah, no, I'm over that now.

Dylan laughs. He moves toward her. She moves in.

DYLAN

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

BROOKE

I know I'm funny. There's nothing I don't know about myself. That's why I can't do therapy.

They're close now. He pushes a strand out of her face and behind her ear. Brooke is going with it.

DYLAN

MC and I see a woman in New Haven.

BROOKE

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

DYLAN

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

BROOKE

Your couple's therapist said that?

DYLAN

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

BROOKE

(sadly)

Mamie-Claire said you were trying to have kids.

DYLAN

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

BROOKE

Oh no, I'm sorry--

DYLAN  
No, it's liberating. I feel great.

BROOKE  
(freaked out)  
Yay...

DYLAN  
I miss New York, man. I miss you.  
I look you up periodically on the  
internet. You look hot as hell in  
those party pictures.

Brooke takes a step back.

BROOKE  
Oh...do I? Which party? Sometimes  
I look like I have fat arms.

He takes another step forward.

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

BROOKE  
(tearful)  
Thank you.

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

DYLAN  
Here's what I'm going to do for  
you. We'll take my forty-three  
stacks or dimes and pay back the  
other investors, whatever they're  
in for thus far. You got a space  
already? A lease?

Brooke, realizing, nods.

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

BROOKE  
(almost inaudible)  
Williamsburg.

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

DYLAN (CONT'D)

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

BROOKE

(crushed)

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

DYLAN

First of all - I'm saving you. If you started the restaurant, you'd be back here in a year asking for five times this.

BROOKE

Not if it was successful --

DYLAN

What are the odds?

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

DYLAN

You're as beautiful as ever. Whatever you're doing it's working.

BROOKE

No. No, it isn't.

Brooke hesitates. Dylan grins.

Tracy enters.

TRACY

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

DYLAN

We'll have to, because some celebrating is in order.  
(putting his arm around Brooke)  
I think we may have reached a deal.

BROOKE

(shaking off her disappointment)

Yes... Dylan made a proposition.

DYLAN

I'm going to give her money immediately.

TRACY

Yay!

MAMIE-CLAIRE (O.S.)

You're giving her money?

Mamie-Claire enters. Dylan takes his arm off of Brooke.

DYLAN

Who was at the door?

MAMIE-CLAIRE

Harold. He's giving himself a tour of the house.

DYLAN

Where's Karen?

MAMIE-CLAIRE

I don't fucking know. You're giving her money??? This is our decision. Not yours.

DYLAN

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

Tracy looks at Brooke.

TRACY

And then for the whole restaurant?

BROOKE

(trying to be brave)

No... I won't do the restaurant now. It's just gotten too crazy.

TRACY

Oh.

DYLAN

(to Tracy)

You believe in her, don't you?

Tracy nods. Brooke watches her.

DYLAN

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

BROOKE

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

TRACY

"Mom's" wasn't about money.

DYLAN

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

TRACY

Do they not?

MAMIE-CLAIRE

Why would you give her money?

DYLAN

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

MAMIE-CLAIRE

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

Brooke looks at Tracy.

BROOKE

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

DYLAN

Why?

Brooke looks at Mamie-Claire.

BROOKE

I just wasn't brought up that way.

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

TRACY

What will you do?

BROOKE

I'll figure it out. I always do.

TRACY

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

She hugs Brooke.

TRACY

I'm so glad you're my sister.

Brooke is about to say something when they HEAR SHOUTING.

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

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

TONY

I love YOU!

NICOLETTE

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

TONY

Hey, that's mean...

She sees Tracy.

NICOLETTE

You're stealing my boyfriend!  
You're cuckholding me!

She starts hitting Tracy. Harold and Karen enter.

NICOLETTE

You bitch whore!

BROOKE

Guys!

TONY

(to Brooke)  
She just started attacking her!

HAROLD

(walking in)  
What IS it about this house?  
Everyone screams.

MAMIE-CLAIRE

Please stop it!

Brooke helps Mamie-Claire pull Nicolette off Tracy.

NICOLETTE  
 (still struggling)  
 She's stealing my boyfriend!

TRACY  
 I am not!

TONY  
 I resisted! I resisted!

BROOKE  
 Chill the fuck out.

DYLAN  
 Ladies, ladies.

KAREN  
 (re: her stomach)  
 I don't like shouting around the  
 baby.

MAMIE-CLAIRE  
 (to Karen)  
 Is that a real thing?

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

NICOLETTE  
 It's NOT just that! There's also  
 THIS!

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

BROOKE  
 What the fuck is that?

KAREN  
 Or cursing.

NICOLETTE  
 Tracy knows what it is. I'll give  
 you a hint: it's onion skin.

CLOSE on Tracy. Nicolette points at her.

NICOLETTE  
 (pointing her finger)  
 She's a HOMEWRECKER and a bad  
 person.



TRACY

(to Brooke)

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

MAMIE-CLAIRE

This is so nerdy.

DYLAN

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

MAMIE-CLAIRE

(raising her hand)

Me. I wouldn't.

TONY

(to Nicolette)

Baby, I resisted.

HAROLD

(settling in, taking a  
seat)

Can I get a drink?

PREGNANT WOMAN #3

Here, have mine.

(giving him her wine)

They keep handing me alcohol.

BROOKE

(to Tracy)

You wrote a story about me?

NICOLETTE

(to Brooke)

She hates you - she wrote mean  
things about you.

TRACY

No I didn't!

BROOKE

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

DYLAN

I'd like to, too.

MAMIE-CLAIRE

(to Dylan)

You don't read fiction.

DYLAN  
When it's about my friends I do.

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

BROOKE  
(not thrilled with this)  
Funny? What does it say?

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

NICOLETTE  
(to Brooke)  
Do you live in an apartment that's zoned commercial?

Brooke hesitates.

BROOKE  
Gimme that story.

She snatches it out of Nicolette's hands.

CUT TO: Brooke reads with Mamie-Claire, Karen, Harold and Dylan all reading over her shoulder. Tony and Nicolette also hover in the background, reading here and there. Tracy watches nervously from across the room.

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

CUT TO: Brooke turns the final page. She looks at Tracy. She is FURIOUS.

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

BROOKE  
(shaking with fury)  
You don't get to decide what's hurtful and not hurtful.

TRACY  
I can only tell you my intention.

BROOKE

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

TRACY

I guess so, yeah, it felt longer.

BROOKE

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

TRACY

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

BROOKE

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

TRACY

I'm just writing from my life...

BROOKE

No, this isn't your life!

TRACY

But I was there that night.

BROOKE

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

TRACY

But I did have it though.

BROOKE

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

TRACY

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

BROOKE

I DIDN'T ASK FOR YOU.

Tracy looks for support from Tony and Nicolette.

TRACY

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

BROOKE

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

TRACY

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

BROOKE

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

TRACY

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

BROOKE

It's my least popular tweet anyway!

TRACY

Stop talking about Twitter, it's so awkward!

BROOKE

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

NICOLETTE

I agree.

BROOKE

(looking again at the story)

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

TRACY

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

(MORE)

TRACY (CONT'D)

Your tragedy is your armor in which  
nothing is ever your fault.

Brooke looks around, desperately wild eyed, looking for support.

BROOKE

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

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

KAREN

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

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

MAMIE-CLAIRE

The emotional betrayal I can't  
speak to -

TRACY

I didn't "betray" her -

MAMIE-CLAIRE

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

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

MAMIE-CLAIRE

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

TRACY

Are you fucking kidding me?

MAMIE-CLAIRE

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

(gazing at her paper)

One: Do you believe in the women's  
right to choose?

TRACY

Yes, what does that -

MAMIE-CLAIRE

Excuse me, I'm not done.

BROOKE  
She's not done, bitch!

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

TRACY  
There isn't even an abortion in this story!

BROOKE  
No you just portray women as crazy desperate gold diggers!

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

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

MAMIE-CLAIRE  
To your own feelings.

BROOKE  
(wailing)  
Mamie-Claire!

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

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

TRACY  
Karen, you don't see my side?

KAREN  
No, sweetheart.

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

MAMIE-CLAIRE

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

TRACY

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

MAMIE-CLAIRE

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

KAREN

I'm a tax attorney, but OK.

MAMIE-CLAIRE

Will you draw up a contract, please?

KAREN

Yes, and in the meantime, I'm going to ask you to rewrite the story and give Brooke the rewritten story. I'll give you my email and you can BCC me.

NICOLETTE

She could just CC you.

TONY

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

KAREN

Sure, CC me.

HAROLD

(sympathetically)

Technology can be complicated.

DYLAN

I know! I just learned what "case sensitive" meant seriously yesterday.

TRACY

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

BROOKE

Guess what, bitch? My dad isn't going to marry your slutty atheist mother so we're not sisters. We never will be. We're nothing to each other.

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

MAMIE-CLAIRE

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

TRACY

Brooke...

But Brooke won't look at her.

EXT. MAMIE-CLAIRE'S HOUSE. EVE

Tracy sits alone. She smokes from the apple bong.

INT. TRAIN. MORNING

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

INT. DORM HALLWAY. EARLY MORNING

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

TRACY

Mom?

MOM

Oh, honey! Ruth signed me in.

CUT TO: Tracy's Mom is crying. Tracy sits next to her on the bed.

MOM

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

TRACY

Oh...



MOM

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

Tracy starts crying.

MOM

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

TRACY

I went -- I went through a breakup too.

MOM

You didn't tell me you were dating anyone.

TRACY

I know.

She cries harder.

MOM

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

TRACY

No, it's too late now anyway.

Mom rubs Tracy's back.

MOM

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

TRACY

Yeah, that sounds nice, Stevie.

MOM

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

TRACY

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

MOM

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

TRACY

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

MOM

Me too, Baby Tracy.

INT. DORM ROOM. NIGHT

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

Tracy screams. And screams. And screams.

The members of the Mobius Lit Club all stop in their tracks. The boy in the sweater vest says:

SWEATER VEST

You're in.

EXT. CAMPUS QUAD. DAY

Tracy walks with the Sweater Vest Boy. She holds a briefcase. She sees Tony and Nicolette across the path. They see her and then look away.

INT. LIBRARY. DAY

CLOSE on The Mobius Literary Journal. Tracy opens it up to her story: Mistress America by Tracy Fishko.

She reads it again in the magazine.

EXT. CAMPUS. NIGHT

Tree lighting ceremony. Tracy walks under the lit trees.

INT. PSYCHIC WAITING AREA. DAY

Tracy waits.

INT. PSYCHIC'S APARTMENT. DAY

Tracy sits across from the Psychic.

TRACY

Sometimes I worry that I'm a bad person. That I'm one of those people who essentially has no conscience.

PSYCHIC

Spirit says that you need to find  
your home in yourself.

The Psychic suddenly takes her hand:

PSYCHIC

Spirit says that you haven't  
dropped into your body yet.

TRACY

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

PSYCHIC

Five feet to the left and unhappy.

EXT. HUDSON RIVER. DAY

Tracy hurls her briefcase into the water.

INT. OFFICE. DAY

Tracy sits in front of the Advisor.

TRACY

If a person wanted to start their  
own club, how would a person go  
about it?

ADVISOR

Well, I think it's pretty much done  
for this semester, but you could  
put in an application for funding  
for next semester...

INT. TONY'S DORM ROOM. DAY

A knock on the door. Tony answers it.

TRACY

Hey, can I come in?

TONY

OK.

Tracy sits on the floor.

TRACY

You going home for Thanksgiving?

TONY

No, going to Baltimore with  
Nicolette.

TRACY

Oh...nice.

TONY

Her dad fries a turkey apparently.  
You?

TRACY

Nah.

She hands Tony a couple of pieces of paper.

TRACY

It's an application. Two.

TONY

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

TRACY

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

Tony stands, he thinks about this for a moment.

TONY

I'll fix us some screwdrivers.

TRACY

OK.

CUT TO:

Tracy goes by the restaurant. For Let.

Tracy goes to Soul Cycle, a different instructor.

Thanksgiving Day parade.

Tracy watches the floats alone.

INT. BROOKE'S APARTMENT BUILDING. HALLWAY. AFTERNOON

Tracy knocks on a door. Kareem, in a tie, answers.

KAREEM

Hello.

TRACY

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

KAREEM

Yeah...

TRACY

I was with Brooke.

KAREEM

You're her sister, right?

TRACY

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

KAREEM

I don't--

TRACY

Anyway - I was going to ask you: do you know where she went?

Kareem indicates for Tracy to follow him. She passes through a cozy apartment. The table is set for the holiday. A couple of kids run through.

KAREEM

Her front door is still bolted shut.

They reach the window. Kareem opens it.

KAREEM

She's upstairs.

EXT. FIRE ESCAPE. DAY

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

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

Brooke walks into the room and places some books into a box. She wears her red pants. Tracy knocks. Brooke looks up and comes to the window.

She and Tracy stare at each other through the glass.

TRACY  
(through the glass)  
Hi.

BROOKE  
Hi.

TRACY  
Can I come in?

CUT TO: Tracy sits on some boxes watching Brooke move around packing.

TRACY  
You're leaving?

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

TRACY  
You're going today? On  
Thanksgiving?

BROOKE  
New York isn't the New York I used  
to know. There's too much  
construction. Maybe LA is my lady.  
In LA I qualify as well-read.

TRACY  
I wanted to say--

BROOKE  
I know you're sorry.

TRACY  
I'm not really that sorry.

BROOKE  
You're not?

TRACY  
No.

BROOKE  
Oh then fuck this.

Brooke opens the window again.

TRACY  
No, no wait...  
(pause)  
I looked for you.

BROOKE  
I've been around.

TRACY  
Are you OK? Like, financially?

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

TRACY  
What will you do in LA?

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

TRACY  
I think I have that too.

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

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

CLOSE: SAT results. 2200.

TRACY  
You can tutor SAT's now.

BROOKE

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

TRACY

(confused)

Right.

BROOKE

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

TRACY

(apprehensive)

Really?

BROOKE

Oh snap! No. It's about my mom.  
But I had you there.

TRACY

Yeah.

Brooke goes into the other room to retrieve more books.

BROOKE (O.S.)

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

TRACY

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

BROOKE (O.S.)

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

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

TRACY

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



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

TRACY  
 I think it'll always be pretty big.

Brooke hesitates, emotional for a second. She musses Tracy's hair like a kid.

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

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

Brooke shrugs.

BROOKE  
 Yeah.

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

TRACY  
 Hey Brooke...

Brooke turns around.

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

EXT/INT. VESELKA. DAY

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

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

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

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

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